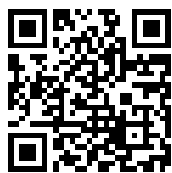

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





**INDIANA
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

11142

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JULY, 1856.

WHOLE No. 19.

A LEGEND OF THE SPAW INN.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

It was rather late one pleasant Saturday afternoon, as I took up my journey from Manchester, England, in the direction of the large manufacturing town of Ashton-under-line, which is romantically situated on the ascending bank of the river Tame.

It was near sundown when I arrived, and I made up my mind I would pass the Sabbath there; so I alighted at the sign of the "Odd Whim," formerly the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who had once held a high position in church affairs, under the especial auspices of Roe, or "Old Roe," as he was called, the Israelite Prophet. This is one of four residences, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and located in the outskirts of the town, at the four points of the compass, each owned and occupied at one time, I was informed, by the more prominent dignitaries of said church.

It was a favorite prediction of old Roe's which led to the purchase of these lands. It seems that he had prophesied to his followers that the town of Ashton under line would one day become converted to the faith, and it was the intention of the faithful, at such time as the prophecy should be fulfilled, to construct a mighty wall which should effectually exclude them from the world, and these four points were to be the only entrances to the city of the faithful. But the iniquity of the prophet becoming evident shortly after this, it had the salutary effect to explode the much cherished scheme. Three of these famous estates have since fallen into the

hands of some cotton lords of the neighborhood, while the other, as I have said, was converted into a fashionable inn, the name of which I have already recorded.

The next day I had the curiosity to visit the church, owned and still devoted to religious purposes by the remarkable sect which properly boasts the honor of its erection. It stands on Fleet Street, and was built during the first part of the present century. It was constructed after no particular model, and as you approach it from the main street of the town, you are half inclined to look upon it as some sort of prison. This idea is speedily dissipated, however, by the inscription which glares at you above the entrance—"Israelites' Sanctuary,"—with the date of its erection, etc. The gallery is open to visitors on Sabbath afternoons only, when such as choose are free to enter within its sombre vestibule, where they are speedily accosted by the sexton, who conducts them up a weary, winding staircase to a seat in the gallery.

On first entering, you are struck with the unusual air of splendor which pervades everything coming within the scope of your eye. The interior of the church is constructed somewhat after the plan of our amphitheatres, with circular pews of solid mahogany, in the centre of which rises a large and costly organ, of octagonal shape, with a high pointed roof. The organist, and, in fact, all the male portion of the choir, are graced with long beards, which descend quite to their waists. The female singers are

AP 2
B 15
V. 4

attired in short-waisted white dresses, with old style Quaker bonnets and green veils, which are thrown back while singing, exposing to view many a sweet, bright face. I left the church at the conclusion of the service, highly impressed with the novel scenes I had witnessed.

Leaving Ashton-under-line on the following morning, I took the road through Mosely into Yorkshire. As I advanced, the scenery about me grew wilder and more irregular every moment. After riding a couple of leagues or so, I entered upon a desolate heath, called Booth-deen, which extends for several miles along the road on either hand. The road all through this region is covered with pulverized limestone, which contrasts oddly enough with the gloomy aspect of the heath. On either hand, at short intervals, are to be seen high granite posts, which were planted on purpose, no doubt, to guide travellers during severe snow storms, or in the darkness of night. To ride through such a spot, even in broad daylight, will create in the breast of the traveller a feeling of homesickness. To add to my general discomfiture, before I could distance this gloomy region of country (I should shudder to cross it unarmed after night-fall), it began to drizzle, and then to rain steadily, and by the time I had reached the nearest house—which proved to be an inn—I might easily have wrung from my clothes a gallon of water.

The Spaw Inn, as the sign swinging in front betokened, ~~was~~ standing alone, within a pistol-shot of the heath, and surrounded by a few acres of beautiful green upland—such as might not have been expected in such close proximity with this sterile locality. A little beyond, with a shady lane leading to it from the main road, is still to be seen the ruins of an old gibbet; and between that and the inn is the famous Spaw Spring—famous among the peasantry for miles around for certain curative properties, which it is believed to possess, and from which the inn properly derives its name.

On entering the inn, I found several persons assembled, who, like myself, had been driven thither by the rain. The landlord was a large, rosy-cheeked man, with comfort and good cheer palpably written in his face. To judge from his appearance, he could not have fallen much short of twenty stone weight. Each new arrival—for there were several who presented their dripping persons after me—seemed to give our host additional satisfaction; for, to judge from the merry twinkle of his eye, as well as to the hearty welcome which he gave to each of us on entering, he could not have been otherwise than pleased

that the rain had favored him with so goodly a company.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!" he would say, rubbing his hands gleefully.

There was one sturdy fellow present, named Jake Haap, whom, with the exception of myself, everybody seemed to know, and who seemed to know everybody. He was just then preparing to launch out into a story, which might be supposed to be of no little interest, to judge from the half dozen eager faces that surrounded him.

"I tell you what, boys," said he, "the Padfoot would frighten the stoutest hearted man in England, with his great saucer-like eyes. I saw one, and I wouldn't wish to see the like again."

"Pshaw!" said the landlord, interrupting him, "who do you suppose will believe that story? The Padfoot is too big a dose for modern Englishmen to swallow. I tell you there's no such thing, Jake."

"Well, then, I tell you there is," answered Jake, stoutly; "for I've seen it, and what I've seen with my eyes—you see I've eyes, don't ye?—I believe, I do."

"Yes; but you might have been drinking pretty freely, as you do sometimes, and then you might have imagined anything."

"No, no; it's no such thing, now. I saw it as plain as I see you."

"Well, never mind; tell how it was," said one of his auditors. "I'm ready to listen to it; I be!"

"Well, it's not much of a story," answered Jake. "It's not equal to Suirs' yarn about the old gibbet up yonder" (Suirs was the landlord), "but such as it is, I've half a mind to tell it. Like enough it's better than no story at all on a rainy day."

"Yes; and like enough Suirs will tell his, then," added another of the company. "Suirs' version of the 'legend' is said to be tip top, and if the rain continues we'll have it out of him somehow."

"That we will," persisted a second; "so out with it. Blaze away, Jake!"

"Well, I'd been down at Manchester for a couple of days, and was just coming home, d'ye see," pursued Jake. "Perhaps might have drank pretty freely while I was there—I don't say I didn't; but I was as sober as a beadle for the fall of an hour before reaching home. I'd often listened to stories of the Padfoot, but I'd never seen one at that time, and what was more, I had no great faith to believe in them either. Well, there's a lonesome bog about a mile from my house, through which I had to pass, and in

the centre of the bog—as near as I can guess—there's an old log bridge which crosses the stream; and I'd been over it a thousand times, day and night, and at all seasons, but had never thought of seeing the Padfoot, nor nothing like it. Well, it hadn't been dark very long when I came in sight of it, and what should I see but a black object standing by the roadside, just at one corner, as you would pass on to the bridge. I didn't take much account of this circumstance, and so I kept trudging along; but when I came within a few feet of the object, where I could see it plain, it just wheeled round, facing me, and then I knew from the descriptions given by those who had seen it, that the thing before me was none other than the Padfoot. It had a monster head, with great flaming eyes, and the body was less in stature than a dwarf's. I was near sinking to the earth with fright; for every time I attempted to move a peg, the terrible eyes would roll round on me, till I felt the very blood in my heart freezing. How I managed to get past that dreadful bridge, I don't know; but when I did get by, if I didn't—if I didn't run, then it's no matter!"

A variety of opinions were now offered, but in the main, the story was credited, and as the rain still continued to pour down freely, there was soon after an urgent call for the landlord's story.

Our host had never thought proper to dignify his narrative with a title, although, for the last half century, it had served him as a staple article of entertainment. And on similar occasions with the present, the "Legend of the Spaw Inn" had no doubt beguiled the wearisome moments of many a gloomy inn-bound traveller, who, like myself, had been called upon to linger for a day within the sterile borders of Boothdeen Heath. The legend, with the kind permission of the reader, and the usual license granted to story-tellers, shall be told after my own fashion, for convenience sake, discarding the old style method of putting words in the mouth of a second person.

Further back than even the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" dates, there resided in the ancient and opulent city of Manchester an old gentleman, who possessed from inheritance considerable landed property in Yorkshire. His name was Matthew Sheil. He had an only son, with whom he was associated at this time in business; and although he, as well as others, persisted in advising to the contrary, the senior Sheil, though now on the verge of threescore-and-ten, was yet in the habit, as he had been for

forty years before, of riding into Yorkshire, solitary and alone, once a year, to look after his rent-roll. The business on those important annual occasions usually occupied him about four days in its transaction. Being of a grasping, miserly disposition, he had preferred not only the danger, but the trouble of the thing, rather than spare the stipend which a local agent, however trifling the charge, would require to accomplish the same important end.

During the last few years of his life, the son had constantly upbraided him with the folly of the thing, telling him that he would be robbed, and possibly murdered, if he went on in the same way, and advising him to place the business either in his hands or in those of some respectable agent, who would do equally as well. But no reason or objection that could be urged, was of sufficient importance to prevent him from pursuing the same course which he had marked out for himself so many years before, and from which, whether in rain or shine, he had never once deviated.

"It wud be safr foully tu throw away as mouch as thaut, when I caun do it joust as well, I've doun it these forty year an' muir, and never was molested yet!"

Such was the old gentleman's parting salute on the occasion of his last visit into Yorkshire. On this occasion the son felt more than his usual disquietude, and after fretting away the first two days of his father's absence, he grew so uneasy on the third that he determined to take the road in the direction of Yorkshire, and meet him on his return. The old gentleman, during these yearly visits, had made his head-quarters at the Spaw Inn, riding all day among his tenantry, and returning thither at night. On the morning of the fourth day he invariably started on his return, so that the son knew that on the evening of the third, if nothing should have happened to him, he would be most likely to meet him there. Accordingly he hurried on and arrived at the inn in safety, just at nightfall. On entering, he discovered two men, seated on a bench, with a loaf of bread and a pot of beer between them. They were rather hard looking specimens of that turbulent class of people which infest large manufacturing towns, creating discontent among the multitude of operatives, otherwise miserable enough, which swarm those noisy, greasy and begrimmed localities.

The first care of young Sheil was to make inquiries of the landlord respecting his father, and then to see that his horse was properly cared for; for he had ridden pretty sharply during the last five miles, not having much relished the idea of

walking his horse through the gloomy region of Boothdeen.

"He left the inn this morning rather earlier than usual," answered the landlord, "saying that he had much business yet to transact; but he thought he should get through in season to reach here by sunset, or a little after. He will be here very shortly now, I think. I have always thought it strange, however, that the old gentleman will still persist in riding round the country in this fashion, and at his time of life, too. Why, it is really dangerous now; I should hardly think of such a thing myself, as stout as I am. But he don't seem to mind it—not a bit! And yet I suppose a great many, besides his tenants, know what he is about?"

"Yes; but it is useless to reason with him," answered the son, "for he will do it. There is no doubt but he will continue the same practice as long as he lives, or at least as long as he is able to get about. It was my anxiety on this account that induced me to visit Yorkshire to-day. I expect nothing but that he will be made away with on some of these occasions."

"Does he usually collect a very large amount during these visits?" inquired the landlord, carelessly.

"Yes; too much for an old man like him to carry, who is totally unable to defend himself. He usually returns with about a thousand pounds."

The two men seated on the bench here exchanged glances.

"Well, he is very foolish to do it, that's all I can say for him," responded the landlord, with an ominous shake of the head. "I suppose he will return through Boothdeen Heath as safe as he will on any other part of the road from Halifax, however. I have never heard of anything happening on the moor."

Here the two men arose, and after settling for their loaf and pot of beer, quietly withdrew from the inn.

After they were gone, the son remarked that he felt such a sensation of uneasiness that he should wait but half an hour longer before he again took the road. It had grown quite dark since his arrival, and the darkness had tended more than ever to increase his anxiety. The moon had not yet risen, and the landlord advised him by all means to wait till after it had, before venturing into the heath.

For some minutes succeeding the last remark, young Sheil continued to pace up and down the room in a restless, abstracted manner. Some three quarters of an hour might have possibly elapsed since the departure of the two men, and

the heralds of the moon had just rolled their first wave of light into the hungry gulf of darkness, when the silence without became broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs coming swiftly along the heath.

"That is the old gentleman!" exclaimed the landlord, throwing open the door, and peering out into the darkness. "I should know the peculiar sound of the horse's hoofs among a regiment of troopers. I never knew him to ride so before, though! I think he must have been alarmed at something. Why, he is driving at a fearful rate!"

The dull clatter of the horse's hoofs now grew louder and more distinct every moment. So intense was the anxiety of young Sheil that he was forced to lean against the door for support. In his present distempered state of mind, every additional sound seemed more than ever the premonition of evil. Nearer and nearer it approached, louder and louder rose the ringing, clattering hoof-notes, as though the very silence had suspended breath to add intensity to dread. In a moment after, the outline of a horse was visible. It approached; it entered the gate—it was riderless!

Without a word, the landlord ran into the kitchen, rallying the groom and post-boy, who had retired thither to gossip with the cook, and procuring lanterns, they all started, in great alarm, towards the heath. Young Sheil, in his anxiety, did not wait for the rest, but springing into the saddle, turned his horse's head, and spurred madly down the hill, and along the Halifax road. For about five minutes he continued to ride with unabated fury, when suddenly the horse stopped, elevated his head, snuffed the air two or three times, and then snorted vigorously. Young Sheil stretched forward over the saddle-bow, and gazed along the road. Not a dozen paces in advance of him lay a dark figure, outstretched and motionless, by the roadside. He sprang from the horse, while a sudden pang of dread shot through his heart, and feebly seizing the bridle rein, he moved forward with trembling steps. On reaching the object, it proved to be the body of a man, and on closer examination, the son could no longer doubt that he now beheld the dead body of his father! At first, he conjectured that the horse might have taken fright at something, so as to have thrown the old gentleman, who, at his time of life, might have been easily killed by the fall. But this idea was speedily dissipated on the arrival of the rest with the lanterns; for they found the skull of the old man fractured, and beside him lay the club which had probably been used in accomplishing the

bloody work. A little distance off lay the old gentleman's pistol, which, for some reason, had not been discharged.

From appearances, there seemed to have been something of a struggle, as there was blood to be seen for several yards around the spot where he now lay. His pockets had been rifled of everything in the shape of money, and the murderers had so far made good their retreat. Suspicion naturally fastened itself on the two men who had overheard the conversation between the younger Sheil and the landlord, and during the next two or three days, Boothdeen Heath, and the adjacent country, were pretty thoroughly ransacked by police runners from Halifax, Huddersfield, and other large places; but all efforts to discover the perpetrators of the foul deed proved utterly abortive in every instance, and after a short time the excitement gradually wore away, and nothing further was heard or said of the murder.

Fifteen years passed away, and the circumstances connected with the Boothdeen tragedy were well nigh forgotten. The son had succeeded to the estates in Yorkshire, and like his father had kept on the practice of visiting his tenantry once a year. This was not done, however, from any penurious motive. Nothing of that kind had ever influenced the actions of the younger Sheil; but he felt an unconquerable desire to fathom the mystery, and there was a feeling that told him he could never expect to do it by remaining in Manchester. To him, there was a melancholy interest associated with the Spaw Inn, and as often as he visited Yorkshire he was sure to remain there over night, when, betwixt him and the host, the old topic of the murder was sure to be revived, and not unfrequently discussed and speculated upon till a late hour of the night.

On the occasion to which we refer, he had just returned from Halifax, as far as the Spaw Inn, where he had previously arranged to stop over night. The landlord was standing at the door when he drove up, and he remarked to him before they entered the inn, that he had been thinking it over, and it was now just fifteen years ago to-day since his father was murdered on the heath. While they were conversing, they observed a man approaching the inn in the opposite direction. He was dressed in a threadbare suit of black; was very pale, and seemingly much exhausted. There was a jaded, careworn expression about the face, and a restless, anxious look about the eye, which would be taken in at a glance by the most casual observer. He might have been fifty years of age, though the

cadaverous aspect of his features, and the general emaciation of the body, might have led any one to pronounce him much older. He approached the landlord, and desired to know if he could be accommodated with a room by himself, as it was his present intention to stop at the inn for a few days.

The landlord readily conceded to the requirements of the stranger, whom he immediately conducted to a room adjoining his own sleeping apartment. During the time thus occupied, young Sheil had been standing in a maze of bewilderment. He had seen that face before. He had seen it somewhere under peculiar and trying circumstances—but where? It was sometime before he could obtain the real clue to his thoughts, but when it came, a blaze of startling intelligence shot out from every feature of his face, which was speedily followed by an unearthly pallor, and a sharp, nervous compression of the lips. When he entered the inn, the landlord expressed his surprise at the sudden change in his appearance, and desired to know if he was unwell.

"No, I am not," responded Sheil; "but I have an odd request to make, which, if it is a possible thing, you must comply with. It is nothing less than that you appoint my sleeping room next to this stranger's. I allude to the one who has just arrived."

"It is rather of an odd fancy," replied the host, curiously; "but if my bedroom will answer your purpose—it is the only room adjoining the stranger's—it shall be placed at your disposal."

"Thank you; it will do very well," answered Sheil; "but you need not mention it—what I have said—to any one. I have particular reasons for being cautious."

The stranger, who had retired to his room on first entering, did not again make his appearance below stairs, but on the plea of fatigue or indisposition, had ordered supper to be served in his own room, thereby frustrating Sheil in his intended scrutiny, which he had thought to enjoy at table without interruption—or, at least, without awakening any suspicions of what was then passing in his mind.

The time which necessarily intervened between this and going to-bed, was spent by young Sheil in fidgetty silence. If he spoke at all, it was only in reply to some direct question propounded by the landlord, and when, at an early hour, he was shown up to the landlord's room, he felt no inclination to court slumber. He lay on the outside of the bed, and listened intently to catch the faintest sound or movement from

the stranger's room; but everything was silent in that quarter. For two hours there were occasional sounds of life coming from below stairs, and then all was silent. The next hour seemed almost an age in duration. Never, during the whole experience of his life, could he recall anything half so protracted and painful.

At length there was a movement in the stranger's room. He arose; he could hear him when he stepped from the bed to the floor. With suspended breath and teeth hard set, young Sheil continued to listen. In a few moments the occupant moved cautiously to the door and softly raised the latch. He heard him creep along the passage, stealthily descend the stairs, open the street door and pass out. So silently was this accomplished that no one but a listener could have detected it.

The instant the door was closed, Sheil sprang to the window, which overlooked the yard and out-houses. It was a bright moonlight night, and everything about the premises was clearly discernible from where he stood. In a moment the stranger passed round the corner and came fully out in the moonlight. Here, for an instant, he paused, and looked anxiously around and up at the windows. Sheil drew back into the shadow of the room, but still continued to watch his movements narrowly. After satisfying himself that no one was astir about the inn, the stranger passed off into one of the out-buildings, and presently re-appeared, carrying in his hand a spade, which he swung over his shoulder, and then passed off with cautious steps in the direction of the heath, on the Halifax road.

The precise moment for action had now arrived, and with a palpitating heart, young Sheil crept down stairs, and drew his boots on in the open air. He then started off in hot pursuit of his object, keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the dwarf trees and bushes which grew by the roadside. Occasionally the stranger would pause and look about him anxiously, as though he more than half suspected some one was dogging him; and then, as if re-assured, he would move stealthily on again. In this way they continued on for nearly a mile. During this time, however, they had not followed the Halifax road, but had struck off to the left and entered on a more elevated part of the heath. At length the stranger paused, and Sheil, who was not twenty rods behind him, sank down in the shelter of a clump of bushes, where he could safely sit and observe the other's movements. At first he began by making a careful examination of the ground, stirring the leaves all about, and peering down at the same time like one who

is in anxious search to discover some coveted object.

"This can't be the spot, though I could have almost sworn it was," said the stranger, speaking aloud for the first time, and advancing directly towards the bush where Sheil was sitting. "Ha! ha! here it is—here are the very stones! I should have known it if I had had my eyes open!" And the next moment he kicked over the stones, and struck his spade into the ground. He then nervously threw up a few shovels' full of earth, after which he stooped and picked up something, held it up in the moonlight (it was a small bag), and shook it. Sheil knew by the dull, clinking sound which followed the motion, that the bag contained specie of some description; and satisfied upon this point, he hastily but cautiously beat a retreat to the inn, where he arrived some moments before the other.

He watched him on his return, and saw him replace the spade in the shed. He saw him when he came out from the shed; he saw him pass round the corner; heard him ascend the stairs cautiously, and enter the room, undress, and get into bed. Then all was silent. After listening for some time, and becoming satisfied that the stranger had fallen asleep, he descended softly, and groping his way to the room which the landlord occupied, requested him to get up immediately.

In a few minutes the host appeared, rubbing his eyes, and wondering very much if his guest was in his right senses.

"Hush!" said Sheil, interrupting him, just on the point of speaking; "as I am a living man, I have this night discovered my father's murderer!"

The landlord was so astonished at this unexpected declaration that he came near dropping the candle which he held.

"Who?—who?" he managed to stammer out.

"The stranger!—the stranger!" responded Sheil, who was scarcely less excited than the host. "I can't stop to tell you how, for I must be in Halifax as quick as it is possible for a horse to take me there. But there must be no noise made. Let the post-boy be called quickly; but don't for your life mention a word of my suspicions to any one. Everything must depend on secrecy and despatch; for if there was the least movement made to excite his suspicion, the bird would be flown ere my return."

With these injunctions, the landlord roused the post-boy, and in ten minutes after, Sheil was on the road to Halifax.

On reaching Halifax, his first care was to procure a warrant for the stranger's arrest; and then in company with two of the police, started

back with all haste to the inn. The sun had but just arisen when they drove into the yard, and the stranger was just coming down stairs. He colored slightly on perceiving them, but in a moment after the habitual pallor returned—the same haggard, emaciated look—the same restless expression of the night before.

On a signal from Shell, one of the officers approached to arrest him; but no sooner did the stranger perceive his intention, than he drew a pistol which he had hitherto concealed, and discharged it full at him. The ball grazed the officer's shoulder, but did no further damage to any one, and in a moment after, the stranger was effectually secured and handcuffed. He was then conveyed to Halifax, where he underwent an examination before a magistrate, who committed him for trial at the next assizes. During the time which elapsed between the examination and trial, Stephen Breck (such was the stranger's name) continued doggedly indifferent to all persuasion on the part of others in reference to the confession of his crime. He had held no conference with Shell, and therefore did not know the nature of the testimony which he would bear against him, but congratulated himself, up to the moment of his trial, with the presumption that no evidence could be brought against him sufficient to warrant his conviction. The testimony of the landlord and groom—the post boy had died shortly after the murder—tended in no way to excite his alarm; but when Shell was called, and stated in a clear and unshaken voice that he recognized in the prisoner on the night of his last arrival at the Spaw Inn, one of those very persons whom he had seen there on the night of his father's murder, and on whom, at that time, the suspicion of the crime had so naturally fastened itself, the prisoner began to exhibit some symptoms of alarm. When he went on still further, and stated what had subsequently transpired, how he had watched his movements, and had afterwards followed him into the heath, etc., the guilt and terror of the prisoner became so manifest as to satisfy every one who might have hitherto entertained doubts of his guilt, of his participation in the crime. Suffice it to say, that the jury, after a very brief deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be gibbeted on the very spot where he had buried the money.

When the murderer, Stephen Breck, became satisfied that there was no longer any hope for him, his whole demeanor changed, and he made the following free confession of his crime:

"I was born in Leeds, where I continued to reside up to the time of my father's death, which

occurred when I was not yet sixteen years of age. From Leeds I removed with my father and a younger sister to Manchester, where we began life in the mill. I remained there long enough to see my sister consigned to the grave, a victim to the wear and tear of such a life—its maddening, whirling, incessant clatter, bringing death into a thousand families, that a few insignificant cotton lords might be suffered to roll in affluence, lording it over, or crushing out the great mass of life which lay shrinking or grovelling at their feet. From that hour I became eloquent on the subject of reform. If I was wronged, or if I saw another wronged, I rebuked them openly for the wrong. If they struck me, I returned the blow with interest. I was reported as a dangerous, turbulent and rebellious person. I became an outcast, and in company with others similarly situated to myself, I led anything but a praiseworthy life.

"I then started on foot, in company with a friend, for the purpose of procuring work in some of the smaller towns. We arrived at the Spaw Inn just at nightfall, where we had thought of stopping till the next day; but the conversation which we there heard, between the landlord and the old man's son, decided us in our wicked courses. We left the inn, pretending we were obliged to get on to Halifax; but no sooner had we entered on the heath than we made the rash resolve to waylay and rob the old gentleman. We did not thirst for his blood—we only desired to get possession of his money.

"Scarcely had we arranged our plan, when we heard the old man approaching. I advanced ahead of my companion and accosted him in regard to the distance to Halifax. He answered 'seven miles,' but did not think proper to draw rein. I then seized the horse by the bridle, and my companion advanced with a club. No sooner did the old man perceive our intention than he drew a pistol, which I succeeded in knocking from his hand before he could discharge it. We then dragged him from his horse, and gave him to understand that his only chance of escape depended on his yielding up his money; but his love for the base metal predominated over everything like fear for his personal safety, and so he positively refused to submit to our demands. We felt that time was precious, and knew that it would not answer to parley much longer with a person so miserably as to sell his life rather than endure the agony of a separation from the smallest fraction of his possessions. We then endeavored to rifle his pockets of their contents, but the old man fought us desperately, shouting 'murder! murder!' with all his strength. My

companion strove to choke him into silence, but in the attempt got his fingers somehow between the old man's teeth. The next instant, before I could interfere, my friend caught up his club and dealt the old man a crushing blow over the head. He straightened back with a groan, but gave us no further trouble. We soon succeeded in getting possession of a bag of gold, which he carried secreted about his person, and dragging him to the roadside, we left him there, and then struck off into the heath. After wandering about for some time, we ran afoul of a den where some wild animal had burrowed, but which was now deserted; and gathering together some bushes, we crept in and covered up the opening. Here we continued cooped up for four days, at the expiration of which time hunger drove us from our hiding-place.

"On quitting our retreat, we made an equal division of the spoils, and agreed to separate, each taking a different route. We had in all about four hundred guineas each when we parted. My companion I have never seen since. I do not know where he went, or whether he is now alive. He was naturally well disposed, but withal hasty and impetuous, and easily rendered desperate by injustice. I think from my previous knowledge of his character that he has long since repented of his crime, and therefore his name shall be kept a secret.

"After separating from my friend, I journeyed on for several miles, when the idea occurred to me, if I should be suspected, and so large an amount of money be found about me, that the circumstance of itself might lead to my conviction. I therefore determined to go instantly back and bury a portion of my ill-gotten store near the spot where the crime had been committed. It seems now as though some higher power than human understanding directed me back to that fatal spot, that in revisiting it in after years it might lead to my final detection. I reserved only a hundred guineas for present uses, and buried the rest on my return to the heath. I then made the best of my way to Liverpool, where I secured a steerage passage on board a packet just on the eve of sailing, and bound to New York.

"In New York I was robbed during a fit of intoxication of every farthing I possessed. Various were the obstacles and disappointments which I encountered in the New World. Nothing which I undertook seemed to prosper. I became at first disheartened, gradually my health became impaired, and for fourteen years I led a most miserable and precarious existence. One year ago I made up my mind to return to Eng-

land, dig up my buried treasure, and retire to some obscure village or hamlet, and spend the remainder of my days in peace and quiet. But Justice in this has forestalled my intentions, and I am now sentenced to expiate my crime on the gibbet."

A few weeks after rendering the foregoing confession, Stephen Breck was conveyed from the jail to the gibbet, which had previously been erected in that part of Boothdeen where the tragedy had been enacted—was confined therein, with a loaf of bread and a small tank of water just in front of him, but so placed that he could not reach it; and there for many days the physical agony of the poor wretch was protracted, till death, the result of starvation, ensued. It is generally believed by those who are familiar with the legend, that Stephen Breck was fourteen days in the gibbet before yielding up his life. Then the vultures and birds of prey came and pecked away the mouldy loaf and the putrid flesh of the murderer, till nothing but a skeleton remained encased in the iron folds of the gibbet. Years passed, and the bones gradually crumbled into dust, and the four winds of heaven swept them away to mingle with their mother earth.

Thus ended the landlord's "Legend of the Spaw Inn." I visited the spot the next day, but so many years have since elapsed, that but little of the old gibbet now remains.

BUSY BY STEAM.

One of the busiest places in the world is a rail road station about starting time. Some come early, and some are always late; but whether prompt or tardy, every one has something to do. To purchase a paper, to get a cup of coffee, to have a trunk labelled—or, greater work than all, to get a ticket—are duties that require time; and all these little things have to be done when only a few minutes of sand are left in the hour glass. Here are fat old ladies and pale-faced men; single women and singular men; persons with families and people without, young and old, sad and happy, the sensible and the dreamers are all present, and have a journey before them. Some open windows and some shut them; carpet bags are hung up, bundles are upon the seats, and newspapers are unfolded, and everything is being prepared. A great many last words said; messages rattle on both sides, hands are shaken, kisses are exchanged and away we go.—*Railroad Journal.*

STEEL TOOLS.—In making tools, the artist is directed by the color of the steel while heating. The different colors direct, in tempering, to a standard. When steel is too hard, it will not do for tools intended to have a fine edge, because it will soon become notched, and if too soft it will too easily bend. Purple is the color for gravers, or tools used to work in the metals. Blue is the color for springs and instruments for cutting soft substances, such as leather, etc.—*Scientific Am.*

SONG TO INEZ.

BY FRANK FORBSTER.

The winds of heaven are free!
They brook no mean control;
Fearlessly bounds my heart to thee,
As a steed to reach the goal.

The skies are bright and pure—
I dream of heaven and thee;
Gazing in their pearly depths,
Thy angel form I see.

The flowers of earth are fair—
The breezes toy among;
Gently as float the sephyrs there,
Ye breezes bear my song.

The birds sing gladsome songs,
The echoes catch the stream;
Will Inez listen unto mine,
And echo back again?

The grave is dark and deep!
The heavens are high above;
When the weary heart lies down to sleep,
Will Inez weep in love?

AN OLD BACHELOR'S WOOING.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

"HUMPH!" said Mr. Thomas Spencer to himself, as he pulled a gray hair from his left whisker, "humph! I believe I am getting to be an old bachelor! Forty-one last birthday! and there's my nephew Tom been in college two years, and got engaged to Emma Marsden, whose mother, I believe, was in love with me once, and I should not wonder if I was just a little bit taken with her. Positively, I am getting along in life some. Now it seems but two or three years since I went to brother Harry's wedding, but it must be at least twenty, for Tom is in college and Jenny has a beau. (Whew! three gray hairs over the left temple!) Now it was silly in Harry to marry so young, before he got anything ahead, though he has done pretty well, considering he has had the drawback of a wife and family all along, yet he has not half so much money as I now (that staff I got of Barton does not help my hair a bit, and there is a bald place coming). Well, it is rather lonesome being a bachelor when all one's friends are married, or dead, or something of the sort. I believe I must go and get married, too. Pity that the girls now-a-days are so homely; not half so pretty as they were fifteen or twenty years ago.

"Let me see, whom shall I take? There is Mary Barstow—her father is rich, and she is an only child. She is not handsome enough though—I am pretty good looking, myself and I must

have beauty in a wife—her foot is decidedly too large, and her hands have rather a bony look about the knuckles—no, Mary won't do.

"There is Susan Ray, young and pretty, but not rich; I suppose she would grow crazy almost, with joy at the thoughts of marrying me; but I ought to make money when I marry.

"Old Gray is rich and has daughters—let me see—Fanny—O, she is too old—near forty, I guess, thirty-five at the least, and she has got some temper too; and Bella, and Ada, the second wife's children are both engaged.

"I guess (plague take that gray hair, the fifteenth I have pulled out!) I guess I shall go and call on Susan Ray; 'twon't do to be too pointed though in my attentions at first; I may want to back out—pity they are so abominably poor. I shall have to support the whole family, I suppose."

Mr. Thomas Spencer, having pulled out all the gray hairs he could find in his head and whiskers, carefully shaved his upper lip, parted his hair with mathematical exactness, put on an embroidered shirt, a faultless vest, elegant coat, and white kid gloves, drenched his handkerchief in patchouli, and started for Mr Ray's domicile.

Susan Ray and Jenny Spencer sat at the window, deep in confidential converse, as Mr. Thomas Spencer came down the street and approached the house, for Susan and Jenny were inseparable friends and schoolmates.

"There's your uncle, Jenny!" exclaimed Susan, "how nice and elegant he looks! Which is the oldest, he, or your father?"

"Father, I believe," was Jenny's answer.

"Don't you pity poor old bachelors? I do; nothing to care for, and nobody to care for them," said Susan.

"O, Uncle Thomas doesn't need any pity, Sue," replied Jenny, "he is perfectly satisfied with himself, and thinks father was very foolish to get married; he cares about furniture and dress, and then he has got a tame parrot and a pair of rabbits to care for him. But as I was saying, Henry Jones told me it was a fact about Charley Harcourt and Ada Gray, that they were engaged, and would be married in spite of her father's opposition and—"

"Jenny, I declare your uncle has just rung! Do you suppose he has come for you?"

"I hope not; I won't go down unless he asks for me."

Susan went down in great amazement, when told that Mr. Thomas Spencer had asked for her, and when he invited her to accompany him upon a grand sleighing excursion the next day, she asked if Jenny was going.

"I suppose so," was his reply.

"Then I shall be very happy to go!" said Susan.

Mr. Spencer took his leave, rather puzzled to know what Jenny's going had to do with his escorting Susan.

Susan, too, was still more puzzled, when she found, on returning to Jenny, that she was going with Henry Jones, and not with her uncle, and the idea of riding with Mr. Spencer alone seemed too formidable to be entertained for a moment. Still worse did she feel about it, when about an hour later, William Clark, a young man whom she liked very much, called to invite her to accompany him with the same party.

"Too bad, Jenny! too bad, isn't it? Here I've been and promised to go with your old bachelor uncle, and can't go with William!" and forthwith poor Susan began to cry.

"Sue, you will make yourself sick," said Jenny, "crying so."

"Good! so I will, Jenny, and you tell Henry just how it was, and Henry will tell William, and so I will stay at home, and it will all turn out right."

So Miss Susan, whom Mr. Thomas Spencer supposed to be wild with joy at the thoughts of receiving a little attention from so wealthy and distinguished an individual as himself, was actually crying herself sick at the thoughts of being obliged, on his account, to decline the pleasure of a drive with a homely, red-headed youth, with a genial heart and busy brain, it is true, but not more than ten dollars cash in his pocket.

When Jenny went home that evening, she carefully placed upon her uncle's table a note, the purport of which was, that indisposition would prevent Susan's having the pleasure of riding with him the next day.

"'Indisposition,' hey!" almost shouted our bachelor friend, "what the ——" we will leave the rest of his exclamations a blank, as they were hardly suited for "ears polite." Suffice it to say, that the next morning saw him on the way to invite Mary Barstow to ride with him. He was there rebuffed by the news that she was engaged.

"Engaged, is she?" muttered our hero to himself. "Well, so I heard a good while ago, but didn't believe it; one is *indisposed*, and 'tother *engaged*—pursuit of a lady under difficulties—now I vow I will get some girl to go with me on this sleigh ride, and I will get married, too, to somebody. Mary and Susan will both cry their eyes out, when they find that one of them might have been the happy and fortunate bride; they think I am not in earnest, only flirting a little, I sup-

pose; my day for that is over—too many gray hairs coming, haven't time—hope those silly girls have not spied them yet, I pick them all out every morning.

"I have it, I'll go down and talk with old Gray; he hates Harcourt like sin, ever since he—well, I won't call no names—got the better of Harcourt's father in that land trade; he'll let Ada go with me, I know, rather than with Charley. After all, Ada is prettier than Susan, and her father is richer than Mary's. She looks a little as Emma Marvden's mother used to, too."

Mr. Gray sat in his counting-room calculating his gains. Mr. Gray was looking very cross indeed, because his daughter Ada was invited to the great sleigh ride by Charley Harcourt, and he did not want her to go with him, although the only protest he could allege for refusing his consent was, that he did not like him. Mr. Gray, however, was always very affable and polite to Mr. Spencer, and welcomed him with great cordiality as he entered the counting-room "on private business."

Gray sent his clerk out of ear-shot, and then told Mr. Spencer that he was just thinking of calling on him to propose their going into partnership.

"Yes, Mr. Gray," said Mr. Spencer, "but we will talk about that some other time. I have come this morning to confer about going into partnership with one of your daughters; I think it is about time for me to get married."

"Yes, Spencer, my boy, so it is," returned the old gentleman, "and my Fanny will be just the wife for you; just the right age, steady, and a capital house-keeper; she more than saves her board and clothes by her good management. To be sure she is a little prim, sort of old maidish, but she'll get over that, and will make a first rate wife. Spencer, my boy, I congratulate you, I congratulate Fanny, I congratulate myself!"

"But, my dear sir," faltered Mr. Spencer, "it was not Fanny that I had in my mind. She is a fine girl, I own, but Ada was the one I meant."

"Ada! O, well, that don't alter the case much, only she won't be half so good a wife for you. She is romantic and sentimental. She'd rather read romances than stuff sausages, and eat bread than make it; and then, I don't believe she'd have you, she is bewitched by that young Harcourt, and I can't compel her to marry against her will, you know."

"O, I will manage that," replied Spencer, "she won't refuse me when she finds I am in earnest. I guess I shan't suffer by comparison with Harcourt, any day. Let her go with me to this sleigh-ride, and I'll fix it up. Stay, a bright

idea has just occurred to me. You know our destination is to the town of —, just on the State line, and one mile only, from the place where we stop, across the line, is the village of —, famous for clandestine marriages; give me your consent in writing, and I will engage to bring her home as Mrs. Spencer, this very evening."

"Well, if you can do it with her free consent, you have mine and welcome. Here, I'll write it, 'I, Otis Gray, of —, in the State of —, do freely and cheerfully consent to the marriage of my daughter with Thomas Spencer, Esq.' Will that do?"

"Yes, only you have not put in the name."

"Name? O, no matter for that. I consent you shall marry any of them, as soon as you please, you take your choice, or whichever you can get."

Mr. Gray went home at noon in a much happier frame of mind than he had left it in the morning, and informed Ada that Mr. Spencer would call for her at three o'clock, to take her upon that sleigh-ride she was so anxious for.

Mr. Spencer went from Mr. Gray's counting-room to his brother's house, and confided his whole plan to Mrs. Mary Spencer, requesting her to board himself and wife for a few days, until he could make some permanent arrangements, not noticing Jenny, who was watering her flowers at the other end of the room. So engaged was he in making a dazzling toilet, that he did not observe, as he might, from his chamber windows, that Henry Jones was speedily called in, as he was passing the house, *accidentally*, of course, nor did he see him go out and join Harcourt in the street, nor that Harcourt soon called at Mr. Gray's, nor that Jenny ran over there in great haste and soon came back, radiant with the conscious look of possessing some charming secret. Henry Jones was likewise despatched to search out William Clark, who had been very much out of sorts, ever since Susan's refusal to drive with him, and the consequence of his interview with him was that Susan had another invitation from Clark, which she accepted, Jenny very properly deciding that if her uncle was going to woo and marry another young lady during the ride, he would not notice Susan's sudden recovery from her *indisposition*.

Three o'clock came; a file of single sleighs passed rapidly through the principal streets of —, on their way to —, for a supper and a dance. Mr. Thomas Spencer and Ada Gray preceded, Henry Jones with Jenny Spencer, Charles Harcourt with Fanny Gray, who, for the first time in a dozen years, condescended to join

in any such "frivolous amusement," as she termed such things; William Clark and Susan Ray, Harvey Lunt and Mary Barstow, and so on until twenty-eight sleighs, each containing two of the young folks, had passed the boundaries of —, and were on their way to the scene of festivity.

"Miss Gray," said Mr. Spencer, as they rode merrily along, "I have come to the conclusion that it is about time for me to get married; what do you think about it?"

"Really, Mr. Spencer I never thought of it before, but now you mention it, it seems very reasonable and proper."

"Spoken like a girl of sense, as you are; no foolish diffidence. Your father has given his consent to my marrying you, will you have me?"

"What are you worth, Mr. Spencer?"

"Well, that is a sensible question, too. Your father told me you was romantic and not practical, but I don't know about that. What am I worth? why about fifty thousand dollars."

"Is that all you are worth, Mr. Spencer?"

"Bless us! What's the girl thinking of? Is not that enough?"

"To tell the truth, Mr. Spencer, I always expected to marry a man worth a great deal more than that; but I will consider, and give you an answer before we go home; I will marry you unless I have an opportunity to marry somebody worth more, at least, some one who can make me believe he is worth more."

"You won't see anybody to-day worth more than I am, I guess, for I could buy up, soul and body, every young man in this party."

Ada's eyes flashed, and she seemed upon the point of retorting; she however checked herself, and the rest of the ride was achieved in total silence. The sleighing party arrived at their destination in good time, partook of an excellent supper, and after one dance, in which Ada was Harcourt's partner, Mr. Spencer came to Ada for her decision.

"Let me see my father's written consent, first," said she.

He handed her the paper which she read and returned to him, saying:

"I have no objections to make to it."

"Then if you have no objections, slip on your hood and cloak, and meet me at the front door, where I will have the sleigh waiting. We will ride over the line and get married right off, and come back before they miss us."

"But we ought to have witnesses to our marriage, ought we not, or will the justice's certificate be enough?"

"What a head for business! Yes, ask Fanny

and—well, Harcourt come with her; ask Harcourt and Fanny to come with us for witnesses, or stop—you ask Fanny; I will ask him."

Ten minutes afterwards, and two sleighs, each containing a lady and a gentleman, rapidly traversed the road which crossed the State line, and stopped at the tavern door about a mile from the house they had left.

Spencer and Harcourt assisted the ladies into the house, and Harcourt went in search of the justice, taking with him Mr. Gray's certificate of his consent to the marriage, at Mr. Spencer's suggestion, lest any objection should be raised by that functionary.

The worthy 'squire was soon on the spot, and married Mr. Thomas Spencer to Miss Gray, before the ladies had removed their hoods and veils; Mr. Harcourt and the remaining Miss Gray signed the certificate as witnesses, and then, much to Mr. Spencer's surprise, Mr. Harcourt requested the justice to perform the same service for himself and his lady. He did so, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer signed the certificate as witnesses for Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt.

When the two couple returned to the hall, they perceived they had scarcely been missed by their gay companions, so they joined them in the dance, which was kept up with spirit until quite a late hour, but Mr. Spencer was much annoyed by Ada's dancing frequently with Harcourt, and pleading fatigue as an excuse for always refusing him; and he was not particularly pleased with being obliged to pay so much attention to Fanny, as etiquette required, under the existing circumstances.

The dance at last broke up, the sleighs came to the door, the bills were paid; the gentlemen helped their partners into the sleighs, and they soon reached their homes.

"Sister Mary, let me introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Thomas Spencer, as he ushered a lady, closely hooded and veiled, into Mrs. Mary Spencer's parlor. He left her there for his sister to make her feel at home, while he went to carry his horse to the stable. When he returned, he found his brother, sister-in-law, and niece chatting merrily with a lady, unhooded and unveiled, and with the face of—*Fanny!*

"Fanny," said he, "I am glad to see you here, but where is Ada?"

"Ada? with her husband, I suppose," replied Fanny; "how should I know?"

"Where is Mrs. Thomas Spencer, madam?" vociferated the recent Benedict.

"Here, my dear," replied Fanny, courtesying, at the same time handing him the certificate of the marriage of Mr. Thomas Spencer to Miss

Fanny Gray, with the names of Charles Harcourt and Ada Gray as witnesses.

While this interesting scene was transpiring at Mr. Spencer's, Mr. Harcourt had driven to Mr. Gray's. Mr. Gray was impatiently awaiting the return of his daughters, in order to learn Mr. Spencer's success in his wooing. He was not surprised when Harcourt appeared at the door, for he supposed Fanny was his companion.

"Has Spencer married my daughter, Harcourt?" was his eager inquiry.

"Yes, and I have married your other daughter; will you receive us, or will you disown us? I can give her a comfortable home, even if you discard us entirely!"

"What the—"

Blank was the good man's state of mind, at this announcement, and blank had better remain the space we might otherwise occupy with his exclamations.

"Come, father, forgive us, and let me come in," said Ada's silvery voice from the sleigh. "Spencer concluded to take Fanny, after all, and now we are married, it can't be helped, you know, here is our certificate, witnessed by Spencer and Fanny."

"Well, children, come in," at length gasped the old man. "Perhaps it is best as it is, after all; any way, we'll make the best of it. Come in!"

Mr. Thomas Spencer neither fainted nor died on account of his slight mistake. He made a most exemplary husband, a pattern of conjugal meekness, and Fanny was renowned far and near as a wonderful housewife; but there are fewer brown hairs on his crown and cheeks than there were white ones in the days of his wooing (perhaps it would be more critically correct to say *day*), and he is observed not to express his former contempt for early marriages.

A LUCKY BARBER.

Richard Arkwright, passed the earlier part of his life in the humble occupation of a barber—but he was fond of reading, and what proved of more value to him, he had early acquired habits of reflection. He conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery, and notwithstanding he was miserably poor and friendless, notwithstanding he was everywhere ridiculed as a visionary projector, who deserved a cell in a mad-house, by the force of energy and application he succeeded in carrying his design (which has proved so beneficial to the human race) into effect—and afterwards revelled in all the luxuries of wealth, and was knighted by his sovereign.—*Portfolio.*

TO MARY T.

BY WALTER DRUMMOND.

A little, laughing gipsy,
 With an eye of brightest blue;
 With locks of golden, curling hair,
 And cheeks of rosy hue.
 Ah, methinks when thou art older,
 Hearts will break for love of thee;
 Would that I, thy heart then winning,
 All its wealth be kept for me!

Lightly e'er the bright green sward,
 Tripping on with graceful tread,
 With a spray of pure white roses
 Wreathed around thy youthful head.
 Life is bright—the present charmeth
 All the thoughts of thy young heart;
 Would that I, all gathering shadows,
 From thy life might keep apart!

Gaily comes thy silvery laughter,
 Ringing clearly through the air;
 Mirthful tones and gleeful warbling,
 All unknown are grief and care.
 O, that thus forever singing,
 With a heart all pure and wild,
 I might ever thus be near thee,
 Thou, thyself, be e'er a child!

THE PEARL DIVERS.

BY AUGUSTIN O. BURDICK.

ABOUT northwest from Putlam, and distant only a few miles, upon the west coast of Ceylon, was the residence of Sir John Lakin. He had come out from England many years before the time at which we open our story, and engaged in the pearl fishery. He was quite wealthy then, and in this he had an advantage over many of those who were engaged in the same business. He could command the services of the best divers, and he could buy up pearls of those who needed the money. And though he had now amassed a fortune, yet he was still in the business. Money was his god, and he worshipped it most devoutly. The baronet's wife was dead, and the only member of his family who was of his own blood was his daughter, an only child. Her name was Bella.

Bella Lakin was nineteen years of age, and was as handsome as her father was avaricious. She did not possess that classic beauty which serves sculptors as ideals of goddesses—but it was a beauty peculiarly her own. It was a beauty of goodness—a beauty that could not have had any life without a warm, noble heart to enliven and soften it. She was short in stature, round and full in frame, with ruddy cheeks

and sparkling blue eyes. When she spoke she seemed ready to laugh, for a warm smile was always playing about her lips, and winking in her eyes when her soul was at ease. In short, she had one of those faces which would tempt a kiss from the lips of an anchorite.

One calm, moonlight night, when the fresh sea-breeze drove away the heat that had been so burdensome all the day, and the air was filled with the perfume of oriental spices, Bella walked in her father's garden. But she was not alone. By her side walked a youth who had known her long. His name was Allan Wilton. He was an Englishman, born in Calcutta, of poor parents, his father having been a lieutenant in the army. Allan came to Ceylon when only fourteen years of age, and had been engaged as a common pearl diver ever since—being now four-and-twenty. From his father he had inherited a noble soul, a quickness of intelligence, and a fine sense of honor. He loved knowledge, and with Bella's assistance he had had as many books as he wished to read and study. He had been with the baronet now six years, and during that time he had brought up more pearls for his employer than any other two men, if we except one native who had been dead now over a year. He was a noble looking youth, carrying national pride in his soul, and modesty and goodness in his soul and face both.

"Bella," he said, as they reached the extremity of the garden and sat down beneath a talipot tree, "I hardly think I shall spend another season in Ceylon."

"What?" uttered the maiden, gazing up into her companion's face as the smile faded away from her own. "Not live in Ceylon? You do not mean to leave us?"

"Yes—I must go."

"No, no, Allan—you do not mean so. You will not leave us."

"I fear I must, Bella."

"But wherefore? O, if you go, what shall I do?"

"You will find plenty to do."

"Ay—to sit and cry because I am so lonesome. You will not go, Allan—you will not. Tell me you will not go."

"Ah, Bella, you know not what you say. I must not stay."

"But why not?"

"Why—the reason should be plain," replied the youth, with some hesitation. "But I can speak as plainly as you wish. I surely will not hide anything from you, though I would rather you should gain the knowledge from your own understanding."

"But Allan, how can I? What is it? Tell me—tell me all."

Allan Wilton gazed some moments into the fair girl's face, and then he said, with some tremulousness in his tone:

"Pardon me, then, for the speech I now make. You know how long I have known you. You know I came here a poor boy, when you were a laughing, joyous girl—"

"And am I not the same now?"

"You may be in that single respect; but, alas! no longer a mate for me. O, I must speak plainly now! Bella, these years I have passed near you have been happy ones, for amid all my toil the light of your smiles has cheered me on. But I am a boy no longer, nor even a youth, as we use the term distinct from manhood. I am a man now, and you have grown a woman. Even now I shall never efface thine image from my heart, nor would I if I could. But if I remain longer, I shall only become more firmly bound by those ties which must break the heart in rending. O, Bella—good, noble girl—you must see it now. It would be wicked for me to stay. Plainly, now, I tell thee—it can do no harm—I love thee too well to stay longer. Now you have the truth."

The fair girl withdrew her hand from the youth's loosened grasp, and bowed her head. She remained thus some moments. Finally she looked up, and the moonbeams were reflected from the pearly tears that had collected in her eyes, and now stood trembling upon the lashes.

"Allan," she said, in a low, agitated tone, "I do understand you, and if I have never before thought of this as you now present it, it is because I have been so happy in your company that I have not looked much to the future. For joy, I have only looked to your coming, from hour to hour, and from day to day. But do not leave me now—O, do not! I should die if you were gone!"

With these words, spoken at the close in quick, spasmodic tones, she placed her hand upon Allan's arm, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"But," said Allan, trying to be calm, "why should I stay, when it could only end in misery to us both? O, you should know that to live thus, we should be unhappy unless we could be united forever—and that cannot be."

"Why may it not be?" murmured the maiden, without looking up.

"How, Bella? Would you consent?"

"O, with all my heart, and all my soul!" And as the fair girl thus spoke, she clung more closely to the noble youth.

For a moment Allan forgot all else but the words he had just heard; but he would not deceive himself.

"Alas," he uttered, "I could almost wish I had never known the thing you have told me, for thy father will never consent to this—never!"

"He may—he may," cried Bella, earnestly. "He loves me, and I do not think he would see me miserable. He has money enough, and—"

"Hold, Bella. I can have as much money as we should ever want. I possess a secret that is worth more than I should dare to estimate. I know of a new pearl bank which no man save myself has yet seen. But your father is too proud to mate his child with a pearl diver."

Yet Bella was hopeful. She made Allan promise that he would not go away till he could know all, and she even intimated that rather than live without him she would follow him.

"Are you crazy, my child?" Sir John Lakin cried, as his daughter confessed her love for the poor pearl diver. "Marry you with such as he? Preposterous! Why, I should as soon think of seeing you wedded to one of my native slaves!"

"But Allan is good, father, and he is worthy of the hand of any woman in the country. He loves me, and I love him."

"Nonsense, Bella. I have a husband all ready for you! One who can provide for you."

"Perhaps you mean Condor Sudham," the girl said.

"Ay—I do mean him."

"And do you mean to tell me that I must be the wife of that man?" asked Bella, speaking more with rank astonishment than with fear.

"It is all settled, my child."

Bella gazed into her father's face in speechless surprise; and no wonder. This Condor Sudham was a scion of an old Dutch family that once had a title. He was born on the island, and was now over forty years of age. He was a member of the Legislative Council, and a merchant, and was one of the most wealthy men of the country. He was a short, dumpy, coarse, dark featured man, well enough as a member of government, but never made for an affectionate friend. He was married already to his money, and wife and children would only find a secondary place in his heart.

And such was the man the baronet would have his child marry. Sudham had seen Bella often, and he thought she would make a fine addition to his estate. He would take a pride in showing her, and having her preside at his table. But the maiden herself had different opinions upon the subject.

"If I thought you were in earnest, father, I should know exactly what to say."

"Ah, and what would it be, my child?"

"I never can be that man's wife."

"Very well. You will have a father's authority to contend with, then. Be assured you shall marry with him, for so I have promised."

But the baronet found himself with more work on his hands than he had counted on. Bella grew sad and melancholy, and ere long the truth burst upon him that his child was beginning to lose all her love for him. She looked upon him as the tyrant who would crush her, and she smiled no more in his presence. He could not help noticing this, and he wished to overcome it; but yet he thought not of granting to his child the holy boon she asked. He looked upon the poor pearl diver as the only obstacle to his plans. He had no faculty of looking down into the heart. He knew of only two powers of nature—two moral and social executives; one was power of station, and the other power of money. One day he and Sudham sat in council.

"Upon my soul," said the Dutch scien, "I must have her for my wife, for I have made all my plans with an eye to that event."

"And so she shall be," the baronet returned. "She is crazy now with this pearl diver."

"Why not send him off?"

"Because I fear Bella would go with him."

"But shut her up."

"Yes—I know. But then she would moan and grieve herself away."

"Then look," cried Sudham, energetically, for a very happy thought had struck him. "Why not get him to dive for the great pearl which is sunken close by the Bangale Rocks?"

"But would he do it?" returned the baronet, catching at the idea.

"Make him do it," suggested the merchant. "Promise him the hand of Bella if he succeeds."

"And suppose he does succeed?"

"He cannot. Among those rocks there is a current running so swift and furious that no mortal man can withstand it. Over twenty of the best native divers have lost their lives in pursuit of that pearl. I have seen logs of wood sunk near those rocks, with something attached to them to sink them, and in a few moments the surface of the water would be covered with splinters. I tell you if he dives there he comes not up alive."

"Very well," returned Lakin, after some thought; "if you say so, so be it."

"I do say so, and let it be done as soon as you please."

And so it was settled.

This pearl, after which Allan was to be requested to dive, was one which had been taken some years before on a bank not far from the rocks. Three divers were out, and all three of them were under water together, when an oyster of extraordinary size was seen. It was brought up and opened, and within was found a pearl as large as a robin's egg. As the boat was nearing the shore, a dispute arose among the divers as to who should receive pay for the pearl. From words they passed to blows, and in the struggle the oyster was lost overboard. It sank near the rocks, and as the oyster was dead, it could not have moved away by any volition of its own.

"No, no, no!" cried Bella, after Allan had informed her of the ordeal her father had given him to pass. "You shall not do this. O, all who have tried it have died!"

"But it must be so," returned the youth, calmly and firmly. "Your father has given me his solemn word, in presence of the councillor, Sudham, that if I bring him up the pearl I shall have your hand. If I die, then so let it be; but I shall not. Last night I had the most pleasant and promising dreams, and I have not a single fear in the prospect. Think: If I succeed—thou art mine forevermore. O, we will not look beyond this! And listen: I think I hold a secret which none of the divers have fairly considered. They have always taken the time of the whole ebb of the tide, thinking that the water would be more still then; but I am sure that the most quiet time at the bottom is after the tide has begun to come in. At the ebb, there is surely a mighty current whirling around those rocks, induced by some subterranean channel; but when the tide has turned, and been half an hour on the flood, I think the water is more calm below, though it surges so furiously at the surface. But do not dissuade me. I know the undertaking is perilous; but what is my love for thee, if I would not risk my life to gain it?"

A vast crowd were collected about the shore opposite the Bangale Rocks. The story of the strange trial which was to come off had become known among the people, and they had assembled to witness it. The chief magistrate was there, and other magistrates of that section. Bella was there with her father, and she was pale and trembling.

The hour had come—the moment of the clear ebb—but the pearl diver was not yet present. Nearly half an hour passed away, and the people began to imagine that he would not come. But

just as the murmur was becoming general, a boat appeared, coming around a distant point, in which were three men. One of them was Allan Wilton. He stood in the bows of the boat, and his bearing was firm and sure. He was dressed in a close-fitting garb of oiled silk, with a simple skirt of silk about his loins which reached half way to his knees.

At length the boat stopped, and there was a hushed stillness upon the shore. The water was in wild commotion, and the surges lashed madly among the rocks.

"O, he shall not dive!" gasped Bella, clasping her hands in agony. But her father bade her be still.

Four stout oarsmen rowed the boat to the spot where the youth wished to stop, and there they held it. He did not reach the place where the water hissed and boiled, but stopped at some distance from it. A few moments the light bark trembled close by the mighty caldron, and then the youth stood upon the bows. He cast one glance upon the fair form that now leaned upon the baronet for support, and then he closed his hands above his head, and prepared to dive. There was a low murmur upon the shore, and the rumbling of a distant storm, and the youth was eagerly fixed upon that noble form. In a moment more, the diver left the bow of the boat, his body vibrated an instant in the air, and on the next the troubled waters had closed over it.

Bella Lakin stood with hands firmly clasped, her eyes fixed with a wild, vacant stare upon the spot where the youth had gone down, while every muscle and nerve in her frame seemed fixed as marble.

The minutes passed—one—two—three—four—five—and there was a quiver in Bella's frame, and her hands worked nervously upon her bosom. The cold now left her lips, and a more deathly hue overspread her countenance.

But look! There comes a shadow upon the surface of the water—the element breaks, and a human form arises. It is the pearl diver! He shakes his head smartly, and then strikes quickly out, with one hand firmly closed. But he goes not towards the boat. He turns his head to the shore, and his strokes are long and stout.

Bella started eagerly forward, and then sank back again. Her lips moved, and an earnest prayer of thanksgiving went up to God!

The pearl diver landed, and walked proudly up to where the baronet stood.

"Sir John," he said, "your long sought prize is gained, and so is mine. Here is the pearl!"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and in it

was one shell of the huge oyster. A filmy, muscular substance still adhered to the shell, and in the midst of it was the massive pearl!

"It is not the one!" uttered Condor Sudham.

"No—it cannot be!" responded the baronet.

"Let me see!" shouted an old diver, working his way through the crowd. "I am the one who first found it, and I know it well, for I not only opened the shell and thus killed the oyster, but I measured the pearl. Ha! 'tis the one—the very one! and here is where I notched the shell in opening it. Gentlemen, this is the pearl!"

"Sir John," now spoke the chief magistrate, who had stood close by the baronet, "you cannot retract. By my soul, he must be a wretch indeed who could snatch reward from such devoted love and matchless daring."

"Ay, ay!" shouted a hundred tongues.

"It must be the pearl," the baronet uttered. He looked up as he spoke, and found that his child was already clasped within her lover's embrace, and that upon his bosom she was weeping in frantic joy. He dared say no more.

Condor Sudham cast one look of intense chagrin on the happy couple, and then turned away.

Within a week, Allan Wilton held Bella to his bosom, and she was his for life; and within the next week he gained permission to fish for pearls during one year in any place which was not yet let out. He engaged his divers, and went out to the place of which he had once spoken to Bella, and there he went at work. People wondered at the vast supply of pearls he gained, and great effort was made to buy him off. But he maintained his exclusive right for the season, and at the expiration of that time, he stood second only to Sir John in wealth among all the men of the country. But this was only secondary in his life-cup. That one prize, which he gained, when he went down amid the mad waters of the Bangale, was the brightest jewel in his crown of life—the "pearl of great price!"

ILL LUCK.

A little bad luck is beneficial now and then. If Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard of as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe-handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoemaking. He cut his bristles and tasked his "all" on the "rights of man." The consequence was the same individual who found it "bootless" to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our Revolution.—*Child's Magazine*.

MEMORIES OF THE HEART.

BY WINNY WOODRINE.

I sit in the deepening twilight,
While the stars twinkling faint in the sky,
And sadly repeat thy name over,
When I think that none others are nigh.
Then memory with magical power,
Brings back to my weary-worn heart,
Those eyes when so strangely we met,
So happily met—but to part.

Doest remember the clasp of the hands,
That spoke in a language so sweet;
And the glances that thrilled our hearts through,
When our eyes in confusion would meet?
And the low-breathed tones of thy voice,
As it whispered sweet words in mine ear—
Thou brought by bright memory all,
Thou again its soft music I hear.

'Tis many long days since we parted,
And blossoms have faded and died;
New Spring, with her birds and her flowers,
Is roaming again the hill-side.
When the Summer, in all its bright beauty,
And its soft, dreamy hours, shall come—
We will meet 'neath the blue-beaming skies,
And ne'er again shalt thou roam.

LAYING IN THE WINTER'S COAL.

BY EMMA CARRA.

MR. GRIMMOND was a coal dealer, and had been so long engaged in that business, that from his profits he had built him a fine house and furnished it not only with useful furniture, but with luxurious adornments. And he had bought more land, too, near where the sea washed up, heavily freighted with ships bearing for him the ebony minerals that his surplus money had purchased. And then callous hands eased the noble vessels from their burdens, and stored away the shining treasures in the spacious yard till winter should come. Those who, like himself had plenty of money, came early and bore away what seemed to the poor man a mighty bulk, and he wondered, as he heard the grating of the shovel, how his rich neighbor could consume so much in one season. And then he went on his way musing and resolving that now while coal was cheap, he would reserve enough from his wages the next month to purchase one ton, and the next month he would purchase another, and so on until when the price of coal began to increase, he would have plenty in his cellar to last him until the warm sun would heat his little parlor sufficiently, and his family would need no fire except to cook their plain meals. At the end of the month, when his employer handed him his thirty-six dollars, in payment for his

month's services, George Manton told him his intention and Mr. Eldredge encouraged him to do so, saying:

"If poor people could only realize what an advantage it would be to purchase coal in summer, and their summer goods in winter, availing themselves of the seasons when they are selling cheap, they certainly would, I think, make greater efforts to do so."

And then Mr. Manton left the shop, and as he passed the coal yard on his way home, he thought he would just step in and tell Mr. Grimmond that he would engage three tons of coal at the present price, and one ton might be delivered at his house the last Saturday in every month until he received the complement.

"That is right, Mr. Manton," said Mr. Grimmond. "I like to hear a mechanic talk that way—it shows that he intends to get along in the world and be somebody;" and then he waited a moment as if expecting that his customer would say something more, but as he did not, he added: "I suppose you pay before the coal is taken out of the yard?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grimmond. I never ask any man to trust me, nor ever will while I have health to provide for my family." And the noble-hearted mechanic colored, while the expression of his face told, though mutely, that the inner man was fair, though the covering might be coarse and his purse light.

Mr. Grimmond read the thoughts depicted, and fearing he might lose a customer, said blandly:

"Of course, Mr. Manton, I know you will pay me. Everybody says you are an honest man; and besides, haven't you bought all the coal you have used for four or five years of me? and you don't owe me a cent now. So when you get ready to lay in your winter's coal, just come to me and I will do better by you than any other man in the city."

Mr. Manton tried to forget the remark about paying and think only of the latter fine speech, and then after promising he would call at the appointed time, left the yard and took his way homeward.

It was a neat little cottage standing in a shady street that Mr. Manton with his wife and three children occupied one half of, and now as he stepped within the threshold and saw all look so neat and orderly—the children with clean faces and happy voices welcoming him, the table spread with wholesome and tempting viands for his comfort, he felt that his hard earned money was judiciously spent; then crowding all three of his little juveniles into his lap, he began to

sing, with a contented air, "home, sweet home," until his Julia made her appearance from another room and finished the arrangements for tea.

"I am going to get in my winter's coal this summer, while it is cheap," said Mr. Manton to his wife, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes I am, for I do hate to be always running after coal in the winter, getting a half or a quarter of a ton at a time, and besides, it costs almost twice as much."

"So it does, husband, and I am glad that you have concluded to do so. But how much do you intend to get?"

"Well, three tons certain, perhaps more. And so, Julia, you will try to economize all you can, wont you?"

And then as his wife answered "yes," with a smile that seemed to feel what she said, he commenced sipping his well-steeped tea and chatting about the new house he and his fellow-workmen were building, and then described the nice little cottage he would like to build for himself one of these days, as soon as he was 'able. Then the wife, with mock gravity, described how she would like to furnish it; and finally, the children, who had listened very patiently to their parents, archly added that they supposed after the new house was built, and all those nice things in it, that they should have as fine clothes as Mr. Stewart's children and Mr. Eaton's.

Mr. Manton glanced across the table at his wife, and then remarked, pleasantly:

"How easy it would be to rise in the world, if success depended on imagination alone."

And nothing more was said or thought about the coal, until the supper was ended, the daily paper read, and the children all soundly sleeping. And then as Mr. and Mrs. Manton sat by the open window chatting, with the wick of the shaded lamp picked low, the husband tossed his well filled purse into his wife's lap, observing:

"Now, Julia, let us see how prudent we can be, and save up something so we sha'n't be so troubled to get along next winter as we were last; and in the mean time, I will be looking out for a better chance."

"I will," said the wife, as she pressed her finger on the clasp and took out the notes; and then added: "It is so pleasant, let us take a walk up to Mr. Bond's and pay our rent to-night. You know it is due to-morrow, and he will be here in good season in the morning, if we don't carry it to him to-night."

"I am willing, my dear," said the husband; and then he drew together the blinds, and picked up the wick of the lamp that he might smooth

his hair a little and arrange his dress, preparatory to the walk. Mrs. Manton placed in the bureau all the money except ten dollars that were reserved for the landlord, and then went and leaned over the little trundle-bed to make sure that the children were really asleep, so that they might not miss her.

"I will be ready in a moment, George," she said, as she stepped to the foot of the front stairs and warned Mrs. Crane that she would be out for a short time, asking her if she would be so kind as to speak to the children if they awoke.

The accommodating neighbor answered "yes," and the mechanic and his wife proceeded towards the home of the wealthy Mr. Bond. It was a refreshing evening, and Mr. Manton and his wife enjoyed the cool breeze as it went gently past, for they had both been busily toiling during the day, which had been sultry in the extreme. Together they watched the moon, as it seemed to dance behind a silvery cloud, and then lazily creep forward like a tired ball-room belle. They spoke of their long walks together ere children clustered around them and shared the profits of their toil; but they did not regret that they owned those household jewels, for it was sweet to labor for those they loved. And thus with pleasant words and thoughts they went on until they ascended the granite steps that led to the hall door of their landlord. A gentle ring, and they were ushered into a small back sitting-room to await the pleasure of the moneyed man, as he entertained more favored guests.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Bond came in and with marked coldness which seemed to say, "you cannot expect familiarity from me," received the money nearly due and then informed them that he let the house altogether too cheap, and that he should have to raise another dollar in the month. When Mr. and Mrs. Manton humbly expostulated with him, saying the present rent was a large sum to extract from thirty-six dollars a month, he answered with an independent air that folks must not aspire to live in any better house than they could afford to pay for. Mr. and Mrs. Manton were therefore left to decide being turned from the little cottage, or wrenching another dollar from their limited number. The walk from the brick mansion was not so pleasant as the walk to it, but Julia tried to appear as though she thought but little of the additional expense, it was so trifling. And when her husband suggested that the amount added would at the end of the year pay for two of the tons of coal he intended to buy, she answered pleasantly:

"Well, I will do all my own washing for a year to come, and that will more than save it."

"O no, Julia, that will never do," answered the husband; "for a few visits from the doctor would exceed the twelve dollars a year."

But his objections did not alter the wife's determination to do her washing, though she said no more about it, and soon both retired to forget in sleep that the morrow would dawn but to increase their cares.

When morning came, and Mr. Manton had returned to his labor and the children were gone to school, Mrs. Manton turned the key of the kitchen door and then went to the bureau and took out the remainder of the money that her husband had given her the previous evening, that she might deliberately form her plans for spending it to the best advantage.

"Twenty-six dollars left," she repeated, musingly, and then added: "The flour barrel is empty—I wish I could buy a barrel of flour. But I must not, for that would leave me only fourteen dollars to meet every other expense for a month, and George must have meat once a day, at least, and other things nourishing, for he has to work very hard; so I will buy flour by the bag until we get the coal. A quarter bag will be three dollars, then I shall have twenty-three left; but O dear! we need butter and sugar and molasses, for I have to buy things in such small quantities that it seems as if I am out almost every day. And then there are the two girls—they must each have a pair of new shoes and their bonnets from the milliners, or they will have to stay from Sabbath school on Sunday. And I ought to get me some kind of a cape, for my shawl is too shabby to wear and it is too warm now. And poor George ought to have a thin hat; I know that heavy hat he wears is more than half the cause of the headaches he complains of." And the perplexed Mrs. Manton gave a deep sigh, as the actual wants of the family crowded so thick upon her, and she looked at the small sum in her lap to meet them. That little roll of bills was the magic power that was to supply all their necessities for thirty days—fuel, food, lights, clothing, etc.

Mrs. Manton mused long, and the longer she sat, the more desponding became her features, for she could see no door to escape. At length, she looked at the little time-piece on the mantel and she saw that the morning was far advanced; so she arose and replaced the money, for the present, and resumed her necessary and seldom changing round of duties that always brought comfort to her family, and made her industrious husband feel that the fruits of his labor were

spent advantageously. Sunday came, and the children were furnished with the desired articles that they might attend the Sabbath school, but Mrs. Manton looked at the faded shawl and stayed within. And her husband bore her company, for his coat was a little threadbare, and his hat of last year's fashion. But when the evening came, and the sun had retired as if to avoid a conflagration of the earth, the husband and wife, after the children were sleeping, went out and enjoyed a pleasant walk, and then attended the short evening conference at the church.

And so the month passed away. Mrs. Manton made no complaint of her limited income, for she knew it was the best her husband could do for the present, and she tried to make the star of hope illumine the future. Mr. Manton asked no questions; he knew that he had given his wife all that he had, and she had made him comfortable. But he did not know how carefully the best was always kept for him, nor why the children were coaxed to wait till father was done before they made a meal of the fragments.

The month passed away, and Mr. Manton once more returned with his month's wages, and handed to his wife all except six dollars—the payment for a ton of coal. The bin was empty, and Mrs. Manton tried to feel pleased that they were going to have so much at once, but then when the rent was paid, she would have but nineteen dollars to support a family of five again for thirty days. Every one of the family needed shoes; the children must have some, or they would have to take their best ones for every day, and they were thin and of so cheap a make that they would not last any length of time for common wear. Her husband had had his boots patched and the ribs sewed, until the sums had nearly reached the cost of a new pair. When he alluded to his worn boots, she hadn't the courage to tell him how ill they could afford three or four dollars to purchase him a pair; so he was supplied with the necessary articles, and the children wore their best, and Mrs. Manton wore rubbers when she went out to the grocery or market.

But with all Mrs. Manton's studied economy, the remaining sixteen dollars would not make them all comfortable during the month, and she knew that if she got in debt, it would be almost impossible to pay; so when the two pounds of steak were cooked for dinner, Mr. Manton ate heartily, and then the children partook of the remainder, while a cup of tea and a slice of bread was all that went to nourish the wife who was so overburdened with care and poverty. The husband noticed his wife's increasing pale

ness, but he did not realize the cause, for he generally ate his meals hurriedly at noon, nor did he know how hard she worked during his absence. Mrs. Manton thought she would try to obtain a cheaper house, but when she went out to look, she found that *cheap* tenements were generally situated in those neighborhoods where she would not be willing that her children should see the examples set. And so the summer wore away, and there was no more coal bought, for there had been a doctor's bill to pay, and the insatiate speculator had drained the poor man's purse to the last farthing that he might still add to his ill got thousands. He cared not how—it mattered not if his path were wet by the widow's tears; gold, gold, was still his cry—for he had set himself up a god.

The winds of winter began to moan and shriek, and the children crushed the crisp snow beneath their feet on their way to school. The mechanic and his family had now to leave their cottage home, for the landlord had told them to leave immediately, or settle up the two months' arrears. In vain was the plea of Mr. Manton that his wife and infant boy had exhausted all, save what had gone for food, in being restored to health, and now he only asked for time. "Move out, or pay immediately," was still the answer, "for there are plenty who would be glad to hire the rooms and pay in advance." The pale wife and feeble boy were therefore removed to three rooms in a narrow alley, for the husband was penniless now, and all others wanted pay in advance. But the doctor had said that those he loved would soon be well again, and Mr. Manton began to hope, and when their little home was arranged, he thought he might work steadily now.

But his trials were not over yet, for when he went back to the shop, he learned from his employer that the severity of the weather was such that he had concluded to suspend work and close his shop for a few weeks. The young mechanic turned away, and crept into an obscure corner of the yard and wept like a child. Tears gave temporary relief to a heart that seemed full almost to bursting; so after he had sat and pondered long, he once more sought the street. But he did not turn his steps in the direction of his home, for how could he go there, where so much was needed, and tell them that his workshop was closed! So up and down the streets he travelled in search of work, calling at the various shops, and gladly would he now have worked even for half of what he saw some others no more capable receiving; but he scorned, although in want, to injure those who labored.

At the close of the day, he returned once more to their home. He had expected to find his Julia on their faded lounge in the corner, with her head pressing the pillow. But in this he was happily disappointed, for she felt much better to-day, and was neatly dressed. With the aid of little Jenny and the twenty-five cents he had left her in the morning, she had got a comfortable supper on the table and a bright fire glowing in the stove. And now when she heard his footstep on the stairs, she met him at the door, while the children gathered around and the convalescent little Charley put up his lips for a kiss, saying: "All well now, papa;" and then looking towards the table, added, "got a good supper, too."

Mr. Manton pressed his wife to his bosom, and gave a kiss all round to the children, and then fairly danced for joy, while a good-natured under-tenant put her head in at the door, and laughingly inquired if they were moving out, that occasioned the noise.

"O, no," said the husband to their favorite neighbor; "but I expected to find my wife and Charley sick, and no fire nor supper, but instead of that I found—look here;" and he pointed to his tidy-looking Julia and the supper on the table.

For the next hour, Mr. Manton forgot but that his purse was full, or that he had no place engaged in which to labor on the morrow. But the next day came, and the last hodful of coal was turned on the fire.

"Where shall I get more?" said the husband, despondingly; for he had now told his wife of the closing of the shop.

"O, don't fret, George," said his wife, coaxingly. "Winter won't last forever, and we are as well off as some of our neighbors. There will be some way provided, for God will take care of those who make an effort to help themselves." And then she added: "Go ask Mr. Grimmond to trust us for a ton of coal. I don't believe he will refuse you, for you have always bought of him and paid him punctually."

"I know I have, dear, and if I *didn't* need a favor, I should never be afraid to ask one from Mr. Grimmond. But he is a hard-hearted man, Julia, and has but little pity for the poor." And he sat a few moments thoughtfully looking into his wife's face till she urged him again, and then he consented, feeling that it was his only alternative. If he had credit he must get in debt; so he took his hat and went out.

Mr. Grimmond was sitting in his counting-room when Mr. Manton opened the door. Everything within bespoke ease and plenty. A good

fire was burning in the stove, an unbroken bunch of superior cigars lay on the table, and when the young mechanic entered, the coal-dealer just glanced up from his newspaper, gave a nod and resumed his reading. George uninvited passed on towards the stove, wishing that he had not come in, and nothing but a mental vision of home prevented him from leaving immediately. At length Mr. Grimmond laid down his paper, and with a consequential air inquired the business of his visitor.

Mr. Manton in a few words stated that he should be out of work for a few weeks, that his wife and youngest child had been sick for a long time, and his means were all exhausted, so that he wished to get a ton of coal and he would pay him the first thing when he commenced work again.

"The same old story," said the dealer, lighting a cigar. "Why, Mr. Manton, I might give away every ton of coal I have got in my yard if I would only take promises for pay."

"I never asked you to trust me before," said Mr. Manton, trying to swallow the choking sensation in his throat, and still thinking of the helpless ones at home.

"Nor needn't have asked me now, if you hadn't lied so to me last summer."

"Lied!" repeated Mr. Manton, abstractedly, as if his memory were trying to recall the past.

"Yes, *lied*. Didn't you promise to buy a ton of coal every month until your winter's store was harvested? And you bought one ton and that was the last of it."

"But O, Mr. Grimmond, if you know how hard I tried to save from my wages that amount and could not, you would not blame me. I think now the privations that my family have endured, while my earnings went to enrich my landlord and—" You he would have added, but in spite of insult, he still wished, for his family's sake, to get trusted; so he continued: "Speculators have done a great deal towards producing the illness of my wife and child."

"The same old story," said the coal-dealer, taking up his paper and pretending to be busy with its columns: "I can't trust you. A man that will lie once, will again. Poor folks ought to look out for these things in the summer;" and he leaned back in his chair and went on with his reading.

The blood arose to the temples of the young mechanic, but the mild words of his patient wife rang in his ear—"there will be some way provided," and in silence he turned and went out. As he came once more into the broad street, he involuntarily cast his eye across the river to the

strong stone building with its grated windows, and he murmured inaudibly: "What wonder that so many at night are tossing so uneasily there on their hard narrow beds, when wealth is so unequally divided!" And then there came strange thoughts through his brain—thoughts to which he would not have dared to give utterance—of deeds that have often brought the wherewith to prolong a life made more wretched by the prolonging.

Mr. Manton did not go directly home. How could he? for he could be the bearer of nothing that was pleasant; and he thought, too, that his wife, if he were not there, would borrow coal of a neighbor, and so he went about to look for work again. But being as unsuccessful as on the preceding day, he turned homeward when it began to grow dark. He went quietly up the worn stairs that led to his apartment, and stood fearing to open the door, lest he might find the inmates in a worse state than he had left them. The fire might be out, and he had left nothing at home to buy food; so he listened to see if he could learn anything of their condition, but his heart sank within him as he heard no sound. Presently the silence was broken by a cry from Charley, and then Jenny said in a loud voice:

"Now we can make a noise, mother, for Charley is awake."

And then they began an infantile concert, the mother joining and seemingly the happiest of the number. "What a happy disposition," thought Manton, "to sing in the midst of such poverty!" And then he opened the door a little way and peeped in. Mr. Manton thought of witchcraft and all the incredibles that he had ever read of, as the scene presented itself to his view. Their little parlor kitchen was as warm as a July sun could have made it, his wife and children were all dressed clean, with smiling faces, and on the table was spread a supper of warm biscuit, cakes, etc. Mr. Manton threw the door open wider, and advanced like one bewildered.

"That was beautiful coal that Mr. Grimmond sent," said Julia. "Didn't I tell you he would trust you? and he has, not only with one ton, but I know there are two. And see what beautiful biscuit that flour makes—but where did you get money to buy so many things? A barrel of flour, besides butter and sugar and tea. And what made you send me that twenty-five dollars? Why didn't you come and bring it and tell me who lent it to you?"

Mr. Manton stood perfectly still in the centre of the room, looking first at one and then at another of the happy group.

"Julia," he at length said, "what do you mean? Are you crazy, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," said the wife, taking from her pocket a purse and drawing out twenty-five dollars in bills. "There," said she, "didn't you send that home?"

"No, Julia, I know nothing about it."

And then the wife told him that a few hours after he went away, there was brought to the door for them two tons of coal, and as night approached, she got a man to put it into the cellar. And soon after the coal was brought, Mr. Bligh had brought them a barrel of flour, a firkin of butter, and other groceries; and when she questioned him about it, he only smiled and said all was paid for. And a boy had brought her a letter containing twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Manton took the note which his wife thought he had written and sent to her because he could not return immediately, and he read: "Please accept the amount enclosed, and, as I know you will, lay it out to the best advantage." No name was signed, and Mr. Manton again seized his hat and went out to make inquiries of Mr. Bligh and Mr. Grimmond; but he learned nothing there, for the former only smiled and told him if he lacked again to call on him, and the latter was surly, saying he knew nothing about it. But there was no more suffering in Mr. Manton's family that winter. When the snow began to disappear, Mr. Manton told his old employer that he could not afford to work any longer for previous prices, as it was his intention to make a greater effort than ever before to make his income larger.

"Well," said Mr. Eldredge, "I am getting tired of so much care, and I should like to get a good active partner. I will furnish capital—how would you like the chance?"

Need we say it was eagerly accepted by the other, whose joy knew no bounds at this sudden favor of fortune. Mr. Manton seemed to possess the entire confidence of his partner, who supplied him liberally with money, while he with untiring energy contracted and built, hired and paid from the profits of his accurate calculations a small army of men. Mr. Grimmond daily passed through Greenborough Street on his way from his residence to his counting-room, and felt quite chagrined to observe one day a large wagon of coal unloading before a pleasant house, with the name of Manton on the door plate. He felt that one of his own wagons might have been standing there, had he conducted kindly towards the young mechanic, and he hastened on lest any of the bystanders should perceive his changing color.

One day, Mr. Eldredge and his partner were alone in the shop, when the former inquired of the latter:

"George, did you not have a pretty hard time, last winter?"

"God forbid that I should ever see another such," he answered.

"And did not some one assist you?"

"There did. And I have tried a great many times to find out who it was, but cannot."

Mr. Eldredge took a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to the other. It was a receipted bill for two tons of coal. And then he handed another bill for flour and other groceries. Mr. Manton stood for a moment so overcome, that he could make no remark; then recovering, he exclaimed:

"O, sir, was it you that did all that? I can never thank you enough, nor repay such extreme kindness, though I should live twice the appointed time of man. But how came you to know of my necessities?"

"I was in the little entry that led to Mr. Grimmond's office, while you and he were talking. I heard your voice and then I heard his insulting answers; so I stepped behind some lumber till you were gone, and then I went in and gave him a piece of my mind. After that, I went down and bought the coal of Mr. Fenneck, for I knew you were an honest man. But I thought I would say nothing about it, for you know I am an odd sort of a man and have a way of my own, generally."

Mr. Manton proved a valuable partner to Mr. Eldredge, and in a few years lived in a house of which he himself was landlord.

TEN THOUSAND BLESSINGS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that a clergyman in Pittsburgh, Pa., lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing:

"Forever let my grateful heart,"

when he hesitated, baulked, and exclaimed, "Ahem! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

The words of a language are like the pieces of a child's dissected picture; and eloquence, and poetry, and philosophy are the pictures made by putting them together; but somehow, it is hard to fit the words into their proper places.

SHE NEVER WILL SAY THAT SHE DON'T!

BY JAMES LYONSBURG.

She never has said that she loved me,
 Yet I often have thought I did spy
 Some sweet little dewy emotion
 Beam on me from out her blue eye:
 But still, if I ask her to love me,
 She coquettishly says, "Well—I won't!"
 And yet if I beg her "Be serious,"
 She never will say that she don't!

I have thought, too, in some foolish moments,
 When my brain and my heart were both one,
 That her smile was the least bit the sweeter,
 When on me like a sunbeam it shone;
 And I've caught her, at least once, I'm certain,
 Gaze on me more steadfast than wont,
 And yet she won't promise to love me—
 But, never will say that she don't.

'Tis a pickle I'm in, now that's certain—
 Do I love her? O ask if the flower
 Which turns to the sunbeam of morning,
 Loves warmth in that beautiful hour!
 And I pray, as my life-hope is drinking
 Its future from love's dewy font,
 That my Mary, whenever she answers,
 She never will say that she don't!

MISS LINSCOMBE'S APPRENTICES.

BY MARY L. SUMNER.

"Don't fail me, Miss Linscombe," said a loud, imperious voice, as the speaker turned towards the door of Miss Linscombe, the fashionable dress-maker at Salisbury. "Don't fail me; if you do, I will never bring a dress to this establishment again."

"Depend on me, Miss Campbell. Nothing shall prevent you from having it."

"There is a great deal depending on the success of this dress," said a young lady who accompanied Miss Campbell; "for which you will be held personally responsible."

Miss Linscombe laughed a little, weak laugh, as if she wanted to appear to understand the young lady's meaning, but could not.

She reiterated her promise and the visitors departed. Miss Linscombe's plausible and polite manner departed, too, for her next words were harsh and severe.

"Miss Butler," she called out to a young woman who was just tying on her bonnet to go to her dinner, "be back without fail, in twenty-five minutes. That is all the time I can spare you to-day. Immediately on your return you will put on these flounces; and I beg you will spend no idle time. Miss Campbell's dress must be sent home at half-past five o'clock, precisely. Any delay on your part, I shall highly resent."

The girl made no answer, but sighed heavily. She had already staid at the workroom nearly the whole of two nights, and it had taxed her feeble frame too much. She was languid, weak, dispirited.

She went home to her miserable boarding-house, sat down to an unwholesome, half-cooked meal, and hastened back to her task. Other charges were given her respecting Miss Campbell's dress, but they fell upon deaf ears, for on her way back she had seen Harry Seaton, and he had asked her to go to the theatre with him that evening. It had changed the whole current of her life at once; that life, which, in the morning had seemed so utterly without sunshine. Miss Linscombe's dull, dreary room, with its hangings of red, blue and green dress-patterns; suspended on lines stretched across from window to window; the shabby court which it overlooked, and the bits of cloth and linings, which lay scattered round, making it look like Rag Fair; all looked duller and drearier, and shabbier when she returned, than it ever had done before. There was another scene, into which her imagination was fast entering. Already, she saw the lights, the fine dresses, and the beautiful scenery, and nodded her head to imaginary music.

"Not that way, Miss Butler!" screamed out Miss Linscombe, with a very red face, and a look which seemed expressly invented by nature, for a head mantua-maker; "stitch it after this fashion," and Miss Butler unpicked her work, and began again with as little success as before. Miss Linscombe grew angry. She retaliated upon the girl, all the harsh and unlady-like things which Miss Campbell had said to her, while trying on the rich dress that morning; the memory of which rankled in her heart. Strange, that such things do not teach softness and charity to others!

Miss Linscombe's sharp voice did not affect Jane Butler as it usually did. She was away in an ideal world of her own, of which Harry Seaton was the figure in the fore ground, and the stage people in the back. She was listlessly picking at the garment, when one of her companions touched her arm.

"Jane," said she, "mind what you are doing, or you will be ruined. Miss Linscombe's eye is upon you."

The girl started, and thanked her with a look, while she drew her work nearer, and tried to put more interest into her manner. She could do so as long as Miss Carter kept talking, but when she ceased, Jane went back to her mimic world.

Miss Linscombe went out, and Miss Carter offered to help her, but Jane would not permit a

friend to get into disgrace for her sake, so she hurried her flounces on, in a way highly discredit-able to her usual neat work. Everything seemed to conspire against the dress being finished. Needles broke, silk twisted and knotted, and the bias edge of the flounce drew, and was tortured back again into something like regularity; and before all was straight again, four o'clock struck! An hour and a half to finish what was scarcely begun, and the thought of Miss Linscombe's face when she should come in, and find it unfinished! Jane grew nervous, in spite of the stage floor that was before her eyes. Five! and Miss Linscombe came in, with a face pale with rage, when she saw the small progress Jane had made.

"Hand it over to Miss Carter," she said, "and do you take those skirts and finish them for the Misses Stearns."

Three skirts! Jane knew that the three would occupy her until nine or ten o'clock, and so did her employer, who had determined to punish her. Miss Carter took the work, and her more experienced hands performed it, but not until six. She, too, received a rebuff, which Jane wept over, although she had not done so for her own.

Harry had promised to call for her at seven. It was nearly that, and she had not yet dressed. She was desperate. "Miss Linscombe," she said, "cannot I be excused for this one evening? I promise to do better in future, if you will kindly let me off now. It is so very, very important for me to be at home now," looking at the clock which pointed to nearly seven. Miss Carter joined in the request, offering to stay and work for her; and so did a large, indolent-looking girl, whose work Jane had one day finished for her.

No, Miss Linscombe was obdurate, although the girls all showed themselves indignant at her refusal. But fortune sometimes favors us when we least expect it, and so it now did Jane. Across the wide entry which ran between the rooms, there was a door exactly opposite Miss Linscombe's apartment, from which often issued the dulcet tones of a flute. Sometimes the door was open, and at such times, Miss Linscombe, with an air of offended delicacy, would charge her young ladies not to look across. They sometimes wondered why she herself lingered so long in the hall, after they had heard her well-known footstep on the stairs; but up to this time, none of them had seen the flute-player except Miss Carter. What was their surprise, as well as Miss Linscombe's, to see him enter, flute in hand, and addressing himself to the "principal," request to give her and the other ladies a little music.

Jane's tearful eyes at this moment caught the glance of her employer, and she looked so beau-

tiful through her tears, and Miss Carter so sympathizing, that she said in her blindest tones, "Young ladies, Miss Carter and Miss Butler have leave to go now," and turned to the gentleman once more, begging him to be seated, and expressing her delight in the music which they had already heard and admired. Miss Linscombe absolutely forgot that Miss Campbell's dress was not yet carried away, until Miss Carter offered to take it home.

"True," said she, with one of her little laughs, "it was engaged at half-past five; but really, she knew that it was impossible, and so did I."

Jane's cheek crimsoned with anger, for she well knew that she could easily have performed the work, had she not been so hurried and excited. She thought it would have been more honest in Miss Linscombe, to say so at once. That lady seemed now as eager to get rid of her two work-women, as she had been to detain them; but that was before Mr. Walker's entrance. On his part, he looked disappointed, when Maria Carter turned to leave the room; but he could not retreat from his own offer, to play for Miss Linscombe.

As the girls emerged from the close, hot room, where, with less than a half hour's respite, they had remained since seven in the morning, both gave a long sigh of relief. They parted, and Jane fairly ran home, which she reached at the same moment in which Harry rung the bell.

"One moment, Harry," she began, and then thinking of Miss Linscombe's promises, which she had just been condemning, "no, fifteen minutes, and I will be ready."

She came down at the appointed moment, and Harry, who thought her pretty before, was startled at her beauty now.

Her soft, silky hair was drawn up in a large knot at the back of the head, and disposed in large bands at the sides; showing the truly elegant form of her head. A single scarlet geranium was fastened in her braids. Her dress was simple, but beautifully made; and her gloves, fan and handkerchief were all of a kind denoting taste in the wearer, yet indicative of simplicity, and even of economy in the materials.

She was gratified by Harry's evident admiration; and her happiness was untouched by any thought of her afternoon's vexation. Miss Linscombe and her room faded into nothing, as she entered the brilliant scene; nor did she think of them again, until she looked up and met the curious, prying eyes of Miss Campbell, and heard her loud and disagreeable voice, evidently talking of her and Harry. The lady's companion, an inferior-looking man, whom she kept calling

"Cousin James," lifted his lorgnette in the direction to which she pointed, and after a long stare, he whispered long and loud, in words, where Jane distinctly heard her own name, in connection with "my dress-maker's girl."

Miss Campbell wore the new dress. She was dressed, therefore, magnificently; and the jewels which she displayed were rich and costly. Her hair was profusely decorated, and she sported a fan, bouquet-holder and handkerchief, that would have purchased a small house. She annoyed Jane so much by her close observation of her, that she begged Harry to move a little, where she could hide herself from her view. In vain; that great, unwinking eye found her out, wherever she moved; and Harry told her not to mind it. How could she help it, when she knew that she would acquaint Miss Linscombe, the following day, with the story of one of her girls presuming to go to the theatre? Jane had heard those things talked of too often in the workroom, not to dread it for herself. She could not give herself up to the play, as she wished. Moreover, Miss Campbell seemed to know that she spoiled her pleasure, and to rejoice in so doing.

It was all too true. Miss Campbell had marked her prey, and she was determined to hunt it to the death. She had known Harry Seaton from his childhood—nay, she had spurned his offered love, because she aspired to a richer suitor, who, in turn, spurned her. Then she tried to lure Harry back again; but he would not be so lured; and from that hour, she had declared war against whoever she might be, that should win his heart.

That she should live to give place to a dress-maker's apprentice! She hadn't dreamed of this; and the very dress which Jane had been so unhappy about, was the one in which Miss Campbell was intending to re-capture her lost lover. She happened to know that he was to be at the theatre this evening, by means of the young lady who had accompanied her to Miss Linscombe's, and whose brother, James Hartley, was the "Cousin James," who attended on her and his sister thither.

Miss Hartley was one of those hangers-on so well described by the name of toady, to Miss Campbell, whom she praised and flattered in a way that any honest person would have scorned. But Cornelia Campbell was bred in the atmosphere of flattery, and she thrived and grew by what she was fed on.

She had, long ago, repented of her folly in giving up Harry Seaton. Her beauty had entangled his boyish heart, and her evident love for him had, for awhile, riveted the chain; but his eyes

were soon opened, and he saw her as she truly was—a vain, weak, unprincipled woman, who would sacrifice hearts for a mere show; and in whose word he had not one spark of faith, since she had perjured herself to him for the hope of a new love.

Thence Harry resolved never to become enchained again by one of her set. He would seek a wife among the virtuous and industrious classes. He met Jane Butler, a few days afterwards, as she was carrying home a dress to his sister, was captivated at once, by the sweetness of her face, and the modest dignity of her manner; and, with the perfect approbation of his sister, who despised Cornelia Campbell's duplicity towards her favorite brother, he offered, and was accepted. The few weeks that remained of Jane's engagement with Miss Linscombe, she chose to fulfil; and to save the annoyance of having it talked of in the workroom, it was agreed to keep it private, until she should leave it.

Could Cornelia Campbell have known this, she would have been furious. Her worst suspicions did not point to an engagement; and Jane, who divined her scornful manner, guessed but too well that to-morrow, the affair would be discussed before Miss Linscombe and the others. She shrank painfully from such an exposure of her affairs; and Harry's eloquence was long exerted before he could calm her fears. He suggested that his sister should spend several hours at Miss Linscombe's room the next day, in order to shield Jane from what she so much dreaded; offered to face the arch enemy, as he called Miss Campbell, and stand guard over Jane himself.

They needed not to plan; for before breakfast the next morning, Jane received the following note from Miss Linscombe:

"MISS BUTLER:—I am informed by a friend, whom I can perfectly trust, that you were at the theatre, last evening, with a gentleman of so much higher position in society than yourself, that there can be but one construction put on the affair. I need not say, after this, that it will not be pleasant for us to meet again. I shall not expect you at my rooms, either to-day, or at any other time. F. LINSCOMBE."

"There," said Miss Linscombe, "I trust that matter is settled."

"To my satisfaction it is," said Miss Campbell, who had watched the operation. "She will not be bold enough to cross our paths again, I think. By the way, how is your Mr. Walker, who plays the flute so well?"

Miss Linscombe blushed and fidgeted. Cornelia Campbell was not, surely, going to interfere with her Mr. Walker. She took a look

around her room to see if the door were shut, and catching a glance at the vacant chair, which was usually occupied by Maria Carter, she suddenly asked where she was. The large, indolent girl whom we noticed before, answered, without the least perceptible change of countenance, "She is gone to be married, ma'am."

"Married! heavens, to whom?"

"To our neighbor, Mr. Walker."

Miss Linscombe's face would have made a study for a painter, at that moment. She had really thought that Mr. Walker was partial to herself; and her astonishment and indignation were inexpressible. Jane had been prevailed on to pass the night with Harry's sister, and had left word at her boarding-house, that she should do so; therefore Miss Linscombe's note had been sent directly to her, by her landlady. She was somewhat frightened when she read it, but Harry and his sister soon comforted her, by offering to settle the matter with Miss Linscombe and all the rest of the world. That evening Miss Linscombe's young ladies received cards from "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seaton," with Jane Butler's name in the corner. A few hours previous, they had received similar ones from "Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Walker."

A VEGETARIAN.

An English gentleman dining in Paris, at the *table d'hôte*, [public table at the hotel,] wishing for some potatoes to eat with his meat, as he had been accustomed to do at home, called to the servant, "*Garçon, des pommes de terre, s'il vous plaît*," (waiter, some potatoes, if you please.) The dish of potatoes was accordingly brought to him, and taken away when he had helped himself. The same request was repeated to the servant as each successive course of meats was served, until the waiter, having become familiar with the order, brought the potatoes without further request; and thinking that if the gentleman wished potatoes with one dish he would like them with all, continued to bring them to him through the whole dinner, dessert and all, much to the gentleman's annoyance, and the amusement of all who saw it.—*Galignani*.

HEAVY AND WINDY.

A blacksmith who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him that he must be careful of his diet and not eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on evolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said: "Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Your anvil is heavy and your bellows are windy; don't eat of these, and you will do well."
—*Eccentric Anecdotes*.

THE TIE.

BY E. P. JAYCOCK.

O, God alone could forge the link
That binds my soul to thee;
Else I could break the magic tie,
And once again be free.
I strive—O how I strive to break
This fetter on my soul;
As well might I the tempest hush,
The boiling sea control.

What agony around the thought
That this must ever be,
Till death with cold and icy hand
Shall come to set me free!
Long years have passed since hope's bright ray
Fled from my youthful breast;
And sad has been my young heart since,
With longings for its rest.

There is a rest for weary souls,
A haven that is calm;
Where over all the wounds of life
Shall flow a healing balm!
And I must bear with patience here,
Though ties should bid or break;
And loose not all the hope of life
For any human sake.

A RECORD OF DARK DEEDS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ANY one who has passed through Bedford on foot, cannot have failed to notice an old building which stands close to the bank of the Ouse, on the south side. It was erected during the reign of Elizabeth, and having been constructed of heavy timber, it has withstood the crumbling touches of time marvellously well. It has two quaint, old gables upon the street, which hang far over the walk, seeming ready at any moment to come tumbling down upon the heads of the pedestrians; and then projecting above the narrow court, which is to the east of the building, are two more gables, exactly corresponding with those in front. There was once an entrance upon the street, but that was closed up during the reign of the second James, since which, the only legitimate means of ingress and egress has been through the wide door-way which opens upon the court beneath the further gable.

Early in the spring of 1764, two women came to hire the house. They were sisters, and gave their names as Roxana and Nancy Rhodope. The former was fifty years of age, and the latter two years older. They were tall, dark-looking beings, with large, bony frames, but with little flesh; and altogether they had an evil, sinister look, which was not calculated to inspire the be-

holder with any great amount of confidence in their virtue or humanity. However, nothing evil was known of them, and the owner of the house rented it to them for about a tenth part of the sum asked for such a tenement in any other part of the city. They professed to have some little money of their own, meaning to take in washing and sewing as soon as they could obtain it. Several months passed away, but the sisters were never seen to take home any work. They were seldom seen out by daylight, save when they had occasion to buy provisions. At length a third member was added to their household. This was a boy, deaf and dumb, whom they told their landlord they had taken out of charity alone. He was not over sixteen years of age, and perhaps not so old. His body was thin and bent; his legs very crooked; his head large and thick, and his arms so long that when standing erect his fingers' ends reached some inches below his knees. They called his name Jasper Lucan. Besides his peculiar form, there was another thing which drew attention to him; and that was, his movements, or, rather, motions. He moved about like a thing made up of springs. Never walking like other people, but jerking along with a frog-like motion at times, and at others leaping like a cat.

Strange stories began to be circulated about the two sisters. People who lived near, sometimes heard strange noises in the old house at night, and the boatmen upon the river, who could look upon the back windows of the upper story, said that there were often lights in the place all night long. At length these stories became so numerous, and the various surmises so alarming, that the good people in the neighborhood began to fear the old sisters. Governesses and fractious mamas threatened their refractory children that they should be sent to the "Old Sisters;" and the school-boy who would frighten his companion, had only to say: "There come the Rhodopes!" One morning a new cause of alarm turned up. It appeared that about midnight, preceding, the boy, Jasper Lucan, came out from the house and went down to the river, where he threw something into the stream. To do this he stepped upon a stone, and it was his fortune to slip off. The water was deep where he fell in, and had it not been for a boatman who was close by, he would have been drowned; but this boatman pulled him out and set him on shore, and finding that he could get no reply to any of his questions, he brought his lantern to see what was the matter. Having got his light, he found that the boy he had saved was Jasper Lucan, and that his clothes were covered with blood.

The boatman examined him carefully, but he found that he was not wounded in any way. His trowsers, which were of coarse duck, were all besmeared with blood, and so were his shirt and hat. But the boy was not detained, for no answers could be gained from him, and then the man had his boat to attend to. Before noon, this piece of news spread over the town, and stories about the old sisters went up in the market accordingly.

Near the old house of the four gables, in a small hut upon the river's bank, lived a poor blind woman named Morris. She had one child, a son, named Luke, about fifteen years old, who managed, by picking up odd jobs, to support himself and his mother. One day Luke Morris was seen going into the house of the old sisters; he remained something over an hour, and then came out. When he reached his own dwelling he found seven persons there, waiting for his return. Immediately upon his entering they surrounded him and began to ask questions concerning his visit to the old house of the hags; but he would give no satisfactory answers. He only smiled when they asked him if the house wasn't all covered with blood; and when they asked him if he had heard any dismal groans, he told them, "Yes, a thousand of them."

"But, Luke—dear boy," urged his blind mother, "you mustn't go to the dreadful place. They'll kill you and cut you up."

"Yes, Luke," added an old woman who lived near, "you will be murdered and cut all up, just as sure as the world! Don't you go a nigh 'em. They only git ye in there so as to have ye jest when they want ye."

Luke informed the sympathizing friends, that one of the women—Roxana—had made a proposition to him to that very end, offering to support his mother through life, if he would allow them to cut him up to make meat pies of.

The hearers received this in good faith, and their horror was not to be expressed in words, though some of them attempted it. Had they been informed that the old sisters ate three roasted aldermen for breakfast, they would have believed it. However, the visitors departed at length, and then Luke told his mother the sisters had hired him to work for them occasionally.

"But what kind of work?" the old lady asked.

"I am to help Jasper Lucan catch fish in the river, and there may be other things to do."

The mother was far from being satisfied, but after much argument she gave her consent that the boy might help the old sisters, on the condition that he would never allow himself to be killed and cut up.

The new story of Roxana's trying to kill Luke Morris so that she might cut him up for meat pies, spread rapidly, and a score of people waited upon the owner of the old house, and begged him to turn the two old beldams out of doors. But he informed them that he could not do it, as he had given them an unconditional lease, and bound himself not to trouble them so long as they would be responsible for the safety of the house."

But matters at length came to a crisis. Winter had come, and the boatmen could ply their skiffs no longer, for the river was frozen over. One day the startling announcement was made that Luke Morris was missing! He had not been seen for four days. People crowded in upon his mother, whom they found weeping and moaning frantically. This was on Friday. She told them that her son had been gone since Tuesday evening; that he said he was going to work for the two sisters, and that she must not be alarmed until she saw him, for he might be gone some time. The mother was sure that by "some time," her son only meant some hours; and after a deal of talking, it was finally decided that the boy actually said "some hours."

But—horror of horrors!—on the very next day, some men found a mangled body in the ice close by the old house where the beldams lived. The prize was carefully taken out from its cold bed and carried directly to the office of the police, and there its appearance could be clearly made out; and hence it proved to be, not a human body, but the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, and intestines of such. Of course, the body itself had been chopped up for "*meat pies*!" A physician was sent for, and he decided that the remains were those of a person somewhere between the ages of fourteen and twenty. This settled the matter at once. A writ was applied for to the recorder, and he issued one immediately, and placed it in the hands of a proper officer to be served.

The two sisters manifested the utmost astonishment when they were arrested, but they betrayed no fear. When they were led forth into the street, a thousand people were collected to see them, and a cold, fearful shudder ran through the crowd, as the dark, forbidding, withered features of the beldams were visible. The boy Jasper was found in the house, and he also was arrested. The officers found it necessary to procure a carriage before they could make their way with the prisoners through the excited crowd.

In the meantime three officers remained to search the house. They went through the chambers first, but found nothing there, save some few

articles of ordinary furniture. From there they entered the attics, but with the same result. Next they went into the lower rooms, and there they examined very carefully, entering every closet, and opening every cupboard. But they found nothing out of the way here. They then procured lanterns and went down into the cellar.

They had searched around here for some time, when they came to a trap-door, which they raised. As they lifted it, such a powerful stench came up that they were forced to let it down immediately. But they soon raised it again, this time protecting their nostrils. The place was deep and dark, and though they held down their lanterns at arm's length, yet nothing could be seen. Finally one proposed getting a string, and thus lowering one of the lanterns clear down. A line was procured, and a lantern lowered into the vault, and the officers were enabled to see a dark, corrupted mass of flesh and bones!

They closed the vault as they had found it, and were about to return, when one of them discovered a narrow passage away in one corner, which they had not before noticed. Towards this they made their way, and having followed it a distance of some twenty feet, they came to a square vault or room, near the centre of which, upon the damp stone, they saw a dark spot, as though a thick puddle of some dark liquid had coagulated there. Instinctively one of the men turned his gaze upwards, and he saw a small crevice in the plank ceiling through which the stuff had dropped. They knew that there must be a place overhead which they had not visited, and as soon as they could calculate upon the bearings and distances, they went back to the first floor. Here they followed up the course which was necessary to lead to the point over the vault, until they were brought up by a partition; but they knew they were right, and that there must be a room beyond. At length they passed around to where they remembered having found a closet with nothing in it, and upon examining the back of this closet, they found a secret door which they were obliged to burst open, not being able to find any legitimate means of opening it.

Mercy! What a sight met their eyes. The room to which they had thus gained entrance was about ten feet square, with a raised bench on one side, and the floor, walls, and bench all covered with blood! Sticking into the top of the bench, was a knife, all bloody, and also upon the floor they found a club covered with the same fearful witness of crime. It was truly a terrible moment for the officers. They gazed first upon the blood marks everywhere about them, and then upon

each other. They were pale and tremulous, and without giving utterance to any intelligible sound they turned from the place. They breathed more freely when they had reached the outer air, and having securely locked up the house they started for the recorder's office, where they found the other officers awaiting their coming.

In a few words they gave an account of what they had found, only taking care to make it as terror-striking as possible. Thereupon the two sisters were asked if they had any explanation to make.

"About what?" asked Roxana, with perfect coolness.

"About these fearful witnesses that are brought up against you," answered the recorder.

"Of what am I, or rather, are *we*, accused?"

"Why, of wilfully and wickedly murdering Lake Morris."

"And are we to be tried for that crime at the present time?"

"No, not tried; but we are here to commit you for trial."

"Then at present we have nothing to say. When our time of trial comes on, we may speak. But now, my lord, I simply know that we could say nothing which would remove the prejudice from your mind, and myself and sister shall be more safe in prison than in the power of an ignorant and infuriated mob."

The two sisters were fully committed and led away, while the boy, Jasper Lucan, was retained. It was soon found that he could not speak, nor give any intelligible sign to them. The recorder then wrote a question upon a piece of paper, but the boy could not read it; and after trying in vain for some time to get a grain of information out of him, they gave it up and sent him off to be locked up, there to remain until the trial should come on at the next assizes.

In the meantime hundreds of the citizens flocked to the old house of the four gables, where they were admitted by the officers, and upon beholding the bloody room, and the vault of putrefaction, they gave utterance to the most dreadful curses upon the heads of the wicked murderesses. At one time it was feared that the prison would be broken open by the infuriated people, and the two sisters taken therefrom and torn in pieces. It was now not only very freely talked, but very generally believed, that the dark sisters of Bedford had long followed the practice of killing all whom they could entice to their den, and many a youth and man was called to mind, who had mysteriously disappeared. To be sure, these cases were mostly confined to the river banks; a class of people who had for years been in the

habit of sailing away without giving any sort of notice of such intent to those who were left behind, and remaining away for a long while without asking any one's leave. Yet many such were missed, and it was easily concluded that the dark sisters had chopped them up.

The time of trial came within a few days after the sisters were imprisoned, and they were the second on the docket. They were brought into court guarded by fifty men, which force was necessary to keep off the mob, as the threat had been made that they should never reach the court-house alive. The indictment was read, and the prisoners plead not guilty. Then the evidence was called for. First came the man who had cut the heart, liver, lungs, and etc. from the ice. The counsel for the defendants wished to know if the man could swear that those were not the intestines of a hog. Of course the witness could. He *knew* they were those of a human being.

However, he was allowed to proceed, and when he had got through, the old women who were in the blind widow's house when Lake told what the sisters had said to him, were severally called up. They testified that the boy came in very much frightened,—"*e'n a'most accered to death*," one of them swore—and told them that the sisters had promised him to take care of his mother while she lived if he would allow them to cut him up to put in meat-pies! This evidence produced a marked sensation in court, and the sheriff had to watch the prisoners closely, as there was an evident intent among the lookers-on to seize them, even in that sacred place.

But finally the evidence was all in. A butcher who lived not far from the house of the four gables, very reluctantly testified that he had thrown the inwards of a hog out upon the ice, and that a dog dragged it off down the river. Another man swore—he was obliged to do it—that he saw the dog drag the hog's inwards down to a point back of the old house, but there the animal broke through a thin place in the ice, and scrambled out, leaving his prize behind him, fast among the broken pieces of ice. But this was nothing. Everybody knew that the sisters had murdered a great many men and boys, and they deserved punishment accordingly.

So the judge charged the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. They were gone from the court-room just four and a half minutes, and when they returned, the scowl of malignant satisfaction which rested upon their features told that they had agreed upon the death! But ere they could give their verdict, a very extraordinary circumstance transpired to throw a different coloring upon the whole matter. A sudden

movement was made at the door, and on the next moment, Luke Morris hurried down the aisle and confronted the judge.

At first the people seemed to think that this was only a ghost that had thus made its appearance, for it had just been proved that the real Luke Morris had been murdered and chopped up into minute particles. But the delusion could not last long. When the youth rushed forward and confronted his mother, and then turned to the judge, the truth was apparent. The counsel for the prisoners arose and asked for a staying of proceedings; but the judge was determined to question the youth first, and that, too, without much regard for legal rule.

"You are Luke Morris, are you not?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes, my lord," replied Luke.

"And you have been some in the house of these two women who are now in the prisoner's box?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you were in there on the day that you were first missed by your friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now tell us where you have been."

The boy looked around upon the prisoners, and they made a motion for him to proceed.

"I have been to London, my lord."

"To London? And what did you go there for?"

Again the boy gazed round upon the women, and this time Roxana spoke.

"Tell the truth, Luke, and hide nothing," said she.

"Now speak, sirrah, and look not at those women again. What did you go to London for?"

"I went to carry a lot of fur tippets, and fur gloves, and fur capes; and some other things made of fur."

"Ah?—And for whom did you carry these things?"

"For Dapsley and Bottom, on the Islington Road."

"But I mean, who sent you with them?"

"The two old women back of me, my lord."

"And where did they get them?"

"They makes 'em, my lord."

"Make them—of what?"

"Of skins."

"What kind of skins?"

"My lord," here spoke the counsel for the defendants, "why not let the boy—or rather, cause him to—tell the whole story of what he has seen there, and what he has done? and also have him understand that he will suffer severely if he conceals or falsifies anything?"

So the judge ordered the boy to speak. The poor fellow scratched his head awhile, and then he commenced.

"Well, my lord, these women, the old sisters, as they is called, ax'd me as I would come an' work for 'em. I told 'em as I couldn't, 'cause I didn't know what they wanted me to do. Then they told as if I'd promise not to tell they'd tell me all about it. I promised, and they told me as they wanted me to catch cats for 'em to use, an' if I would do it, they'd pay me fourpence for every white cat an' every black one, an' thr'pence ha'-penny for others. Jasper couldn't catch so many as they wanted. So I agreed to work for 'em. I knowed of lots of cats that didn't belong to nobody, an' I pitched into 'em. Sometimes me an' Jasper'd get ten in one night. Then we'd take them into the house, to a little room clean away in the back part, through a little closet, an' there Jasper'd kill 'em, and then I helped him skin 'em. Then the old women took the skins an' kind o' tanned 'em by the oven, an' then made 'em up into all sorts of things."

"Where did you use to throw the bodies of these cats?" asked one of the counsel.

"Why, we used to throw 'em into an old well in the cellar, where the water of the river came up an' washed 'em away; but all at once we found that the place had got choked up so that the bodies couldn't wash away, an' they made such a smell that we throwed 'em into the river, after that."

Upon this there was a very curious sensation in court. The case was looked into; a few officers sent again to the house; the witnesses examined again; and finally the decision was arrived at that there had been no murder done. The man who said 'twas a hog's inwards found upon the ice was believed; and, furthermore, Luke said he told the women at his mother's house that dreadful story about being chopped up for meat-pie, just to stop them from questioning him, never dreaming that they would take it in earnest.

And so the two sisters were cleared; but they chose to leave the town, for their business was ruined there, people being sure to keep their cats in doors while the dark twain remained; and some who had very fine white cats even went as far as to tie the feline rovers up until they were assured that Roxana and Nancy Rhodope had left Bedford.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

THE BACHELOR'S SACRIFICE.

BY FRANK FRIELOVE.

They call me "old bachelor!" whisper I'm gay,
 And hint it is time I should marry!
 High time I had given all my hunters away—
 My fishing-rods, dogs, and my guns—for they say
 One can never fish, hunt, or go sporting a day,
 The moment one's wedded a fairy.

They call me "old bach," but still think me "some,"
 And say, "'tis a pity he's lonely;"
 They forget I'm a bankrupt—are willing to come
 To my old Gothic cot—if—I'll give up my gun,
 My fishing rods, dogs, and my hunters, and come
 And pay my debts to them only!

They call me "old bachelor!" tempting me on
 To the 'alter with sweet syren phrases;
 But I give one more glance at my dogs and my gun,
 And I think of "Old Hunter," I think of the "fun,"
 The "fire-on-the-wing," and the "trophies" I've won
 On the western and southern prairies;

And my poor dogs look up in my eyes with a glance
 Thrilling with human emotion:
 I wake with a start from a strange, fitful trance,
 And I think "O where, Frank, on the widened expanse
 Of America's wilds, or la belle jolly France,
 Can you ever command such devotion?"

Now they all crowd around me, each kissing my hands,
 Fondling me loving as ever.
 O, dogs! I can give up goods, houses and lands—
 Even fetter this body with Hymen's stern bands—
 But you! dear companions in far distant lands,
 Your chains I never can sever!

Yes, chained to me, dogs, by the chains of love—
 Chained to the grave we go!
 What? give up my dogs! for a white kid glove?
 A ring—and a kiss—and a glance of love?
 No! who loves the master the dogs must love—
 We'll together bide death's tally-ho!

THE LAST OF THE LEATHER BREECHES.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

OLD HARMANUS SCHOONHOVER was, some twenty years and odd ago, the "oldest inhabitant" of the village—for it was a village, then—of Brooklyn, N. Y.; a genuine old Knickerbocker, faithful to the traditions of the times, and looking down with sovereign contempt on all modern innovations and improvements. He lived in an old wooden house, the gable end of which projected far into Fulton Street, and the dooryard of which was always ornamented, in summer time, with those choicest of acclimated exotics, particolored tulips from Harlaem, and sun-flowers from—heaven knows where. Harmanus was generally known as the "Last of

the Leather Breeches," from the style of garment that encased his nether limbs. He also wore a broad-skirted, cinnamon-colored coat of homespun manufacture and make, decorated with huge blue glass buttons, a very long waistcoat of black cloth, a white neckcloth, and a huge three-cornered hat trimmed with tarnished gold lace, in the loop of which, when he went abroad, he invariably wore a little clay pipe, with the stem tipped with red sealing-wax. We must not forget his square-toed shoes, large enough for the wear of a gouty alderman, with their huge plated buckles. The rising generation did not regard his attire with that veneration which it inspired in a few relics of the old school, who had not, however, courage enough to imitate his example and resist the modern abominations of dress. They would often laugh in the very face of the sturdy old Knickerbocker,

"His old three-cornered hat,
 And his breeches and all that,
 Were so queer."

But the old gentleman was queer in other ways than matters of dress. His notions on the currency were queer. He had no faith in banks or in Wall Street speculations. He would sometimes discount short paper with undoubted endorsers, and he owned some real estate; but the bulk of his property consisted in sundry fat little kegs solidly filled with gold and silver, which he kept in his little sitting-room up stairs, fronting the street. Then he was queer in other things; he had queer ways of helping poor people anonymously, and absurd notions that charity should begin at home and only expand outwardly in proportion as every necessity within its immediate sphere had been relieved. So that putting all these things together, the good man passed for being a little cracked—and heads with nothing at all in them were gravely shaken, like empty poor-boxes, when his name was mentioned.

The old fellow viewed with annoyance and disgust the changes that took place in his native village. He only smiled when the stages from Patchogue and Babylon and Islip disgorged at Carmann their loads of antiquated figures that looked as if they might have stepped down from the canvasses of a Flemish gallery of the 17th century. He didn't recognize as fellow-creatures men and women attired in the modern Parisian mode.

At length, the wise men of Brooklyn pronounced Schoonhover's house a nuisance. It was shabby, it was tumble-down, it destroyed the alignment of the street. It must come down. The corporation offered him a handsome price

for it. He rejected it with disdain. He was told that he must abandon his mansion—the homestead of his fathers—will ye mill ye. He dared them to violate the sanctity of his castle. He was notified to vacate—he scorned the summons. The whole town became interested.

The old man was a non-resistant, like old Father Lamson. He shut himself up with his money-kegs and doggedly awaited the result. Workmen were sent to pull down the house. The whole vicinity was thronged with curious spectators as at a ship-launch. Merrily rang the axes and hammers and saws, and the “yo-heave-ho!” of sturdy fellows pulling and hauling at cables. At last the end of the house was torn away—shaming the legal fiction that a man’s house is his castle—and there sat old Harmanus in his elbow-chair, with his cocked hat on his head, and his immortal leather breeches on his sturdy legs, sublime in his martyrdom, and smoking tranquilly his old clay pipe. His family had been removed to another of his houses. He was invited to join them. But he declined, with a majestic wave of the hand and a graceful emission of tobacco smoke. Then he was lifted carefully, arm-chair and all, carried down the staircase, and deposited on the opposite sidewalk. His goods and chattels were sent to his wife—but even when his money-kegs departed he refused to accompany them, but sat, all through that day, a silent spectator of the utter demolition of his venerable house. At night, he rejoined his family.

The removal of this old landmark marked the merging of one era into another, and had the significance of an historical event. The corporation paid the old man a large sum; but he did not long survive the destruction of his house. His son lives in a marble palace, with gas and water all over the house, and drives a pair of blood horses, but few beyond the family remember, in the heady current of life, the “Last of the Leather Breeches” of New York.

PATENT MEDICINES.

The following certificate of the efficacy of patent pills is taken from the Philadelphia Mercury. “I, John Lubberlie, was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption in ’49, suffering at the same time under a severe attack of rheumatism, liver complaints, dropsy, gravel, and cholera morbus. Simultaneously, also, I took the yellow fever and small pox. The latter, assuming a chronic form, completely destroyed my lungs, liver, spinal marrow, nervous system, and the entire contents of my cranium. I got so low that I did not know my brother-in-law when he came to borrow some money. For three months I swallowed nothing but twenty packages of Kunkelhausen’s Pill, which effected an immediate cure in two weeks. Sworn and subscribed, etc.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fist-cuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. ‘At this juncture,’ writes our informant, ‘Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant’s hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm’s length, talking to and shaking them.’

As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serene moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.—*Irving’s Washington.*

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

In the town of Leicester, England, says a foreign exchange, the house is still shown where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince’s character. It was the custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day in which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterward discovered the hoard, and became suddenly rich without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterward, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her own servant-maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

THE LIFE—THE TRUTH—THE WAY.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ARVILLE.

Thou! who unseen didst guide my youth,
In pleasant paths of wholesome truth—
And when I turned away
Rebellious—to the world—to find
Food for a discontented mind—
And e'en forgot to pray—

Preserver! thou who ne'er forsook
Me in my wandering ways—nor took
Just vengeance on me then—
O hear the prayer I raise to thee!
And even now forget not me—
O guide me forth again.

Forgive my base ingratitude,
O thou most mighty—thou most good—
Bear with me once again.
A wicked, fearful child of play,
I at thy feet most humbly lay
The talent thou hast given.

All unimproved, debased it lies,
Too wretched for thy sinless eyes—
I with a broken heart
Come—for I've nowhere else to go—
Earth's brightest visions end in woe—
E'en pleasure hath a smart.

At the 'seventh hour I come to thee—
O Father, cast me not away—
Sick—heavy—dying—I come;
Through all my life thou'st watched o'er me;
But blind, I knew not that 'twas thee—
O Saviour, take me home!

THE THREE PICTURES.

BY AGNES BOND.

"BEAUTIFUL! charming! so expressive and lifelike!" were the words which came from a group of people surrounding two newly-hung pictures in the exhibition-room at B——. "How much it resembles some face that I know," said one. "Yes, that sweet smile seems so familiar, and yet I cannot recall it," said another. "And I wonder who is the artist, and whether they are portraits," said an elderly gentleman as turning to the catalogue, he read: "61 and 62, Fancy Sketches, by Claude Huntington." Only one of the party, a lady, was silent; but eagerly she gazed upon the pictures, as though unmindful of these about her.

The paintings were small, but most exquisitely touched and finished. The first represented a little girl of some seven or eight summers, with bare feet wading a small stream, but midway she had paused as if from fear. What a vision of childish beauty she was, as she stood

there! the sunny smile on her sweet young face, the blue eyes just filling with tears, while golden curls fell on her neck in careless grace. About her neck and twined among her curls, were wreaths of blue violets, her frock was looped up with bouquets of them, while from one arm hung her straw cottage hat filled with the same delicate blossoms. She was looking up so entreatingly to the fine face of a boy, a few years older, standing opposite, while the rosy lips seemed to say "come help me." The boy, too, had an interesting face; one could read upon it of great and conscious powers, of deep devoted love for the beautiful and true, as he reached forth his hands to the timid child. A summer sun was shining down upon them, making each water drop in the little stream gleam and glisten like silver, and the robins sung in the old oak-tree that bent its branches protectingly above them.

The other was a companion to it. The same laughing streamlet wound its way along, the old trees rose as proudly as before, while on a mossy bank beneath them reclined a young girl and a youth. The maiden had the same smile that danced about the child's face. The liquid eyes beamed now with the light of love, and in the whole expression there was such a look of purity and goodness as an angel might have worn. The curls that clustered round the open brow were encircled with a wreath of violets, and as she bent her eyes beneath the eager look of the youth, she had scattered them about her on the bank. The youth, too, had the noble features of the boy—the tender, loving expression, the open, confiding look, which showed him at once affectionate and brave. The maiden seemed to listen so trustingly and confidingly, and the youth gazed on her so fondly, as he poured into her ear the dreams and aspirations of his heart, that one could see that the future seemed fresh and fair before them. Life was just opening, in beauty and light, the pages of its wondrous book to those young hearts.

Such were the pictures. The lady who gazed on them so intently was past the first dawn of youth, delicately formed, and moving with such an air of unconscious grace, yet regally as a queen might move, that one passing would irresistibly pause to watch her movements. Still, it was the face that most of all would have attracted one; there was such a winning sweetness about it, at times almost amounting to sadness, the large eyes besetoken such a capacity of feeling and suffering, while the smile that played around the lips seemed like a ray of sunshine lighting up the other features, and giving the,

whole expression such a pure, forgiving look, as to make it a face to be remembered a life-time.

Tears stood in the lady's eyes, and a bright glow on her cheeks showed that the pictures had awakened some sleeping memory, when one of the party, a lady, said gaily :

"Why, Florence, you haven't said a word about the paintings, and you are usually so enthusiastic and discerning!"

"Fie upon you. Your friend Florence," rejoined the lady's father, "has perhaps been so accustomed to the superior merits of the old world artists, that she cannot bring down her mind to anything so simple as these. But I've been thinking these pictures must be by the young artist who has just returned, after a long residence in Europe. He is said to be a young man of talent and genius—assuredly so, if these are a specimen."

"O yes, papa, it's the same gentleman to whom old Madame Huntington willed her immense property, on condition that he should take the family name. How curious the girls will all be to see him. I remember, now, they said he was an artist."

So they chatted gaily as they passed along, but Florence was as one in a dream. She was again a child, crowned with violets, fording the stream and reaching forth her arms to one who seemed then powerful to save. She was sitting on that bank beside the dear one who was to cherish and protect. The neglect, and trials, and fears, which years had brought, were swept away by the sight of these pictures, for she knew they were no fancy sketches, but portrayed real scenes in her life. She knew, too, who the artist must have been—the lover of her youth, between whom and herself coldness and unexplained differences had sprung up, and for years they had no knowledge of each other. As they opened the door to go out, she went mechanically, and two gentlemen passed in. One bowed to the party, the other gazed upon Florence like one spell bound. They were the artist, Claude Huntington, and his friend, Fred Grey, but Florence saw them not; she was breathing the soft fragrance of violets, and heard a voice calling her, "Violet, Violet!"

As they descended to the street, she declined all invitations to dine with her friends, saying she must be alone then.

"How strangely Florence appears to-day!" said the gay Clara Seymour; "not even a word of praise called forth by her favorite pictures. I can't account for her abstractedness!"

"Your friend is probably capricious, as you women all are," rejoined her father.

"O, papa, you're out there, for Florence is entirely free from all caprice. I think she must be anxious about her appearance to-morrow night; but then I know she will not fail, dear girl! She has had some deep sorrow, I am certain, though she bears everything so bravely! If I were only in her place, such a magnificent singer, so caressed and admired with her face and figure, how I should triumph over all you common minds!" said Clara, laughingly.

"Most fortunate for us, you are lacking in all these things!" said a companion.

Claude Huntington and his friend Frederick Grey entered the gallery.

"O, what a lucky fellow you are!" exclaimed Fred; "genius will certainly find its reward. See what a group of connoisseurs are gathered about your pictures! I must rush up to them and tell them the artist is present, and would be grateful for their patronage. How fortunate I persuaded you to send them in. By the way, you said there was a history connected with them, and you would tell it me some day. Some love experience, eh?"

"You are just the same light-hearted fellow, Fred, as ever. How often I've wished for some of your buoyancy of spirits! But tell me, I beseech you, who was that lady we passed on coming in? That face haunts me like one I knew and loved years ago, and yet it cannot be!"

"Now don't go into raptures with that face, though to be sure it's no wonder that you, with your passionate love for the beautiful, should admire and worship such glorious beauty as hers. The lady is Mademoiselle Florence, as she is called, the great prima donna whom half the men in town are raving about. But it's utterly useless to make love to her, for she treats all her admirers in the same way, with politeness and respect—a poor return, they think, for their mad worship. Not much is known of her previous history. She has been for some time in Europe studying music under the best masters. She is said to have a handsome fortune, and is quite alone in the world, having no near relatives. The Seymours, who see her more than any one else, say that their acquaintance is just renewed, they first having met her while in Europe, some years since. But to-morrow night you will have an opportunity to see her radiant beauty in its true light. She is to make her last appearance in a new opera which is said to be admirably calculated to bring out her wonderful powers of voice and manner. You'll accompany me, won't you? It will be a fine chance for you to see the elite, and also to be seen by anxious

mothers and designing maidens as the unmarried heir of a hundred thousand."

So the gentleman rattled on, unmindful of the continued silence of his companion, or the deep look of anxious sadness that had crossed his face.

It was a gala night. Crowds of people were thronging the street leading to the opera-house. Lines of carriages drew up before the door, depositing the beauty and fashion of the city. Stately dames, gay matrons and lovely girls in their first season, cold, cautious business men, men of the world, the dashing representatives of Young America, were all there to do homage to the talent and beauty of one who was to stand before them for the last time. How brilliantly shone that fair assemblage beneath the glaring gaslight! How the jewels flashed and sparkled, flowers filled the air with their odorous incense, while lace and satin velvet and blonde were folded over sad and joyous hearts!

Claude Huntington and his friend were there. The latter seemed as gaily talkative as before, but the artist had such a look of anxiety on his face, that one could see that he was hoping for the unravelling of some mystery or secret trouble.

Shortly the curtain rose, and the prima donna stood before them, more radiantly beautiful than ever she had seemed before, like the realization of some poet's dream, or a statue endowed with life, rather than a living woman. She bowed that queenly head, and for a moment cast her eyes almost timidly about her, while loud and ringing applause greeted her. Then from those parted lips came forth such sweet tones, as to hush to quietness all sound besides. All listened in breathless admiration to that silvery voice, rising at times in such thrilling tones, then falling in winning, trembling cadences, lifting, it seemed, the one who uttered them and those who listened, above themselves and the present. It was wonderful, the hushed adoration with which all listened! None thought now of the jewels that flashed on her neck, arms and brow, or the delicate satin that rose and fell at every gush of that birdlike voice, or the spirit-like beauty of face and form; but if it were a voice from another sphere, they sat entranced. More wonderful was the revelation of such wondrous and enchanting power, such a rare gift in the melody of a woman's voice!

She ended. What bursts of applause! what shouts of admiration! Bouquets, wreaths, diamonds, gems, were showered upon the stage—the unsolicited tribute of all ranks to genius and beauty.

Claude Huntington had seen her; he had drank in every tone of her voice, which seemed like a dream of his youth, when his friend came to his speech, and said:

"Didn't I tell you she was divine?"

"Such a voice! such an air!" he replied. "I knew it must be Violet; no other face could affect me like that."

"Ah, then you know her?" said Fred; "how provoking you shouldn't have told me!"

But he was silenced, for again the singer stood before them, in answer to repeated calls. She was radiant before—she was lovely now; the jewels had disappeared, but in their place were violets, blue violets, a wreath of them about her head, the sleeves and skirt of her dress looped up with them, and a bunch of them in one hand.

As she bowed again, and her lips parted with a smile, the applause was louder than before. Her face was pale and almost colorless, but as she cast her eyes over that vast assembly, they rested for a moment on the face of Claude. A crimson glew overspread her face, her heart beat convulsively, the violets dropped from her hand, and she retired.

Again they applauded. Then there was the usual hurrying and crowding, and soon the gay opera-house was deserted and silent. None save the artist had noticed the resemblance between the child and maiden of the pictures and the prima donna, as she stood before them crowned with violets; he knew now they were the same. None save the prima donna had noticed the artist's pale, troubled face; she knew it was the lover of her youth.

In a lovely Italian home live the artist Claude Huntington, and Florence his beloved wife. Surrounded by the genial influences of that fair land, its golden sunshine and balmy air, his home adorned with the rare creations of others, and himself known and admired now as a great master, blessed in his domestic relations beyond all he had hoped, he is happy—they both are happy. Theirs is the old story of youthful love and promised devotion, and subsequent estrangement, through the jealous interference of supposed friends. The youth gained fame and honor, and the maiden's rare and noble gifts brought her fawning flattery and adulation. Still, to both came the old love promises and early memories. Neither fame nor wealth could satisfy the heart's desire, but after their probation, love brought them again to each other, and crowned them anew.

On the walls of the room in the artist's home

hang the two pictures we have mentioned, with a third beside them. This represents a woman in the fullness of her charms, ere time has in the least touched her wondrous loveliness. Beauty glows on her full rounded cheek, the soft symmetry of the limbs seems faultless, there is a loving smile on the lips, and the hair falls in soft rippling waves, while over all the unspeakable glow of happiness is spread, the wife's and mother's love shining beyond mere beauty of face or form. A cherub babe is on her knee, and proudly and lovingly she gazes in the manly face beside her. Some violets, those old and much-loved flowers, are twined about her head, and the little one clasps them in its hands and seems shouting for joy.

Not long ago some old friends came to visit them, no other than Frederick Gray and the gay Clara Seymour, now his wife. When Claude brought them to this room, and showed them these home pictures on the wall, they well remembered them, and Clara clapping her hands, said gaily :

"I see it all now. I know whose sweet smile that was that puzzled us so much in the exhibition-room, and why Florence was so distraught, when papa said she was capricious. I know, now, why she came out crowned with violets at her farewell concert. How strange that with all my discernment, I never discovered all this !"

THE GERMAN FOR PLATE.

"Good gracious, Anna, what is the German for plate?" "Teller," I replied, leaning over the stairs. "Tell her what?" returned my aunt, not supposing that she had heard aright. "Teller," I answered back at the top of my voice. "How can I tell her, unless you tell me what to tell her?" she retorted in a tone that betokened she was gradually becoming heated, and, indeed, the weather was sultry. "Can't you hear me tell you to tell her, teller?" "That's just what I want to do; but how can I tell her unless I know what to tell her?" I was laughing so heartily that I could only shout out, "Tell her, teller." But fearing that my aunt might become exasperated, I ran down stairs, and for her edification uttered the magic word. Of course, the desired plate was produced, to her great amazement; but she good-naturedly joined in my un-repressed merriment.—*Autobiography of an Actress.*

A KISS.

The following answer was made to a young lady who had sent her lover a kiss—in a letter.

Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss you in your letter send,
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When gathered, melting, from the tree!

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A young man named Hund, was sent, some four years ago, in mid-winter, by his master on an errand about twenty miles, to carry provisions to a village in the upper country. The village people asked him for charity to take three orphan children on his sledge a few miles on his way to Bergen and leave them at a house on the road, when they could be brought to Bergen. He took the little things, and saw that the two elder were wrapped up from the cold. The third he took within his arms and on his knee, as he drove, clasping it warm against his breast—so those say that saw them set off, and it is confirmed by one who met the sledge on the road, and heard the children prattling to Hund, and Hund laughing merrily at their little talk. Before they got half-way, however, a pack of hungry wolves burst out upon them from a hollow in the thicket to the right of the wood. The beasts followed close to the back of the sledge. Closer and closer the wolves pressed. Hund saw one about to spring at his throat. It was impossible for the horse to go faster than he did, for he went like the wind—so did the wolves. Hund, in his desperation, snatched up one of the children behind him, and threw it over the back of the sledge. This stopped the pack a little. On galloped the horse, but the wolves were soon crowded around again with the blood freezing to their muzzles. It was easier to throw over the second child than the first, and Hund did it. But on came again the infuriated beasts, gaunt with hunger, and raging like fiends for their prey. It was harder to give up the third—the dumb infant that nestled in his breast—but Hund was in mortal terror. He threw away the infant and saved himself. Away over the snow flew the sledge, the village was reached, and Hund just escaped after all the sacrifice he had made. But he was unsettled and wild, and his talk for some time, night or day, was of wolves—so fearful had been the effect upon his imagination.—*Miss Martineau's Norway and the Norwegians.*

PRACTICAL COUNSEL.

Amos Lawrence, of Boston, in his *Diary and Correspondence*, gives the following characteristic counsels: "At the commencement of your journey the difference between going just right or a little wrong, will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters or the miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your conscience as you would be to me to use diligence in taking care of a bag of money which I might send by you. Good principles, good temper and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles. Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided. The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse. He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little."

He that knows himself, knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.

A TIME TO WEEP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

By sadness of countenance the heart is made better. —
Ecc. 7: 3.

'Tis well to weep when troubles come
And draw the darkened veil
Of sadness o'er the countenance,
When weary griefs assail.
Laughter is sweet, and joy is good,
But woe its turn must take—
'Tis tenfold bliss at God's decree,
To suffer for His sake.

He hovers nearer when we groan
In anguish deep and wild,
He sheds a halo o'er us, then,
As if an angel smiled.
We know that 'neath his sheltering wing
For us there's ample room,
Where we can cast all care away,
And banish from us gloom.

It is but right to weep with hope,
But never with despair;
The love of God is over us
And round us everywhere!
And he'll sustain the son of faith
Beneath his mighty arm,
Until his feet shall press the shore
Of heaven's eternal calm.

LOVE IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

BY M. M. MELBOURNE.

It was a clear, cold winter's day in New York; a day when the biting wind enters the ill-built houses of the children of poverty; when her sons and daughters shiver in their tattered garments, and vainly strive to procure warmth from their glimmering fires; when the cold and hunger pains drive the wretched to despair; when life's necessities are beyond their scanty means; on such a day, and at such a time, our story commences.

In a miserable attic of a dilapidated old house in one of the poorest and most degraded streets of the great city, might have been seen a picture of misery calculated to touch the most callous heart; a picture, however, too common in great cities, but none the less worthy of commiseration on that account. One small window, partly shaded by an old faded curtain, lighted the apartment, and discovered the abject poverty of the inmates. The walls had once been covered with paper, that now hung in fragments, weather stained and torn. The ceiling, smoked and discolored, was scarcely high enough to admit the entrance of a man of medium height, while the

uneven floor trembled and shook at the lightest footstep. A bed of the humblest description occupied one side of this uninviting tenement, with coverings far from suitable to the inclement season, and the wants of the miserable invalid who reposed on it. A chair and a small table, a wooden chest, some common tea cups on a shelf, a few chips blazing in the little stove, and a few more on the hearth beside it; a little little sauce-pan, half filled with gruel, and a row of medicine phials on the low mantel shelf, completed the articles in the room.

Leaning over the stove, in busy preparation of the contents of the tin sauce-pan, was a young and sickly-looking girl, whose faded and worn out dress corresponded with the equipments of the room. But when, at the sound of a weak voice from the bed, she raised her head, you might have seen a face of unsurpassed beauty, hunger-pinched and careworn as it evidently was; for if the complexion was pale and sickly, the features were perfectly and beautifully formed, the large dark eyes were positively startling in their brilliancy, the snowy forehead was banded with heavy black braids, and the poor, thin hand that added fresh fuel to the fire was of far too delicate appearance for her menial employment. And when in answer to the call, she bent over the couch, there was a look of love unspeakable in her splendid eyes, and reverential fondness in the kiss she pressed on the brow of the invalid.

"You are better, dear mother," she whispered, as a smile played for an instant round the pale lips of the sick woman, and a faint color tinged her cheek. "You have slept for several hours, and that last medicine has done you good."

"I feel better, my darling; but the room is cold. Is there nothing you could add to my bed covering?" And she shivered violently.

The happy light faded from the young girl's eyes, and she hastened to the box that contained her scanty wardrobe, and selected from the few garments a half worn out shawl, spread it carefully over the bed, adding an old tattered dress and cape. The mother lay with closed eyes, and beheld not the tears that streamed down the pale cheeks of her daughter, as she quietly performed her little labors of love; and no sob was permitted to disturb the stillness of the room. After inducing the invalid to take some nourishment, the daughter sat and watched her until once more the transparent lids closed in heavy slumber; and then stealing gently from the room, she crossed a short passage, and opened another door.

Here dwelt an Irish family in the greatest

poverty; but with characteristic sympathy for others' distress, always ready and willing to assist the poor, pale girl, so devoted to her dying mother.

"Can Mary sit with mama for an hour, Mrs. Brady?"

"Sure she can, Miss Julie; and how may herself be by this time?" asked Mrs. Brady, wiping her hands from a tub of soap suds, and coming towards her visitor; and before an answer could be given, she went on: "And are you going to look for more work, poor child? God help ye! it's the hard lot ye have in the world." And poor widow Brady, in her sympathy for another's wo, forgot her own trials, her dead husband, her five children and her poverty.

Half an hour afterwards, Julie (for by that name we will call her for the present) was walking hastily toward a street, where the day before she had seen on some shabby looking buildings numberless little signs, bearing various names, mostly ending "Attorney at Law." To these she now directed her steps; for Julia had relinquished the hope of procuring those employments usually sought after by young women, and in despair had come to these abodes of "wisdom and justice" to solicit employment as a copyist.

It were painful to enumerate the disappointments, the annoyances, the *insults*, endured by the poor girl in course of an hour's search. From one, her request met an angry refusal, accompanied with a look of astonishment that sent the bitter tears rushing to her eyes; from another, words that brought the proud blood to cheek and brow, and caused her to turn and leave the room with a haughty step and a fiercely throbbing heart. For an instant, she thought of quitting the building and returning home, but the recollection of her mother, without food and penniless and now when there was hope that she might recover, gave her fresh energy; and she crossed a long gallery, and gave a gentle tap at an opposite door.

Instead of the usual "come in," there was a quick footstep, the door was thrown open, and a gentle voice asked her to enter; and when she raised her eyes, instead of the accustomed coldly inquisitive glance that met her own, she beheld a handsome pair of eyes, beaming with kindness, and fixed on hers, with but ill concealed admiration.

The owner of these beautiful eyes was a very young man, and so polite that Julia, in her innocence, and judging from her previous treatment, doubted if he could be a lawyer, and in acquainting him with her business candidly told

him so. Interested in her, and not a little struck with her beauty, the young man gradually, and without any appearance of rude curiosity, drew from her the outlines of her history. Deeply affected at her description of her mother's illness and poverty, he hastened to furnish her with the desired employment, and would fain have offered to remunerate her then for what she was to do, had not a certain something in her manner deterred him from acting on his benevolent purpose.

Julie left the warm and comfortably furnished office with a light heart, that not even the cold wind sweeping through the galleries could chill; and holding her thin cape closely round her, she hurried homeward with such sensations as only those can experience who have suffered the same poverty, the same disappointments, and the same heart sinkings. She knelt beside her mother's bed, and whispered the good news that she had found work.

"Plenty of writing, dear mama; and he will pay me so well you shall not want for food and clothing long." And the sweet, flushed face was buried in the pillow, and an earnest, grateful prayer ascended to Heaven, more truthful, more sincere, than many offered up in gorgeous chambers, and by the occupants of downy couches.

Long into the dark, cold hours of that night did Julie bend over the little rickety table, and write with blue and stiffening fingers, long after her little fuel was consumed and her lamp had burned dim; and when it was finished, and carefully rolled up and laid away, she softly took her place beside her sleeping parent, and in happy dreams forgot her troubles for a few hours.

The employer wished to have the writing early, and with weak and trembling steps, she once more entered the dingy block, passed the long flight of stairs, and stood in the presence of her handsome friend. But this time he was not alone; another young man, apparently some three and twenty years of age, sat in one of the lawyer's comfortable arm-chairs, luxuriously enjoying the morning paper. While the young lawyer was giving Julie instructions, and she with burning cheeks and trembling hand strove to hold the parchment steadily, the stranger was attentively examining her over the top of his paper. After highly commending what she had done, her kind employer renewed the supply, and then accompanied her to the entrance of the building; and bidding her good morning, slipped a package into her hand, containing a far larger remuneration than she had dared to expect.

There was joy in the miserable little attic that night, and on many succeeding nights; and the mother's health gradually returned, and little comforts gathered about them, and Julie no longer felt ashamed of her appearance in the street; for she was warmly and neatly clad. She frequently met the young stranger at Mr. Franklin's office, and at last imagined he bore a resemblance to some familiar face, but whom she could not recollect; and so few words passed between her and the lawyer, that she never dreamed of inquiring his name, nor did Mr. Franklin ever ask her own.

We must now introduce the reader to this young stranger, his home and his friends. In the first place, his name was Albert Sutherland. He was a classmate and intimate friend of Edward Franklin's, with talents to have enabled him to rise to the highest honors in the land, with riches sufficient to render unnecessary all exertions for a livelihood. His devotion to an only sister, bequeathed to his care by their dying parents, united to a naturally good disposition, and the example and advice of his friend Franklin, had preserved young Sutherland from those temptations generally so fatal to the happiness of young, idle men of property. He had other relatives, but not in America; and having no one to share his love for his sister Claudine, he bestowed on her the deepest affection—a mingling of admiration, anxiety and devotion, far surpassing the cool, indifferent feeling usually denominated brotherly love.

Since his parents' death they had still resided in the handsome house bequeathed to his sister, and it had always been his study to surround her with agreeable acquaintances, to fill her home with luxuries, and to fulfil in every respect the sacred promise made at his mother's death-bed. And Claudine Sutherland was worthy of her brother's love, and well rewarded the sacrifices he made for her conveniences, by welcoming his friends with the warmest kindness, rendering his home a very paradise of comfort, and returning his love with interest.

It was the evening of the day on which Albert had first met Julie, and he had accompanied Edward Franklin to a political meeting that detained them till a late hour. The friends parted at Sutherland's door, and Albert, after divesting himself of his cap and cloak, sprang up stairs to his sister's room, where he knew he should find her, as she never retired while he was absent. As he opened the door, a warm and comfortable sensation struck him, and he took his seat beside her with that peculiarly happy feeling one experiences after a long walk on a cold night when

suddenly entering a warm, well lighted room. A very pleasant chamber was this favorite retreat of Miss Sutherland's, with its soft, flowery carpet, warm velvet hangings, through which not even a stray breath of cold air dared penetrate; its elegant rosewood furniture, its well filled book-case, costly vases, mirrors and pictures. A very inviting and pleasant room, and occupied by a very lovely and agreeable girl—at least, so Albert thought, when she laid aside her book, made room for him beside her on her own pet lounge, warmed his chilled hands in her own soft palms, and then gently passed her arm round his neck and kissed his cheek.

"You are very good to give me so warm a welcome, after compelling you to sit alone all this long evening, dearest." And he passed his arm lovingly round her waist, and looked into her bright eyes.

"I should be very selfish to deprive you of all enjoyment, Albert; even now I sometimes fear that you pine for scenes and amusements that your constant attendance on myself prevents your enjoying."

"Not so, sister mine. I am quite contented; nay, perfectly happy; and there is only one man in the world I really envy, and that is Edward Franklin."

"And why should you envy him?" asked the sister, with evident astonishment. "Is not your lot a happier one in every respect than his?"

"My lot, as you call it, is; but not my disposition. If you only knew, as I do, what pleasure he takes in doing good, how nobly he spends his very modest income, you would join me in praising him. Only this morning, he gave me the history of a poor girl, who came to him to procure writing, and he had barely finished when she entered."

"Who is she? What is her name?" questioned his sister, with apparent interest.

"That he does not know; but her mother is a widow, poor and in ill health, and entirely dependent on this child's care."

"What is she like? Do satisfy my feminine curiosity?"

"She is beautiful!—perfectly angelic, if angels have magnificent black eyes and hair, and blush like rosebuds. I wish you could have seen Ned's look when he told me her history, as far as he knew it; I really believe he had tears in his eyes."

"I wish you knew her name, or residence; something might then be done to assist her."

"O, she's not that kind of person at all; quite an independent, high-spirited girl, and one who has evidently seen better days."

"Well, if Mr. Franklin needs assistance in his charitable works, you can tell him you know one very willing to help." And the bright eyes looked brighter than ever as she spoke.

"And now I have another piece of news for you, Claudine: cousin Frank intends paying us a visit in a few weeks; he leaves Jamaica about the middle of next month."

"O, what good news, Albert! I knew he is coming to assist us to find Aunt Durell. Is it not so?"

"That is his intention; and, now you remind me of it, that young protégé of Franklin's is the counterpart of Aunt Adela's portrait."

Lifting the light, he walked up to a large oil painting, and after attentively surveying it for a few minutes, turned to his sister, saying:

"It is her image! Claudine, would it not be strange if that girl should yet prove to be our cousin?"

"O, Albert, hush! What sufferings they must have endured, should it prove so! But it is impossible. You know they told us she went to New Orleans."

Some further conversation they held on the same subject, and then both concluded that the likeness was a mere accident. Albert kissed his sister, wished her good night, and left the room, and soon all was silent in their elegant and happy home.

We must now leave our friends in New York, and take a voyage over the waters.

It was Christmas eve, at the island of Jamaica, and on every side were seen preparations for the coming festival. The houses, decorated with oranges, presented to a stranger's eye a most extraordinary appearance, and filled Europeans with wonder at the endless profusion of beautiful fruit. Every door, every window, was festooned with the ripe oranges, and the people, both black and white, were in busy preparation for the morrow.

It is not our intention to give a description of the "Orange Festival," annually celebrated at these islands; for to those who have witnessed it, the account would be nothing new; and to those who have not, our words would give but a faint idea of the uproarious mirth, the general joy, the feasting, the dancing and the revelry that attend the "Gathering Celebration."

In one house there was little joy and less revelry. The master, Mr. Sutherland, wandered through his rooms, restless and discontented, finding fault with his servants, grumbling at the weather, and upbraiding his grandson for joining in the universal merriment.

Mr. Sutherland was suffering the pangs of an

accusing conscience; and his ill-tampered efforts to make others as uncomfortable as himself, produced their usual effect, and merely added to his own unhappiness. Thirty years before, his beautiful home had been the abode of peace and contentment, the happy dwelling-place of his wife and five as lovely children as ever blessed a parent's arms; and now he stood alone in the world—wife, children, all were gone, with the exception of one grandchild with him, and the orphans in New York. He was an Englishman by birth. Five-and-forty years before, he had come to Jamaica to transact business for a London firm; had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a rich Creole, married, and by various means became rich also. His wife had presented him with three sons and two daughters, and while the youngest was yet an infant, had died, and left him a lonely, disappointed man.

His two eldest children, Charles and Julia, married early in life; the one to the daughter of a New York merchant, and the other to the son of a neighboring planter. Charles accompanied his wife to her home, united with her father in business, and died when still a young man, leaving Albert and Claudine in independent circumstances. Julia Ras and her husband lived together for a few years, and then she returned a widow to her father's house, bringing one little son with her. Albert and Francis, the two next, both died in youth, and one daughter alone remained to comfort and bless her father's saddened life. This child had always been the father's pet; the youngest, the darling; on whom he centered all his future hopes; and this one was doomed to destroy all the bright air castles he delighted to build.

Mr. Sutherland had long cherished an intense hatred towards a French family of the name of Durell, and, as is usual in such cases, repeated aggravations on both sides had wrought a deadly enmity between the heads of each family. Mr. Durell had more than once drawn his sword on Mr. Sutherland, when defenceless; and the latter had openly avowed his intention of shooting the Frenchman whenever an opportunity offered.

But a few years passed without any fatal result from their hatred, and at last found themselves surrounded with children, and too far advanced in years to indulge in feats of arms; but the dislike was increased instead of lessened, and age merely strengthened their animosity. What therefore was Mr. Sutherland's dismay on learning that his beloved Adela, the darling of his heart, had fled from her home, and was united to the son of his enemy! Vain would it be to attempt to describe his ungovernable rage,

the horrible curses he bestowed on the hitherto cherished girl, and her young husband, or the threats of punishment for those who should dare to mention her name in his presence.

His whole nature changed, and from an agreeable, kind friend, and loving parent, he became peevish and sullen, passionate and tyrannical; and so unhappy did he make his widowed child, that, worn out with grief and ill treatment, she fell into a decline, and died some few months previous to the commencement of our tale. The old man liked her son; but the poor lad had from infancy endured care and sorrow, and he grew up to manhood prematurely sad and thoughtful, always grateful for his grandfather's kindness, and patient under his unjust abuses.

He had loved his Aunt Adela, and her sad fate had been the great grief of his life; but situated as he was, in absolute dependence on his relative for support, he was powerless to assist her, and could only weep over her distressing appeal to her father for help (written some ten years after her marriage, and on the death of her husband), and pray that he might one day be able to rescue her from poverty.

Six years had now elapsed, and no tidings of the disowned one were received, either by young Rae, in Jamaica, or his equally anxious cousins in New York. Enquent letters passed between them; and those of Francis were filled with inquiries, directions and entreaties to his relations to continue the search, and generally ended with the hope that he might one day come himself to join in it.

Albert and Claudine were almost in despair at the thought of ever finding their lost relative, and as all advertisements were unheeded and unanswered, at times fancied she must be dead. However, the news of their cousin's expected visit somewhat revived their hopes, and Albert made arrangements to accompany him to New Orleans, whence they had learned Madame Darrell had gone soon after the death of her husband. Frank wrote to have all ready for an instant start on his arrival; and as he was now independent of his grandfather (an uncle having left him some property), he avowed his intention of spending both his own and his fortune in the search.

When Frank Rae first beheld his cousin Claudine, he was struck with her beauty, so different from that of the belles of his own island, and never wearied of admiring her beautiful blue eyes, bright curls and fair complexion. He almost regretted that he had hastened Albert's preparations, so that nothing delayed their departure, and sighed as he held the little hand of

his cousin, and heard her sweet words of encouragement and hope.

"Good-by, darling," exclaimed Albert; "take good care of yourself; write punctually." And he added, in a whisper, "Be kind to Ned; he has promised to take my place in my absence, and you know my wishes."

They were gone. Claudine returned to the room lately echoing to the sound of their cheerful voices. It looked dull and lonely, and the tears rushed to her eyes as she collected several articles they had left scattered around. There were the maps they had been consulting, the pens, books and papers they had last been using, and she fell into a fit of musing very unusual for her.

"How different he is to what I had imagined, with such a world of sorrow in those beautiful eyes. Poor Frank! his has been a sad life; but I hope his cares will soon be at an end." And Miss Sutherland inwardly resolved to assist them as far as lay in her power.

Dangerous musings for you, Miss Claudine, who have so long cherished an ideal lover in your heart, whose chief attraction was his melancholy, which you, with your gaiety, was to dissipate!

We have too long neglected our young friend Julie and her mother; but we return to them, to find their circumstances much improved, their lives rendered happy, and all through the kindness of Edward Franklin. Charmed with Julie's innocence, her beauty and her filial love, the young lawyer had interested himself to procure her employment from those better able to reward her than he was; and at the time we return to them, they were very comfortably lodged in a quiet street, and the invalid mother surrounded with all that her situation required. She still looks pale and wan, still moves with trembling steps, and suffers pain; but the light of hope is in her eye, and cheerfulness sounds in her voice.

And Julie is changed—wonderfully changed. You would scarcely recognise the poor, pale, half clad girl of a few months previous, in the beautiful young woman who at times is seen entering the old dingy block on the street. And Edward Franklin wonders at the change; but still more at his own nervous anxiety on those days when he expects her to come with her beautifully written copies of atrociously scrawled originals. He would give freely all that the last "case" brought him to know the name of his fair employee; but Julie, for some reason best known to herself, evades all indirect allusions to her secret, and Edward is too much of a gentleman to make the inquiry in plain terms. But a

new light shone in Julie's dark eyes, and strange emotions cause her heart to throb with mingled pain and pleasure, when her mother speaks in grateful terms of him who had rescued them from misery and wretchedness.

Poor girl! She knew not that it was love that caused her hand to tremble and her cheek to flush when his name was spoken; that made the few moments passed in his presence anxiously looked for rays of happiness; that filled her heart with joy at his praises; that illumined the old dingy building where they met, until it became in her eyes more beautiful than a fairy palace. She knew not that he longed to hear her light footsteps, to look on her lovely countenance, to listen to the sound of her sweet toned voice, and meet the glances of those earnest eyes. She knew not that he multiplied directions, and gave unnecessary instruction, for the sole purpose of detaining her by his side one instant longer; that when she disappeared, all looked cold and gloomy. But she knew that he was kind and good; that a noble soul shone through the depths of those dark blue eyes, and intellect was stamped on the fair brow. She held him in her heart as some shined saint, sacred and alone, to be worshipped at a distance and in humble silence.

"You look disappointed, my child," said her mother, as she one day returned from her walk to the office. "Is anything amiss?"

"Nothing, dear mother. I feel somewhat sadder to-day than usual, and then the walk seemed longer. You see I have even more than my usual number of pages." And she held up the roll of parchment.

But Julia did not say that Edward Franklin had been called away before she arrived there, and her disappointment at not seeing him had made the way seem long and her countenance sad.

"I am afraid I do not explain it distinctly enough," said Mr. Franklin's gentlemanly client. "You see the case stands thus," and he proceeded to demonstrate for the third time the flagrant infringement of his patented "useful invention" by Smith, Brown & Co.

"Ah—yes—I see it all," exclaimed the young lawyer, starting out of a reverie. "But I should like to take these papers to my office, and examine them at my leisure." And huddling them all together, he hastened away before the astonished gentleman could find words to arrest his retreat.

"I don't believe he half understands it now," he peevishly exclaimed. "But these lawyers are always in a hurry."

"Has any one called in my absence?" asked Edward Franklin, with assumed indifference.

"Only your copyist," answered his friend. "I gave her the papers you directed me to."

"Only my copyist!" thought Edward; "how provoking!—and she will not come again for a week. And a letter from Sutherland, too! 'Unsuccessful search—hope I visit Claudine soon coming home—dying to meet that black-eyed angel again.' Why, he has parted with the little wisdom he used to have." And Edward felt inclined to give way to a regular fit of ill humor.

But the dreaded week came to an end, and once more he was blessed with a sight of the beautiful girl who had so seriously interfered with the past seven days repose; but this day she bore away with her, all unconsciously, the words that decided their fate.

It was a long, kind letter, and Julie, after perusing it, sat for an hour in silent thought, while the tears were slowly stealing down her cheek and falling on the paper in her hand. But she knew her duty, and entering the room where her mother sat, placed the letter in her hands, and waited to hear her decision.

"God bless you, my darling!" were the mother's first words. "I shall now die happy, since a protector is found for my child."

"But, mama, Mr. Franklin has requested permission to visit you; your secret must then be known."

"It is proper it should be, Julie. You have my permission to write immediately, and state your name and residence. As to his other questions, I leave them to your own heart to decide."

That evening, at an early hour, Edward obeyed the gentle hint conveyed in the answer to his request.

With a beating heart, he ascended the several flights of stairs that led him to the "object sought," and was soon in the presence of the young girl. It was a small, plainly furnished room that he entered, where all around denoted the humble means of the occupants; but all was neat and nicely arranged, and, truth to tell, he forgot all minor matters in the great joy at the fulfilment of his long cherished wish.

Julia received him with a look of blushing consciousness that increased her beauty, and gave renewed strength to his hopes. After conversing about her mother for some minutes—whose indisposition had compelled her to retire—Edward crossed the room and seated himself beside his companion.

"I have not yet thanked you for the kind permission granted to my request, Miss Durell;

and before I do so, I must inquire if another question, asked at the same time, will receive an equally favorable answer?"

Julie covered her face with her hands; and Edward, pitying her confusion, again spoke:

"Perhaps I have been too hasty in thus making known my sentiments; but time can add nothing to my love; and though I can offer you neither riches nor honors as my wife, a comfortable home and the devotion of a lifetime shall be yours." And encouraged by her silent emotion, he drew her gently towards him, and listened to the low, murmured words of gratitude and joy that gushed from her full heart.

After the first thrilling emotions had passed, Edward told her all his hopes and prospects, and repeated what he had before said, that her home would be a humble one. But what mattered that to one whose daily bread depended on her own exertions, whose whole life had been one scene of poverty, and who was now in the first enjoyment of "young love's dream?" She would have shared a dungeon with him, so that he but loved her. Long they conversed; and Julie each moment realized more fully the blessed certainty that her cares were at an end; that the strong arm, caressingly thrown around her, would shield her from life's troubles; that the warm heart beating at her side was hers, and hers only.

Julie had often contrasted the happy young lives of other children with her own prematurely careworn girlhood, and marvelled at the difference; but in the few first hours of her great joy, she experienced an excess of rapture more than sufficient to atone for long years of misery. Hers was a mind capable of appreciating the depth and strength of his unselfish love, and all the best emotions of her heart were called into action by her humble opinion of her own merits and entire conviction of his goodness. * *

"O, I am too happy, mama; my heart is too full of joy!" And she buried her face in her mother's bosom, and wept like a child.

"Such emotions do not last long, my child. You are very young, and have seen but little joy, and this great happiness overpowers you. But never forget that my joys are not to last forever." And the invalid sighed over her own shattered hopes, her gay girlhood; her marriage, with its few short years of bliss; and the long, sad months of her widowhood.

But the widow's trials were nearly ended, and her last days were to be spent in peace and contentment, surrounded with fond, loving hearts!

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Ed-

ward," warmly exclaimed Albert Sutherland, as they sat in the former's office, and talked over the events of the past few weeks.

"Thank you; I wish you had been as successful; but tell me more of the circumstances."

"Why, it all amounts to nothing. She left New Orleans three years ago, and her husband's relations appear quite indifferent as to her fate. They either could not, or would not, give us any information, but we have every reason to think that she must be in poverty, as her little property was gone ere she left there. It is all the more distressing, as her father is dead, and has left all he possessed to her and her children."

"I should not give up the search. You may find her where you least expect."

"We do not intend to. But now, Ned, when am I to be introduced to the fair Julie? And, by the way, you have not yet told me her other name. I presume she has one."

"O, there's no doubt about that," said Edward, laughing. "And here it is, in her own handwriting."

"Julie Durell! For Heaven's sake, Edward, what have you been thinking of? Why, it is Aunt Adela's daughter!"

The young man caught up his hat and rushed out of the office, leaving his friend utterly bewildered at his impetuosity.

"Aunt Adela, dear Anna, Adela! don't you know me?" exclaimed Frank Rae, flinging his arms around her attenuated form, and pressing kiss after kiss on her pale lips, while his bosom heaved with emotion, and the tears rolled down his cheek.

"O, how I have longed for this hour!" he continued. "And now it comes when least expected. And my fair cousin, too," addressing Julie, who sat beside Albert, blushing, and about half ashamed of the cousinly liberty he had taken with her sweet lips; "how much joy has this day brought me!"

The widow and her child were immediately removed to Albert's home, and arrangements made for them to dwell with him and Claudine. Frank purposed, also, taking up his abode with them; and the family affairs in Jamaica were all settled by a trusty friend.

Madame Durell, by her father's will, received a handsome income during her life, but Julie was heiress to his splendid fortune, with the trifling reserve of a small legacy to each of her three cousins. "It is best for young men to work for their living," so read the old man's will; "and as my grandchild, Claudine Sutherland, is provided for, I leave all I possess to my

long lost daughter, Adela, and her heirs, which she will receive with my blessing." &

In the confusion and joy of making all these new family arrangements, Edward Franklin had been forgotten; at least by all but Julie, and to her his silence and absence were exceedingly painful. She longed to tell him all her joy, to set his heart at rest about the humble home he had so grieved about, to let him know he must no longer spend his bright days in a dingy office—in fact, to have him share her happiness.

What then was her distress when days passed on and still he came not; one, two weeks, and no word from him who occupied her every thought. She was in despair. Was he away? Had he forgotten her? Was he ill? At that thought she summoned courage to acquaint Albert with her uneasiness, and he, vexed with himself for neglecting his friend, hastened to learn the cause of his strange absence.

He found him in his office, hard at work with his pen, surrounded with books and papers, and looking pale and careworn. The usual friendly greeting passed, and then Albert delicately introduced the subject uppermost in his mind, while Edward listened, with his face averted, so that his companion could not judge of his emotions. At last, turning suddenly, he said:

"It is useless to speak of this, Albert. I have struggled hard to overcome my feelings; but, thank Heaven, the worst is past, and I can now look my fate calmly in the face. Your cousin and I have met for the last time."

"This will need some explanation, Edward," was Sutherland's half angry answer; for at that moment he thought of Julie's tearful eyes and quivering lips, as she told him her fears for the other's safety. "My cousin's happiness must not be sacrificed to an idle whim. If you have any good reason for your conduct, I must know it."

"Albert, you should know me too well to suppose that I would trifle with any woman's happiness—least of all, one like Miss Durell. But it would be unmanly in me to compel the fulfilment of a promise, made when our relative positions were very different; when she felt lively emotions of gratitude towards me, and when I even then blushed at my inability to place her in her proper sphere. The case is very different now. Beautiful and rich, she can choose a husband among the honored of our land, can grace the circle nature evidently designed her for; and shall I place a barrier in her path—a hindrance to her happiness? Never! Heaven knows I owe her too well." And overcome with his emo-

tions, he buried his face in his hands, and turned away.

In an instant his friend was by his side.

"You will forgive my suspicion, Ned? I ought not to have judged you. But for Julie's sake, let her hear your determination from your own lips. See her once again; explain your reasons, and convince her, if you can, that you are right."

He had promised to come, Albert told her, and in feverish expectation, she passed the hours until his arrival; but now the time-piece on the parlor mantel showed the time approaching, and her anxiety increased as each footstep sounded on her ear. Very beautiful she looked, her dark eyes flashing with suppressed emotion, her fair cheek flushed with crimson, and her beautiful lips quivering with her momentary disappointment. Very lovely in the rich and elegant dress that displayed her graceful figure to perfection, and surrounded with the costly decorations that adorned the room. Her new life had given fresh charms to her beauty, and she revelled in the enjoyment of those appliances of wealth, of which her childhood had been deprived, but which, nevertheless, were her proper surroundings. But hark! he has come!

Springing from her seat, she met Edward with outstretched arms and a passionate exclamation of joy; while he, forgetful of the resolves of cooler moments, clasped her closely to his breast, and pressed warm kisses on her lips, cheek, and brow.

"Why, O why, did you not come to share all my happiness?" she murmured, as, after leading her to a sofa, he seated himself beside her, and drew her fondly to him. "Why leave me all these long days to weary myself with watching for your appearance, and to weep over my disappointments?" And the tears rose to her eyes at the thought of all she had suffered. "And now you have come, you do not look happy, and you are thin and pale. Tell me, Edward, what has distressed you?"

"You have judged rightly, dearest; that I am sorrowful, and selfish, as you may seem, it is your good fortune that has made me so. We can no longer be to each other what we have been; no longer meet as we have done; and I must no longer hold you to an engagement that prevents your fulfilling the bright destiny there is in store for you. You are very young, Julie; scarcely more than a child, both in years and knowledge of the world; and were I to take advantage of your inexperience and gratitude, and make you my wife, the day would come when you would despise me for my presumption. I do not doubt

that you love me now; but when sometime hence you are surrounded by men whose devotion is flattering to those they love; when you know and estimate rightly the advantages you possess, you will smile at your girlish passion for the poor lawyer, and in time entirely forget him."

"Never!" and the beautiful form before him, drawn to its fullest height, and quivering with emotion, looked anything but "childlike." The rosy color fled from her lip and cheek, and a look of terror was in her eyes, as if fearful of some calamity her utmost efforts could not avert. "Never! never shall you leave me and sacrifice our happiness to your ridiculous notions of honor, your wicked ideas of woman's vanity. No! sooner would I fling away the glittering trash that has betrayed your love, than consent to break the solemn pledge that bound my soul to yours."

"Julie, pray be calm," exclaimed her companion; for she looked and spoke like one bereft of sense.

"Not till you promise to speak no more of parting; to be kind and good as you were in those happy days when you loved me, when all was joy and peace, and no worldly thoughts came to disturb us. And this then is to be the end of all my bright hopes, my anxious thoughts and trembling fears; and you cast my love away as a thing of little value, a childish feeling, that will pass with the object from my mind! O, Edward! why did you save me from my misery to plunge me into worse?" and strength and passion gave way, and she sank weeping on the sofa.

"Julie dearest, look at me—speak to me; be angry if you will, but do not weep. You little know the agony it cost me to speak such sorrow, false words; but I recall them now, and nothing but your own will shall ever part us."

The tear stained face was buried in his bosom, the quivering form held in a close embrace, and in the rapture of that sweet reconciliation, both were repaid for the past agony.

"Albert tells me that Julie is to be married next month," said Claude, as he sat beside Claudine's work-table one fine morning, and watched the operations of her embroidery needle.

"Yes, she told me the news several days ago." And Miss Sutherland's voice was calm, but the color deepened on her cheek, and the hand quivered that drew out a tangled thread.

"Edward Franklin appears to be a fine young man," he continued, while he watched with interest her increasing confusion; "and if all Al-

bert says in his praises is true, he well deserves Julie's love."

"I believe Albert does not exaggerate his merit. He loved Julie when she was poor and friendless; and when she became rich, most nobly offered to free her from her engagement, fearing that her gratitude for his past kindness might influence her choice. I am glad she refused—such love ought to be rewarded."

"Ought all true love to be rewarded, cousin Claudine?"

"Yes, when it is true."

"Then I claim some return for all I have bestowed on my cousin Claudine." And Frank drew his chair a little closer to the work-table, and laid his hand on the little fingers so nervously attempting to perform their duty. "You cannot have been blind, dear one, to the fact that your society has become each day more precious to me; that while with you I lose that sadness early grief had made habitual; in fact, that with you rests my future happiness or misery. I have fancied that your efforts to dissipate my sadness were sometimes made to repay my partiality; but if they proceeded solely from your natural kindness, without reference to my affection, hesitate not to say so; I deserve the punishment for my vanity."

There was little need of words; for in that blushing, downcast countenance, and heaving bosom, he read a favorable answer to his wishes.

"My own, my own!" he whispered, as he folded her in his arms. "Your precious love will banish all sad remembrances. Heaven grant that I may never cause a sorrowful pang to your gay, young heart."

It was the wedding day; a bright, sunny afternoon as ever cheered a young bride's heart. In a few hours the solemn words were to be spoken that would link their fates forever with those beloved ones on whom they had bestowed their wealth of young affection; and the two fair girls sat together in their room and interchanged fond thoughts, and bright hopes of future happiness.

Very different they appeared, as they sat side by side in that beautiful chamber, where so many of Claudine's happy girl days had been passed—very different, but O, how beautiful! Julie, with her calm, still look of perfect content, and the love-light burning in the depths of her large dark eyes, looked like an eastern princess as she reclined on the velvet cushions of her lounge, and arranged sweet buds and glossy leaves to adorn her cousin's bright curls. And Claudine, with her blue eyes sinking beneath

Julie's earnest gaze, and the bright crimson mounting to her forehead, held in her hand a tiny note, the bearer of sweet love words from her fond young betrothed. In all parts of the chamber are seen preparations for the bridal; from the heavy travelling trunks that stand open and half packed, to the rich white dresses, the delicate gloves, and tiny slippers. * * *

"The wedding is over, the guests are all gone," and the newly married couples are about bidding adieu to home and friends, to wander for a few months 'neath the "sunny skies of Italy." There are mingled smiles and tears, and fond charges, and loving promises, ere they depart, and Albert assures them he will "take the best possible care of Aunt Adela," and shakes hands with the two bridegrooms, and kisses the two brides, and they drive off, while he hurries back to console the weeping mother, parted for the first time from her darling child, to cheer her with hopes of the happy future in store for her, when a few short months shall have passed, and her child shall have returned to her side.

HANDEL AND HANGING.

A wretched man—a private soldier—having to be hanged the other day in the Crimea for an uncommonly atrocious and cowardly murder, a band, as we are informed, preceded the prisoner to the place of execution, playing "the *Dead March*!" No doubt this was the *Dead March* in *Saul*, that sublime composition of Handel's; so grand, so solemn, so funeral, yet so triumphal. This is just the glorious measure whereunto you would bear a hero in honor to his grave; but is it precisely the tune to which you would lead a criminal to the gallows? Those who selected it for that purpose would probably, with a similar taste in music and appreciation of Handel, drum a rogue out of the regiment to "*See, the Conquering Hero Comes!*"—*Punch*.

CHILDREN'S TEACHING.

In passing up the street the other day, we met two little girls of some seven or eight summers, who, unmindful of what was going on, seemed as happy as two larks, and looked as beautiful as they seemed happy. Stopping at one of our candy shops, one of them made a purchase of candy—a large, nice-looking stick—and breaking it, gave her companion half, saying as she did it, "Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest." Dear, artless child! what a lesson of usefulness was contained in thy simple words! God bless you, and enable you through life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit! "Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest." What teachers children sometimes are!—*Fall River Monitor*.

We are only interested in others in proportion to the interest we take in ourselves, and look for in consequence from them.

THE MELODY OF SPRING.

BY H. WARD.

AIR.—"The Bony Boat."

In lordly halls of splendid pride,
Let favored minstrels sing;
Give me, in full and flowing tide,
The melody of Spring.

The morning songs of playful birds,
That roam on buoyant wing,
Bring music sweeter far than words—
Blithe melody of Spring!

They cheer the ploughman in his toil,
Ay, happier than a king;
He blesses, while he turns the soil,
The melody of Spring.

The sick at heart, who feel the pain
Of disappointment's sting,
Revives with joy, to hear again
The melody of Spring.

O'er all the hills and vales around,
The woodland echoes ring;
We hear in every dulcet sound,
The melody of Spring.

It brings to mind the sunny hours
Of life's young blossoming;
While nature wakes, with charming powers,
The melody of Spring!

OUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

FOR three or four weeks, my maid Felice and myself have been watching the movements of the family who have recently taken the handsome brick house opposite. We saw the arrival, the moving of the furniture, and all the appointments and appendages. They were unexceptionable. When I say that the house is in Roulstone Street, a quarter of the city which is indisputably genteel, being the very centre of wealth, fashion and refinement, the reader will be satisfied that there is nothing further to say.

For myself, I have only to say that I am a single lady of a handsome property, and of considerable personal attractions, although of an age which I do not choose to state in the census reports. As I am writing a history of myself, I feel justified in bringing back some particulars which my neighbors sometimes inquire into rather too curiously. Felice is often asked what rouge, hair-dyes, and other toilet appendages I most patronize; and it is but a few days since Mrs. Flimsy, my next door neighbor, above, inquired if I wore a wig. Thanks to Bogle's exquisite skill, she will never find out. Impertinent curiosity!

Well, as I said, our curiosity has been very much excited by the strange demonstrations at the opposite house. I am dying to get acquainted with them; but I am mortified to see that they close the blinds, or drop the curtains, whenever Felice and I take our accustomed seat at the front parlor windows, which, being a little higher than theirs, would give us a delightful opportunity of reconnoitring.

For some time, we could not ascertain the name; but at length, a beautiful silver plate was placed on the door, and Felice, pretending to be frightened at a dog, as she was passing the house, ran up the steps, and found it was St. Leon. The handsome gentleman who goes away every morning is of course Mr. St. Leon. He is very graceful and dignified. Mrs. St. Leon, too, is very beautiful; and there is a young lady there with long curls, whom we take to be her sister; and there is a very lovely child, who comes toddling to the door every time the father goes out, and kisses her little fat hand to him as he goes down the steps. As we cannot ascertain the younger lady's name, Felice and I have concluded to call her Fannie for the present. There has been a very young gentleman walking up and down Roulstone Street, every day since the removal. He comes up on our side, and down on the St. Leon side, looking melancholy and interesting. We fancy him to be a lover of Fannie's. This impression is strengthened by seeing her dart suddenly to the window one day after he had passed, and strain her eyes in the direction in which he vanished.

Within a short time, we have seen a carriage driven to the door, almost immediately on the departure of Mr. St. Leon, and an aged gentleman, closely wrapped up, has been assisted up the long steps. The driver then goes off, but punctually comes back before Mr. St. Leon's hour for returning. Mrs. St. Leon always comes to the door, and her face bears marks of excessive weeping. Felice with her usual aptitude, has given this old gentleman the name of Summer; and to the pale youth, who walks so languishingly, she has given the name of Spring.

For a long time we were unable to connect Mr. Summer with the family; but finally concluded that he must be Mrs. St. Leon's father, and that the match not suiting him, he only comes at such times as he knows her husband is absent. I wonder if we have really hit upon the right interpretation. Without the assistance of Felice, I should never have found out the whole of this little romance; but Felice is a very jewel of servants; and I reward every one of her discoveries with some present which excites her

gratitude so much, that she generally taxes her ingenuity in a very remarkable manner for the rest of the week.

Monday Feb. 23.—Mr. St. Leon has just come from dinner. Mrs. St. Leon is looking anxiously from the window. Fannie and the child accompanied Mr. St. Leon to the door, where, Felice thinks, he pressed her hand rather warmly for a wife's sister to permit. Certainly he is fond of her. I wonder that Mrs. St. Leon allows Fannie to go to the door so often with him. A carriage stops. Her father has arrived, but looks very sad and feeble. I should not wonder, if, after all, his poor daughter has made a bad choice of her husband. He is probably a sad rogue. Why does her father permit Fannie to stay with her?

Tuesday.—Yesterday I gave Felice my brown sash. To-day she made a discovery. Mr. Spring, as she calls the pale young man, rung at the door opposite, and was admitted by the servant. Felice is certain that Mrs. St. Leon was in the parlor when he went in; and that she rose and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Really, I think our opposite neighbors are no better than they should be. I shall certainly never call there; and yet it would be a satisfaction to find out what kind of a family they are. Felice was in the post-office to-day when the servant carried in a letter to go by mail. She pretended to be looking at an advertisement over the letter-box; but in reality she was reading the address. It was written in a very fine hand and directed to St. Leon Kinniard, London. Who can that be?

Evening.—The curtains are up in the opposite parlor. Fannie sits there with Mrs. St. Leon's baby on her lap. Mr. St. Leon is just going up the steps. Good Heavens! He is in the parlor, and positively kissing Fannie! I blush while I write it. Poor Mrs. St. Leon! I pity her, and yet she did so wrong to marry without her father's consent! But she has had her retribution.

Sunday.—I intended going to church to-day, but I am so intensely occupied with my opposite neighbors, that I must stay at home. Besides I have a cold, and if Rev. Mr. Spriggins calls here to-morrow, of course I shall give one of these reasons.

They are going to ride to church! Here comes Mr. St. Leon. He is waiting on Fannie into the carriage first. Mrs. St. Leon sits on the front seat and the servant girl beside her! Felice says that is probably to keep her in her place; as family secrets might be told out of the house if they were not kind to her. Felice shall get acquainted with that girl.

Monday.—I am about tired of conjecturing what that family can mean by their strange and extraordinary conduct. Nothing but the most reckless disregard of the proprieties of life can account for it in the least. This morning a lady closely veiled entered the house, and we saw her go into the parlor, where she fell into Mr. St. Leon's arms. His wife going in at that moment, she deceitfully turned to her in the same way, but evidently with less cordiality. What can one think of them?

Wednesday.—I find, by Felice, who has been over to call on the servant, that we have gone all wrong in our conjectures. The very pretty little romance which Felice and I have been three weeks weaving, has turned into a very ordinary, every day affair.

Felice thinks that the girl put on a great deal of mock dignity, when she told her how she had mistaken the character of the family. It seems that "Fannie," is after all, the true Mrs. St. Leon, and the child is hers, too! The lady whom we called Mrs. St. Leon is sister to the husband, not to the wife; and the old gentleman is Mr. St. Leon's father, instead of hers. "Mr. Spring," as Felice calls, is a brother to the ladies, and he is extremely dissipated. The husband will not receive him at his house, but Mrs. St. Leon disobeys his express commands in this respect, and often sees her brother. In this she is advised and upheld by her husband's father, who believes that he will finally be reformed by kindness. The old gentleman's afternoon visits are with special reference to "Mr. Spring." Finally the lady who entered the house on Monday, was Mr. St. Leon's own sister.

So ends our romance, and I am so angry at finding everything so natural, that I have refused to give Felice the mulberry cloak which she has been teasing me for so long. Heigh ho! I will never undertake to guess histories through the windows again. My "occupation's gone!"

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

A visitor once went into a school in Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him." The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss.—*M. W. Wright.*

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Mr. Everett's beautiful and truthful description of the personal appearance of Washington, reminds us of a remark made by an officer of the Revolution—the late John Marston, of Massachusetts, who had the good fortune to be a spectator in the House of Lords, in the year 1783, when the Prince of Wales (the late George the Fourth) came of age. The hall was crowded with the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the kingdom—with great generals, admirals and civilians—with all that England contained that day of eminence, dignity and rank, assembled to behold the heir apparent of the British crown take his seat for the first time as one of the hereditary legislators of the realm. Mr. Marston scanned the brilliant assemblage with a critical eye, and was deeply impressed with the lofty bearing of many of the noble personages who composed it; but, said he in describing the scene to his friends, "I looked around in vain for a Washington! There was not a man in the House of Lords that day, who in personal appearance, dignity of manners, and majesty of deportment, could be compared with General Washington."—*Evening Gazette.*

NICELY SOLD.

A Liverpool paper, under the head of "Strange Simplicity," tells how a gosling of a gentleman was recently served in one of the banks of that city. He had entered the institution with the intention of depositing £400, one half of which sum was in gold, and the other half in notes. The latter he placed on the counter beside him, and commenced counting the gold, when a bystander touched him on the shoulder and called his attention to the beautiful decorations of the ceiling, and their remarkable effect. The gentleman looked up, in obedience to this kindly suggestion, and having fully admired the artistic effect, looked down again. His feelings underwent a very disagreeable change when he discovered that his notes and his polite friend had both disappeared, nor had the admirer of ornamental architecture or decoration heard a word of either at last dates.

INSURANCE QUIBBLE.

The agent of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company has just returned from England with a flea in his ear. It seems the lost cable was insured in England; but when application was made for the payment of insurance, the company declined on the ground that the cable was exactly where the parties wanted it—at the bottom of the ocean!

These British insurers have taken a hint from the story of the man-of-war's cook, who approached the captain one morning with an anxious face, and said: "Massa, be anything lost when you knows where 'tis?" "No, you fool," said the captain. "Berry glad to hear it," said Cuffy, "cos our new copper tea kettle just fall overboard. But 'tain't lost, massa, cos we know where 'tis."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Right and duty are like two palm trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

HOUSE-CLEANING SONG.

BY BERTHA BURDOCK.

House-cleaning Jubilee is come!
Is n't the weather glorious?
Now turn the house up every room,
Raise a *MUS* uproarious.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean;
Let the neighbors know we mean
All the household shall be seen—
Make a noise victorious!

Just after Lent we do begin
(Providence permitting)
To dust, and scrub, and paint, and clean,
Make things fit to live in.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean,
Cellar to the garret beam;
(Hope the neighbors know we mean
T' hold a hubbub glorious!)

From garret roof to cellar floor,
Spiders shan't be spinning,
Nor cobwebs hang behind the door—
Make a new beginning.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean;
(All except the brain, we mean—
There alone are cobwebs seen—
Dusting that's inglorious!)

EMILY BALL'S COUNTRY SCHOOL.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

Mrs. BALL and her eldest daughter sat together in the deepening twilight of an April evening, at times conversing earnestly, then relapsing into silent and apparently painful thought; for a shade of gloom rested on the young girl's countenance, and the mother often turned anxious glances from her thoughtful companion to her other darling, a bright little girl of nine years, who was seated on a low chair by her side.

There was the history of thousands in our broad land. Surrounded with comforts during the lifetime of the husband and father, at his death they found themselves destitute save for the house in which they lived and its furniture. During the year that had since elapsed, unceasing had been their efforts to obtain a livelihood. Mrs. Ball was foremost in obtaining the plain sewing of three other families, and this, together with the school which Emily determined to open, they calculated would amply suffice for the support of their little family of three. But Emily's plan proved a total failure. She was too young and inexperienced to succeed in her undertaking in a city abounding with public and private schools; and after a patient trial of six months, finding it vain to hope for any consid-

erable accession to her pupils, who consisted only of a few little boys and girls of the neighborhood, she closed her school, and engaged to make various ornamental articles for a fancy store.

It was a tedious and unremunerative occupation, and Mrs. Ball soon perceived the effect of such close application on her delicate Emily. She had lost three children by consumption; her husband had also fallen a victim to that dreaded scourge. No wonder her fears were ever on the alert for the two loved ones remaining to her; and seeing her patient Emily growing thinner and paler from unaccustomed confinement, she resolved on some other course ere it should prove too late. On this evening, therefore, as on several preceding ones, they were discussing the subject. The most feasible plan Mrs. Ball at first thought would be to sell their pretty little dwelling and remove to a location where they could open a small store. But after mature consideration, they agreed that it was too hazardous to embark their all in a business of which neither had any knowledge. Besides, the part of the town in which they resided being yet new and but partially built up, they could not hope to obtain any considerable sum for their dwelling. Mrs. Ball had been warned of this by several friends, who suggested that it would be better to rent her house and find lodgings in the neighborhood for a time, till property should increase in value.

"I wonder what rent we could get for it?" said Emily, as her mother repeated the advice she had received.

"Mr. Jones told me to-day that if I decide on renting it out, he will take it at ten dollars per month, which is more than any house of its size in the square rents for; but then this is so prettily finished."

"And what did you tell him?" queried the daughter, anxiously.

"That I would beglad to have his family here if I conclude on letting it. We could easily hire two or three rooms in the neighborhood for half the rent he offers, or even less. And five or six dollars a month would be a snug little addition to our income; but there will be many inconveniences." And Mrs. Ball ceased abruptly, with a heavy sigh. There was silence for some moments. At length Emily said, hesitatingly:

"I have been thinking, mother, that if you had no objection to go into the country, we could perhaps get a little cottage for a low rent, and it would be much more comfortable than living in rooms."

"So it would, my dear, but there are other

tions to this plan also. In the first place, how would it be about my work? I could not give that up. Then Anna would have to leave school and—"

"O, sister could teach me at home, mother," interrupted little Anna, her eyes sparkling at the thought of the country.

"Yes, darling," replied her sister. "And now that I have mentioned it, dear mother, let me assure you I have been pondering on this plan for several days, and arranging it very nicely in my mind."

"Building castles, or rather cottages in the air," and Mrs. Ball smiled somewhat sadly.

"Nay, but on a very solid foundation," replied Emily, with a return of her former gaiety. "If you approve of my plan, suppose you ask Farmer Blake, next time he comes, if there is any place in his neighborhood we could rent—you know he has spoken of a village not far from his farm. Then perhaps I could get a school that would bring in something; or I could make up things for the stores, which Anna or I could bring in in the stage, or perhaps he would allow Anna to come sometimes in his wagon."

"That would answer very well for my sewing," said the mother; "but as for your work for the stores, I am determined you shall not undertake it again. If you could get a small school—but we will not make any calculations till we can speak to Mr. Blake."

Very impatiently did the little family await the arrival of the farmer, who served them with butter every Friday, and when he came, Emily hurriedly acquainted him with her project, and asked his opinion. Farmer Blake, whose pleasant, good-humored face and manner betokened a kind and genial disposition, listened attentively to the young girl, whose changed appearance, since her father's death, had often excited his compassion.

"Well, I don't know how it would be," he began; "but we must talk it over a little. George," to the boy in his wagon, "you know the few other customers remaining to be served; suppose you go to them and then drive round again, and I'll be ready to go."

George nodded, and with a word to the two large, well fed horses, was on his way, while the farmer followed Emily into the house. After exchanging a friendly greeting with Mrs. Ball, he turned at once to Emily, and said:

"As to a school, I hardly think there would be a chance of success. They have one in the village that is but poorly supported, and as for our immediate neighborhood, there are children

enough who never saw the inside of a school-house, but their fathers are too miserly or too careless to attend to that. I wish we could raise a school, for my little ones cannot go regularly to the village, but I am afraid it would be no use to try."

Emily's countenance fell, and she could not trust her voice to speak. The farmer saw how deep was her disappointment, and racked his brain to devise some plan to further her desires.

"I don't know but you might get a few scholars," he said, after musing silently some minutes, "if you would take produce or anything of that kind in lieu of cash."

"It would be just the same to us," replied Mrs. Ball.

"Strange how unwilling some persons are to pay for anything," continued the farmer. "But let us make a calculation—have you a scrap of paper handy?"

Emily handed him a sheet of paper, and taking his pencil, he inquired "what will be your terms, Miss Emily?" with so comical an expression that, despite her anxiety, she smiled as she answered, "whatever were customary in the country."

"Well, in the village school the charge is one dollar and a half a quarter for the little ones, two for the next class, and three for the largest. Will that suit you, Emily?"

She bowed assent.

"Then I have two for each class, that will be three and four and six—thirteen dollars—cash, of course, for I have no fancy for trading. Then my nearest neighbor, Lewis, his five children will be ten dollars, and he will pay cash, I am pretty sure, or he would supply you with wood for a part of it. There is Thompson, the next, if you'll take butter—and theirs is as good as ours—they will probably send their children; and there's a Mrs. Lee, I do think she would send her niece, if you'd 'take it out,' as they say, in milk and cream. Yes, I'll talk it over with some half dozen of them, and see if we can't manage it. My wife would be delighted."

"But a house—how are we to obtain that?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"O, for a house, I have one that will just suit you. I had it built for a son my wife brought up, but her husband made up his mind to go farther off, so it has been vacant this year or more. 'Tis a snug frame cottage with four rooms, and well fitted up with closets and such conveniences, for my wife took an interest in it.

"What will be the rent?" inquired Mrs. Ball, after she and her daughter had expressed their pleasure at this prospect.

"O, for the matter of rent, it isn't worth any," said the good-natured farmer, his ruddy cheeks assuming a deeper hue; "but I suppose you would not like to have it without rent, so I will say two dollars per month."

"Two dollars per month!" echoed Emily. "O, Mr. Blake, that is almost the same as no rent at all."

"You will think it quite enough when you see the place, for it is small and rough compared to what you're used to. But still it is comfortable, and a coat of whitewash will make it look like new. Then there is a strip of ground surrounding it that you can garden in, Emily, and a lot in the rear that will grow enough vegetables nearly for the whole summer."

The return of the wagon here interrupted the farmer, and he departed, promising to learn more about the prospect for a school by the succeeding Friday. The longed-for day came at length, though little Anna was confident it never would, and the farmer's pleasant face betokened good news.

"Well, friends, it's all settled, and you can move as soon as you like."

"O, how can we ever thank you?" began Mrs. Ball.

"Thank me for what. I would like to know? I guess I'm the one obliged, in having a school opened that my young ones can go to. My wife is overjoyed; and most of the neighbors will send, as they won't have to pay cash. When can we expect you?"

"We can settle our affairs here in a few days," said Mrs. Ball. "One of our neighbors will take the house, and probably will buy most of the furniture that we will not take with us."

"Then suppose I send my big team early next Friday to take out the things you will want; and I can take you all out in the wagon, for the stage will not go within a mile of your cottage."

Mrs. Ball thankfully embraced this proposal, and he took leave. Thankful as the little family were for the prospect opening to them, little Anna was the only heart that retained its buoyancy during that week. Every article was endeared to the widowed mother as associated with the loved and lost; and the affectionate Emily participated in her feelings. The furniture they deemed suitable for the cottage having been selected, the remainder was disposed of at fair prices among the neighbors.

Early on Friday the "big team" drove to the door, and after the allotted articles had been carefully stowed into it, there was time left for a few parting calls on particular friends, see the

arrival of the wagon, in which they were soon comfortably seated and on their way to the country. They arrived at the farm-house before sunset, and having taken supper, the strangers went to inspect their new residence, accompanied by nearly all the farmer's family. It was pleasantly situated a little back from the road leading to the village, and its snowy walls and palings (for Mr. Blake had had the whole newly white-washed) presented a pleasing contrast to the verdant fields around, and to the woods in the background now decked in spring's lively green. A few peach, pear and apple trees opened their dainty blossoms to the breeze, which they filled with fragrance; and a grape-vine was already putting forth its tender leaves around the arbor that shaded the back porch and pump-house. Little Anna tried the pump, and finding that it worked easily, brought to each of the party a draught of the clear, cold water, which was pronounced delicious.

"What a luxury that will be during the warm season, mother?" said Emily, who was delighted with everything.

They now entered the cottage, which they found as neat and comfortable as they had been led to anticipate. Here their household goods were safely stowed, Mr. Blake having run over on the arrival of the team to see that all went right. It was decided that the Balls should remain at the farm-house for some days, during which they might arrange their little household, and with the help of Mr. Blake's sister sow the seeds and plant the flowers, which were easily procurable, in the garden. What a pleasant task was this for Emily, with a cheerful companion as Miss Jones proved, and with Anna almost wild with childish glee, to assist in her work!

All was soon ready for the family to remove from the kind farmer's to the cottage, which looked so pretty and homelike, that even Mrs. Ball ceased to think regretfully of the home they had been obliged to abandon. The school was soon found to flourish beyond what they could have expected.

Emily was unremitting in her efforts to do good among those with whom her lot seemed now cast. At first, her task was by no means an easy one. Some of her pupils were froward and refractory, some dull and indolent; and the parents, with the exception of the Blakes and Lewises, seemed to expect her to perform miracles in their regard. By degrees, however, she succeeded in winning the respect and affection of her young charges, and then her duties were comparatively light. Her piano was an efficient

agent in her plans. The promise of a few tunes would keep up the flagging attention of the dull, and still the rude and boisterous. Flowers, too, the natural playthings of children, what sweet ministers to those young spirits did Emily make them! Rambling in the dim old woods in search of wild-flowers, how easy to lead the opening heart to the love and worship of Him whose sweet creations seem designed to reveal him to us in a gentle, familiar light, while the grand and sublime in nature teach us to bow down awestricken before his mighty power! Yet there were some who regarded all this as a mere waste of time, unwilling or unable to perceive that those young hearts and minds were gathering lore superior to that of books, to which they applied with fresh vigor after their pleasant recreations. Others judged more wisely; and their encouragement enabled Emily to persevere in her course, until finally the change apparent in many of the children, and their rapid progress in learning, satisfied even the fault-finders.

One day Joe Wiggins, a boy of thirteen, whose continual toil and jaded appearance often excited Emily's pity, came with a load of wood from Farmer Lewis. It chanced that Emily was playing on the piano, as usual before dismissing her school, and attracted by the unwonted sounds, he stepped quietly to the open window of the little parlor. She observed and bade him enter. After playing a few airs, she dismissed the children, and perceiving that Joe was gazing intently on a crayon-drawing, asked if he was fond of such things. Without turning his head, and apparently speaking to himself rather than replying to her, he muttered:

"Yes, I dream of such pictures, and I try to make them for myself; but it's no use trying."

"Have you ever learned drawing?"

Starting at the question as if new only aware of her presence, with a strange smile and a short "no ma'am," he was hastening away; but Emily insisted that he should rest while eating a piece of pie she brought to him. Her gentle and friendly manner seemed to impress him, for after a moment's thought he offered a sort of excuse for his short answer, adding that he never learned anything except a little reading, writing and ciphering from a schoolmaster who once boarded with his parents. When Emily offered to instruct him in drawing, his face brightened, but in an instant was clouded again as he replied, sadly:

"You are very kind, miss, and I should like to learn, but I have no time."

"Could you not spare an hour in the evening?" said Emily.

He shook his head slowly, and murmuring a word of thanks, sprang into the wood-cart and was soon lost to sight. Emily was still gazing after him, when Sarah Jones came over from the farm-house, and from her she obtained some particulars about the boy who had excited her compassionate interest. He was the oldest child of a man known for miles around as "Stingy Wiggins." A farmer well to do in the world, his whole aim seemed to be to render his own existence, and still more that of his family, as irksome and wretched as that of the veriest slave. From morn till eve, whether in his fields watchful that none of his hands lost a moment, or in the market constantly on the lookout to obtain the highest price for his produce, he gave himself no rest. His wife, with only the assistance her eldest daughter, a child of eleven, could give, had the manifold duties of farm-house and dairy to attend to. Joe, between his work at home and the occasional services for which the neighbors would hire him, was constantly employed. Even the two youngest children were made "useful" in feeding the chickens, bringing in wood, etc. Still, their father was afraid they would grow up lazy and good-for-nothing! When Emily had first opened her school, Mr. Blake had tried to prevail on his avaricious neighbor to send his children, but he scouted the idea. In fact, his hatred to "book larnin'" amounted to a mania. He made it his boast that all the knowledge he had was to count up money, and that his children should have no more. Joe, as we have seen, succeeded in acquiring the rudiments of knowledge through a schoolmaster, who, on leaving, further gratified the studiously inclined boy by a present of a set of school-books, from which, however, he could gain but little, as it was only occasionally that he could steal a few minutes, even at night, to devote to them.

It was not an encouraging prospect truly, but Emily resolved to make an effort in behalf of the boy. Accordingly, the next afternoon she went with Sarah Jones to call on Mrs. Wiggins. Taking a cross path through the woods, they soon reached the farm. Emily had pictured it to herself as a forlorn, dunghill-like place; but the house was in tolerable repair, and though there was no flower-garden (Mr. Wiggins was too great an utilitarian for that), a smooth grass-plat, in the centre of which stood a blooming rose-bush, gave a pretty aspect to the place. Emily was rather surprised that they were allowed; but was told by Sarah that the "green" was for bleaching, and the rose-tree, which Joe had brought from the woods, was suffered to re-

main at the solicitations of Agnes, the youngest child, to whom the father sometimes yielded.

Mrs. Wiggins, a pale, worn woman, received her visitors hospitably, and invited them to stay for supper, which would soon be ready, adding as an inducement to Emily that if she mentioned it, perhaps "father" would consent to send the two youngest children to school, which was her earnest desire. When Emily spoke of Joseph, the mother sighed and said she had a great deal of trouble about him; he was naturally one of the best hearted children, but his father crossed him so much that he was growing sulky and stubborn—at least to his father, for he was always ready to do anything for her.

While they were speaking, the farmer came in. He was surprised to see Emily, whom he instantly recognized as the "schoolma'am" he had once met at Mr. Blake's, and whom he rather liked, as, to use his own words, she was "a clever young woman, with none of your stuck-up airs." He therefore said he was glad to see her, and wrung her hand so heartily in proof of his pleasure, that her small fingers ached for an hour after. Emily, however, was willing to bear the pain, as the warmth of his welcome encouraged her to speak of the children during the repast, at which none of them were present. But argument and persuasion were of no avail. He was "set agin larnin'; poor country folks had no use of it—it only put them above themselves, and made them good for nothin'. None of his folks had schoolin', and he reckoned his young 'uns were no better than 'em—so there was an end on't."

Emily, despite this plain hint, ventured to speak of Joe, but was interrupted with:

"Look'e here, don't you talk of that ere boy, for it makes me mad, and I don't want to say nothin' to hurt you, ma'am, or miss, I s'pose would be more like the thing—"

"O, call me Emily," interrupted our heroine, eager to ingratiate herself on account of the children. "I dislike formality among friends."

"Well, now, that's what I like," said the farmer, so evidently gratified that Sarah was fearful her companion's fingers would undergo another pressure; but the distance between them fortunately prevented it. "But as I was sayin', Emily—that's a pretty name, too—about that boy of mine, see what larnin' has done for him. Why, mother knows it herself, though she's always takin' his part, and wantin' him to get more—I see him gettin' it, though. You never see sich a changed critter since that plagy school-master put it in his head to want schoolin'. He's grum and ugly as he can be, just 'cause he wants

to go to school, or he mopin' over books to lose his time. I'll have no sich foolin'—but it does make me mad to see him so cross-grained, and I can't beat it out of him, neither."

Here Sarah Jones, whose risible emotions had been several times excited, burst into a fit of laughter. The farmer looked at her in amazement.

"I wonder if a bad temper was ever cured by beating!" she said to him; "and the idea of calling such names to poor Joe, the kindest, most obliging boy in the whole neighborhood!"

"O yes, you all think him mighty fine, and that was what pooty nigh spoilt him first, and the plagy books finished it."

Emily hinted that a little indulgence might be beneficial to the lad, especially as knowledge was all he wanted; and when the father replied that he had other things for him to do, she suggested that the evenings might be pleasantly and usefully spent in his own way.

"O yes, yes, I know all about that. Set moping over books half the night, and then lay abed till dinner-time. That woud do for me, certainly."

Emily was obliged to yield the point. For a month more, she heard nothing of "Stingy Wiggins" or his family.

One afternoon, having extended her ramble with her pupils further than usual, she was hurrying alone through the woods, when loud cries from Wiggins's house arrested her attention. She stopped hesitatingly, but recognizing the voice of Mr. Wiggins, she discarded all scruples and hastened in. It was a painful scene on which she entered. Little Agnes was lying upon the bed with her mother hanging wildly over her, her father, pale and haggard, standing in speechless distress, Joe kneeling beside his mother weeping convulsively, and the two others standing apart pale and tearful. On perceiving Emily, Joe sprang up hopefully, and quickly informed her of what had happened.

The little girl had been sick for some days, and that afternoon was left in her father's charge, with strict cautions not to give him anything, as he was entirely ignorant of medicines. In the interim, however, the child had a violent spell of coughing, and anxious to give her some relief, the father seized a bottle of laudanum, supposing it to be cough drops, and gave a half spoonful. Just as she swallowed it, Joe entered, and perceiving the open bottle and the spoon, cried out in alarm. His cries brought in his mother, who, on learning of the mistake, could only cry and caress the child who was already sinking into the fatal stupor. Emily's arrival was providential. With quick presence of mind, she gave the sim-

ple remedies at hand, and ere she left the house she knew that danger was past.

The father's gratitude to the preserver of his favorite child was deep and lasting. Emily, by the mother's desire, took advantage of it to press him again to give his children some little education, and unwilling to refuse her, he yielded. He became reconciled to Joe, too, and gave him permission to attend Emily's school all the fall and winter, if he chose, for he could do without his help!

Joe and the two little girls, Becky and Agnes, were sent to school; and their progress was satisfactory to the delighted mother, and equally so, it was suspected, to the father, though when spoken to on the subject he always said they might be better employed. Jane, the eldest daughter, cared nothing for school. "She was her daddy's own gal," as he said. But when, to the increased astonishment of the neighborhood, Emily's representation induced him to allow his wife to hire a girl for help in domestic matters, Mrs. Wiggins took care that Jane should enjoy equal advantages.

"Hallo, what nonsense are you up to now?" was Mr. Wiggins's salutation to Emily, as he saw her in the garden one fine afternoon in the succeeding summer, and at her smiling invitation, went in to "take a look at all her fine doins'." Emily was arranging a bouquet of her choicest flowers to send to Mrs. Wiggins by Joe, who was yet in the school-room practising his favorite pursuit, drawing. The farmer smiled, as he watched her slight, snowy fingers moving so dexterously among the fragile blossoms.

"There's lots of sich things over at our place now. Joe and Beck and Ag were busy all the spring through layin' out a garden. Every youngster about the neighborhood is going stark mad about flowers and all sich—so, of course, mine must go the same way. So they got around me, and I see their heart was set on it, 'ticularlly Joe's, and he's such a changed boy now, that I don't want to plague him. I say, what did you do with him? He's jest like he was long ago, when he was a little gaffer, only better I do think. I never thought I'd have sich comfort with him, as since you've had him in hands."

Just then Joe came out of the schoolroom, and she would have changed the subject, but the farmer went on:

"Here, Joe, maybe you'll tell me what Miss Emily want. I do want to know what she's done with you to make you sich a different boy; you never got into the mumps now-a-days."

Emily felt painfully embarrassed for the shy,

sensitive boy, whose crimson cheek showed his boyish mortification at being thus spoken to in her presence; but she felt that her daily inculcated lessons were not wholly unavailing, when at the last words tears rose to the lad's eyes, and pressing his lips to his father's rough, brown hand, he murmured:

"Dear father, I hope I shall never displease or grieve you again."

The father was taken by surprise. He had partly withdrawn his hand, but with a better impulse he passed his arm around his son and kissed the broad, thoughtful brow; then drawing his hand across his misty eyes, and clearing his throat, he turned to exchange a friendly greeting with Mrs. Ball, who came to invite him into the house.

"I should like to know what's come over the boy, that's a fact," the farmer said to his wife that night, as he was telling of his call at the teacher's.

Mrs. Wiggins laughed—laughter, merry jests, and above all, *time to enjoy them*, were no strangers to the old farm-house now—as she replied:

"Some of our neighbors would like to know what has come over you, too."

"So they would, and it's more'n I can tell, 'less it be some of that cunnin' little gal's doin's. But I tell you what, mother, we wont do as well this year as we used to. Let's see."

And the farmer began to make calculations of what he should probably lose, with a comic gravity, unlike the sordid, grumbling calculations of other times. His wife listened placidly. When he had finished, she said:

"You have calculated our losses—now begin and count up our gains."

"No, I cannot do that," he replied slowly and with feeling. "It is easy to reckon our losses—a few dollars 'll cover them; but our gains—who could begin to reckon them?"

Who, indeed? And who could estimate the influence for good exerted, in more than that family, by the young teacher? Who foresees all the fruits, for time and eternity, of the seed sown and nurtured in many a young heart within that little schoolroom? There were none to regret, but many to bless the day that first saw the little cottage become the abode of the "folks from town," who, as the time glided tranquilly by, enjoyed in the faithful fulfillment of duty a peaceful serenity of mind and pure heart-happiness, which many of the great and courted of high places might envy.

There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.

THE SONG OF THE MARINER.

BY MARY F. BARNER.

O, the sea, the sea hath a charm for me,
As I list to its changeless roar,
And I'd rather sail to the sound of the gale
Than wander the green earth o'er,
And oft as I gaze into other days,
I pray that my lot may be
In the future cast as hath been my past,
On the breast of the heaving sea.

For 'tis joy to ride on the billowy tide,
And watch the bounding spray,
As the tinted clouds that the sky enshroud,
Herald the rising day.

And with rapture I gaze on the sun's first rays,
Gliding the sparkling wave,
As with azure and gold of beauty untold,
Old ocean's brow they lave.

And at setting sun, when the day is done,
To watch in the far-off west,
The amber and blue form a glorious hue,
Like halo that falls over the blast;
And dream as I gaze, of those olden days,
Of joy and lightsome mirth,
How far away I was lured to stray,
From my childhood's happy hearth.

And often I hear when the tempest's near,
The voice of the angry waves,
As with wailing scorn it points to the bourn,
Where the sailor will find a grave;
Yet I never fear when its voice I hear,
For 'tis sweeter far to me,
To sink to rest on the ocean's breast,
Than be laid 'neath the greenwood tree.

I could calmly sleep in the mighty deep,
Where the waters my brow would lave,
Where the clouds might weep, and the stars would keep
Their vigils o'er my grave;
Where a seaweed pall would o'er me fall,
And droop on my bed of gold;
Where mermaids fair would wreath in my hair
Gems of unearthly mould.

THE ENCHANTED CAMEL.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Those who have travelled in oriental countries are familiar with the fact that love for the marvellous is a characteristic of the people. It is interwoven with their thoughts, waking or sleeping; and their traditional stories, like their modern imaginings, abound with extraordinary exhibitions of exuberant fancy.

So recently as at the commencement of the year 1881, the writer passed through a desolate section of the desert of Arabia, between Egypt and Syria, with a friend who cheerfully shared with him the privations and vexations which belong to all expeditions on camels.

Usually, the caravan got under way about daylight in the morning, and came to a halt at four o'clock in the afternoon. From that hour, till dark, the animals were fed, the sheik baked a doura cake, and we cooked or rather ate a kind of meal that was christened a dinner.

Through the day, the customary rate of speed could not have exceeded twenty-five miles, at the farthest. By timing the gait of the camels, the halter of one being tied to the crupper of the other, we rarely accomplished three miles in an hour. It is a tedious mode of travelling, but it is not probable that any other method will supersede it, for crossing the great deserts of Africa, in hundreds of years to come. There is not inland commerce enough to warrant railroads or canals in those arid regions; and if either were constructed, the drifting of impassable sand would ultimately destroy any known device of man that might be suggested. The camel, therefore, fitted by its peculiar anatomical structure for the very localities where they are so very serviceable, can never be dispensed with while nomadic life continues.

After replenishing our stomachs, and the sheik and his slave had lighted their pipes, we filled ours also, and gathering round the apology for a fire, made and replenished every few minutes with bits of sticks, dry grass, and such rubbish as could be picked up on the sand through the day, as a group we were really quite happy.

While the volumes of white tobacco smoke ascended from the bowls, and in small clouds rolled away in the air, the camels, lying down and grinding their dry beans, seemed to participate in the enjoyment. A question arose respecting the intelligence of these awkward beasts. Certainly they have a small brain, with a huge body. With that organ a few times larger, it is presumed it would be difficult to manage them. As it is, means are beautifully adapted to ends. They were designed to occupy precisely the place in which they are found. Without them, the Bedouin Arab could not exist, as he now does.

But it would take up too much time to discuss the beautiful law of nature, which has provided for the physical well being of every grade and kind of organized being, from man to a monad, and hence we shall proceed at once to our story.

To a conversation in regard to the instincts of the camel, and its intelligence, and a query as to whether they profited by their experience, the sheik seemed to listen with profound attention. Of course he could not understand English, but we could speak enough of the Arabic to give him the gist of the subject.

Story-telling is a distinct branch of business in the East, recognized as an elevated profession, because it implies a tenacious memory, a familiar acquaintance with the elements of humanity, the virtues and vices of society, and, lastly, they are supposed to cultivate a purity of language, by taking the place of authors in other countries. Shomah Hassan—or, as he was called by his friends, Sheikh Shomah Hassan—had been a great traveller, and knew the bearings of the prominent objects in the desert, from Suez to Sinaï, or from Cairo to Hebron, better than any Arab engaged in carrying frangees and howajis over the trackless sand.

Sheikh Shomah Hassan was not so old but that he had a full complement of wives, who did pretty much as they chose when he was from home; but they were ruled much as he managed his camels, on returning—that is, they were fed, and sometimes abused.

On one of his returns, which was at an unexpected moment for his faithful household, the door was closed, the water jar broken at the threshold, and an old camel left in the care of his youngest helpmeet to be recruited was gone, and the inmates of the domicile also. Hassan made no outcry among his neighbors, but hampered his camels, after unlading them, gave them a generous supply of food, and then set to work to enter the premises.

Hassan's slave, Gobab, had related the affair thus far, when the sheik laid down his pipe, stroked his flowing, grisly beard, bowed towards Mecca, and said: "Frangees—all this is true, as related by the slave. But he may make mistakes, or neglect to speak with reverence of the Prophet—blessed be the memory of the just, and I will therefore tell you myself of the wonders that belong to the land of the believers."

He took a long breath, raised his turban so that the air might cool his head, shorn the day before, crossed his legs anew, and again paid his respects to the point of compass indicating the direction of the Holy City, and then commenced. Gobab, the slave, put himself in a position to brace his feet, in case he should be frightened.

"With considerable effort, the lock gave way, and on entering, there stood the old camel staring me in the face. Reaching out my hand to take the halter, it was gone. I then put my hand to his neck and gave the sound, *cluck, cluck*, to make him lie down, that a noose might be slipped over his nose, but he never moved.

"'Very well,' said I to myself, 'there is something in a bag that will bring you out of the house, if anything remains persuasive in barley.' I opened a sack and placed a generous mess in a

skin and returned with the fodder—when lo, he had disappeared!

"The hour of prayer had arrived, so spreading a mat, and salaaming according to the directions of the book, I omitted nothing which our faith demands. On rising and opening my eyes, there stood the camel directly over me, but immovable. Crawling out from under his huge body, avoiding his legs, and rising to my feet—he was gone! Not a tread had been heard—no noise broke upon the stillness of the house save the working of the jaws of the hampered beasts.

"I now resolved to explore the interior of the house, and ascertain what this absenteeism of the whole family could mean. On popping my head into the door, there stood the camel again—stiff, apparently, as though he were made of stone. Looking again towards Mecca, the fountain of light, and repeating the tabih, which is confessing unlimited confidence in the protection of the Prophet, I boldly squeezed between his tall, bony limbs, and thus got beyond him.

"Entering the harem, there sat all my wives on the divan, dressed gorgeously—fast asleep, but bolt upright. Touching Allem Bulec, the youngest—fair as a lily, sweet, too, as a newly-plucked rose, who cost me three hundred piasters of a Jew dealer—the camel screamed, but Allem moved not. What was particularly frightful, no effort of mine could remove her from that position! There the old camel stood in his place, repeating the horrible noise, which I was quite sure would be heard at a great distance, and attract somebody to the place.

"Next I tried to raise my oldest wife, the mother of a son now in the army of the pasha; but she was in precisely the same fixed position. At that juncture, it was first perceived that neither of the four were breathing. This discovery shocked me exceedingly. But arming myself with new courage by repeating the tabih again in a loud voice, they simultaneously opened their eyes!

"'Allah is great,' said I, 'and Mohammed is his prophet!' The words were no sooner out of my mouth, than nothing remained in the room but the divan on which they had been sitting and my solitary self.

"Night was fast approaching. A question came up in my mind what it was best to do. There were either four enchanted women in the house, or none at all—besides a camel. On the whole, it was concluded there would be less disturbance with the working camels, outside, and therefore I enveloped myself in the bournouse, and snugly edged up by the side of one of them, for the sake of the warmth to be afforded.

"It was now dark, when everything was arranged for repose. But before closing my eyes, I went through with the prescribed prayers under circumstances of peril. I had confidence in the security which a faithful Moslem has in the protecting arm of the Prophet. A Christian, under any manifestations of an evil spirit, has no such resource. With a conscience void of offence, and a resolution to live up to the tenets my fathers had professed, I soon fell into a sweet slumber, which must have lasted till near midnight.

"Something was pulling at my toes, on awaking. I started up, when what should I see but the old camel, with panniers slung on either side, and my four wives stowed away in them, two in each. A small Nubian slave sat on the front of the saddle, holding the halter. They all beckoned to me to get in, but said nothing. 'Very well,' said I to myself, 'a man has a perfect right to go with his own family. Had they been strange women, or the camel met my own property, I should have shaken my head in the negative. As it was, I *clucked*, when down fell the camel on his knees, but utterly refused to lower his haunches.

"It was excessively awkward to mount while he was in that ugly position. As for stepping into the panniers, that could not be done. Two was enough for any basket, were it ever so capacious, especially when they were women. To my amazement, the slave never offered to slide further back, beyond the hump, his appropriate place; nor did he attempt to make room for me by moving from where he ought not to have been."

Hassan emptied the ashes from his pipe, and recharged it with the real Syrian string-leaf. This was an indication of being comfortable. Our impatience would hardly allow so much rest, or rather break in the narrative. We were anxiously waiting for the remainder. He resumed:

"Waiting for the slave to make room, but perceiving he had no intention of doing so, I caught up a courbash and gave him a terrible blow over the head. 'Moustibé!—slave,' said I, 'by the beard of Abu Talib, your body will be in two pieces if I strike again.'

"But the threat never moved a muscle of his face. My wives stared at me, but said nothing. Determined to be up to my word, I took a sword which was always worn when travelling—for my indignation was boundless—and smote the black rascal. Instead of streams of blood or a scarred carcase, they had all disappeared—slave, camel, wives and housings! This was a

dilemma. I was convinced that the evil spirit Kourbrás—the same that once tempted the mother of the Prophet—had a hand in these strange phantasmagoric changes.

"With this solution of the cause that was operating to try the strength of my faith, a new resolution animated me to resist his influences on myself. I therefore again turned towards the Casba in adoration, and touched my head reverentially three times to the ground—repeating at each the prayer against demons. Nothing can stand against that most efficient and sovereign antidote to witchcraft and demonology, like that solemn ceremony. Often the Prophet himself rebuked the wicked attentions of black spirits, by resorting to the same excellent device, which might be recommended even to infidel dogs.

"A question arose in my mind thus: 'Where is the camel? where my four wives?' Scarcely had the thought been matured, when the old camel stood by my side. The baskets were gone, the women had disappeared, but the impudent slave was holding on to the tail of the animal by his teeth! A sight so novel moved my mirth. I laughed outright—ay, and long too. How ridiculous! holding on at the tip of the tail with one's teeth! Suddenly the tail commenced swinging to and fro, which brought a hard strain upon the Nubian's jaws. Still he held his grip.

"After walking round the camel several times, to understand as far as possible whether it was a real beast, and the swinger what he appeared to be, a voice was heard directly overhead calling me by name. Falling on my knees, facing Mecca as before, I said: 'O, Prophet, I am an honest believer, always rising at the call of the Imaum for early prayer; and if I live, it is my desire to make the holy pilgrimage to the tomb of the friend of the faithful. To be a hadghi, is an ambition that it is lawful to indulge.'

"The voice said, in a soft, persuasive tone: 'The camel cannot stoop to thee, O man of almedeeds! Climb up to his neck and seize the saddle-pin.'

"I obeyed the directions, and found myself going through the air at the rate of five hundred miles an hour. The Nubian slave quickened the camel, if he slackened speed, by grinding his teeth to the quick of the tail. My turban blew off, the bourneuse was rent, and it was with extreme difficulty I could hold on to the saddle-pin. At last the camel came to a halt before a splendid palace somewhere in the dominions of the Shah of Persia. The slave let go of the tail

and walked to the gate. Sentinels bowed at his approach—presented their arms, as though he were a person of distinction. Music was heard within, and the sound of revelry pervaded the whole region.

“Soon after the disappearance of the fellow who had been riding through the sky at the extremity of a camel’s tail, the great folding-gates opened, and a procession was seen coming down the marble steps. First came the pasha of the place, followed by two hundred of his own sons dressed in scarlet. Their beards were stained with henna, their nails were secured in silver cases, the sign of gentlemen, and they smoked golden pipes. After them, came their mothers. They were beauties—each of whom would have sold at Asuan for two thousand piasters. Contrary to the customs of the true believers, they were without veils. At the demoralizing exhibition of the faces of women, thus exposed, I was shocked.

“By degrees we became accustomed to things which a sense of modesty would at first condemn. This is a common custom in Christian countries; but they are in darkness, nor can they be taught till the book of the law is placed before them.

“Following the females, were six hundred little boys. They were pipe bearers to the pasha. All the while I sat on the camel. Dancing girls, in the witchery of their charms, were performing each side of the procession, and lastly, a troop of horsemen brought up the rear, mounted superbly, with golden hilted swords by their sides. Various interesting gyrations were performed, led off by the pasha. As they passed and re-passed me, they bowed gracefully. The camel returned the civility, and then the music gave forth an increased volume of sweet sounds. Lastly, marching directly up to me, the pasha pronounced an oration on the art of managing a wife.

“‘Thou art,’ said the great man, ‘the only husband in the country in which thou residest, of all the subjects of the pasha, who can rule a woman. Thy fame has been spread over the world; and it is for the twofold purpose of honoring one who has found out the art of having peace at home, and compensating thee for the favor thou hast conferred on the faithful by the force of example, that Mowradak, prince of the enchanters, has transported thee hither.’

“Of course he was thanked in courteous language for the flattering encomiums on my successful system of domestic discipline.

“‘May it please your Highness, Great Pasha,’ said I, ‘I was not conscious of meriting civilities

or compensation for maintaining peace in my own house. Since you are pleased to give me credit for it, in this public manner, I shall not conceal the art.’

“‘And what is it?’ eagerly asked the pasha, the whole procession repeating it like an echo; ‘what is it?’

“‘First, they are provided with all the rice they can eat; hunger provokes discord and family jars. Secondly, they are under no restraint, but go where inclination moves them; consequently they would be ashamed to go to disreputable places. Thirdly, a full stomach makes a merry heart, and liberty never weeps for bondage; therefore, there is more laughing than crying on my premises.’

“‘At that, they all cried with a loud voice, ‘bring him the pearls.’

“Forty slaves, bearing each a tray of pearls, came to me, fell on their knees, and so did the camel. My eyes were opened, and lo! there were the panniers, my wives and myself on the beast. They helped themselves to bracelets, rings and anklets of pearls. I filled my bosom and all the spare places in the panniers.

“‘Cluck, cluck,’ said the pasha. In an instant, I was standing at my own door! Pushing back the bolt, in I went, and there sat my four wives in smiles, delighted to see their lord.

“‘Explain this wonderful scene to me,’ said I; ‘explain.’

“‘Why,’ said they all, ‘after you swallowed the hot liquor from the Christian infidel’s bottle, your senses departed. You laughed, sighed, pretended to be alarmed, and talked incessantly about a camel, a Nubian slave, and our inability to move. Nothing has happened to us or to the camel.’

“I insisted that enchantment had been used—that what I have related was reality; but was obliged to confess, on the testimony of four witnesses, no one had been enchanted but myself—and the enchanter was confined in a bottle till a Christian let it enter my own stomach, when he took possession of my brain, as he does of yours, O Christian infidel! Hereafter, let your example correspond with your precepts—nor tempt the faithful to deal with enchantments which are imprisoned in bottles!”

COMPLIMENTARY.—An enthusiastic admirer of our distinguished Boston orator, admitted that Washington was a great and good man, but said “it remained for Mr. Everett to bring him out.” Seriously, however, the enthusiasm created everywhere by Everett’s oration, is a proof of the power of the orator, and of the good taste and warm patriotism of our people.

"LOVE'S FIRST KISS."

BY FELHAM.

O, what is there in life more sweet
Than love's first kiss—
The chaste, pure feeling of a soul
O'erflowed with bliss.

The language of the heart more plain
Than tongue can speak—
Which, coming from the heart, mere words
Would make but weak.

The emblem of a tie that binds
Two souls as one—
The harbinger of joy that lasts
Till life has gone.

MR. JOHN GRAHAM, BACHELOR.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

"How pleasant and cosy it is here, this evening! No wife to weary me with her insipid prattle, or vex me with her perpetual teasing and whining; no children to raise up Bedlam around me, and be the plague of my life. Old bachelors, indeed! Let the world deride our single estate as it will, it is all envy. We are the salt of the earth. Talk of *our* lonely and disconsolate lot! it's wasting breath. Pity *us*! Folks had better bestow their compassion where it is needed. Who's happier than I?—I'd like to know." And John Graham gazed with an air of supreme satisfaction around his quiet, elegant parlor.

For a bachelor's abode, it was indeed wonderfully pleasant and cheerful. A bright anthracite fire glowed in the grate, shedding its genial warmth through the apartment. Mr. Graham was constitutionally somewhat of a dreamer. It was his favorite pastime to watch the weird, strange shapes which the glowing embers would assume, in their transition-state to smoke and ashes, where, alas! many of our fondest earthly dreams are prone to end.

Reader mine, are you a dreamer? Let me commend you to a bright, glowing fire. It has been the inspiration of my own most cherished dreams. Did you never trace in the dissolving embers grand palaces, gray old abbeys and sepulchral cloisters, and did your fancy never people them with forms to please itself? Ever and anon, the scene will change. The stately palace, the gray old castle, will fade into the simple thatched cottage; the noble lord, the high-born dame will vanish, and in their places we see the lowly lad and lassie. But they are lovers, and love can transform the thatched roof into a pal-

ace; it can make the lowliest hut seem the very gate of heaven. Commend me, in summer, to the fleecy, ever-changing clouds, on whose shadowy scroll many a mystic poem and wild romance is written; but in winter, close the shutters, draw the easy-chair before the open fire (I detest air-tights), and let me yield myself to a delicious reverie.

This little word "*I*" is becoming intrusive, and must be dropped; only let me remark, in passing, that in this respect, Mr. John Graham and my humble self are kindred spirits. Not content with the actual around him, he is sadly prone to make forays into the misty realm of imagination, and commune with beings not of this stale matter-of-fact world, and to wander through scenes which have not their home in the sober mundane sphere. To such follies as these, *I* too must plead guilty.

John Graham is a man of fortune and leisure. He can dream from morning till night, if so it liketh him; while *I*, poor damsel! must needs turn my heart inside out, and tell to the gossiping world fancies which I would fain keep in my own breast, glad to receive as an equivalent but a tithe of that gold of which my hero has never felt the need.

Yes, John Graham sat in his velvet-cushioned easy-chair, before a glowing fire, lost in reverie. A volume rich in traditions of the olden time had fallen at his side, and he was dreaming of those days of chivalry when kingdoms were staked for ladies' eyes, when mail-clad knights dared the battle's fiercest fray to win their smile.

But turreted castle and "faire ladye" watching from her lattice for her true knight's return; cloistered cell, where cowed monk and veiled vestal counted their beads and breathed their *paternosters*; chapel, in whose vaults lay the ashes of the noble dead, and from whose walls madonnas and saints looked down as if to guard their slumbers—all, all had vanished into thin air. Ah me, that such is the stuff our dreams are made of!

But a heap of ashes remained in the grate, the shadows of evening were gathering around him, and Mr. Graham awoke. The ideal had become merged into the actual. The room was growing dark and cold, and its master, rising, rang for fuel and lights, which were speedily forthcoming. The richly-cut astral was placed upon the centre-table, the fire was rekindled, and the room had assumed its most cheerful aspect, when Mr. Graham, gazing complacently around him, gave utterance to the exclamations with which we commenced this veritable history.

It was a snug, elegant home, that of our hero,

situated in one of the most desirable localities of our nation's metropolis. But one item was wanting to complete the perfection of his domestic arrangements. This he very well knew; yet he gave no such thought utterance—not he! He endeavored to persuade himself that he was at the very acme of human felicity, and that the introduction of a wife into his domicile would be the same drawback to his happiness, as was the skeleton in the houses of the ancient Egyptians. That ghastly shape of death was ever present, at the social hearth and festive board, reminding the pleasure-loving inmates of those gorgeous dwellings that they were mortal; and the constant presence of a Mrs. Graham by her liege lord and master's side, would have reminded that gentleman that *he, also*, was mortal, and, like weak and fallible men in general, had yielded up his bachelor liberty and happiness.

You would have read, at a glance, wealth and refined taste in the surroundings of Mr. Graham. Costly pictures, in gorgeous frames, adorned the walls of the room into which we have introduced you, kind reader. There were among them some of the choicest productions of the old masters (Mr. Graham had travelled in Europe), and also a few *chef-d'œuvres* of our own artists, for Mr. Graham was patriotic, and always encouraged genius at home. In a recess, partially concealed by a rich crimson drapery, were shelves filled to repletion with books upon whose gilded bindings you might have read the names most venerated in the literature of our own time, as well as those of the great bards and sages of the past. These were not kept for idle show, for their owner was a gentleman of ripe scholarship and decided literary taste. Curtains of the richest lace and velvet draped the windows, concealing the fearful storm that was raging without. We need not descant further upon the evidences of ease and elegance spread with such a lavish hand around our bachelor; suffice it to say, that in his mansion was all that luxury could sigh for, or unbounded wealth procure.

He drew his arm-chair to a table littered with the late magazines and dailies, which he honored with but a cursory glance, few of their articles being suited to his fastidious taste. Near the fire was drawn up a small table, covered with a snowy cloth, upon which was placed a spotless tea-service of china and silver. A slow, cautious step approached; the door opened, and an old lady entered, followed by a servant bearing the tea-tray. The lady seated herself at the head of the table, the gentleman at the foot.

While the twain are taking tea, let us introduce you to Miss Hannah Graham, Mr. John's

maiden aunt and housekeeper. A model housekeeper is this Aunt Hannah, and during the twenty years she has occupied that post in her nephew's establishment, he has never had cause to complain of buttonless shirts, undarned stockings, untidy rooms, cold tea, muddy coffee, or any of those thousand-and-one ills which bachelor flesh is heir to, which, we regret to say, few husbands escape.

In Aunt Hannah's eyes, "my nephew" was perfection itself, and she deemed a life devoted to his comfort and happiness, the highest glory to which a woman might aspire. Tea-time passed stiffly and unsocially, as usual. Aunt Hannah could talk only of household affairs and the weather, and these topics having been for the third time that day duly discussed, a dreary pause ensued. Her nephew having at length arisen from the table, the spinster rang the bell, and the servant came and removed the tea-things, as usual. Then having received a "no, I thank you" to the stereotyped inquiry, which in twenty years had not been once omitted—was anything requisite for her nephew's comfort? could she be of any further service to him?—Aunt Hannah bade her usual deferential "good night," and retired to her chamber.

Mr. Graham being left to his own reflections, relapsed again into a reverie. The train of his reflections ran somewhat in this wise:

"Yes, thank Heaven, that I am a bachelor! May it give me grace to remain so to the end of the chapter. Many a plot has been laid against my single blessedness, many a matrimonial snare has been set for me, but fortunate man that I am, I have escaped them all!

"'Tisn't myself that managing mamas and pretty daughters are seeking so perseveringly. No, I haven't the vanity to think that, though I don't consider myself by any means ill looking;" and our hero cast quite a satisfied glance into a full-length mirror opposite, which certainly reflected as handsome and noble a countenance, and as fine a figure as one would wish to see.

"Ah, it's my money, the dear artless creatures are sighing for! With that alone, were I possessed of no other recommendation, I could win the best of them, I dare say.

'Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.'

says Moore, and he merely echoes Byron's opinion:

'Women, like moths, are only caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs might despair.'

That's true as gospel, every word of it. Now while appealing to the poets for support of my

own long-established opinions, I am more forcibly than ever reminded of the truth of the words of that old bard, who wrote years and years before my grandfather was born :

'O take, if you would measure well the worth of woman's mind,
A scale made of the spider's web, and weights made of the wind.'

As it was in the beginning with the sex, so it is now—ay, and ever shall be ! How a sensible man can bind himself for life to one of these frivolous beings, is more than I can understand.

"But I have known one true woman. Let me not defame my mother ! There was another, too, whom I once deemed perfection. Had Florence Ingraham smiled upon my suit, I might have met the fate of Benedick after all. It was a lucky thing for me that she refused me. I will set that down as a mere boyish infatuation, the only folly I was ever guilty of in that line. And yet *boyish* is hardly the word, for when we first met, I was a man turned twenty-five, and she a mere child of fifteen. Yet even then her heart was in another's keeping, and could not be mine. They say that she married wretchedly. I wonder where she is to-night ! But what is that to me ? Just nothing at all. Vive le single blessedness ! It is lonely here, though ! I wish Aunt Hannah wasn't quite so much of an automaton. I wish Smith would drop in, just to relieve the monotony. That Smith's a glorious fellow ! heart free and happy like myself."

At this stage of our bachelor's reverie, the door-bell rang, announcing a visitor who did not prove to be Smith. Who it was, we will tell you presently.

"An' faith an' is it the likes of ye that's a pokin' yerself here into me mather's front door ? Get along into the kitchen, and it's meself that'll be afther seein' what ye want. I'll not bother the gentleman wid ye. Here I've toted up two flights of stairs, jist to shat the door in yer face. Come round to the servant's door, as ye ought to, and I'll let ye in."

"O please let me come in now, I am so cold ; besides, I must see your master or mistress, to get the pay for this work. Please do let me in now ; I can't wait."

This was the colloquy which disturbed the train of Mr. Graham's thoughts, in which he recognized the coarse Irish brogue of his serving woman Margaret, and the soft pleading tones of a child. He was a generous, kind hearted man. The destitute never left his door unblessed, the suffering unrelieved. He stepped at once into the hall, and said : "Come into my parlor, little girl, and warm yourself."

The child needed no second bidding. She was a pale, fragile creature, apparently some ten years of age, and seemed almost benumbed with cold. John Graham took her tenderly in his arms, and placing her in the chair he had just vacated, he drew it up to the fire with its tiny burden. He then proceeded to remove the old hood and thin, faded shawl, which with a tattered calico frock had been her chief protection against that pitiless storm. Her clothes were covered with sleet, the little feet protruded from the worn shoes, and the unmitten hands were nearly frozen.

"Poor little thing !" said the sympathizing bachelor, as taking the child upon his knee, he held the benumbed feet to the fire and chafed the little blue hands in his own warm, white palm. "Poor child !" he repeated ; and as Margaret stood at a respectful distance gazing upon the scene, and wondering at her fastidious master's condescension, he said : "Margaret, bring me some warm blankets to wrap around this child, and call Miss Graham, I fear she is very ill. Why, Margaret, if I had not overheard your conversation, you would have driven her from the door, and she might have perished."

"An' wouldn't I have my hands full, yer honor, to be afther takin' in all the low trash like her, that's comin' here every day ? I'd have risked her dying—those folks have as many lives as a cat ; 'tain't quite so easy killin' 'em."

A look of displeasure from her master checked Miss Margaret's loquacity, and she left the room to execute his commands.

Aunt Hannah soon made her appearance. She gave the child a reviving draught, which soon awoke her from the partial stupor into which she had fallen. She opened her eyes, and gazed intently into Mr. Graham's face, and in those pale, wasted features, he read unmistakable signs of starvation.

"Have you had any supper to-night, my dear ?" he asked, in his kindest tones.

"No, sir," replied the little girl, her transparent cheek becoming crimson, and tears starting to her eyes. "I haven't tasted a mouthful for two days. Mother hasn't neither, and that is the reason why I came out on such a night as this, to get the money for that work."

"What work, my child ?"

"Why, the shirts mother's been making for you. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we knew we couldn't get it then. O please do pay it to me now, and let me go home. Mother is so sick. She had to sit up in bed, and finish the work."

"I knew nothing about the work. Aunt Hannah was getting it done for me, I suppose. What a dear, kind soul she is, never to trouble me about such matters," soliloquized Mr. Graham. "She has just stepped out to bring you some supper. I'll ask her about it when she returns."

"Please, sir, I oughtn't to wait for any supper—wont you pay me the money now, and let me go? There were just six of them. Mother's at home all alone in the dark and cold. Besides, she'll be frightened about me."

"Pay you, poor child? Indeed I will; but I'm not going to trust you out alone, on such a dark night as this. I'll not send a servant with you, either—I'll go myself. Now, while I am getting ready, just be eating some of the food that Miss Graham has brought you."

Mr. Graham was a long time making his preparations to go out—a much longer time than was necessary, for, as he occasionally glanced at the child, he could not fail to notice the eagerness with which she partook of the food Miss Graham had set before her.

He scrutinized her narrowly, and saw that she was an unusually lovely child. The delicacy of her form, and the refined expression of her features, told that she did not belong to the vulgar herd which a great city usually recognizes as its wretchedly poor. Those long silken curls, the expression of those large hazel eyes, the contour of those finely-chiselled features, strangely reminded him of a fair image which had for years been imprinted upon the tablet of his memory, and whose outlines time and change had not erased.

"It is a mere fancy," he sighed. "Why is it, that always when I see a face strikingly beautiful, I compare it with hers, and never fail to trace some resemblance to those sweet features which will haunt my memory till I die? Ah! crusty bachelor that I am, cynic though I may become, I must admit that Florence Ingraham was my destiny—my life's one love. It was a strange infatuation! Alas, that there could be only one in the wide, wide world like her!

"Now we are ready, little one," he said, when having muffled the child in the hood and shawl which Aunt Hannah had brought, he took her hand in his, and they sallied forth.

It was a bitter night, and Mr. Graham, strong, robust man as he was, shrank back, as upon opening the door a gust of wind drove the chilling sleet full in his face. Yet he was not one to be deterred from an earnest purpose, and sheltering the little girl beneath the ample folds of his cloak, they walked on.

"What is your name, my child?" inquired Mr. Graham, after they had proceeded a short distance.

"Florence Selby," she replied.

Florence! Ah, that name still had power to send a thrill through John Graham's heart.

"Florence Selby! and what was your mother's name?" he asked, led on by an impulse he could not control.

"Florence Ingraham," was the reply.

"Florence Ingraham? The same, by heaven! the very same," ejaculated Mr. Graham. "Ah, now I understand the strange interest I took in the child from the first. Florence, darling, let me carry you in my arms," he said, tenderly. "You are too fragile to brave this blustering storm. There, lay your head upon my bosom; we will soon be at your mother's; if you have told me the right street and number, it cannot be far distant."

"I have, I am sure I have, sir, and you'll pay her the money, wont you? as soon as we get there, because I want to go out before the shops are closed, and get some bread and fuel for to-morrow."

"Bless your poor little heart! To be sure I'll pay you, and I'll go and get you the food and fuel myself. I'm not going to trust such a little girl as you are out again on such a night as this. Bless me! now I think of it, how much you look like your mother!"

"Have you ever seen my mother? because she don't let anybody that she used to know see her now, if she can help it. She always draws her veil over her face when she meets any of her old acquaintances. I suppose she feels ashamed, because she is so poor. Where did you ever see my mother?"

"No matter now, little Florence, I'll tell you at some other time. But here we are right in her neighborhood. Where does she live? Do any of those lights come from her room?"

"O no, sir. We haven't any candles, nor fire either, to-night; but set me down, and let me take your hand, and I can lead you to our room in the dark."

That was a wretched neighborhood to which little Florence Selby had brought the wealthy Mr. Graham, and before the most wretched of the squalid dwellings there she stopped. Threading their way in the dark through many a narrow passage, and up many a crazy staircase, little Florence at length opened a door, and groping her way to her mother's bedside, whispered:

"Mother, I have come! and such a nice, kind gentleman has come with me! Don't you think, he carried me almost all the way in his arms!

and he's going out himself to buy us bread and fuel and lights."

A faint moan was the only answer. Mr. Graham advanced through the darkness to Mrs. Selby's side and pronounced her name, but she made no reply. "Your mother is ill, I fear," he said to Florence. "I will go for lights and assistance." Finding his way into the next tenement, he procured a tallow candle. As it shed its flickering rays round the room, they revealed a scene of destitution such as Mr. Graham, although he had for years made visiting the poor a Christian duty, had never before witnessed. They fell upon the wasted form of the sufferer. It was Florence—his much-loved Florence; though years of sorrow had passed over that face, since last they met, he knew her still.

She lay there still and motionless as a statue. Her eyes were closed, their long dark lashes sweeping a cheek Mr. Graham had ever before seen glowing with the rosy hue of health, its faint hectic flush now the only visible token that life remained. He bent his ear down—her breath came short and quick; he in vain attempted to arouse her, and then he felt that, exhausted with that last despairing effort she had made for bread, she had sank back on her wretched couch to die.

At length, she seemed partially roused from her lethargy, by the sob of the little Florence; she opened her eyes, but their wild light spoke of delirium, and they had no glance of recognition for her child. She essayed to speak, but the words were incoherent, and finally died away into a faint moan. John Graham lingered a little time, and then left the room. He despatched a man for a physician, another for fuel, and a bright fire was soon casting its ruddy glow around that cheerless apartment.

"Ah, you *here*, Mr. Graham?" exclaimed Doctor Holden, in great astonishment. "Such scenes as this don't lie exactly in your way. I wish they did not so much in mine. To be called from our cosy firesides, on such a night as this, to visit these poor creatures, isn't very pleasant."

"You are quite mistaken in the character of your patient, Doctor Holden," replied Mr. Graham, "and I must beg that you will give her every attention in your power; there is no time for delay."

The doctor advanced to the bedside. "Why," he said, "there is a fever in this woman's veins which must have been brought on by hard work and slow starvation. If she had any constitution left, she might rally; yet I fear it is too late to save her now."

"I cannot hear it, doctor. There must be hope for her; she must not die now. Restore her to health, and name your reward."

Doctor Holden gazed a moment at Mr. Graham in surprise at this unwonted interest, and then said: "Certainly, sir, I shall do my best, and while there is life, there is hope, you know."

"Can't she be removed from this place?"

"She must be, or she can never recover. You see how the storm beats in even now, through these broken windows and the chinks in these old walls. There is little hope for her whether she remains here or not."

"But she shall not die here in this miserable place," said Mr. Graham, in a choked voice.

And that very night, she lay in a downy bed in the very best chamber of his mansion. Aunt Hannah took upon herself the office of nurse. Doctor Holden was unremitting in his attentions, and John Graham's pale countenance and agitated manner told how deep was his interest in the unconscious sufferer.

The crisis came, after many weary days and nights of suffering and of watching. Mrs. Selby had fallen into that deep sleep, from which she would waken to life and health, or which must be to her the sleep of death. Unconscious of everything around her, pale and beautiful as some form of sculptured marble, and to outward seeming almost as lifeless, she lay upon her pillow. Doctor Holden sat at a little table near the bedside, on which a night-lamp was burning. Before him lay a watch marking the slowly fleeting hours, which might finish the span of his patient's earthly existence. Aunt Hannah sat by the sleeper's side, and did not remove her eyes for a moment from those corpse-like features.

Mr. Graham had retired to an adjoining apartment, and little Florence lay sleeping in his arms. Thus they sat, through the whole of that long night, whose hours seemed interminable. Little Florence had fallen asleep, and just as a few faint streaks of light entering through the blind gave token of approaching dawn, Mr. Graham laid her upon a bed and stole softly to the sick-chamber. At that moment, the sufferer opened her eyes; their wild light was gone. Catching that glance of returning consciousness, "Thank God for his infinite mercy, which has spared her to us!" he said, and then approaching her side, he gently whispered her name.

She cast a bewildered glance around the elegantly furnished chamber, and then raised her eyes to the face of her former lover.

"Florence! dear Florence, do you know me?" he said.

Pressing her hand to her brow, as if to recall

some vanished image, she whispered: "I have had such a long, long dream! I was so destitute, so wretched! It was a dream that seemed to carry me through so many sorrowing, weary years. I was a mother and the child of my love was starving, and I had no bread to give her. I dreamed I had married George Selby—that I had turned in coldness from your love to his! O yes, John Graham, I know you. God bless you!" she murmured faintly, and then exhausted by the effort, sank back into a quiet slumber. * *

Gradually a knowledge of the exact state of affairs dawned upon Mrs. Selby's mind, and with that knowledge came a deep sense of the debt of gratitude she owed to Mr. Graham.

Some weeks had elapsed. Mrs. Selby had for the first time left her chamber. It was a mild day in spring, and she was sitting in the little back parlor by a window opening into the garden. The balmy air fanned her brow, and the soothing influences of nature spoke peace to her heart. A new life seemed to have entered every vein, and on her cheek she felt the glow of returning health. A soft step approached, and Mr. Graham stood at her side.

"I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel, Mrs. Selby, in seeing you so nearly restored to health," he said.

"Nor can I express the gratitude I feel to you, for your kindness to me and my daughter. We owe our lives to you. Though we can never repay you, God will reward you for it."

"I deserve no reward, Mrs. Selby, and yet you have it in your power to repay me a thousand fold. Florence, dear Florence!—may I not call you so now, since death long years ago severed the tie which bound you to another?—you are now, as you have ever been since our first meeting, dearer to me than my own life. Will you not remain here, and share my fortune and my home?"

"Mr. Graham! You surely cannot be serious? You would not elevate me from that depth of poverty and wretchedness in which you found me, to your own high station in the world. Do not mock me by such words. I have been thinking, as I sat here, that we must not intrude longer upon your kindness. I have acquirements which might be turned to account. Had I friends to assist me in obtaining pupils, I could teach—"

"Never, while I live! Ah, Florence, I have not deserved this distrust. For your sake, I have led a lonely life, through all these years. At our first interview, I loved you. I was a young man then; you were ten years my junior, and—"

"And I," said Mrs. Selby, interrupting him,

"a wayward, thoughtless child—an orphan with no friends to counsel me. I flung your manly devotion from me, for the affection of a wild, capricious boy. I married him, and how soon did I discover that blind infatuation, not love, had induced me to link my destiny with his. We were young and gay; we sought that happiness in society which we found not in each other. By our extravagance, my husband's patrimony was soon gone, and the large fortune left me by my father, which I had deemed inexhaustible, melted away like a snow-wreath. My husband sought to retrieve his losses at the gaming table; it was in vain. Then to drown his shame and sorrow, he had recourse to the intoxicating bowl. He became a drunkard, and ere our child could lip his name, he was in his grave. Yet he died penitent, thank God! Since then, I have struggled on in this great and heartless city; my health at length gave way, and I sunk into that abyss of poverty in which you found me."

"I know it all. What I did not gather from your own lips during your delirium, I learned from your child. Let us speak no longer of the past, dear Florence! It is a theme too painful. I offer you a love that has stood the test of years, and been tried in the furnace of sorrow. Can you reciprocate it? Will you accept it?"

"I can reciprocate it most fully, and accept it most thankfully. Heaven help me to be worthy of you!"

A year from that evening on which our story opens, a happy trio were seated around the cheerful fire in Mr. John Graham's parlor. Tea was over, and Miss Hannah Graham, as was her wont, had retired early.

"Florence, my love," said Mr. Graham, drawing his wife yet nearer to his side, "one year ago, this night, I was sitting here alone wrapped up in my selfish bachelor reflections. I almost shudder to think what a cynic I was becoming. Why, I should soon have eclipsed even Diogenes in his tub! It was a kind providence that sent me to you that night—was it not, dearest? It is a happy change for me, that the past year has wrought! Say, does the new love atone to you for the loss of the old?"

Mrs. John Graham placed her hand in her husband's, and as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear:

"That, meteor-like, in darkness set;
This, sweetly beams life's guiding star;
I did not love thee *first*, but yet
Thou know'st I love thee better *far*."

Knowledge, if neglected, is poison. Food, if undigested, is poison.

"IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS."

BY MIRANDA S. OSBORNE.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
 We wandered by the stream,
 Whose beauteous marge in wanton flow
 Of floral rainbows gleamed—
 And æphyrs gaily glided past,
 And heaven hung bright on high,
 And childhood's heart beat quick and fleet,
 And life flew gaily by.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
 We often met and roved
 Beside the stream with footsteps slow,
 But never dreamed we loved:
 Those days of joy flew quickly past—
 A sigh—a tear—we parted:
 Death willed it was our first and last—
 I roam now broken-hearted.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
 It seemeth like a dream;
 I hear the murmuring brooklet flow,
 I sit beside the stream:
 I press the marge her footsteps trod—
 The flowers her hand caressed—
 And whisper "Loved one—gone to God!
 Thy childhood's dream was blest."

THE SURPRISE.

BY CLARA A. HOWARD.

"AND you say you are sad, my poor Julie, and want to come for a few days to Linden Place! My dear cousin! did you not feel that you would be most cordially welcome, without even announcing, much less begging, a visit? Come, then, without delay; but leave your sadness on the road. Linden Place is in full glory, and it will not abide shadows. You say your heart weeps, while your face wears a smile! Well, love, you must 'lay your wet heart, by the side of your sunshiny face, and the bog will be dried presently.' In truth, I do not blame you, Julie, for being sad in a city, in the glorious time of summer. Why, you lose the better part of life, by being cooped up between bricks and mortar. Come out with me into the glorious old woods, and let dear nature speak to your heart and it will make it all too glad for weeping."

Such was the letter which Julie Bowen received from her lively cousin, Mrs. Linden. It was the first real smile that Julie's face had shown for the last six weeks; and yet one could hardly have thought that, situated as she was, she could have been very unhappy. Kind and indulgent parents, affectionate brothers and sisters, a luxurious city home, and all appliances for comfort

and elegance, would seem to have been fully sufficient to the happiness of most young ladies. But we all know how little the surroundings of any person of true sensibility can influence her happiness.

Only one year had Julie been initiated into fashionable society; and although she had floated on the topmost wave, far away, in the distant country town where her school-days had always been passed, there was one whose love was dearer to her than all this pomp and show, of which she was so tired. One glance of his large, spiritual eye was better than all the false-hearted compliments which thickened about the beautiful co-heiress of Mr. Bowen, whose wealth was almost fabulous.

But in the charmed circle of fashion, Fletcher Hervey would have been sadly out of place. His were the still and quiet occupations of a scholar; and his home could never be made amongst the frivolities and affectations of city life. He loved Julie Bowen, not for her wealth, for he had not even heard of it; but for her sympathy with his tastes, her fine appreciation of all talent, all genius, and all art that came within the scope of her observation; for her longings after a purer and more spiritual existence; and no less for her tender, womanly heart.

Step by step, through the last half year of Julie's scholar life, their love had progressed, and yet no word had been spoken by either. Fletcher Hervey was poor, and he felt bound to keep aloft from all engagements, until he could see his way clear before him. With the scanty salary of a teacher of languages, how could he expect anything for the future, but the meanest subsistence? But though lips may be mute, there is a language of the eyes not so easily guarded, and long before she was called to her father's princely home, to enter upon the world where she was to make a part of the pageant, she knew that she was dearly and truly loved.

A year went round, and Julie, dissatisfied with herself and every one around her, and longing for some place of quiet seclusion, where the butterflies of fashion would never think of folding their painted wings, wrote to Mrs. Linden, to invite herself to her pleasant home. It was a rare pleasure that she gave to Alice Linden, when she asked to go to her. She loved Julie better than either of her cousins. There was a great contrast between them, for Alice was a lively, impulsive and fanciful woman, while Julia was silent, almost to pensiveness, and with no slight tinge of romance lingering about the depths of her heart. No one could resist the hearty sympathy and unaffected cordiality of Mrs. Linden.

She met her visitor at the door, with welcome on her lip and in her eyes, and a voice of such tender sweetness, that Julie's tears sprang to her eyes.

An hour passed with Mr. Linden, showed her that he was worthy of his wife; and before the day had gone by, Julie felt herself perfectly at home. Her friends manifested that rare tact which leaves a visitor to her own pursuits, after providing liberally the means of enjoyment.

The family passed most of the time out of doors, and this freedom charmed Julie's taste, while it improved her health, and exhilarated her spirits. She joined eagerly in every plan which would keep her out of the house; and her friends rallied her upon the taste she exhibited, so different from other town-bred ladies.

"I am not a town-bred lady, Alice," she answered, "nor do I wish to be. My wishes all lie centered in a country life. I could rejoice to have a mere subsistence in the country, and work hard for that."

Alice laughed.

"You would suit a cousin of William's admirably," she said. "He is forever quoting these lines:

"I never formed a hope of happiness,
But in the country was the scene."

"But do you think, my lady fair, that you could really make butter and cheese, milk the cows, and bake corn-cakes?"

"No doubt of it whatever," said Julie, smiling. "I could do a great deal—sacrifice a great deal for those I loved."

Alice looked her in the face for a few moments without speaking. When she turned away, Julie heard her say, "Tears—low spirits—wants to live in the country—make sacrifices—bad symptoms!" and she shook her head gravely as she uttered each sentence.

"May," said Julie, following her, "I am not willing that you should think *that*—"

"*That!* that what?"

"What you were thinking of as you turned away."

"Really, Miss Bowen, I did not know you were a clairvoyant. I shall be afraid to think my own thoughts, now that I know that you are given over to the black art. But I will forgive you if you will 'make a clean breast,' to me, of all your thoughts. I know *something* is the matter with your little heart. Confess!"

And Julie, who had never spoken to mortal ears of her love for Fletcher Hervey, unveiled her whole heart to her cousin Alice. Not without many struggles indeed, but frankly and openly, without keeping back a single feeling in connection with it. Indeed, as she had come to her

for a cure, it would have been ungrateful not to describe her disorder to so kind and tender a physician.

"I really had designed, cousin Julie," said Alice, "that you should have bestowed your 'hand, heart and fortune,' upon a pet friend of William's. I will not tell you his name, because that would be hardly fair; but I will tell you this much. He is noble, talented, as highly born and highly bred as any of the Bowsens (I may say that, since I belong to the family!) and I doubt not, has as tender a heart as your Mr. Hervey. I am expecting him here on a visit, for he always comes on the first of September, to enjoy a week's shooting with William; and if you do not prefer him to your country school-teacher, I will give you over to a depraved taste."

"I defy him!" said Julie, catching some of her cousin's playful spirit.

After this, there were a great many mysterious talks between Mrs. Linden and her husband, and had not Julie thought it perfectly impossible on her cousin's part, she would almost have feared she was betraying her confidence. At any rate, she was confident that she was the subject of their conferences, for twice she had heard her name, just as she was opening the door of the room where they were talking, and moreover, their confusion showed that something was connected with her.

Time passed rapidly, even with Julie. Her sick heart healed under the glorious influences of nature that were everywhere around her. She loved to go out into the grand old woods, and give herself up to a higher inspiration, than even Fletcher's love could give her. Here was no common, girlish passion, which could vent itself in words—she was no love-lorn maiden, cherishing an idle sentiment and dignifying it with the name of love! No, she was an upright, pure and good woman, who made even the largest need of human love subservient to the worship of the divine.

She believed fully that her life and Fletcher Hervey's must and would remain apart. She believed truly that Mr. Bowen would sooner see her die, than wedded to a poor man; and her recent communing with nature, and with her own heart, and the confession that she had made to her cousin relieving her of her heavy secret, all combined with a full purpose that she had formed, of devoting her life to the duties of her situation, and allowing nothing selfish to mingle therein. It is a very good resolve, Julie! Let us see if you can keep it!

The other members of the Bowen family had returned from their sea-side excursions, to the

pleasures of a city life. Broadway was thronged with crowds of gay people who had come from summer tours, to mingle again in show and dissipation. Mannas, whose summer schemes had been rudely blasted. Young lovers, who had failed of securing the heart of the lady of their choice; old men who had left town to lessen their expenses, and had found them wonderfully increased; all met on the same plane of disappointment and vexation, again to form new plans of convenience, of love, or of retrenchment.

Julie was sent for at home, but Mrs. Linden would not hear of it; and her husband who was going to New York on business, promised to make it all right with her father and mother. She was so quiet here that she could not endure the thoughts of plunging again into the excitement and bustle of the city, and she was thankful when Mr. Linden brought the required permission. The first of September had come and gone; but no signs of Mrs. Linden's expected visitor. She read part of a letter to Julie, which he had written to her in answer to her earnest invitation.

"You ask me to come to you, dear friend, and you hint strongly that there is an attraction there which, you say, will soften even my obdurate heart. How little you know of me, Alice! I could tell you a history of the devotion of that heart, which would put all your preconceived ideas of it to flight at once. But I forbear. Perhaps when I come to you, your womanly sympathy will bring me to confession. Meantime, think anything of me rather than that I am obdurate or insensible. Remember that there is such a thing as unreturned love! I will be with you soon; but when, it will be impossible for me now to say."

"This is vexatious enough," said Mrs. Linden. "I know him so well, that I am perfectly aware why he refuses to appoint his visit. He knows what a flourish of trumpets we always receive him here, and he intends to take us by surprise."

Julie unconsciously let her thoughts flow out to this stranger, whose visit was so important to her friends—for Mr. Linden was as anxious as his wife was—and she really began to feel some curiosity to see him. But he did not come, and gradually she returned to her old musings about Fletcher Hervey. Not a single word had she heard from him since she parted from him so long ago, when his look only, not his words, betrayed the pain with which he saw her go. Not even his name had by any chance been mentioned to her; and sometimes she doubted if he still remembered her.

A rose leaf or two, a bunch of field violets, two or three lines of Italian—not immortalized by love or poetry—but a common school exercise, were all the visible signs she possessed of ever having known him. She had brought them instinctively, away from home, lest they should be discovered by her too curious sisters. She hardly knew whether she valued them or not. She only knew that she had a dread of destroying them, as if it would break some link between her heart and another, which she was hardly able to decide if it were at all right for her to keep bright in remembrance!

Among Mrs. Linden's other methods of passing time agreeably, she had a great passion for private theatricals. She had often gratified this taste, before Julie came, but thinking that her cousin would not like it, she had not proposed it until now. As the evenings lengthened, and grew cool, making it impossible to stay out of the house as they had done, Mrs. Linden's thoughts reverted to her old fancy; and with the aid of a few friends, she had contrived a very respectable dramatic representation, in which her husband and Julie, however, declined to appear. She therefore held them as prompters; the spectators being chiefly their neighboring acquaintances with their families. It closed with a dance, in which Julie was prevailed on to join, Mrs. Linden having previously insisted on her putting on a fancy dress, she had herself worn.

It was that of a flower-girl; and Julie, with her sweet, innocent face, and naturally graceful air, combined with the perfect simplicity of her manners, looked the character to a charm. As she was dancing a face, appeared a moment at the door, which made her start and tremble; it was so like Fletcher Hervey's. She lost her self-control for an instant, and lost the figure, but a moment's reflection showed her how impossible it was. As she ceased dancing, Alice came to her, and led her out of the hall. "Let us go to your room, Julie," she said. "William has a friend here, who may stay all night, and we will dress you in your own character."

She proceeded to dress Julie, who was powerless against her, in a beautiful white dress, which had just been sent home, and fastening a single white camellia in her hair, she left her, charging her not to appear below, until she was ready for her. Julie took up a book, and waited patiently. She heard some of the people driving off, and wondered that Alice did not call her to bid them good night. At last the house was still, and Alice came for her. As they turned into the little room at the bottom of the second staircase, Alice told her they were all gone.

"I did not call you," she said, "for it is so fatiguing to stand for an hour, saying nothing but good night! Besides I want William to see you in full glory. Your dress is charming, and you look as fresh as you did at five o'clock. How do you manage it? I am all worn out with the toil of seeing these people. Absolutely, I won't see them again this winter."

And she rattled on until she heard Mr. Linden come up stairs, when she left Julie alone, and passed into the drawing-room. Julie was standing by the table where she had left her; and when she heard, as she supposed, her footsteps coming back, she turned to speak to her. She looked up and saw Fletcher Hervey!

Alice had contrived this afterpiece to her evening's entertainment, with full satisfaction to herself. She had kept Julie's secret inviolate; and even Mr. Linden did not know that Fletcher had ever seen Julie before. Nor did Mr. Hervey know whom he was to meet in that little room, to which Alice had sent him for the bouquet which she had purposely dropped there.

Human nature is not always so sordid as we think. Julie had wronged her father by believing that he would not look upon a son-in-law without money. Mr. Bowen had seen enough, the last two or three years of his life, to make him feel that honest poverty is better than riches dishonestly acquired by rash speculations. When Fletcher Hervey, agreeably to his friend Linden's advice, stated his circumstances and his hopes to Mr. Bowen, the latter grasped him by the hand, and expressed his entire satisfaction with him as a son.

Mrs. Bowen sighed a little over Julie's narrow prospects; but when she knew Fletcher's worth, and perhaps also, when she knew that he had been appointed to a large professorship, and afterwards, too, when he became sought after as a great man, to whom her great men bowed down in conscious inferiority, she was not only reconciled but glorified herself exceedingly on account of her son, the professor. As to the professor himself, he could value all these things, exactly for what they were worth.

As the time drew near when Julie's marriage was set to be performed, she grew anxious that Fletcher should select some place out of the city, for their future home. Not merely for a fashionable summer residence, but for a permanent abode, like that of the Lindens. In this, too, Mr. Bowen acquiesced.

"You will begin to know me better, one of these days, my daughter," said he, when Julie told him how she had dreaded his knowledge of her attachment, and her fear that he would not

permit her to live out of the city. I am beginning to see life under a new aspect. I have purchased two fine estates on the Hudson River. One is yours; the other I shall occupy myself."

It was enough. Julie's happiness was too deep for thanks. They spend a month every September at Mr. Linden's, to keep the anniversary of that evening on which they so unexpectedly met there.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

When Dr. Franklin was minister of the United States to France, he was frequently importuned by persons unknown to him to give them letters of recommendation. For cases of this kind, and when it was impossible to refuse, he prepared the following model, and, in some instances, actually employed it to shame persons making such indiscreet applications, and in some measure to stop them:

"PARIS, April —, 1777.

"SIR:—The bearer going to the United States, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, although I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you, it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one person unknown brings another equally so to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another. As for this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and morals, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger of whom we know no harm have a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices and show him all the favor that on further acquaintance you will find him deserve."

ORATORICAL FLOURISHES.

Figures of speech are dangerous matters for orators to meddle with, and should be handled with great care and skill, unless an ambitious speaker is willing to risk making himself ridiculous. A clergyman not long since reproved his congregation from the pulpit and gravely assured them that "the hand of Providence would not wink at their transgressions!" A descendant of one of the revolutionary sires, in the national legislature, astonished his brother legislators by saying: "My father and my grandfather both saw the darkness of midnight glittering in the blaze of their dwellings." John Randolph once spoke of himself as "standing on the vacant seat, which we now occupy"—but he was probably absent at the time. Another distinguished member of the House of Representatives made the following pathetic appeal: "If this bill passes, a small, still voice will be heard in the western district, which will not knock in vain at the door of Congress!"—*Olive Branch.*

A good and generous man is happy within himself and independent of fortune; kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy; religiously just, indefatigably laborious, and discharges every duty with constancy and congruity of action.

COME TO THE COUNTRY.

BY N. S. HILL.

Come to the country—there's pleasure and health,
Unknown in gay cities of splendor and wealth,
There's joy on the hills, when the merry winds blow,
And flowers nod their heads in the valleys below.

A murmuring brook meanders along,
And over the hills is heard the wild song
Of the woodland birds, so happy and free,
As they flit through the trees, and over the lee.

O, leave ye the cities of bustle and show,
And to the green hills of the country we'll go,
For the land of our fathers, the land of the free,
Is the home of the happy; then come here with me.

GONZALES THE PAINTER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

A YOUNG man, wearing the handsome half Flemish, half Spanish costume of the portraits of Van Dyck, was seated before an easel, and contemplating, with a thoughtful look, a large picture, almost finished, representing the *Annunciation*. He still held in one hand his palette, and in the other his pencils, which he grasped with a kind of suppressed despair. After a few moments of silence, he dropped pencils and palette, clasped his hands, and tears filled his eyes. Suddenly the door of his studio opened. The young painter hastily wiped his eyes, and rose with a movement of impatience.

The woman who had just entered had the thick and short form, the ruddy complexion, and wore the costume of Flemish peasants; she might have been taken for one of the *buveuses* of Tournai. She approached the easel, scolding.

"I was sure of it," said she; "you have been at work on your holy picture, instead of finishing the paintings which the Archduke Leopold ordered." And turning towards several sketches suspended to the wall, continued: "Is it not a shame to leave there unfinished, so many beautiful things?"

"A shame," returned Gonzales, ironically, "to quit these drunkards' fights and kitchen interiors to paint the Mother of God?"

"The mother of Satan, rather! Think you not that everybody will recognize in your madonna the portrait of La Caterina? How dared you give the Virgin the face of an opera dancer?"

"Why did God give the opera dancer the face of a virgin?"

"Say that you are glad to have a pretext to entice this young girl hither. O, I am not your dupe, and I know why you love better to paint women than drinkers!"

"Again, Margaret!" exclaimed the painter.

"I will not suffer another woman to enter here," continued the housekeeper, raising her voice.

"You forget that I am master in my own house, Margaret."

"And you forget that I am your wife."

"O no, I remember it but too often!" said the young man, angrily. "Accursed be the day when I encountered you!"

"You were not then so proud."

Gonzales started.

"You are right," said he, bitterly. "I was then a beggar without a shelter. I had received only six rix dollars for my best picture, and my landlord had driven me from my lodgings. O, I have forgotten nothing! You picked me up in the street like a forsaken dog; you generously gave me food and a refuge."

"Who talked of this?"

"You, Margaret; you reminded me of it; but do you know what I have given you in return? I have given you my hopes and my most beautiful dreams; I have become your husband—I who might have been your son! I have toiled in your presence like a workman for his patron, hearing only your scolding voice, seeing only your discontented face. And yet I feel within me all the aspirations of youth! I dream of beauty, sweet songs, and brilliant fetes. O, how often, as I passed the palace of Rubens, and listened to the music of his balls, have I wished to enter! How often have I looked through the garden gate at the young ladies and their cavaliers dancing beneath the trees! And I had but to will it, and the gate would open to me; for whoever can write his name with his pencil, is welcome with Rubens, and Gonzales is not unknown to him! But it would have deranged the monotonous life I have led with you; on returning from the company of these sweet-voiced ladies, I should have found your language more rude, and your temper more intolerable. I prefer to renounce a pleasure, which would only increase my sadness; besides, Art can console for all—even for lost youth. It is to her that I have confided my sorrows; but do not seek to deprive me of this last consolation, Margaret; for when there is no hope, patience must fail."

These words were pronounced with profound bitterness and suppressed anger; but the coarse Fleming did not appear to comprehend him.

"What does all this signify?" said she. "You suffer ginni, you desire to go to balls; who hinders you?"

Gonzales made a violent gesture; but immediately repressed it.

"Return to your kitchen, Margaret," said he, with resigned despair.

This calmness exasperated the Fleming.

"To my kitchen!" exclaimed she. "Am I then a servant, and have I not a right to remain here if I will? O, I am not such a fool as you think for, Jean; in the midst of all these fine phrases, there is one thing I comprehend—it is that you are weary of me, and wish me dead. Yes, dead! I should then no longer be a restraint upon you; you could go to the fetes of Rubens, and dance with the beautiful ladies. Only, Jean, when I am no longer here, you must not be sick so often; for these young ladies are afraid that fevers and vigils would spoil their complexion. You must not require them to pass ten days and nights watching beside you; only servants, like myself, ever do that!"

"Yes," said the young man, "you have taken care of me as the executioner takes care of the criminal—to have the pleasure of killing me afterwards at your ease! Am I not, besides, your property?—and like a good manager, must you not preserve a domestic animal whose productions you wish to sell? What you would save, is not my life, but my labor."

"Your labor is indeed worth saving: it is now two months since you have sold a picture, and yet there is a demand on every side; but you had rather remain whole days before this great canvass, watching the flies and seeming to think, that you may be idle."

"Go to your kitchen, Margaret," repeated Gonzales, his patience almost exhausted.

But the Fleming had been wounded to the quick, and, as it often happens in such cases, she felt her anger increase as she spoke.

"Yes," returned she, "my place is in the kitchen; for it is that of honest women; and here are only *filles de joie*; ingrates, who forget what has been done for them; idlers, who suffer themselves to be supported by a wife!"

Gonzales could listen no longer. He seized her by the arm, pushed her rudely out, locked the door, and threw himself in a chair at the other end of the studio. It was the first time he had resorted to violence to escape the persecutions of his wife, and he was at once sad and terrified at what he had done.

Gonzales had espoused Margaret partly through gratitude, partly through weakness, and without calculating the consequences of such an engagement. He was at an age when one tries all that is new, without hesitation; when one risks happiness and life through indifference or curiosity. He had regarded his union with Margaret less as a marriage than as a domestic association. He

had seen in it, at first, only the means of securing a home, where he would find some one to take the place of mother and sister; he soon found out how much he had been mistaken.

Margaret loved him with an exclusive and tyrannical affection. Jealous and imperious, she pursued Gonzales everywhere with her orders and complaints. No nature could be more opposite to that of the young painter. Her ignorant brutality was equalled only by his delicate susceptibility; he was one of those souls in love only with idealities—charming but frail butterflies, which cannot come in contact with reality without brushing the dust from their wings. Since the despotism of Margaret had been extended even to his art, he had begun to find it more difficult to endure. Already he had several times resolved to recover his independence by leaving Anvers; but the necessity of affection restrained him—he dreaded the return of that isolation which had made desolate his earlier years. Margaret was as yet the only being to whom he was attached by any tie; with her he was unhappy; but he was not alone, and for his heart, full of love, solitude was annihilation.

The scene we have just described made him once more think of flight; and without having resolved upon it, he was asking himself how and where he could go, when he heard a gentle knock at the door of the studio.

"Who's there?" asked he, hastily.

A sweet and slightly tremulous voice replied, "It is I, master."

Gonzales opened the door, and a boy of about fifteen years, wearing a rich Polish costume, entered the studio.

"Pardon me, Antonio," said the painter, passing his hand amicably over the head of the boy, "I had forgotten that it was the day for your lesson."

Antonio raised upon him a glance of sadness, which seemed to express a reproach.

"I had not forgotten it," said he, softly.

Gonzales seated himself again, pensively, and the child approached him with timid tenderness.

"You are sad, master."

Gonzales cast down his head.

"I understand you: she has been here again."

"Yes," said Gonzales; "she came to remind me that she has supported me two months in doing nothing; and she is right, for two months I have labored only for art; my days and nights are consumed here before this canvass, where I efface each morning what I have painted the day before!—for all my efforts are useless, Antonio; in vain do I essay to seize the vague images that float before my thoughts—at the moment of in-

introducing them, they are effaced and disappear. And how could it be otherwise? Nothing recalls to me their beauty. I seek in vain around me forms to imitate—all is coarse, heavy, trivial. O, why was not I born in Italy, like our divine masters? Why did I not grow up like them in an atmosphere of light, elegance and poetry? Ah! they were happy; their souls had but to reflect the creation which surrounded them, and their pencils to copy it. They needed not to invent sunlight and grace. They painted amid fragrant flowers, melodious songs, beautiful women; and their genius was happiness!" As he spoke thus, Gonzales had approached the picture. "All this is cold and vulgar," he said, shaking his head. "Shall I never find the model of that beauty of which I catch a glimpse in my reveries? O, Raphael! Titian! where are the beautiful women who rendered you immortal?"

He sighed, and turned towards Antonio.

"I thank thee at least, child, for one of the forms of which I had dreamed. Look! my angel's head is beautiful, and yet it does not equal thine! Wilt thou serve me again as a model to-day?"

"I am at your orders, master."

Gonzales resumed his palette, placed himself before the easel, and compared the features of the angel with those of Antonio.

"How noble are the outlines of your face!" said he, looking at the young Pole with complacent admiration. "What sweetness and sadness in your look! Ah! if you had but a sister who resembled you!"

There was a long silence. Gonzales had resumed his painting with ardor. Suddenly the door of his studio opened, and Margaret again appeared.

"Some Spanish gentlemen wish to see you," she said, harshly.

"What do they want?"

"I do not know; but they came in a gilt carriage."

"Their names?"

"One only gave his name—it is the Count de Los Cavallos."

Antonio uttered a cry.

"Well, do you know him?" asked Margaret.

But the child replied only by casting a terrified glance around. Voices were heard on the stairs.

"They are here," said Margaret, going to open the door.

Antonio ran to Gonzales.

"I am lost!"

"What mean you?"

"In the name of Heaven, let me depart unseen."

"It is impossible."

The visitors were already on the landing.

"Conceal me, then! conceal me!" cried the bewildered child.

"In this cabinet," said Gonzales, pointing to a closet where he kept his canvases.

At this moment the count, accompanied by two gentlemen, appeared on the threshold.

"Here is my husband," exclaimed Margaret, presenting Gonzales to the visitors.

"Good morning, master," said Los Cavallos. "Rabens has spoken to us of you, and we came to see your pictures."

"Look, gentlemen."

The young gentlemen began to examine the pictures suspended to the wall, and stopped before the six ordered by the Archduke Leopold.

"Why do you not finish these beautiful pictures?" asked the count.

"I am working on something else."

"Yes," muttered Margaret, "on an *Annunciation*."

"And where is this *Annunciation*?"

Gonzales pointed to his easel, and the three Spanish noblemen approached; but scarcely had the count cast his eyes on the canvases, when he exclaimed: "Look! Cabrella; do you not know that angel's head?"

"It is the niece of the Duchess d'Alcazar, the beautiful Dolores."

"What say you, gentlemen?" exclaimed Gonzales, approaching.

"Ah! you introduce great ladies into your holy pictures," resumed Los Cavallos. "But how knew you the duchess? I have never met you at her house. How did you obtain the portrait of Dolores?—for it is she; the resemblance is wonderful."

"This angel's head," interrupted Margaret, who had approached, "is the portrait of the young Pole."

"What Pole?"

"Antonio; he was here just now. What has become of him?"

"He has gone out, sir," said Gonzales, hastily.

"It is impossible; we should have met him on the stairs; he must have concealed himself."

"He is not here, I tell you."

"I will wager that I can find him."

But Gonzales darted upon his wife a look in which there was so much of command that she stopped short.

"What is all this?" asked the count. "Why conceal from us the young Pole who sat for the angel?"

"The woman is mad, sir; I painted this head from memory."

Los Cavallos looked at Gonzales with a suspicious air, took his companions aside, and exchanged a few words with them in a low tone.

Gonzales felt that he must put an end to this "Do the gentlemen desire anything more?" he asked, coldly.

The count cast upon him a haughty glance. "Do we disturb you, master?"

"I live by my labor," replied the painter.

Los Cavallos made an angry gesture, which he immediately suppressed.

"We will leave you then," said he. "Only beware! for it sometimes costs dearly to paint noble ladies." And turning to his companions, he added: "Let us go to the duchess. We will verify the resemblance of Dolores to the angel."

Gonzales opened the door for them, and saw them disappear down the winding stairs. Hardly were they alone, when Margaret advanced towards the cabinet, and found herself face to face with Antonio.

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed she.

"Go, go, Margaret!" said Gonzales, hastening thither.

"Why did he conceal himself? What signifies all this?" she uttered.

Suddenly the eyes of the Fleming rested upon Antonio. She uttered an exclamation, as if a new suspicion had struck her, and, by a movement too rapid to be prevented, put aside the pelisse of the child.

"A woman!" exclaimed she.

Gonzales remained immovable and speechless.

"A woman!" repeated Margaret. "It is very possible! Ah! I comprehend now! These, then, are the pupils to whom you give lessons, Gonzales!"

"Silence, Margaret!"

"And do you think I will suffer this?"

"Away!" he exclaimed, furiously.

"Yes, I will go; but I will return quickly with the Duchess d'Alcasso!"

She darted from the studio. The young girl made a movement as if to follow; then stopping short, said, "After all, what matters it?" And she threw herself into a chair, weeping.

During all this scene, Gonzales had remained as if struck with a stupor. What he had just learned was so sudden, so unexpected, that he could hardly comprehend its meaning. He caught a glimpse of happiness which he dared not look in the face, and before which he closed his eyes. Meanwhile, when he saw himself alone with the young girl, when he heard her sob, he felt his heart melt. He approached her, and said in a supplicating tone:

"Senora, pity me—I dare not understand or believe. O, give me no false hopes! All that has passed here is so strange that I fear an explanation. This disguise; these visits. What is there for me beneath all this? Is it happiness or a disenchantment?" And as the young girl remained silent, and her sobs redoubled, he knelt before her. "Senora, a single word to tell me what I am to hope or fear. Look! I ask it on my knees."

The young girl threw her arms around his neck, and pronounced his name in a low tone. The latter uttered a cry of joy.

"Dolores! Dolores! is it true then? Did you come on my account? Do you love me?"

"Gonzales!" repeated she, resting on the forehead of the young painter her cheek moistened with tears.

The latter placed one arm around her, and raising her head with the other hand, said, in a voice broken with happiness, "Is all this not a dream? Am I not mad? I, beloved by you, Dolores—by you so noble and so beautiful! But how can this be? Dare I love you? Only to look at you, I weep with joy! O, what has inspired you with this kindness towards me?"

"For a year past, Gonzales, I have known you and loved you."

"Where then did you see me?"

"At the convent of St. Marie, while you were painting your *Samaritan*. Each day, concealed in a curtained pew, I passed whole hours in looking at you. Inviolate for you, I lived in the intricacy of your heart. I saw your brow by turns pale with despair or luminous with enthusiasm; I heard you speak of your work, censure or praise it; I witnessed all the emotions of your inspiration. Sometimes, when the curious came to pay you a visit, I heard you talk of Art, of Poesy, of Religion. All you said seemed new to me, and yet I felt that all these thoughts were within me. At last, one day (you have perhaps forgotten it), a young painter, whom you had known in your childhood, came to see you. You confided to him your sufferings, and I then learned them. Your friend, in his turn, related his life to you; he was full of courage and hope; he was beloved! After having listened to him, you took his hand. 'Be happy, Rynold,' you said to him. 'Ah! if I had been thus beloved, I, too, might have possessed genius.' And you wept, as you spoke thus. From that day I loved you."

"Angel!" exclaimed Gonzales, clasping the girl in his arms; "and I knew nothing of it!"

"Perhaps I should have betrayed myself; but I had not time. My aunt, who was in Spain,

returned and took me from the convent of St. Marie. I saw you then more rarely; nevertheless, I sought you everywhere, and I often encountered you on the promenades or in the museums. But suddenly I ceased to see you. It was a long time before I learned the cause of your disappearance. At last, by means of inquiries, I heard that you had been long ill, but were convalescent. I could no longer resist my anxiety. My aunt, solely occupied with the pleasures of the world, left me entirely at liberty. Aided by my nurse, who lives near here, I procured this costume, and presented myself before you to take lessons in painting. You know the rest, Gonzales. I saw you often, I heard you speak; I was happy, and should still have remained silent, had not chance discovered all."

"Ah! do not complain of it, Dolores, for I owe to chance the happiest hour of my life. If you knew what I feel! I would thank you for my happiness, and cannot; I am at your feet as a child without strength, without volition, overcome by surprise and joy. I fear lest a movement should awaken me, and I would die here listening to your voice and looking at you."

"Gonzales, do you then love me also?"

"Do I love you, Dolores? You are the realization of all my hopes, all my dreams! Do I love you?—you, who have descended like an angel to the poor forsaken one!—do you not see that you are now all in all to me, that I can no longer live but for you and with you? Blessed be the chance which led these gentlemen hither!"

"Ah! you remind me; you have made me forget all—Los Cavallos is now with my aunt."

"You are right."

"The duchess is implacable; she will revenge herself on you for my love."

"What care I?"

"Reflect that Margaret will conduct them hither. O, I will not wait for them! I should die with shame and grief! Then they will separate me from you, Gonzales."

"Never!" said the painter, encircling her with his arms. "It is God who has united us; he will never separate. You cannot henceforth remain here, Dolores; well, let us break the bonds which detain us; let us renounce our past, and both commence a new existence; let each be to the other, in future, family and world; let us fly together!"

It was rumored, a few days afterwards, in the studios of Anvers, that the painter Gonzales had disappeared, and no one could divine the motive. The Duchess d'Alcasso announced on her part, that her niece had suddenly set out for Spain,

summoned by a brother of her mother. Rumors of flight and elopement soon arose; but the duchess quelled them without difficulty. She contrived to give her friends news of Dolores, and to show them the letters which she wrote her, she said, from Spain, so that at the expiration of a short time, her absence no longer occasioned remark.

Meanwhile the duchess neglected nothing to discover the retreat of her niece. The precautions which she took to conceal her flight had been dictated less by affection than by pride. What she desired above all was to conceal that an Alcasso could descend to love a man of the people; for it was not the fault which displeased her—it was the lover. Little cared she for honor, if appearances were saved; and Dolores, the wife of Gonzales, instead of his mistress, would have seemed to her still more guilty as having stooped more irrevocably. But what she desired at any price, was to separate her from Gonzales, and to have her re-appear before any unsuspected circumstance should have revealed the truth. Her pride was interested in this, so she had recourse to every method of discovering the two fugitives; but especially to an old family servant, whose address had been of service to her on many occasions.

Perez had formerly been a spy of the Inquisition, and had thus acquired the cunning perspicacity of all accustomed to espionage. Like the savages of the New World, who trace on the grass the print of the enemy's moccasin, he could discover the slightest vestige, the most fugitive indication; he would follow your trail, recognize the air you had breathed, or the word you had uttered on your passage, to a host or a beggar. Besides, entirely devoted to the Alcassos, the pride of Perez was also involved, and he swore to find the young girl, and set out, provided with instructions from the duchess.

As he had hoped, the talent of Gonzales aided him in his pursuit. The latter had taken refuge in Brussels, where he lived by the product of his pictures, which he took care to sell through other hands. Perez found at Amsterdam several of these paintings, recently brought into the market. He went from purchaser to purchaser, and at last arrived at Brussels, where he discovered the fugitives.

His measures were immediately taken to carry off Dolores, and rid himself of her lover. One evening, therefore, as they were returning home, he placed himself in their way, accompanied by several men, who threw themselves on the young painter, and struck him several blows with the poignard; but some citizens, attracted by the

cries of the girl, ran thither and compelled the assassins to take flight. Perez, arrested by them, was thrown into prison, whence he emerged only at the expiration of three months, and through the intercession of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; and when he found himself free, the lovers had left Brussels. He recommenced the search with new ardor; but, doubtless informed of what had happened, Gonzales had taken precautions that his works should not betray him. Perez in vain frequented the shops of the merchants, asking for pictures of Gonzales, and offering to cover them with gold; all his inquiries were useless—Gonzales painted no more!

The envoy of the Duchess d'Alcazzo had already traversed in vain Flanders, Holland, England and France. He was returning to Anvers in despair, but nevertheless visiting on his way all the brokers' shops, and asking information. One day, as he was at Oudenard, in the studio of Hals, less celebrated for his talents than for his skill in trafficking that of others, this painter received several pictures, which he unravelled in the presence of Perez.

"What are those paintings?" he asked.

"Marvels," replied Hals; "flower pictures of a young man who has revealed himself only within a few months. Usually, the greatest artists announce themselves by imperfect works; this one has commenced by *chef d'œuvres*. There are in his productions the grace and experience of a master. You shall judge, for I have here his largest and finest picture." Hals put aside the curtain, and showed Perez a large picture suspended to the wall.

It was the interior of a poor but gay little room. In the background was a bed of serge, with the *benitier* and consecrated branch, and near to it two rude chairs. On the narrow case-meat, some broken porcelain pots, garnished with variegated tulips; and finally, in the middle, a willow basket, half overturned, whence were streaming verdure, fruit and flowers.

"Look!" said Hals; "what delicacy and harmony!—there are not only here flowers, furniture, fruits; this is a whole picture, and this deserted chamber has its expression like a head of Rubens. Among all the painters of our times, we have had but one who could give to his interiors this charm, and to his painting this finish: it is Gonzales."

"Gonzales!" exclaimed Perez; "do you say that this painting resembles his?"

"As much as two kinds of painting can resemble each other."

"And you call this flower painter—?"

"Henri Staube."

"Where does he live?"

"At Harlem."

"I will buy this picture, Master Hals," said Perez; and that very evening he was on his way to Harlem.

At the extremity of a suburb of Harlem, and in the midst of a garden cultivated by the florist Roffman, stood a cottage half buried in jessamines. It was composed of a single story, which was reached by an exterior stairway, overshadowed by vines, and interlaced with rosy honeysuckles. This was the dwelling of Gonzales and his young mistress. They had been allured by the isolation of the habitation which concealed them from all eyes, and by its rustic grace. Besides, Gonzales had the advantage of having always before him the flowers and the fruits he wished to paint. Having comprehended—after his adventure at Brussels—that his pictures would always lead to his being recognized, he resolved to change the kind and his name, that he might defeat the malice of his persecutors. It cost him something to quit thus a career gloriously begun for an uncertain and novel ome; but the security of his happiness was at stake. Then there was for his soul something more precious than fame—it was art. Little cared he, after all, for the applause of men; what he thought of was the work itself. His love, so deep and so delightful, was mingled in his soul with admiration of his art. He loved Dolores, not only because she was lovely in herself, but because she was a beautiful model. He thought less often of her devotedness than of the inspiration of her beauty; and he saw in her not only a beloved woman, but a wonderful part of creation, something holy, the very sight of whom inspired genius.

So he devoted a part of his days to studying her graces, to copying them on the canvass. He cared little that his progress was not known by the world, that it was not applauded; he felt his talent increase; he experienced happiness from it; he entered each day more into the possession of art. Like the early Christians who adored Christ in the catacombs, without listening to the noise of the Rome above them, he cultivated painting, careless of the voice of renown. As for Dolores, all that her lover felt, she felt. These two souls seemed to have mingled in the same religion; but they had reached this end by two opposite paths—Gonzales had comprehended love by art; Dolores, art by love.

All the time the painter had to spare, he devoted to sacred studies. Condemned to paint for others only flowers or fruits, he painted for himself Madonnas, saints and angels. Dolores

served him as a model for his labors, which he concealed from all eyes, and his life passed away thus in a succession of delightful studies and sweet emotions. As it increased, his happiness alarmed him; he feared every instant to see it crumble away, and guarded it with feverish anxiety.

Since his arrival at Harlem, he had done everything to conceal himself and efface his memory from the world. The merchant who purchased his pictures was the only man to whom he had spoken; his house, the only one into which he had entered. Dolores was still more sedentary; she never went to the city, and avoided frequented places. Only when the evening was pleasant, she descended with Gonzales to the fields which lay extended before the garden of the florist; they sought the most solitary paths, and leaning on each other, advanced slowly over the fine grass, gathering the wild flowers, watching the flight of the butterflies, or hearing the sigh of the birds in their mossy nests.

Sometimes, after a long walk, they would pause, and Dolores would seat herself, while her lover remained standing before her. With folded arms and head inclined, he would watch the sun as it set behind the trees, listen to the sound of the breeze among the leaves, or the songs of the laborers in the distance; and amid these thousand harmonies, these thousand beauties, Dolores would seem to him to be the queen of creation. Then the night would descend slowly; the moon would peep through the poplars, and both would resume their walk. Hours of loving conversation, when arm presses arm, head inclines to the beloved head, and confiding love gives kiss for kiss.

For some time past, Gonzales had been at work upon a head of St. Cecilia, which, in his judgment, would surpass all he had hitherto done. It was the first time he had experienced that joy of the artist who recognizes that his life is communicated to his work. One day, after having labored with more assiduity than usual, he felt the need of repose, and went out alone. The merchant to whom he sold his flower paintings owed him some money; he directed his steps towards his shop to claim it.

A light breeze was beginning to temper the heat of the day; the houses of the faubourg cast a shadow which afforded a shelter; children, seated on every threshold, were taking their evening repast, and young girls were conversing beside the fountains. Gonzales advanced, casting around him an enchanted glance. Like all men who have been long confined by study, he experienced in the open air an ineffable impres-

sion of happiness; he felt his muscles expand and his brain enlarge; the balmy air of evening intoxicated him; his feet no longer touched the ground; everything seemed radiant and smiling. He traversed thus the faubourg, and arrived at the shop of George Krab. The merchant's son was there alone. Gonzales asked for his father.

"He is above with a stranger."

"I will wait for him," Gonzales said. And he began to examine the pictures and curiosities of every kind which garnished the shop of Krab. A portfolio filled with engravings, after Michael Angelo and Raphael, at last fixed his attention. He seated himself behind a large picture of Rubens, in the middle of the warehouse, and began to examine them one by one.

He had already been there a long time, when voices were heard on the stairs. A door at the side opened, and Krab appeared, accompanied by a stranger.

"Go, William," said the merchant to his son, "your mother wants you."

The child went out.

"Here are the two pictures of which I spoke to you," continued the merchant, pointing to two paintings suspended to the wall.

"Are these by the same Henri Staubs, whose paintings I saw at Oudenard?"

"It is I who sell his pictures to Master Hals."

"Does he paint anything but flowers?"

"No."

"You are sure of it?"

"Sure."

"And you say that Staubs has lived in Harlem only six months?"

"About that period."

"What is his appearance?"

"He is a tall, handsome young man; a little pale, somewhat sad, with long hair and a mild eye; rather a Raphael than a Rembrandt."

"He is, indeed! Does he live alone?"

"I do not know; he comes here only to bring me pictures, and never talks of himself. Nevertheless, I remember now that neighbor Ryscoff told me he met him one evening in the fields with a very pretty young woman on his arm—his wife, doubtless."

"It is he! it is he!" repeated Perez. "I must see him."

The merchant looked at the Spaniard with astonishment. "You have business with him?" said he, in a suspicious tone.

"Yes, Master Krab; where does he live?"

"I do not know," he replied, drily.

"How?"

"Master Hals, it appears, is tired of paying me a poor commission on the pictures I sell

him; he wishes to have them directly from the artist."

"You are mistaken, sir; I do not come on the part of Hals."

"Then it is on your own account? In any case, you may seek elsewhere information respecting Staube. I am not yet stupid enough to give the address of my painters to a broker."

"You are in an error," exclaimed Perez. "I am not a picture dealer; I swear it to you."

"It is useless."

The merchant conducted him to the door.

"Master," said Perez, stopping and looking around him, "I will give you a hundred ducats if you will point out to me the dwelling of Staube." And as the merchant was about to make a sign of refusal, he continued: "Listen, the matter in question does not concern pictures, but an elopement."

"What do you mean?"

"I am in search of a young girl who eloped, if I am not mistaken, with your flower painter, whose name is not Staube, but Gonzales."

"Is it possible?"

"I have every reason to believe it; but you can aid me in ascertaining it, by putting me in the way of seeing the young woman with whom your painter walks."

"That would be difficult; he lives alone in a cottage in the new faubourg, rarely goes out, and receives no visits."

"We will arrange it so as to make him go out. I may rely upon your discretion, master?"

"As I upon your hundred ducats?"

"Here is half the sum; the rest you shall have if you succeed."

"Agreed," said Krab, counting the money.

Perez approached the painting which the merchant had shown him when they entered, and read the name written below—*Hewi Staube*.

"Yes, yes," muttered he, "you thought to elude me by changing your style of painting, and signing a false name; but I well knew that I should recover traces of you somewhere."

"In fact," said the merchant, who had approached, "I now see in these paintings of flowers something of the touch of Gonzales."

"O, it is he, I am sure! He could escape me only by ceasing to paint and losing himself in the crowd. But these great artists must express what is in their hearts, and be constantly in correspondence with the public. They hope to conceal themselves by changing their handwriting, and do not dream that sooner or later the pen will be recognized. Adieu, master; I will go and take my measures, and to-morrow we will commence the campaign."

As he spoke thus, Perez went out of the shop, and the merchant followed him.

Meanwhile, Gonzales had heard all. As soon as he found himself alone, he quitted his retreat, and opening a back door, left the shop and hastened to the new faubourg. The conversation he had just heard left him no room for doubt—they had discovered his traces, and a prompt flight had become necessary. But this flight would only postpone the danger; the fortunate chance which had served would not always occur; even should they once more escape the pursuit of the Alcazzos, would they not soon be exposed to it anew, and all their precautions to conceal themselves be useless? Perez had said it—the pencil of the young painter must everywhere *sign his name*.

Gonzales was at last compelled to understand that he was placed in the alternative of renouncing Dolores or renouncing Art!—and yet between these two misfortunes, the choice appeared to him impossible—the painter and the lover were so united in him, that to lose one of his joys was to lose both. What would Art be without Dolores but nature without the sun! But how could he refuse genius at the moment it was about to come to him? Was not this a sacrifice to be expiated by the remore of a lifetime?

He traversed the faubourg, seeing and hearing nothing, and arrived, in despair, at the garden of the florist. Within sight of the cottage, he paused. Dolores was there, doubtless awaiting him, and as yet he had not decided! He threw himself, without strength, on a bank of turf—his uncertainty had become despair. He cast around him a bewildered glance; the languid flowers were beginning to raise their heads; the water in the ponds was rippled by the evening breeze, and the setting sun sparkled through the acacias like a conflagration. This beauty of creation overcame Gonzales.

"O no!" murmured he, extending his arms; "no, I will not renounce all this! I will live with the flowers and the sun! I am a painter!"

At this moment a sweet and suppressed song was heard. The young man started, and putting cautiously aside the foliage of the arbor beneath which he was concealed, he perceived Dolores leaning out at the window, seeming to be looking up the road. She was holding in her hand a common earthen pitcher, which she was wiping, and chanting, in an undertone a romance of her country:

"And the shepherd said to Inez: 'I have loved you seven years, senora, and I wished to tell you so once.'

"Now let your father's soldiers come, that they may load me with chains; summon the executioner that he may put my limbs to the torture; order for me a coffin, for I know that I have deserved death."

"Inez replied to the shepherd: 'it shall be according to your desire; but for chains, you shall have my arms; for tortures, my kisses, and for a coffin, the bridal bed.'

"I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count; I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved."

"I will go and dwell in your cabin, Sanchez, I will watch with you the goats upon the rocks; I will be an industrious and submissive wife, as I ought."

"And do not care that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will quickly be embrowned on the mountains; do not be uneasy because my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong."

While Dolores sang, a revolution seemed to be wrought in the mind of the young painter. His hands were placed on his heart, as if to suppress its beatings; his lips murmured the name of Dolores, and tears moistened his eyelids. When the young girl had quitted the window, he remained for a long time immovable; at last raising his head, as if he had taken his resolution, he left the arbor, ascended the steps of the cottage, and softly opened the door.

Dolores was preparing the table for the evening repast; at sight of her lover, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw herself into his arms.

"How late you are," said she; "I was becoming uneasy."

Gonzales embraced her, without replying.

"What is the matter?" asked the young girl, starting back. "You are pale."

He sat down and took Dolores on his knees.

"They have discovered our retreat," said he; "the man who attempted to assassinate me at Brussels is here."

"Perez!—who told you so?"

Gonzales related what had happened at Master Krab's, and the conversation he had heard.

"You see," added he, "that I must renounce painting or you—the choice is made!" And running to his easel, where the St. Cecilia was exposed, he exclaimed: "I am no longer a painter; thou hast sacrificed to me rank and honor, Dolores—I will sacrifice to thee my art!" He pressed the picture to his heart, and touched his lips to it. "Adieu!" repeated he, "O, my admired one, who was to give me glory! adieu,

my hopes! adieu, my dreams!" And seizing the canvass, he rent it in pieces.

Two years had passed away since the day when Gonzales had fled from Harlem, and Perez had continued to seek him everywhere, unavailingly. Taking refuge in the little town of Carigliano, in Italy, the lover of Dolores had been faithful to his resolution—he was no longer the painter Staubs, but the basket-maker, Gonzales Cano. This metamorphosis had completely defeated the emissary of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; but it had been fatal to Gonzales.

When he had sacrificed painting to Dolores, he had not comprehended how cruel this resolution would become; the contrary sacrifice would perhaps have been more easy. The loss of his mistress would doubtless have been severe; but it would not have annihilated him; his grief would have found relief in art; it would, perhaps, in expression, have become genius, while now his love for Dolores was condemned to silence. It was only in reproducing the graces of the young Spaniard, in transferring her soul to the canvass, that Gonzales knew how much he loved her; the more beautiful and celestial he painted her, the more his love became revealed to him—for him, the pencil was a voice. So, since this voice had failed him, he knew not how to express his tenderness; words seemed cold to him; they were common to all, while his former language was his own! Thus compelled to be silent, his passion forgot itself; since he had no longer been constantly occupied with Dolores, he feared loving her less, and this thought disturbed him. He accused his heart of ingratitude, of insensibility; he interrogated it as a corpse, in which one seeks to find life. Unhappily, the more he thus tortured himself, the more he felt his heart grow cold. Dolores was always what he loved most in the world; but he loved everything less; there was within him, as it were, a bitter spring, which flowed incessantly and poisoned his joys; he felt a sort of powerlessness to desire and to will, which was nothing but the incapacity of happiness.

His material position added to his sufferings. He had been accustomed to the capricious labors of the artist, to easy earnings, and he wearied of the assiduous toil which scarcely brought him every day the means to provide for the morrow. Educated amidst studios hung with paintings, and accustomed from his childhood to brilliancy of colors, he felt his sight wounded by the nakedness of his new dwelling; the monotonous sadness of these whitewashed walls communicated itself to his whole being.

One day when Dolores had gone out to carry some women's work to the Countess d'Apano, who inhabited a villa near Carigliano, Gonzales seated himself alone on the threshold of his cabin. Since he no longer painted, his sole artistic joy was to contemplate the country, and to see the young Neapolitan girls on their way to the city with their baskets of fruit, or kneeling at the feet of the Madonnas. He saw there all that the Italian school has transferred to its painting; it was an immense picture, which comprehended all others, and in the presence of which he forgot himself for entire hours.

He had already admired it for a long time, when a sportive hand placed itself like a bandage over his eyes. The young man recognised it and kissed it. "Is it you, Dolores?"

"Yes, it is I, my Gonzales; but raise your head—do you not see by my eyes that I bring you happy news?"

"What?"

"O, you must wait; I have run hither; let me breathe, and give me a place near you."

Gonzales seated her on his knees. "What is it, then, joyous messenger? Let us see."

"You know that I have just come from the Countess d'Apano, and we have conversed a long time. She has informed me that the young girl who superintended her women has left her, and has proposed that I should take her place."

"You, in the service of the countess!"

"Why not?"

"Do you forget who you are, Dolores?"

"I am the beloved of a basket-maker."

He pressed her to his breast with a sigh.

"But this will separate us."

"Indeed! Do you think I forgot that, Signor Cano?—it was the first objection I made to the countess. 'Ah,' she replied to me, 'your husband writes well. I have seen the bills he sends his customers; the count needs a copyist; he will take him.'"

"And what did you reply?"

"I accepted."

"Can you think of it? We, attached to the household of the count—subject to his orders—almost his servants! I cannot consent."

"O, say not so, Gonzales! You will accept; for I desire it, and you will not refuse me. Do not have more pride than I, my love. What matters it whether you are the basket-maker Cano or the copyist of the Count d'Apano? There you will be happy; the walls of this poor cabin will no longer sadden your eyes; we shall inhabit that pretty cottage in the park, which we have so often looked at and coveted; you will live amid marble fountains, pictures, statues.

Then reflect, we shall secure for ourselves a refuge. If we are ever discovered, the count will protect us. O, do not refuse, I conjure you!"

"Who could refuse you?" said he, with enchantment. "We will go to the count."

The next day they presented themselves at the villa Apano, and found themselves face to face with the count and his wife.

"Here is your copyist and my housekeeper," said the latter.

Gonzales bowed; but his eyes, as he raised them, fell on a large picture at the extremity of the apartment.

"A Corregio!" exclaimed he.

Dolores turned pale.

"You are a connoisseur, it seems, signor. How have you learned to distinguish so well the touch of the masters?"

"By seeing them," replied Gonzales.

"And where have you seen their pictures?"

"In the merchants shops, and museums."

The count did not press him further. He asked him a few questions, gave him orders, and invited him to take possession with Dolores of the dwelling he had destined for them.

But the sight of this painting had disturbed Gonzales to the depths of his soul. As long as he had seen only nature, his passion had been absorbed in an incessant contemplation of it—the sublimity of the model took away from him even the desire of imitation. On the contrary, the sight of this picture restored to him all his former inclinations; it was as a testimony of what art could do, a lesson which revealed the methods of attaining its object. His love for painting revived, increased by the constraint which had been so long imposed upon it. Often, at daybreak, while Dolores was still asleep, he would rise, creep like a criminal along the walls of the villa, open a window, penetrate noiselessly to the hall where the wonderful picture was exposed, and remain there, mute, with fixed eye, until the first sounds of morning compelled him to return. This visit each time redoubled his exaltation; he knew it, and could not refrain from making it.

These emotions soon seriously affected his health. The life of Gonzales had always been threatened, and the unhopd-for joy which the love of Dolores had inspired had alone retarded the malady; happiness had been to him instead of health; but with the latter the prodigy ceased, and disease made rapid progress.

Dolores neglected nothing to penetrate the cause of this recent malady. She had redoubled her affection, she had questioned him—all had been useless; he had closed his soul upon his

despair! As tender beside the young girl, he continued to smile upon her—but that pale smile which freezes. The latter relinquished the idea of obtaining from him a confidence which he seemed determined to refuse; but she began to scrutinize all his words and movements, hoping to discover, by means of watching, what he concealed from her.

One night she thought she heard a noise, and suddenly awoke—Gonzales was not there! Afrighted, she arose, calling him, and ran to the adjoining room; but she stopped, mute, on the threshold. Standing before the wall, which the moon was illuminating, as before a prepared canvass, Gonzales was making the gestures of painting. At intervals he drew back to judge of the effect of his picture. His brow shone with enthusiasm; his lips murmured broken words.

"Courage!—I have discovered the secret, Corregio. I will find out thine, Raphael—it is the same: to mingle the colors with a ray of sunlight. Look!—that is it!" He stepped a few paces backwards; his face became illumined with a celestial joy, and his hands were clasped. "At last, my God! at last," murmured he. He remained for a long time immovable; then raising his head, as if emerging from a profound reverie, he approached the wall, made a motion as if to draw a curtain over his imaginary picture, and advanced towards the other chamber.

What she had just seen had revealed all to Dolores. She resolved to save Gonzales at any price.

On the morrow she asked to see the countess. She found her conversing with her physician.

"What wouldst thou, my child?" said she; "and why dost thou tremble thus?"

"Signora," replied Dolores, "I come to confide to you a secret."

The physician was about to leave.

"Remain, Signor Julianio," continued she; "you also ought to know all."

Then, with downcast eyes, pale with shame, and with stifled voice, she related her love for Gonzales, how the latter had renounced his art, and how this resolution was killing him. When she had finished she clasped her hands, and letting her tears flow, added:

"Now have pity on him, and save him. I do not wish to be torn from him; but I wish him to live. You are powerful, signora; here, no one would dare offer violence to us. Protect us here, and I will be your submissive slave, and Gonzales shall fill your palace with paintings."

Dolores had fallen at the feet of the countess. The latter, trembling with surprise and emotion, attempted to raise her with gracious words; but

the despairing young girl remained at her feet, repeating:

"Do not refuse me! O, do not refuse me!"

"Who would have the courage to refuse you, poor child?" said the countess. "Re-assure yourself; Gonzales shall resume his pencils, and you shall both find here a safe asylum. But rise, I entreat you."

"O no, no!" exclaimed the young girl, covering the hand of the countess with kisses; "let me thank you on my knees, signora. O, repeat to me that Gonzales may paint! It is his life, signora. You see, since he has laid aside his pencils, he is more feeble, paler each day; and if I should lose him—O, if I should lose him!"

"Do not fear it, child, we will save him; will we not, doctor?"

The physician made, with hesitation, an affirmative sign.

At this gesture, Dolores rose from her knees, upright and pale.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "he is lost!"

"I have not said so," replied Julianio, rather embarrassed.

"He is lost!" returned Dolores; "your gesture has said it. O, do not conceal from me the truth! Is he not lost? You have not visited him for a long time; you have then given him up. O, my God, is there no hope? But this is impossible, since for many days he converses, he smiles—he is perhaps almost well." And as Julianio remained with downcast eyes, without replying, she resumed: "Ah, I remember now. It is said there are maladies in which the patient revives thus in the last moments of life. Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth."

The young girl fell on her knees again, wringing her hands; then, as if her heart refused to despair, she resumed:

"But now you know the cause of his malady, Signor Julianio. You are skilful; you will cure him. O, say that you can cure him!"

"It is too late."

Dolores uttered a cry. At the same instant the door of the adjoining room opened, and Gonzales appeared, with sparkling eye.

"Too late!" repeated he; "pencils, then!—give me pencils!"

"Ah! it is I who have killed him!" said Dolores, throwing herself into his arms.

"Pencils! pencils, before I die!" repeated Gonzales, wildly. "I have just seen Corregio—there, beside his picture! He has spoken to me! I also am a painter!" He attempted to step forward, but he staggered, leaned against the wall, and swooned.

He was carried home, where he soon recovered his senses—he was a prey to a burning fever. He wished painting materials to be brought to him—canvass, pencils, palette; all these he touched with infantile joy. He inhaled with delight this perfume of the studio to which he had been a stranger for two long years. When the easel had been placed beside him, he raised himself in the bed, entreated Dolores to sit at a little distance, and began to paint.⁴

It seemed as if a supernatural power had descended upon him, and that he was acting under its influence, without being conscious of what he did. His hand neither hesitated nor trembled; the canvass beneath his pencil grew animated, as if by enchantment. The count and Julian, standing behind him, could not repress their cries of admiration; but Gonzales heard them not. With dishevelled hair and sparkling eye, he painted, singing the airs of his childhood, long forgotten, and now recovered, as if by a miracle.

Suddenly, in the midst of these songs, which seemed murmured by instinct, the favorite romancero of Dolores was heard:

“I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count. I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved.

“And care not that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will soon be embrowned on the mountain; care not that my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong.”

The first verses had been chanted by the dying man as a vague reminiscence, but insensibly his souvenirs seemed to awaken, and he paused.

“It was Dolores who sang that at Harlem,” said he, “on the day when I promised her to paint no more.”

And perceiving the pencil which he held in his hand, he added:

“Unhappy one! I have broken my promise. Perez is coming—he will recognize us! Let us fly! let us fly!”

He made a movement as if to escape; the count and Julian detained him.

“There they are!” exclaimed he, “Dolores, conceal this canvass!—tear it—tear it!”

He made an effort to seize the picture; but hardly had his hand touched it, when it stopped, as if powerless to consummate this destruction. His arms stiffened in a gesture of grief and of prayer—he fell back with a sigh, and his eyes closed forever!”

He is above his enemies who despises their injuries.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

Of the singular powers of this wonderful creature much has been written, and some things said, which appear almost incredible. This fish abounds in the rivers of North and South Carolina, and many of its wonderful exploits are recounted and recorded there. In the waters of Massachusetts Bay it is so seldom seen that the following circumstance seems worth relating, and are in the narrator's own words. Capt. Walker, of Provincetown, recently, while running a schooner from that place to Boston, was overtaken by night off Cohasset Rocks, and was running into Boston Channel in the evening.

At about eight o'clock, it being very dark, and his vessel moving slowly in, he dropped over his lead to ascertain the depth of water, and in slowly pulling in the line he felt something cold upon it, and thinking it might be a bit of kelp or rockweed, was about to throw it off, when it fastened upon his hand and coiled around his wrist. He endeavored to shake off the eel, when suddenly bringing its tail around, it struck his arm with considerable force, and gave the worthy captain such a shock as sent him reeling to the deck. Recovering a little, he proceeded to seize the fish and cast it overboard, when he received a second shock from the little battery that caused him to call for aid, uttering a scream that must have been heard for miles.

Determined not to be overcome by so paltry an object as a small eel, he proceeded once more to discharge his elship, but was a third time repulsed with a greater force than before, laying him prostrate at full length upon deck. His men immediately rushed to the rescue, and bore the captain, almost insensible, aft, where medical aid could be administered. Never having heard of such wonderful power of the electrical eel, the greatest consternation prevailed, and the vessel rushing on in thick darkness, they knew not where, the anchors were got out with much difficulty, and they waited impatiently the return of day, actually supposing some evil spirit had seized upon them, and that for the night they were to be the sport of their orgies.—*Yarmouth Register*.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

“How is your patience, doctor?” said Mrs. Partington, pushing up the window and thrusting out her head as Dr. Bolus rode by. It was at the time when the venerable Aims was just recovering from a protracted bilious attack, during which he had been so sick that his friend, the President of the Perpetual Life Insurance Company, had told his friends in confidence that he wouldn't insure Aims's life for fifty per cent. The doctor reined up, with a gentle “woa,” and replied that his patient was convalescent. The good old lady held up her hands. “I declare,” said she, with an expression of pity on her countenance that might have served as the capital stock of three modern philanthropists, “I declare I am sorry for it; but I dare say you can cure any body of convalescence if any body can.” The doctor construed the remark into an ironical reflection on his practice, and rode away rather petulantly and didn't look at the house for three days thereafter when he rode by.—*Eve. Gazette*.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

NEARLY three years passed subsequent to the marriage of Horace Adams before he took his wife and child home to the old homestead where he had spent the days of his childhood and early youth. During the period of her wedded life, and ever after the day which made her a widow, the homestead had been the abiding place of the senior Mrs. Adams, whose union had been blessed with but two children, both boys, the eldest of whom had died prior to his attaining his majority, leaving Horace the sole recipient of his mother's solicitude.

From her earliest youth upward, to the present period—something past the maturity of middle age—she had led a life of self-indulgence, which gradually matured into a spirit whose manifest arrogance of opinion and petty arbitrary sway over her own household became disagreeable and irritating in its daily exercise over the inmates who, either by circumstance or necessity, were compelled to find themselves domiciled beneath her roof. Time had softened in the recollection of the son the defects of his mother's character; their homes being widely separated, but for brief and far-apart visits paid by him to the paternal home, and in the tender pride with which he was wont to regard his young wife, the thought never once occurred to him of the vast difference between the two characters whom he was now about to assimilate in the close intimacy of domestic life. In the gay southern metropolis in which he had commenced business, under the patronage and kindly influence of a relative of his father's, he had met the gay girl, whose youthful fancy for the handsome young northerner had ripened into the halcyon love of a wife—the mother of his child.

Full of the sunshine of an affectionate spirit, laughing in the care-free gaiety of youth, were the dark eyes which wandered from the carriage window as, Horace Adams ended his journey homeward, in the shadow of the old pear-tree before his mother's door. But the owner of these gay glances beheld not the motherly countenance bending forward in cordial greeting from beneath that vine-wreathed portico which she pictured to herself for the last half hour of her drive—not even the hall door stood hospitably open to their advent; the roses of June scattered their white and crimson leaves over the well-worn door step, and the grass grew tall and untrodden to its base. The closed doors, the curtained windows, gave the house a deserted, lonesome

aspect to the wife's eyes; but Horace Adams knew well the custom of the proprietor, and opening a small side gate in the low picket-fence, hedging in the front yard, he found his way to the other side of the house, where a column of smoke rose darkly up from the kitchen chimney towards the clear, blue, summer sky; and through the open door he beheld his mother within.

With a quiet, expressionless countenance she sat in the amplitude of her arm-chair vigorously knitting away on a stocking of almost interminable length, while she at the same time superintended the movements of a sober looking domestic, busied in the preparation of dinner. The swinging-to of the garden gate, followed by the shadow which fell upon the sunlit floor, prepared her for the frank, clear tones of her son's voice, speaking his cheerful greeting to herself. It was the shadow of a smile alone which crept across those thin lips, and lost itself in the premature wrinkles of her forehead. She thrust her knitting needles into the heart of the ball which she withdrew from the depths of her pocket, rolled it slowly up, and not until then did she follow her son through the house to the front entrance, whether he hastened to admit the travellers.

She had not half made the passage of the hall before a graceful, girlish figure bounded forward to her side; a pair of small, white hands, ungloved, and profusely decorated with sparkling gems, grasped her arm, and a face, from which fell back a quantity of long, dark curls, raised itself affectionately to her own.

Eleanor Adams, even in the confusion of the moment, experienced for the first time the chill with which a loving heart feels itself repulsed, as those frigid lips left a scarce perceptible impression on the brow which she touched. But there was a gratified expression in Mrs. Adams's eyes as she took, for the first time, her grandchild from its father's arms, and looked in approving recognition of the infantile charms upon its wondrous baby beauty, which almost reconciled the mother's heart to her own uncordial greeting; and the glance of rigid scrutiny which she turned upon its nurse, the old negress, whom she had brought with her from the south for the love which she bore her little nursling, and had borne herself, whom she also had nursed in her infancy.

From the bed upon which she had thrown herself as soon as she had disencumbered herself of her travelling dress, Eleanor cast a pleased survey around the cool, spacious chamber, to which her mother-in-law had at once consigned her, with an intimation of the near approach of the dinner hour. Dinah had looped back, by her

directions, the voluminous folds of white muslin which draped the tall mahogany bedstead upon which she lay, the curtains from the windows, the sashes of which had been raised by the united efforts of her husband and Dinah—so long did they seem to have been closed as to forbid all belief in the free circulation of summer breezes and summer sunshine being permitted therein, to steal from the gloss of those white draperies, now floating idly in the breeze, or fade the bright hues of crimson and green which had striped the floor of that guest chamber for many a year. The baby lay asleep by her side, and Dinah was already busied folding away her wardrobe in the chest of mahogany drawers, almost black, and highly polished with age, the upper drawers of which were beyond even the reach of Dinah's long arms, unless mounted on stool or chair.

She had not more than half completed her toilet, before she called Dinah from the still half unpacked trunks, and despatched her to the front yard in quest of a handful of roses. Hitherto Dinah had gathered her mistress's bouquets from the prodigal flower beds of a southern garden; therefore, as her wont, she plucked the half-blown roses from the bushes, wholly regardless whether they bore buds or not which would blossom at some later period. Mrs. Adams, senior, met her coming through the hall, her arms laden with the rifled contents of her garden, and something like an exclamation of affright broke from her as she beheld the sacrilege which had been committed. Never before had mortal hands ventured to detach from those prized and cherished rose bushes more than a single rose at once, and that must be the full-blown, short-stemmed, and barren of accompanying bud and leaf. The exclamation of terror ended in a brief, sharp reprimand that sent the affrighted perpetrator of the wrong with hurried footsteps and disturbed countenance to her mistress's chamber; but when she beheld the rapturous delight with which Eleanor received the brilliant colored and pure white flowers, she prudently forbore to disenchant her of her treasure by a knowledge of the rebuke which she had herself received for gathering them. So in utter unconscionance, Eleanor twined a white and bluish bud amid her curls, and fastening the lace which frilled her white corsage with another, went below. The sound of Horace's voice led her to the sitting-room, where she found him, together with his mother and another person, whose residence with her husband's mother was as yet unknown to her.

Rachel Gray—for this she was called—arose as Mrs. Adams named her in brief, abrupt words

to Eleanor, and curtsied demurely to the graceful apparition which glided into their midst; then she shot a quick, penetrating glance from beneath the long, light lashes that habitually drooped low over the pale blue eyes, which brightened with a restless expression as they scanned the features of her aunt's guest.

"Come here, Mellie, and take your first good view from this south window of the beautiful Connecticut River, and acknowledge I have neither exaggerated nor overrated its beauties one iota," called her husband from the open casement, from which he was bending; and Eleanor did not notice as she joined him the chilling gaze which fastened itself upon her flower-wreathed hair, and leisurely surveyed the delicate robe in which she had attired herself; but Rachel Gray noted it all with secret satisfaction, and echoed a profound sigh after her aunt's when she turned to her from that critical observation of her daughter-in-law's toilet, observant of even the embroidered handkerchief which was thrust within her belt—an extravagance of which she, herself, had never been guilty.

"It is indeed charming! and," added Eleanor, turning to his mother, "I no longer wonder that Horace should have ever retained so vivid a remembrance of this pleasant home; I can but wonder that he could have ever found it in his heart to leave it with all the glad associations of his boyhood also encircling its precincts."

"I so endeavored to instruct my son that duty to him would be paramount always to pleasure and self-gratification."

"I can well believe it, my dear madam, knowing him as I now do," responded the wife with ready tenderness, while Horace patted her cheek, and called her some pet name, too low to be audible to the others.

"You will see, Rachel Gray, if dinner is prepared," said Mrs. Adams. "The minute hand is already on the stroke of one o'clock, and Horace has doubtless not yet forgotten the punctuality which, with some degree of success, I have ever maintained in my household." And the old lady glanced complacently about her, though she would call their attention to the order which was apparent in the very apartment in which they were assembled.

Truly, it was a pleasant room, with its wide, open chimney-place, and the base therein filled with the feathery green asparagus tops and glossy oak leaves, filling up the space intervening between the massive, burnished andirons; the cool, white matting spread upon the floor; the long muslin curtains, falling to the very floor, and the row of quaintly carved high-back-

ed chairs ranged about the room. The green blinds were partly closed, and from the window at which they stood, the sunshine came in, softly tempered through the thick June foliage of the trees, while the drowsy hum of mid-day filled the air with a soft, monotonous melody. But there were no books upon the little table beneath the glass; only a ponderous volume, with "Holy Bible" inscribed upon its brown leather cover, lying on a small stand in a remote corner. A portrait, meant to represent the maidenhood of the mistress of the house, and perpetrated in brilliant hues, hung upon the wall; and just opposite, a no less execrable likeness of her son, which would have been unrecognized by his wife, had not the original himself pointed it out, with a mischievous smile.

"It will console you during my absence by its remarkable resemblance to myself, will it not, Mellie?" he questioned, laughingly, and for the first time there fell heavily upon Eleanor's heart a presentiment of coming loneliness and homesickness.

Horace marked the troubled look which became visible in that expressive countenance, and chided himself for the unpleasant remembrance which he had called to her recollection.

He was about absenting himself from their little circle, on affairs of much importance, connected with his business, which compelled him to go abroad for an indefinite length of time, which he consoled Eleanor with the promise of rendering brief as possible; and he had brought her north, with her little one, to become in the interval a resident beneath the shelter of his mother's roof, she being, like himself, fatherless, and yet more desolate for one so young without mother, brother or sister.

Something of the vast incongruity existing between his wife's tastes and habits, and those into which she was about to be brought into daily contact, now, for the first time, occurred to him, as he marked the vivid contrast which she presented to both his mother and Rachel Gray; but with the easy credulousness of affection, he never doubted Eleanor's power of converting, as she had hitherto been so successful in doing all things in conformity with her own inclinations. He did not realize that which to him were but girlish caprices and graceful foibles, would be looked upon by more austere eyes as grave offences, committed against the decorum and dignity of wife and motherhood, and moreover, that Eleanor now stood something in the light of a rival between his own and his mother's heart. Every caress, each loving word bestowed upon the young wife by her husband, she con-

sidered herself defrauded of by Eleanor. The grace which she soon imparted to the formal and elaborate arrangement of the pretty parlor, by a distribution of various trifles of books and *bijouterie* therein, were to her only a tacit rebuke of her own ability.

In spite of herself, Eleanor soon discovered that all her endeavors to please could not win one approving smile or friendly word; that while the beauty of little Carrie was a source of ill concealed triumph to the grandmother in exhibiting it to the neighbors, that she was none the less disposed to cavil at the extravagance of its richly embroidered frocks, most of which had been wrought by herself. But what perplexed and chagrined her most of all were the ceaseless reprimands which poor Dinah constantly incurred in doing her bidding, and which, with the garrulousness of her class, she did not hesitate to communicate to her mistress. However, for Horace's sake, these, the most palpable trials which she had ever known, Eleanor determined to overcome with a brave, hopeful heart, whose courage was born out of her tenderness for him.

Happily unconscious of the frequent cause which she gave for dissatisfaction through her very ignorance of the existence of many of Mrs. Adams's prejudices, Eleanor found great and exceeding enjoyment in the unrestrained freedom of a country life, which she was now for the first time permitted to enjoy. Absorbed in her own pleasant thoughts, she was blind to the interchange of all glances passing between Mrs. Adams and her parasite, Rachel Gray, when she would burst upon them with her apron laden with the wild flowers which she had rifled the woodlands of far and near, her cheeks glowing with exercise, her small hands sadly browned by exposure to the sun. And Horace, if he sometimes felt inclined to remonstrate with his mother for her ceaseless discouragement, and sometimes almost arbitrary remonstrances against those wild rambles which were rounding that slender figure into a more perfect grace, and filling the late languid limbs with an elasticity that argued well for the increase of physical health, was easily diverted from his purpose by a word or glance from Eleanor, who would not for the world have suffered herself to mar the harmony existing between mother and son.

Now the time drew near for his departure, and when it came, it found Eleanor, all softened and subdued as she was by grief, thoroughly prepared to appreciate any degree of kindly attention, no matter how trivial, offered by her who was the mother of that adored one; and with a lambent gentleness, Mrs. Adams did

rouse herself to bestow for a brief season something of that womanly attention towards Eleanor and her child, which it would seem most natural for her to give. But the change was as transient as it was insincere; all Eleanor's tastes and habits rose in direct opposition to her own; and more than all else, Rachel Gray followed her like a shadow, taking a malicious pleasure in pointing out to her observation all the incongruities which existed between them.

The winds of autumn ever and anon hurried from the half barren limbs of the old pear-tree, before the homestead, the crisp and frost-bitten leaves, sighing drearily against the casement of Eleanor's chamber—the occupant of which lay rather than sat in the chair before it, with her poor aching head resting wearily against the window pane, great tears rolling slowly down her thin, white cheek, and suffered to break unheeded upon the window sill, even as the rain drops upon the glass.

Weeks had now elapsed since that miserable last day of summer, when the members of that household had been startled by a moan so appalling in its anguish as to echo forever in the memory of those who heard it. Hurrying from the dining-room to the parlor, which they had just quitted as Eleanor opened the morning paper, with a faint hope of finding the English vessel, in which Horace was expected home from England, telegraphed, Mrs. Adams and Rachel Gray beheld her sitting there, white and rigid as a statue, her dark eyes frightfully dilated and fixed upon the paper which had fallen at her feet. With a pale cheek and trembling hand Rachel Gray had taken up that paper, and read therein the loss of the vessel in which Horace had taken passage home, including all the lives but those of a portion of the crew.

They never heard but that one moan of almost more than human misery from her; only once in a while, when Horace's mother lay uneasy or wakeful during the dark, silent watches of the night, she fancied she heard the repetition of that sound coming faintly through the closed door from the chamber where Eleanor lay with her baby. But it was soon perceptible that she faded and drooped, instead of recovering from the heaviness and first bitterness of the shock she had sustained.

The mother's grief for the loss of her son seemed to have spent itself in a brief, passionate abandonment to her sorrow while she received the sympathy and condolences of her neighbors, and finally subsided into an emotion of secret indignation against Eleanor that she should ap-

pear to suffer longer or more acutely than herself. The agonized expression which would involuntarily contract the wife's features whenever any casual mention was made by his mother of aught appertaining to him, was to her a tacit rebuke of her less sensitive recollection, and she felt herself aggrieved by the wife in her manifestation of a more enduring sense of bereavement than she herself experienced. There was solace left to her in the daily routine of domestic life and its relations, but for the void in that widowed one, on earth there was no substitute.

Horace's loss, too, it was soon ascertained, had left his wife, with her child, dependent upon his mother's bounty; so entangled were his business affairs, and so little known to his wife and mother that they were compelled to leave their entire adjustment to strangers. Absorbed by her grief, Eleanor had as yet paid little heed to aught else. Always heretofore abundantly provided for, she could not readily comprehend how she could suffer, either from dependence or through actual want. While his mother was amply provided for and abundantly able to do for them, she could not for a moment doubt her good will towards the wife and child of her only son. No, the question never once occurred to her mind, nor, in truth, was it fully realized by Mrs. Adams herself until casually alluded to by Rachel Gray.

"Poor thing!" said that person, with affected sympathy, "no wonder she is pining and fretting herself to death, setting, as she has done, so high a value on the possession of worldly vanities and adornments."

Her companion looked up at once with ready attention, and Rachel Gray went on:

"Don't you think, aunt, that perhaps if you were to speak with her on the necessary change which custom requires in her dress, that she would be in a degree easily diverted from her present melancholy state? I, who was only a cousin to your poor son, have already worn black for him these six weeks, while Eleanor has as yet made no change in her dress, but, on the contrary, puts on the same attire which she was wont to do, when he was alive and with us, apparently utterly reckless of what the world may say of such neglect shown to his memory."

"True, child—quite true. How could I, too, have been so forgetful? I must speak with her myself," answered her aunt.

And she had spoken with Eleanor that morning, who answered her only by a gush of quiet tears; and to her suggestion that Rachel Gray should go at once to town to make for her the necessary purchases, with a mournful obedient,

"As you please, mother." And Rachel Gray did as she was requested, and returned with her purchases—fabrics which were almost unknown to the hitherto elegantly nurtured child of affluence; garments whose texture the mother-in-law would herself have shamed to have beheld her son's wife in, had not the artful suggestions of her niece that Eleanor's previous habits required more costly attire than they were accustomed to wear, steeled her heart to all generous and womanly impulses. But the arrow which Rachel Gray barbed with petty malice for the heart of her rival, fell aimless against the wounded breast of Eleanor Adams; coarse and costly garments were all one to her then, in her bitter anguish, and the fresh burst of sorrow with which she had received them that autumn morning from the hands of Mrs. Adams, had been just as acute had they been selected by the same prodigal hand which had hitherto supplied her wants.

"You were right, Rachel Gray, there is a double cause for Eleanor's sorrow," said the step-mother to her niece, as they sat in the parlor below, while the unconscious origin of their misconstructions laid her head upon the rain-beat window pane, and hearkened with fainting heart to the dreary moan of the autumn storm.

"She is nothing but a child after all, aunt, and we must not be too exacting. What if we were to try how successful a little petting and humoring of her old fancies would be? I thought of this yesterday, when in town; and if you will be so good—if you will not think I was too forward, that I took too much upon myself, you will please, aunt, look at these handkerchiefs, which I took with the other articles, for her." And as she spoke, she took a small parcel from her work-box, and displayed a dozen of very delicate pocket handkerchiefs of the finest linen cambric, edged with a deep black border.

Mrs. Adams, after a critical examination, took them up, and, without speaking a word, ascended to the chamber of her daughter-in-law. Still Eleanor sat with bowed head by the window, while old Dinah, with her wishful, sympathizing gaze, turned towards her little Carrie, asleep upon her knee.

"I have brought you a little present, Eleanor," said the old lady, and for once she shaped her words and tones to a kindness that brought a wan smile to Eleanor's lip, and a vivid expression of gratification into her eyes, as she took the friendly offering which was tendered her, and strove to express her thanks in a voice that would have been cheerful had her self-command equalled her wishes.

"It was very thoughtful and considerate of Rachel Gray; for it is to her, and not to me, you are indebted for remembering your taste in such things," continued Mrs. Adams.

Eleanor glanced down at the deep black borders which edged the handkerchiefs, when her words and every expression of pleased emotion faded from her countenance at once.

Mrs. Adams attributed, most unjustly, the change which she manifested to an emotion of dislike and annoyance which she experienced at being indebted to her niece, and she grew quite wrathful with her companion.

"Rachel Gray is a good and praiseworthy girl," she said, hastily; "and you would do well, Eleanor Adams, if you were to strive to imitate her in patience and submission. She, too, has been chastened by the Almighty's hand, where she, too, placed her earthly dependence; she, too, has come to me to live equally in want with you yourself, and deprived of her worldly maintenance; but Rachel Gray has never repined; by her meek and patient deportment, she has evinced her gratitude to God for the humble instrument which he has provided in myself to take care of the fatherless and the motherless. She has truly been to me a comfort and a dependence in my old age—not a burden, through ceaseless repinings and lamentations."

There was a brief silence; then Eleanor said, in a low, sad voice:

"I, too, mother, will try to be to you even as Rachel is, with my Father's help; but I am but a poor, weak child, and time I trust will aid me with an increase of strength."

"You are too much accustomed to consider yourself incapable of exertion, Eleanor," said Mrs. Adams, still too much excited by her previous words to be touched by the pathos of that voice. "It would be much better for you were you to exert yourself."

"O, believe me, mother! I have striven to endure patiently. You have heard no word spoken by me in rebellion against my unhappy destiny—you never will; grief, such as I experience, cannot spend itself in idle moans."

"You are not alone in trouble, Eleanor; you forget that I, too, have been deprived of my husband, and that in what you have been a loser I, too, am one for the second time. If Horace was your husband, he also was my son; but you arrogate to yourself all regret for his loss."

A wondering, incredulous expression came over her companion's countenance, as she spoke:

"What is it you wish of me? How am I to satisfy you?" she questioned, and for the first time the accents of that voice became slightly

querulous, like an aggrieved child stung into momentary impatience by an exacting monitor.

It was the first symptom of rebellion which Eleanor had ever exhibited, and trivial as it was it fanned the spark of jealous tyranny in her mother-in-law's breast into a flame of passion.

"What is it I wish of you?" repeating her words, and concentrating all the indignation which she had ever entertained towards her into a hard, cold gaze fixed upon her victim's countenance. "It matters perhaps little what I wish, but let me tell you what I perceive, and what is quite evident to every one: You have taught yourself all through your life to believe that because you were young and pretty you were to receive nothing but indulgence, that you were to be fostered and cared for like a baby; and now that poor Horace has gone, and you find yourself without the means to gratify all your old foibles and extravagant fancies, you sit down and idly fold your hands under the cover of your tears, thinking no one will perceive that you have another cause to fret about equally with his loss."

Eleanor did not speak now when her assailer paused to take breath ere she proceeded; but the calm steady gaze of her dark eyes did not droop beneath those which met her own; they grew calmer and clearer, but yet more sorrowful, with each word. Only when Mrs. Adams proceeded to suggest the propriety of her giving up her child's nurse, and in very comprehensive language urged the apparent necessity of her taking the care of little Carrie upon herself, did she understand the exact meaning of Mrs. Adams's counsel to her to exert herself.

"Part with Dinah! Why, she has been with me since my earliest recollection! It would break the poor thing's heart—if it did not my own. Ask anything else of me but that; I cannot send her from me," was her answer.

"And I then am to understand that you not only refuse to comply with my wishes, Eleanor, but insist on forcing upon me as a member of my household a person who is not only personally disagreeable but very expensive to me?"

"Certainly not, madam; but as I cannot part with the faithful creature, I myself must go."

"And pray where do you propose going?"

Eleanor put her hand to her forehead and burst into a flood of tears. In that one bitter moment she realized the truth for the first time.

"True, I have no home to go to now. This, mother, is the only roof beneath which I have the slightest claim for shelter. But I beseech of you, do not turn away poor Dinah—Carrie will so grieve for her—Dinah will break her heart."

But Mrs. Adams was obdurate; for she beheld in Eleanor's persistency to retain Dinah only a direct opposition to her will. And Dinah went, yet with less agony, notwithstanding her manifestation of most acute grief, than her mistress herself experienced; for Eleanor now grew daily to a knowledge of the unloving hearts that surrounded her, and her friendless position.

The snow lay thick on the hillsides, and filled the valleys, while the ice sleeted the Connecticut and bridged it for many a mile. Christmas had come and gone, when Eleanor was aroused one bitter cold morning from her sleep by Rachel Gray, who stood by her bedside with a countenance expressive of unusual agitation.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! you must go to Aunt Martha; she is very ill; I don't know what can be the matter with her;—but she talks so strange and looks so very bad, she frightens me, and I dare not stay all alone with her."

Mrs. Adams had been indisposed for several days, but none of the family had considered her, any more than she herself had done, as seriously so. Eleanor's child had also been unwell for some time, and consequently fretful and troublesome in the extreme, particularly during the night, and Eleanor, upon whom its entire charge had necessarily fallen, with the dismissal of its nurse, was almost worn out with fatigue and the severity of a northern winter, which she for the first time experienced.

The rigid economy practised by Mrs. Adams in the family had deprived Eleanor of the only means of alleviating the discomfort which she experienced from the severe cold weather. Her sleeping apartment, which was sufficiently warmed for comfort during the day, chilled her pitifully when obliged to rise, as she frequently was, with Carrie, suffering with the restlessness consequent on teething. An ordinary degree of motherly forethought on the part of the mistress of the house would have seen that the young mother's comfort was better provided for; but although she strove to judge her neither too strictly nor severely, Eleanor could not but believe that through her mistress's positive orders was Betty, the housemaid, restricted from providing her with the requisite fuel to make comfortable that exposed and spacious chamber, in which she had been domiciled from that to her far off happy summer day.

During this night she had been even more disturbed than usual by Carrie's restlessness; and her head ached, her limbs were stiff and heavy, when she aroused herself to obey the summons.

Even Eleanor's ignorance as a nurse did not

preclude her immediate recognition of the very serious illness of Mrs. Adams. With the departure of her physician, there was a strange alteration of the position of the different members of her household. In the young mother's distant chamber, Betty the housemaid watched over the little one, who queried impatiently for the indulgent parent, who came not as hour after hour wore away, and sank at last sobbing to sleep in the evening time.

And Eleanor Adams, wherefore lingered she far off in the chamber of that sick woman?—that woman, whose petty exactions, whose continual reproaches had harassed her with perpetual unrest? The threshold of that sick chamber Rachel Gray had never once crossed since from its precincts she had fled affrighted early that day when Dr. Barnard, after an attentive survey of the patient's lineaments, pronounced her very ill of a contagious disease. From whence or where contracted none ever knew, but Martha Adams lay sick, almost unto death, for many days, deserted by every human being but her physician and one other—a woman, faded and blanched through great sorrow, sorrow which she had herself greatly contributed to increase, to but a shadow of the happy wife of her son, who had come to her home in the summer time.

Eleanor dared not incur the risk of carrying the contagion, to which she fearlessly exposed herself, into the child's presence, and day after day went by, while through the open door there came but an occasional laugh of little Carrie's to cheer the watcher's weariness. But there was a precious recompence preparing for Eleanor Adams. The questioning glance which the sick one at first turned languidly upon her, was softening in a grateful, trusting expression, which fell like a blessing on Eleanor's heart. At first she had fretted after her niece, and impatiently bade Eleanor summon her to her side; but when Rachel came not, when the truth gradually became apparent to her that Eleanor alone shunned her not, this change became manifest.

Paler and paler, thinner and thinner grew Eleanor, and like a restless spirit Rachel Gray flitted to and fro from the parlor to her own chamber, jealous of the care which Eleanor bestowed on her aunt, but unable to summon sufficient courage herself to brave the danger attendant on the duties of the sick chamber. With the hope of the prolongation of Mrs. Adams's life, which Dr. Barnard gave at length, after many tedious days, was the earnest recommendation to the young nurse to seek rest for herself immediately, so worn did she appear with the long confinement to which she had resigned herself. But

Eleanor felt that not yet could she leave the side of the helpless invalid, that not yet was there another ready to fill her place; and still she watched beside and tended on the sufferer, heedless of the doctor's remonstrance.

A deathlike lethargy had followed the immediate violence of Mrs. Adams's disease, and Eleanor awoke from a brief slumber, into which she had unconsciously fallen by the bedside, to behold the sick one awake, and regarding her with earnest and apparent consciousness.

"You look tired, Eleanor," she faintly said.

"But I can soon rest, now that you are looking so like yourself."

"And that I had never again been but for you. Eleanor, come closer to me; give me your hand. I have not been what I should have been to you. God forgive me, and bless you!" And she lifted the thin, pale hand, which grasped her own, with grateful tenderness to her lips. One brief moment she held it there, then Eleanor felt that feeble clasp close convulsively about her own, beheld those dim eyes brighten and dilate in strange agitation, as they fixed themselves upon the door beyond. She turned round to behold the cause of her agitation, put her hand feebly up with a faint low cry, and sank senseless upon the floor.

A manly figure stood in the doorway, with tears rolling slowly down cheeks brown with exposure and flushed with emotion. The lost had returned; the blue waters of the Atlantic had given up the treasure which Eleanor believed they had engulfed.

Sweet to Eleanor's heart was the recognition by Horace's mother of herself in tender love; but not until summer came round with its sunshine and soft breezes, could even her perfect joy win back the palest roses to her cheek. Horace was able, with little difficulty, to retrieve the loss he had sustained in his business. His mother never wearied of hearing the tale of his shipwreck and subsequent rescue by a foreign bound vessel, and repeating but for that trial, which had tried them alike so sorely, she had never learned Eleanor's worth and her own injustice.

Shortly after her aunt's recovery, Rachel left her home on a long visit to a distant relative, and the undisguised coldness of her aunt in parting with her, and the utter cessation of a further intercourse on her part, made it necessary for Rachel by accepting the first offer of marriage which she received to make for herself another home.

In all Connecticut, there is no pleasanter family circle than meets every summer beneath the roof where Eleanor Adams first learned to know and bear earth's troubles.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of our DOLLAR MONTHLY we commence the *fourth* volume of the work, under the most agreeable and successful circumstances. A rapidly increasing subscription list is an unmistakable token that *Bal-
lou's Dollar Magazine* was a happy conception from the first, and that a resolve to supply a monthly literary work, that all could afford, is fully appreciated. As we said in our last number, probably there never was a similar work issued from the press, which in a year and a half reached to so extensive a list of subscribers.

Ten years ago, this work, with its *hundred* pages of reading matter per month, upon fine white paper and neatly printed, could *not* have been afforded for less than *three dollars* per annum; but improvements in machinery, and the principle of *large* sales and small profits, have done wonders, and we send it forth for *one dollar* per year, perfectly satisfied with the returns we realize. People in the same line of business say to us, "Too cheap! too cheap!—you will ruin our business!" We reply that the public, not they, are our customers, and it is the public whom we serve.

Let our subscribers and friends show their good-will by speaking well of us to others; and let it be known that such a work can be had for *one dollar* per year, and what sort of a work it is, and our list shall be swelled still more rapidly. Will not each of our friends try to send us at least one subscriber?

In the meantime we shall continue to improve and beautify the work, and the reader will observe that we are continually adding the names of new and talented contributors to the already able corps engaged upon the DOLLAR MONTHLY.

DO SOMETHING.—Every one can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the foot-pavement.

ONE MILE.—In playing a game of billiards a man walks upwards of one mile on an average.

COSTLY.—The expense of one trip of an ocean steamship is over forty thousand dollars.

THE LADY'S PAGE.

Mrs. Bolster, who has just commenced the *5th* of an *Avenoodle*, in New York city, has added a "page" to her establishment. Pat Murphy, newly come over, a "broth of a boy," a second edition of the Irish giant, done up in a fine blue livery, with silver buttons, goes in for that line of character. The other evening, Murphy was told by the lady that she was "not at home to anybody." Among the dismissed callers was Mrs. Dudgeon, Mrs. Bolster's sister. The next day, when she learned to whom she had been denied, Mrs. Bolster informed the page that she was always at home to her sister.

Soon after imparting this information, Mrs. B. entered her carriage, with the new horses, and drove forth with the benevolent intention of "raking down Broadway" with the splendid equipage. During her absence, Mrs. Dudgeon called. "Is my sister in?"

"Sure she is, ma'am."

Mrs. Dudgeon walked in, and up stairs, and all over the house, without finding the lady. On leaving the house, she once more encountered the page. "What did you tell me my sister was up stairs for?"

"I told ye so, madam," replied the Hibernian, "because I had it from her own lips, that she was always at home for you."

Mr. Murphy is not so great an acquisition after all.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.—A curious rencontre happened to Douglas Jerrold on the first night of "The Rent Day." When he was a midshipman on board a man-of-war, he met in the same capacity, a lad named Clarkson Standfield. Sixteen years afterwards, these two sailor boys met on the boards of a London theatre; one the great scene-painter, and the other a successful dramatist.

SEA SERPENT.—The sea serpent has been seen off New Jersey; he was heading northeast and will turn up off Nahant, probably on the very day Col. Stevens reopens his splendid hotel.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—The sugar and molasses crop of Texas, last year, amounted to more than \$800,000. It "takes us."

OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

The constantly increasing business of our publications has for a considerable time demanded of us increased facilities for the proper transaction of the same. This it was impossible for us to consummate in an old building like the one we have so long occupied; and consequently the proprietor has purchased a large and convenient site in one of the principal thoroughfares of Boston, No. 22 Winter Street, where he has erected a large, convenient, and especially adapted edifice, solely for the publishing of his papers and Magazine, and the various branches of business immediately connected with the same. The new publishing hall is now nearly completed, and due notice of removal will be given to our readers and the public. The building has been arranged and erected upon an entirely novel plan, peculiarly adapted to our purposes, under the supervision of John R. Hall, architect, Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, master mason—three faithful and competent builders.

The entire basement, 132 feet deep by 28 feet in width, will be occupied by our twelve Adams presses, paper room, engine and boiler room, etc. The first floor, of the same large dimensions, and 14 feet in height, will be exclusively occupied as our business and publishing room, where will be found the cashier's office, chief book-keeper, mailing clerks, assorters, folders and packers' departments, and our own business office. On the second floor will be the editor's private room, proof-reading room, and composing, or type-setting room. On the third floor are the departments devoted to our corps of engravers, and the boxwood blocks, and the machinery and material for the engravers' use. On the fourth floor will be the designers' and gilders' rooms, with that of other finishers in various departments. On the fifth floor will be carried on the extensive business of our bindery—in the folding, pressing, trimming, sewing and embossing departments; while above all comes a large hall for the classification and storage of our bound volumes, and back numbers of Pictorial, Flag and Magazine.

With all these arrangements completed, we believe nothing is ventured in saying, that our establishment is the most extensive one devoted to the newspaper business, not alone in the United States, but in the world.

THIN SHOES.—Punch thinks that the feminine partiality for thin shoes arises from the feminine dislike to a thick understanding. We should think our fair countrywomen would not object to great souls.

A GENTLEMAN.

The old distich ran :

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?"

In England they have peculiar notions respecting male gentility. A gentleman, with our British friends, is a man who unites to some advantages of birth, fortune, talent or position, those moral qualities which are adapted to the place he occupies in society, and manners which indicate a liberal education and training. The tact of the English people in this respect is very nice, and even the brilliancy of the most elevated rank rarely leads their judgment astray. Though George IV. was called by the "upper ten" the "finest gentleman of his kingdom," yet the masses by no means endorsed that opinion. Let a man of the highest birth step aside in conduct, in manner, or even in the etiquette imposed by his position, you will soon hear the popular remark, "Though a lord he is no gentleman." In this country a man is recognized as a gentleman, whatever his position or means, provided he is a true man—true to himself, true to his fellows. Wealth with us does not gild brutish manners, nor descent blind the popular judgment to individual defects.

FAT MEN.—Henry Giles says "that there is something cordial about a fat man; everybody likes him and he likes everybody." This is true; people "cotton" to the Falstuffs, and cut the "lean and hungry Cassiuses" of this world. There is a reason for this preference. Who ever heard of a fat man murdering a fellow-being, or getting his livelihood as a professional burglar or a highwayman? Two hundred and fifty pounds weight of flesh is ample security for good behaviour and a certificate of good character.

SOMNOLENCY.—A wag writes that somnolency may be removed, by involving yourself in a lawsuit endangering your whole property. So long as your case remains undecided, you will have little inclination to sleep.

CORONATION.—The emperor of Russia intends to be crowned during the present summer. The ceremony will be an imposing one.

LOCOMOTION.—In New York there are twenty four different lines of omnibuses, and five lines of city railroad, all doing a good business.

THE BATH.—Dr. Hall is inflexibly opposed to cold water bathing and hard water. Shuddering hydropathists must regard him as a heretic.

HOW HE DOES IT.

Bill Dibbles is a very well-dressed young man, moves in good company, drives fast livery horses, enjoys all the pleasures of the town that a gentleman may enjoy without derogation, and yet it is well known that he has just sufficient income to pay his hotel and laundry bills, and keep up his credit with his tailor. "How he does it" is a mystery to the great world of Boston, which is naturally bound to know everybody's business. Happening to be in Dibbles's confidence, we shall venture to reveal his secret. It is a very simple one, and may benefit some of the fast young men of this wicked generation.

Bill Dibbles's fortune, then, consists of one twenty-dollar gold piece. It is a real lucky penny. He has had it these three years—ever since he came of age, indeed. It is worth at least twenty thousand dollars to him. For instance, he goes into a stationer's to buy half a dozen sheets of paper; out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece to pay for it.

"Will you change this?" says Bill. "I'm sorry I've nothing smaller. Please give me gold and silver—I'm shy of paper money."

"Can't do it, my dear sir; haven't got the change in the store. But it's no consequence—any time when you're passing."

How carelessly Bill lounges into a confectioner's and orders a strawberry ice cream. The pretty girl at the counter is doomed to witness the exhibition of that inexorable gold piece, smilingly declines to change it; and Bill, invited to call and settle when he is passing, lounges out of the establishment as nonchalantly as he entered it.

Bill scorns to be reputed mean. When he is dining in company at Parker's, he always insists on paying his share, and out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece. Of course nobody can change it. Equally certain is it that the credit of a man who never has anything less than twenty dollars in his pocket, is beyond suspicion. For him the livery stable keeper puts the fastest nag to the best buggy; for him the boot black puts an extra polish on the French calfskin; for him the artist in hair gives a more vigorous touch to his champagne fingers—they are all paid in the same coin: or rather by a sight of the same coin. What a contemptuous, sarcastic smile does Bill's aristocratic lip wear when he is told that they cannot change that twenty-dollar gold piece! How he pities some people's poverty! How he complains—the hypocrite!—of the annoyance these repeated refusals cause him! We verily believe that if he is ever married, that twenty-dollar piece will be tendered to the clergyman

with a request that he will return half of it. Of course the clergyman won't be able to do it, and the gold will return to the pocket of Bill's white vest. If Bill isn't a financier, we don't know who is.

DOG AND MAN.

Reynolds, the prolific dramatist, once produced a musical afterpiece at Drury Lane, called "The Caravan: or, the Driver and his Dog." The music was good, and it had a profitable run. The chief attraction of the piece was a dog, named Carlo. One day, Sheridan, being then manager, went to see the performance of this wonderful dog. As he entered the green room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to him, with a woful countenance:

"Sir, there is no guarding against illness; it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this, but really—"

"Really what?" exclaimed Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I really cannot go on longer than to-night."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Sheridan. "My dear fellow, you frightened me; I thought you were going to say the dog was taken ill!"

IOWA.—There must be "tall living" in Iowa. A friend writes from there, that going out a few days since a short distance from home, he found a six barrelled revolver, a hunting knife, a pair of boots, and the dead bodies of eight wolves laying beside them, indicating that some person had shot six with his revolver, destroyed two with his knife, and then became a victim to the remainder.

HAVANA.—The Cubans seem to be enjoying themselves. Paul Jullien and Patti reaped a rich harvest. The theatres are doing well, a gymnasium for ladies and gentlemen has been opened, Godard is still giving balloon ascensions, and a panorama of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre is on exhibition.

Will some one smart at figures tell us how Mr. Ballou can afford to give one hundred pages of reading matter (all of which he pays for), in each number of his *Dollar Magazine*, or twelve hundred pages of excellent and entertaining miscellany for one dollar per annum? There is but one other magazine in the country which equals Ballou's *Dollar Monthly* in circulation, nor is this to be wondered at while it is afforded at so low a price.—*MacKays Democrat*.

DIAMONDS.—Diamonds are looking up in Paris, having advanced twenty-five per cent. The Russian agents are buying them up for the ladies of St. Petersburg.

OFF WITH THE BEARDS!

This was the cry of Peter the Great of Russia, who, in a moment of littleness, perfectly inexplicable, commenced a war on the beards of his subjects, which lasted more than sixty years. The illustrious legislator, soldier, ship carpenter and admiral, as the starting-point of his crusade, caused to be engraven in brass the following sentence—*Boroda lichnaia tiogota* (the beard is a useless embarrassment). The great obstacle Alexiovitch encountered in his attempted reforms was attachment to ancient usages. This tenacity still characterizes the party of the old Russians—the *Raskolnicks*; many of them, principally among the Cossacks, would prefer the loss of life to that of the cherished beard. Thus the common metaphorical expression in Yankeeedom, to signify to a man that he has been taken in, "you have been shaved," in Russia expresses the most terrible indignity that can befall a man.

Peter the Great seeing how much importance his subjects paid to the preservation of their beards, ordered them to cut them off. Did he wish, like an ancient legislator of imperious spirit, the enemy of half measures, to accustom his Muscovites to discipline by the severity of this initiatory sacrifice? However that may be, if Peter's prohibition were not inspired by this motive, he at least knew how to replenish his finances from the resistance he encountered. If you were a functionary of the court or city, a trader or merchant, you were taxed, for wearing beard or mustachios, one hundred rubles—about eighty dollars; the citizens, servants of the boyards, paid about sixty rubles—say about forty-eight dollars; the inhabitants of Moscow, thirty rubles—about twenty-four dollars; while the peasants, every time they passed the barriers of a city, gave two *denqui*—about four cents. The receipt was a token, or coin, which it was quite well for those who had paid the tax to keep about them. Wo to the poor fellow who neglected to comply with the regulations! The officers of the guard were pitiless, and his beard fell under the huge shears with which they were armed. The white bearded senators of Rome, when their hirsute appendages were tweaked by the invading Gauls, suffered not more internal anguish than did the poor peasants who came to Peter's gate, glorious as goats, and went away like shorn lambs. There are fanatics in this country who would gladly see Congress come down as severely as did some of our colonial legislatures on the style of wearing the hair, and sweep away lovelocks, imperials and mustachios in one fell swoop. O scissors!

Catherine I. confirmed the edicts of her predecessor. In 1728 an ordinance of Peter II. permitted peasants and farmers to wear their beards, but the tax of fifty rubles for other persons was maintained under pain of penal labor. A ukase of the Empress Anne made the tax on beards universal, and increased its amount. Many left their country—flying like the *hare*—rather than give up their chin tufts. We doubt whether the attachment to this natural decoration of the human face divine ever led to such sacrifices among any other people. Peter III. was preparing to war against beards with greater ferocity, when Catherine II. deprived him of his throne of life, and restored to the nation the privilege of wearing their hair as they liked. The exiles, who had "tarried at Jericho," now came back to St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Is not the human hair regarded as the seat of honor? Many a man who has made no objection to losing his head, has enjoined it on the executioner not to injure his beard. The most daring thing that the First Consul Bonaparte did was to cut off the queues of his soldiers in Egypt. When we guarantee a man's safety, we promise that "not a hair of his head shall be injured." Yet how many of us seem to take an especial delight, like Peter the Great of Russia, in flourishing the shears and razor?

AFFECTING CASE.—The Dayton Gazette tells an affecting story of a farmer who, while selling a load of wheat at a dollar a bushel in that city, burst into tears. The owner of the mill was touched, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief. "Sympathy" was too much for him, and bursting into a tremendous "boo hoo," he replied: "My son John could have got a dollar and seventy-five cents a bushel for this very wheat two months ago!"

HUNTING AND FISHING.—It is a canon of the Catholic Church, it is said, that hunters have generally been great sinners, and fishermen pious. Isaac Walton asks a blessing on all who are "lovers of virtue and go an angling."

PHILANTHROPY.—There are two kinds of philanthropists—those who talk and those who act: the former believe in good advice, the latter in dimes and dinners.

THE USE OF TRAVEL.—One of the most important uses of travel is not so much to make us know what we see before us, as what we leave behind us.

SMUGGLERS AND SMUGGLING.

All men are by instinct free traders, and there are few, except honest tradespeople, who do not sympathize at heart with smugglers, and secretly chuckle over their evasions of the revenue laws. This is particularly the case in Europe, where duties are oppressively heavy, where each state is surrounded by a cordon of custom house officers, and where, even, there are imposts levied on goods passing from town to country in the same state. As a matter of course there is a great deal of smuggling—excessive duties acting as a stimulus and premium on fraudulent dealers. In France the smugglers are particularly active, and the sympathy of the people materially aids them. Almost incredible stories are told of the ingenuity of French smugglers on the northern frontier. Some of the drivers of the diligences have been known to deal in double panels, harnesses lined with lace, and cushions stuffed with costly fabrics. Beets have been hollowed out and filled with tobacco. We remember reading of a funeral procession, conducted in grand style, where the coffin was filled with cigars; and particularly of the passage across the Belgian frontier of a false general in full uniform, followed by his staff, all of them glittering with embroidery, and covered with ribbons and crosses, so that the custom house troops, drawn up in line, presented arms, and without instituting the usual search, allowed three carriages, filled with silks and smugglers, to pass their guard.

Most of the smugglers in France make great use of well-trained dogs, and their enemies, the custom house officers, follow their example. Packages of silks and lacings are lashed to the backs of these animals, and over them is placed a curious sort of defence. A two-tined steel fork is strapped on each side of the dog, the points projecting beyond his head, and the shafts, from his nose to his tail, furnished with long, curved, cutting knife-blades. Thus equipped, he is launched on his career, and goes directly to some point where he has been well fed and caressed, and where confederates are ready to receive him. The defensive armor worn by these dogs is a complete protection against any but a very well-trained dog. If an untrained mastiff attacks the smuggler's dog, he is almost sure to be spitted alive. An old, well-trained custom house dog, however, knows how to operate successfully. He attacks the smuggler's dog in the rear; catches him by the hind leg and holds him fast till his master comes up. The latter immediately kills the contrabandist's dog, and then cuts off one of his paws as a trophy, which serves as an evidence in obtaining the

reward. The smugglers and their enemies also use dogs for another purpose. They attach themselves to the animals by stout cords or straps, reaching from their belts to the dog's collars, and are thus dragged over the ground with much greater velocity than they could obtain by their own unaided efforts. In the vast plains of the Artois smuggling is ordinarily carried on by squads of cavalry, flanked by skirmishers. When the mounted custom house official attacks their cavalcades, a murderous melee is not unfrequently the result.

The smugglers of the north of France live in troops and march in bands, each band having its leader, whose supremacy is based on innumerable proofs of intelligence and audacity. He is almost always what is termed in slang phrase, a "hard ticket,"—perhaps an old smuggler, who has learned how to baffle gendarmes and guards, and who knows how to tread the path the law has never discovered by night or by day. His followers place entire confidence in him, and surrender their liberty and fortune to his keeping; and these men very rarely betray their trust. A true and full account of smugglers and smuggling on the continent of Europe would be as readable and exciting as the most thrilling romance.

NO JOKE.—The Montpellier (Vt.) Freeman says that at a social gathering in that vicinity, lately, a young gentleman had the task of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during the evening's amusement, and with a young lady went through a mock ceremony, as they both supposed, of being married; but after the motions had been gone through with, it was discovered that the person who married them was a *real* justice, and the matrimonial knot could not be untied! The parties are satisfied with their bargain, but are considerably nettled at the manner in which they were launched upon the sea of matrimony.

BOOKSELLING.—The book trade of Boston has increased 25 per cent. over the average of the last five years, and the business for 1855 amounted to \$5,500,000.

***AWFUL.**—Rogers, in his "Table Talk," has left on record that he saw several girls—mere children—going to the gallows for having participated in the Lord George Gordon riots.

BINDING.—Binding in all of its varieties neatly done at this office, at the lowest rates, and in the shortest period of time.

COULDN'T STAND IT.

A farmer and his wife of our acquaintance hired a respectable young man to work for them, and, as is usual in our agricultural towns, the employed dined at their table. The lady was very polite, and as the young man was supposed to be bashful, was constantly pressing him to take another cake, another slice of pudding, etc., etc. At last, one day, after the usual solicitations, to the reply, "Do have another piece of pie, Mr. —," he roared out, "No, I went, I tell ye!—and ye needn't ask me. You'll spile my digestion—you will. I've eaten 'bout twice as much as is good for me 'ready. Every day you've been comin' that game on me!—but I won't stand it; and if you don't leave off, I'll leave to once—I will. I s'pose you think I don't know anything about the organs of the stomach; but I've been to the 'cademy tu quarters, and studied physiology, and I aint agoin' to kill myself for no white man or woman, if I du get sixteen dollars a month and board." It is needless to add that, after this explosion, he was never subjected to similar treatment.

THE REMAINS OF A HERO.—The remains of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, were lately removed from the tomb under St. Paul's Church, to be deposited in the grave of the Warren family at Forest Hills Cemetery, Roxbury. The cranium was found in a state of preservation, and an aperture showed where the fatal ball had entered. The bullet, by the way, is still carefully preserved in this city.

SUCH IS LIFE!—The street philosopher saith, "The boy on foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out 'whip behind!' in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on, more fortunate than ourselves, knocked off his perch."

A CHANGE.—They have substituted horses for mules on the Sixth Avenue Railroad, New York city. The long-eared quadrupeds will be glad of the change. They have departed; but they have left a good many traces behind.

BOUQUERS.—It requires art and taste to make up a beautiful bouquet. Without an eye for the harmony of color, the most beautiful flowers may be grouped together without effect.

THUS IT IS.—The heart that beats for no woman is a niche without a statue.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

We have seldom met in works of fiction with a more touching incident than the following, which actually occurred a few days since in our own State: A young man, who was convicted of bigamy at Newburyport last spring, lately served out the term of punishment for which he was sentenced. At the railroad station he was met by his first wife, who took him with her, gave him a new suit of clothes, and presented him with three hundred dollars, which she had earned since the period of his desertion. They left together for their former home, in New Hampshire. We cannot believe that the generosity, the truly Christian forgiveness, the rich confidence of this noble woman, will fail to redeem the heart of the erring man on whom these treasures were bestowed. Let us believe, for the honor of human nature, that this "angel of the household" will be rewarded, even here on earth, for her trust and her affection.

A DILEMMA.—When the ship Meredith was discovered to be leaking, an Irish sailor was employed at the pump—but first looked over the rail to see how high the water was on the side of the vessel. After pumping an hour, he took another peep over the side, and finding the vessel was four inches deeper than when he began, he shouted, "Arrah, now, captain dear, I shall soon pump the sea full at this rate; for I have raised it four inches already!"

LITERARY.—Surely, the lecturing mania is at its height. A lady in New York has been lecturing on dancing, with illustrations. She probably borrowed her idea from Dan Rice:

"You wheel about and turn about,
And do jis so;
And every time you wheel about
You jump Jim Crew."

SPIRITUALISM.—Humboldt, the great German philosopher, is down on the spirit-rappers rather heavily. He writes that he has a "holy horror of pine wood spiritualism." Some things have been done in Boston that would make him open his eyes.

PAPER.—The cost of manufacturing a year's supply of printing paper for the United States, independent of labor and rags, is estimated at \$4,000,000. This gives us a lively idea of the literary character of our country.

REFINED CRUELTY.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house. The crime was in consequence extremely rare.

Foreign Miscellany.

Pasteboard from beet-root is now manufactured in France.

Louis Napoleon's baby is enrolled as a grenadier in the guard.

The affairs of Italy were tartly debated in the Peace Congress, at Paris.

At the recent great naval review in the British waters, the Cuckoo, a war steamship, was specially assigned for the use of the press.

The plate and other decorations of the table, now owned by the city of Paris, are said to be worth from eight to ten millions of francs.

The court of Rome is sedulously endeavoring to obtain from the government of Tuscany a concordat similar to the one lately granted by Austria.

It is said that Prince Oscar, third son of the king of Sweden, is to marry the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and is about to go to London to seek her.

Postage stamps, similar to those in England, France and America, have just been introduced into Sweden, and a universal rate of postage established.

France has been called on to interfere in Mexico, for the protection of the property of the Catholic Church, recently seized by President Comonfort.

England is at present distracted by a controversy as to whether Penn was or was not an honest man. That there should be a split about a pen is not very surprising.

Rabies, or hydrophobia, has got among the deer in some of the English parks, and, it is feared, will depopulate them. Stainsborough Park, near Barnsley, has lost 100 head.

Among the victims of typhus fever at Odessa were, in one week, twelve army surgeons and four physicians, of whom two were Americans, who had made preparations to return home.

The number of students in the Russian universities has hitherto been limited by law. The Emperor Alexander has just signalized his zeal for the welfare of his subjects by removing this restriction.

The London News lately said in a leader on the adulteration of food, so common in the Great Metropolis, "with all the wealth of the world at our call, there are very few in this metropolis who can get a glass of pure water to drink or a bit of genuine bread to eat!"

Mr. Daniel Cameron, who was elected representative for the digging district of Woolshed, Australia, had the compliment paid to him by his supporters of having the horse he rode on at the time of the contest shod with shoes of solid gold. He was also presented with £1500.

The French paper *La Presse* has the largest circulation of any paper in France. It has never printed less than 9500 copies, and its largest circulation, during the revolutionary troubles of 1848, was 63,869 copies. Its circulation last year was 42,646 copies, or 16,352,498 stamped sheets, on which the stamp duty amounted to 1,226,805 francs, or nearly \$250,000.

Italy has an area of 119,000 square miles, and a population of 25,000,000.

Sardinia's participation in the Eastern war has cost her about 75,000,000 francs.

The entire wealth of England is estimated at £3,700,000,000.

A poem on peace, published in St. Petersburg, praises all the combatants.

The Czar of Russia has taken off the prohibition which prevented the Russian nobles from visiting France.

There now remains in India but one native state of any considerable magnitude, that of Hyderabad, in the Deccan.

The Ottoman electric telegraph between Constantinople and Shumla is now open for the transmission of private despatches.

In 1825 the king of Sardinia decreed that no one should be allowed to read and write who was not in possession of 1500 *livres*—about \$200.

Miss Hosmer, of Watertown, is now modeling at Rome a statue of Beatrice Cenci, as she appeared on the evening before her execution.

The Greeks are largely cultivating land in and about Jerusalem, planting olive and mulberry trees, and building silk mills.

The Emperor Napoleon has purchased an extensive piece of ground between St. Cloud and Mont Valerien, for the purpose of erecting a model farm.

A Swedish lady, described as possessing a beautiful voice, has been singing in the north of Germany, and is shortly to appear at the Opera, in Berlin, as *Queen of Night* in the *Zauberflöte*.

Mr. Hawthorne, author of the "*Scarlet Letter*," being a guest at the banquet given at the Mansion House, London, recently, said he felt the ties between England and America were such as could never be broken.

The Irish hegira to America has again commenced, and crowds of "decently dressed and comfortable looking emigrants" are seen flocking to the seaports to embark for the land of freedom.

A tunnel under the Mersey, from Birkenhead to Liverpool is proposed. It would, as at present arranged, be about two miles in length, of which about three-quarters of a mile would be made under the river.

The Pinster Canal, which has been in course of construction for many years for account of the Russian government, is at length completed and has just been opened. This canal allows of uninterrupted communication between the Dnieper and the Bug.

Queen Victoria has commanded Mr. Bigg, the well known anatomical mechanician, to construct artificial arms and legs for nine Crimean soldiers, whose severe mutilation attracted her notice during recent visits to the hospitals of Portsmouth and Chatham.

Timber in France is dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. The sap is the medium through which the fluid is conveyed. It forms a kind of delicate pump, up which the artery particles run with great rapidity.

Record of the Times.

There are twelve thousand Jews in New York city.

Bayard Taylor is engaged on a *Cyclopaedia of Modern Travel*, which is to be finished in June.

A little girl at East Boston recently died from the excess of exertion in jumping rope.

The Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore has been sold to Mr. Greason, for \$32,000.

Louisville, Ky., has voted by a majority of 805 to license tavern and coffee houses.

The manufacture of cotton seed oil has been commenced at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The citizens of Roxbury, Mass., are to be taxed \$125,360 the coming year.

Over \$1,700,000 are annually spent in New Orleans for lottery tickets.

The Fourierite colony, in Switzerland, is now broken up.

There are in the United States 715 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 283,000.

A model judge "out South" forgot the day fixed by law for the court to begin on, and fined himself twenty-five dollars for the oversight.

A man, named Edward Caton, was fined \$10 in Albany, lately, for attempting to commit suicide by jumping into the river.

The former residence of John Jacob Astor, in Broadway, New York, is in process of demolition, to make room for a brown stone structure.

Work has been resumed upon the fortification at Fort Knox, in Bucksport, Maine, under the superintendency of Lieut. J. D. Kurtz.

Tourists are arriving at Niagara Falls in large numbers, the hotels are filling up, and the place has resumed a summer-like activity.

The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up promptly, under the head of "Legion of Honor."

The peasantry in some parts of France believe implicitly in sorcery, and there is no lack of designing knaves who turn their credulity to account by pretending to be magicians.

It is a good sign of the times that two commissioners from South Carolina are in New York, to examine the school system, with a view of establishing a similar one in their own State.

Advices from Turks Island and Key West represent the prospects for a bountiful yield of salt as unusually promising. One hundred thousand bushels is the estimate for Key West.

A boy and a girl, respectively six and eight years of age, who had been lost for upwards of ten days at Altoona, Pa., were recently found in the woods, dead, lying side by side.

Rev. T. H. Stockton, of Baltimore, proposes to publish the Bible in separate volumes—each of the inspired writers' productions being in a separate volume.

As nearly as can be estimated, the number of hats annually sold in New York is not far from 7,500,000, and the annual sales of this description of merchandize, exclusive of straw goods, amount to at least \$8,000,000.

Relief continues to be sent to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands.

During the past year the Am. Tract Society has received \$943 10 in counterfeit money.

The contemptible crime of bigamy seems to be spreading over the country.

The old bell of the Philadelphia State House is now used for the fire alarm.

Hon. E. G. Squier has received the gold medal of the French Geographical Society.

A hollow tooth is defined by science to be an "aching void."

There are 66,162 volumes of public documents for three years only, in the Ohio State House.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest, it is said.

Beware of letting stewed apples stand too long in glazed jars—they become poisonous.

Geometry doesn't teach us to square the circle of our acquaintance.

The Portuguese of New York have subscribed a sum of nearly \$2000 for the benefit of their suffering brethren at the Cape Verd Islands.

Dr. Breckenridge says that it is the characteristic of Kentuckians not to promise much, but that they always perform what they promise.

Accounts from all parts of New Jersey agree in stating that the prospects of a large yield of peaches were never better than at present.

Common schools are rapidly increasing in North Carolina, and were attended last year by 120,000 scholars, against 19,000 in 1840.

The Zanesville Courier says it is reported that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

Dr. Orville Dewey has donated the earnings of his last winter's lectures to his native village, to be expended in planting shade trees along its streets.

The town of Woonsocket, R. I., with a population of six thousand, has a banking capital of one million and forty thousand dollars—a capital larger, in proportion, than New York city.

What contributed most to bring *Æsculapius* into vogue as a physician, was his luckily meeting a man that his friends were going to inter, in whom he found some remains of life, and whom he restored to perfect health.

The American Publishers' Circular says that G. P. R. James, setting down into a steadfast admirer of free acres and broad fields, has invested largely in western lands, and remains for the present in the United States.

The Nashua Oasis says that one stove manufactory in that city is filling an order for 180 stoves to go to Turkey. The harems of the Sultan may yet enjoy the pleasure of eating food cooked on a Yankee stove.

At Hamilton, Canada, Mrs. McIntyre, a poor widow, recently recovered £100 from a wealthy merchant for the death of her only child, a boy of eleven years, who was killed by falling into a cellar belonging to the defendant, on a public street—there being no railing for the protection of passengers.

Merry Making.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Kase he is a deal-planer.

A grocer in Dublin advertises whiskey for sale, "drunk by his late majesty."

Why is a crack in the wall like Isaac Walton the angler? Because it's a fissure.

A servant girl left her place the other day, because she had to drink brown sugar in her coffee.

The man "who stood upon trifles" has been blown away.

Woman's "Empire State" is matrimony. Here she is always in the majority—always reigns and sometimes storms.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."

The man who took passage on the wings of the morning returned on the shades of night. He is doing well.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but the popular study is how to make money out of him.

Why may a chemist and a mountebank both be females? Because one is an Ann Eliza (analyzer) and the other a Charlotte Ann (charlatan).

To catch mice, place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite!

A father being applied to for the reason of his son's absence from school, the schoolmaster received the following intelligent reply: "Kept-athometogoataterin."

Doing unto others as you would have others do unto you—Neglecting to pay the barber for removing the beard from your face, and thereby shaving him in return.

A physician who was called to attend a rich patient, immediately said on entering the sick chamber, "My dear sir, allow me to examine your pulse,"—meaning pulse, of course."

An editor out West, who had been to see Macbeth performed, winds up a criticism on the play with "Shakspeare was a trump." The editor, we suppose, is a brick.

"Hans, what is the matter?" "De sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and broke de axletree of de brick house what stands by de corner lamp-post across de telegraph."

Why are the ladies of the present day like the Illies of Scripture? Because they "toil not, neither do they spin; yet Selomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

There is a boy about town who is so cross-eyed that if he looks at a bottle his eyes act as regular cork-screws, and draw the cork instantan. He always imagines his nose to be a big building around the corner.

A young lady who had not received so much attention from the beaux as her female associates, said to her lover, "I told them I would wait until the chaff had blown off, and then I would pick up the wheat." Smart compliment, that.

What is the best drink for a soldier? March beer.

Why is a deputy sheriff like the first Roman emperor? Because he's a "seizer."

Sidney Smith says the Anglo Saxon race was made for two purposes—to manufacture calico and steal land.

The following question is now before the Tilietudium Debating Society: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?"

The doctor who operates for "cataracts" is going to Buffalo, to see if he can do anything for the cataract at Niagara.

We know a preacher who, when speaking, constantly hammers the desk with his fist, to rivet the attention of his audience.

A lady hearing that the price of tallow had risen in consequence of the war, exclaimed, "What! do they fight by candle-light?"

An honest Dutchman being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree dimes a week every day but Soonday; den I shafe efferdy day."

The man who "held an office" got tired and let go for the purpose of resting himself a short time, when the office got away, and has not been heard from since.

Jenkins says his brother, who edits a paper out West, is doing first rate. He has had two new hats within the past three years. Jenkins is inclined to take on airs.

"I say, Mr. Impudence, what are you doing with your hand in my pocket?" "I axes your pardon, mister, but in this here cold vether von scarcely knows vere von puts his 'and."

New clothes are great promoters of piety. The young lady with a new bonnet or dress would not miss going to church for all the world.

A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate sized piece.

"What a soft hand Judge B— has!" said a young lady, with whom the judge had just been shaking hands, to her father. "That's because it's been greased so often," growled the old gentleman.

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

"Landlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me to realize from your culinary stores the pleasure of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innocuous by igneous martyrdom!" He asked for baked sweet potatoes.

"Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another. "Because I haint got no what's-his-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

A private of the Galway Rifles was recently standing sentry, when an officer, noticing that he had a black eye, charged him with having been fighting. "Please sir," the soldier replied, "was it not for that you engaged me?"

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1856.

WHOLE No. 20.

THE FAITHFUL HOUND.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

I HAD been absent from home nearly a week, collecting some old debts in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and having succeeded perfectly to my satisfaction, set out on my return—which I expected would occupy about two days—with a considerable sum of money in my wallet.

It was a fine evening in the early part of May, when I alighted from my horse at the door of an inn, where it was my intention to spend the night. It was a pleasant, comfortable-looking place enough, with every sign of neatness and thrift about it; and the prospect of a night's entertainment in such a place, after a long and hard day's ride, was by no means an unwelcome one. Landlord and hostler made their appearance simultaneously, and giving my horse to the latter, I requested mine host to provide me with an apartment, and let me have supper as soon as might be.

The first was at my service directly, and the second was promised in the space of a few minutes. The landlord conducted me to my room, and there left me to attend to affairs below, while I proceeded to cleanse myself from the dust of travel. A plenteous shower of cold water, a supply of fresh linen from a small portmanteau I carried with me, and a free use of that most convenient article, the clothes brush, soon combined to renovate my entire appearance; and thus refreshed, I descended the stairs to look after my horse.

A visit to the stable door assured me that he was well cared for, and in a few moments I re-

turned across the yard to the inn door. As I did so, I observed a shaggy and somewhat gaunt looking hound sitting just by the sill—having taken up his station there during my visit to the stable. He was by no means handsome, for he was both lean and rough; but, accustomed by experience to judge of neither man nor beast entirely by smoothness of coat or shapeliness of limb, I looked for some redeeming quality.

It was there; and more than one, as I found. The gaunt limbs were sinewy and strong, the rough coat concealed a frame of iron, the head was well made, the countenance kind and good-tempered, the eyes fine, bright, serious and intelligent; and they watched me with a wishful, contemplative glance as I crossed towards the door. I whistled to him; he brightened up, wagged his tail, and rising, came to meet me. Just then, mine host appeared in the doorway.

"A fine dog, sir," I said, stroking the head of my canine friend; "a fine dog. May I ask if he belongs to you?"

"No, sir; I never saw him till yesterday," answered the landlord; "and then he came into the inn yard alone. He has made himself at home about here since then; but ask whom I will, nobody seems to know anything about him. A fine dog, doubtless, as you say, sir; though, to be sure, not the handsomest as ever was. Will you have supper now, sir? It is quite ready."

I went in, the dog accompanying me as far as the door, where he took his seat again. As I

passed the threshold, an ill-looking fellow came out from the inn kitchen, and passed me, casting an evil glance at me as he did so. He was followed by a companion, of an appearance quite as unprepossessing as his own; and both went out.

"Who were those persons?" I asked of the landlord, as he led the way to the cosy little parlor, where my supper was prepared.

"O—Jack Brown, and one of his fellows," answered mine host; "a couple of the greatest rascals out of jail. I wonder what they are hanging about here for? Some mischief or other, I'll warrant me."

I had concluded my repast, and gone up to my bedroom, where I sat down by an open casement to watch, as I ever loved to do, the rising of the moon, when suddenly I heard the deep, angry growling of a dog, somewhere in the yard below. I looked down, but could see no dog about there. The hound which I had previously seen had disappeared from the doorway when I came up stairs. The sound that I heard now seemed, as I listened to it, to proceed from that part of the yard leading around the end of the inn; and now I had no doubt that it came from the strange dog. It continued for a moment or two, intermingled with two or three sharp, quick barks, and now the voices of men, uttering fierce threats, and not a few enraged oaths. The growls grew more angry, the voices of the men louder, when suddenly the landlord hastened out from the door, and around the corner.

"How now, Jack Brown, and you, Tom Hodge; what are you doing with that dog?" I heard him saying. "Better leave him alone, and clear out from this. I don't want you hanging round here any longer. Here, pap."

Shortly after, as the landlord came up stairs, and stopped at my door to see if I required anything, I asked him the occasion of the disturbance I had heard.

"O, the dog did not like Jack Brown's teasing," he said, "and so showed his teeth. The hostler said they had been tormenting him—Jack Brown and his companion,—and when he threatened to fly at them, they got angry. I should not have cared much," added mine host, "if he had given them something to remember him by—they deserve it."

It was perhaps half an hour after, when, sitting still by the casement, while the moon rose higher and higher, I saw coming into the inn yard, a boy, with a stealthy look about him. He looked about the place as he entered, and then walked slowly along and entered the door just below my window. Some few moments elapsed,

and he came out again, followed by the hound, who kept close to him, smelling at something which the boy carried in his hand, and which seemed to be used to coax him along. They went together around the corner of the inn, and disappeared.

I sat two or three minutes thinking of the matter, and then, prompted by some suspicion scarcely defined at the moment, put on my hat, descended the stairs, and went out the door. Passing around the corner of the inn, I followed a path leading past the stables and the kitchen garden of the inn. This path lay across a large orchard beyond, and down by a brook running through the meadow farther on. The moonlight, though not very bright yet, slumbered here in a silvery twilight among the trees, leaving their shadows undisturbed below.

As I reached the orchard—which had no wall at the lower end—I could see through the trees down to the meadow; and there, crouched beneath a large willow bending over the brook, was a dark figure, which I took to be that of the boy; and that instant there was a dull splash in the water, as if something heavy had fallen in. I sprang forward to the spot, just as the boy had risen to his feet, and seized him by the arm.

"What have you been doing?" I asked, very sternly.

He started, and attempted to elude my grasp; then as I repeated my question, answered, in a half frightened, half sullen tone:

"Well, Jack Brown told me to do it!—and the dog didn't belong to any one."

I let go his arm, threw off my coat, and sprang into the brook, while he ran away. The water was nearly as high as my head here; and struggling in it, for life, was the hound, with a great stone, attached by a cord to his neck, holding him down.

In an instant I had seized the stone in both hands; and as I lifted it with main strength, the dog rose slowly to the surface, with feeble and convulsive efforts. Between being half strangled and half drowned, it was as much as he could do to crawl up on the bank, while I laid the stone there; and as I drew out my knife to cut the cord, he lay down exhausted upon the turf. Poor fellow! he licked my hand gratefully while I was doing it.

Some fragments of raw meat lay here on the grass. I understood now. The boy had enticed him hither with these, and fastening the stone to his neck while he was eating, had let the stone slide into the water, and so pulled the dog in after it. It was fortunate for the young rascal that he was not within reach of justice, or I

should have administered it with compound interest then. However, as the hound was safe, I cared less about the matter; and that he was safe, there was no doubt; for after a few moments he arched, and moving off a step or two, slowly shook the water from his shaggy sides. Now I patted and caressed him, and with mute eloquence he returned my caresses, showing his gratitude in every possible way, for the deliverance he had received at my hands.

I took my coat on my arm, and together we proceeded to return to the inn. My canine companion and myself entered my sleeping apartment. There was a fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, and going quickly up to it, the dog laid down before it, and stretched himself out at ease, with his huge muzzle resting upon his paws, and his wishful eyes watching me.

It was not yet ten, but I was weary with my day's ride, and my wet garments were not over-comfortable; accordingly, I prepared to retire. The hound kept his place on the warm hearth. I thought he seemed partial to his quarters, and was inclined to let him stay; but willing to let him take his choice I opened the door, and called him towards it. He rose slowly, came forward a few steps, and then paused, looking earnestly in my face, with a glance that seemed to beg permission to remain.

"Good!" I said, "you shall stay if you like." I shut the door, the dog took up his station again by the hearth, and I betook myself to my pillow.

It was broad day when I awoke again, after a night of uninterrupted slumber; and the first thing my waking glances met was my friend, the hound, sitting quietly by the hearth, waiting for me to rise. I was glad to see him. The memory of the scenes of the previous evening inclined me to look upon him with affection; and I am quite sure he returned it, for he shewed his sentiments to the best of his ability, in his dog-like but eloquent fashion. We bade each other a very cordial good morning, and then I proceeded to make myself ready for breakfast.

Meeting mine host below, I gave him an account of last evening's events, which considerably incensed him. Breakfast was ready, and as soon as I had despatched it, I ordered my horse to be brought round; for I wished to resume my journey as early as possible.

Meanwhile, the hound kept close beside me, wherever I went; and seemed, by his actions, to know that I was about to take my departure. I could not be insensible to the eloquent though mute signs of interest and affection which he displayed. As I mounted my horse, he looked up earnestly in my face, wagged his tail, and

uttered a low whine. He said, in everything but words, "Take me with you."

"Landlord," said I, as I was ready, at the very last second, to ride off, "since this dog has no legitimate master, and for the protection you have afforded him you would henceforth have the right to that name, I am willing to pay you a fair sum if you will let me have him."

"Why, bless your heart!" answered the good humored host, "I don't know who's a right to him if you haven't; for didn't you save his life last night? He's yours, sir, if you will take him; and you are quite welcome to him."

With these considerations, then, the dog became mine, and I rode off, while he, keeping beside me, frolicked around at every step with unmistakable demonstrations of pleasure.

At noon we stopped at an inn to take a brief hour's rest and food, and were soon again on our way. I intended to ride no later than five or six o'clock; and, at that time, coming up to a pleasant, comfortable, cheerful-looking inn, I dismounted again. The landlord was polite, attentive—even eager, I thought, to please me. The attendants—though I saw but one or two—were civil and decent-looking; the accommodation all that could be desired. An excellent repast was spread before me, of which I partook with relish; and directly afterwards, visited my horse, in the stable, as was my custom. He was making a comfortable supper, and seeing him well taken care of, I left him.

Returning to the house, I missed my dog, for the first time that day, from my side. He had come out with me, but I saw nothing of him now.

"Where is he, I wonder?" I said to the landlord, who stood on the steps.

"O, he is somewhere near, I dare say," he answered, "and will make his appearance soon."

We went in, and presently I ascended to my chamber. The landlord soon after coming up, stopped in as he was passing, and I took the opportunity to ask him some questions concerning the neighborhood, which, though rather unsettled, seemed a pleasant one, with a great deal of fine scenery. He very readily entered into conversation, and soon, by a natural turn, my own journey, and several other general matters connected with myself and my business, were touched upon. Nodding towards a small table near, whereon my pistols lay, he said:

"I see you go armed. That is well in these times. Handsome little things; may I take the liberty to look at them?"

Of course I immediately passed them to him, remarking, as a caution, that they were loaded.

I remember that just then, a strange scuffling sort of noise somewhere outside attracted my attention, and I looked out to ascertain the cause. It continued for at least two minutes; but I saw nobody near, and heard no other sound. It ceased directly, and presently I forgot it.

An hour passed away, and I experienced some perplexity, and anxiety as well, concerning my dog, who had not yet made his appearance. The landlord offered to send a boy to look for him, and did so; but the boy, after being absent for some time, returned with no tidings of him. Hoping he would be visible by morning, I retired for the night.

I do not know whether my conversation with the landlord had anything to do with the matter, but my dreams were of nothing but robbery and murder. The moment I sank to sleep, the most frightful fancies ran riot in my brain; and scarcely two hours could have passed ere I woke shuddering from one of the most horrible dreams that ever haunted me.

It was about midnight. The full moon, shining through the curtained windows, filled the room with light; not a sound, save my own breathing, broke the silence. A cold perspiration covered me; for a moment I lay almost in a state of exhaustion, so terrible had been the agitation produced by my dream. Then, with the silence oppressing me, I rose from my couch. I put my hand under my pillow to assure myself that my package of money and my watch, which I had placed there before retiring, were still there—then laughed at myself for my excitement. Why did such ideas present themselves in this place?

I could very well reason my agitation away; but it was not so easy to compose myself to sleep again. Thinking I would sit up awhile, I dressed myself, and sat down by an open window, drawing the curtain partly aside. This window looked out at the back of the inn, and was directly over a low shed, the roof of which was not three feet below. As the house faced the southwest, the yard here was completely in shadow; but suddenly there appeared below some object which I could not mistake for anything else than my dog! He sprang over the low fence, ran across to the shed, and scrambling up over some casks that stood against it, reached the roof; another noiseless bound brought him to my window-ledge.

I was delighted to see him coming, as may well be imagined; but what in the world was the reason of his mysterious absence for so long a time? He uttered no whine of pleasure as he

reached me, and sprang up with his paws upon my knees, to greet me; he was perfectly silent; he seemed to avoid making any unnecessary noise. But what was my astonishment to see that he was muzzled, and that about his neck was securely knotted a rope, the end of which dragged on the floor, and which had evidently been broken short off.

He had been tied up somewhere, and had broken the cord by main force. The muzzle—the cord—what were they for? Where had he been? Who had done this?—and what was the object? Now his sudden disappearance was accounted for. He had been removed by artifice—enticed or forced away; and by whom? A thrill ran through me; a lightning thought—a fearful thought—darted through my brain.

"Be quiet, sir!" I whispered to my dog. He crouched down.

Moving noiselessly to the table by my bed, I took up the pistols which lay there, and examined them—the balls had been removed!

And now the full danger of my position flashed upon me. I was in the very place against which my hypocritical host had warned me—a den of robbers! Now I remembered how he handled my pistols—it was then that the mischief had been done. Doubtless I might expect visitors ere long; for it was plain that there was a plan on foot to rob and perhaps murder me before morning. What was I to do? There was not a moment to be lost in escaping or preparing myself against an attack.

I saw that my door was securely fastened; then hastily and noiselessly proceeded to load my pistols. But a cunning hand had been at work—the ball pouch was gone! I stood motionless. I was alone—unarmed. I had no means of defending myself against treachery but my own strength. I resolved to hazard attracting the attention of those who might be watching, and make my escape. Crossing the room silently, I knelt down, and bidding my dog be quiet, unfastened the cord that encircled his neck, and removed the muzzle from his jaws. He licked my hand with tacit affection, and seemed to repress every sound, comprehending the nature of my position.

As I knelt, he suddenly started, and pricked up his ears; his glance fixed steadily on a point somewhere beyond me. I turned quickly. In the wall, close by us, was a door, which had been unnoticed by me before, so absolutely did it resemble a mere panel like the rest, and which was now slowly, softly unclosing. I was kneeling so near it that, as it opened and moved back, it effectually concealed me from the view

of the one who was entering. My heart stood still. I pressed my hand hard on the neck of my dog, whom I felt ready to spring upon the intruder.

As I have said, I was behind the opening door. I waited to see the visitor pass the screen thus afforded.

He passed—cautiously—noiselessly; a long knife gleaming in his right hand—his back towards me. It was the landlord! Softly creeping toward the foot of my bed, which faced this secret door, and the curtains of which were closed. I rose softly to my feet, still restraining the dog's impatient eagerness. A board creaked under my feet—the murderer turned—beheld me, and sprang upon me with a savage cry. My hand slipped from the uplifted arm that I grasped; I was thrown down—the knife was uplifted! Swift, silent, sure was the dog's leap! His white teeth fastened in the assassin's arm, who reeled with the violence of the shock, and fell backward, his head striking the bed-post; and he lay senseless where he fell.

And the dog, the faithful creature who had saved my life when the murderer's steel was at my very throat, released his now harmless victim, and springing upon me overwhelmed me with passionate caresses.

I was saved! The man lay there without sense or motion, the knife still glittering in his clasp—a horrible object in the quiet moonlight flooding the room. Nobly had the affectionate animal beside me repaid me for the protection he had received at my hands.

And now, satisfying myself that the wretch was only stunned, and would soon revive, I hastily snatched my money and watch from under the pillow, and gathering the rest of my things quickly together, sprang from the window to the shed below, with my faithful dog, and reaching the ground, hastened towards the stable. One thing surprised me, that I beheld not a living soul—that the other inmates of the place, if there were any about, failed to have been aroused.

Through the silvery silence of the night we sped on. Along the road, here, there was not a single dwelling for miles and miles, and a strange and lonely ride enough did that seem to me, escaping from danger and death. It all seemed like some uneasy dream. I patted my horse, and gave a friendly and affectionate word to my faithful dog, ever and anon, and their companionship and mute sympathy cheered me. I had gone at a rather rapid pace at first, to get away from the proximity of that fatal spot; but gradually, as the distance from it increased, I

somewhat slackened my pace; for I knew that my four-footed companions must be wearied with the fatigue they had already undergone.

Suddenly, when I had reached, perhaps, to about seven miles from the inn, I heard sounds behind me that caused me to turn my head suddenly, and at the same time my dog sent forth a low, mournful howl, that chilled me. The sounds I heard were the rapidly approaching paces of horses, muffled by the turf; and there, not a hundred yards distant, were two horsemen flying along in the moonlight towards me.

I had not a doubt as to who they were—they were some accomplices of the landlord's, whom I had chanced to elude in making my escape; they were pursuing me, determined, I supposed, not to lose their prey. They were gaining on me at a rapid rate. If I had heard them sooner there might have been some chance for me; but, as it was, they had kept on the turf, so that their approach had been secret, and my situation was now one of undeniable danger. I had brought my pistols with me; but of what use were they, unloaded? I was in no position to contend with these two ruffians, probably well armed and prepared for a struggle. Resolved to try my speed against theirs, I tightened the rein, whistled to my dog, and almost flew over the ground, while my dog kept pace with me, looking up now and then at me with, I thought, a hopeless expression.

"Ah! my good friend," I said to him, "if flight does not save me, the noble deed you have done to-night will have been of no avail—you cannot save me again!"

It seemed as if he understood me. But he had no idea of dying then. He pricked up his ears—his eyes grew eager—a short, shrill, fierce bark issued from his lips.

It was of no use attempting to elude my pursuers. Their beasts were fresh—mine wearied by a week's travelling. They gained on me at every pace; I could hear the rapid rush through the air as they neared me. A hoarse voice called on me to stop—a pistol bullet whistled past my ear, through my hair. Another and another; but they missed me. And now my pursuers gained still more; they reached—passed me, and wheeling, intercepted my course.

Quicker than thought they had dropped from their horses, and seized my bridle reins. Instantly I dashed one of my pistols full in the face of the one on the right, just as the dog sprang upon him, and dragged him to the earth, where they rolled together in a death struggle. My heart throbbed exultingly as I saw the noble creature grasping with my assailant. A wild

oath broke from the lips of the other ruffian. Aiming my remaining pistol at his head, I fired the blank powder charge and partially stunned him, at the same time striking my horse smartly, but trembling with fright, he refused to stir; and while the man evaded the pistol I flung at him, I received a blow on the head that struck me senseless from the saddle.

But that hour was not destined to be my last, as I found, on waking to this life once more, some twelve hours after, in a small farm house, lying not twenty rods from the scene of that night's attack, and where—thanks to the faithful, fearless creature who had twice saved my life at the peril of his own—I was enabled to listen to an account of certain circumstances, of which I had no remembrances.

It seemed that at about an hour, or thereabouts, after midnight, the occupants of this farm house were aroused by the barking of a dog without, and hastening to open the door, found there a large dog, seeming in great distress, his coat stained with blood and covered with dust, and two or three wounds visible in different parts of his body; that, resisting their endeavors to lead him in, he had, by his significant actions, induced them to follow him along the road some distance, to where lay the bodies of three men, in the middle of the road, while a single horse, apparently belonging to one of them, stood by the roadside.

Two of the men were quite dead—the blood flowing from a terrible wound in the throat of each. These wounds, on examination, were found to have been made by the fangs of a dog, which had fastened there, and met through and through the flesh. Well had the faithful brute preserved his master! The third, though insensible, was without wounds; his only injuries being a dislocation of the arm, and a severe bruise on the head, caused by some violent blow.

It is easy to supply the missing links. The dog, immediately on my being hurled from the saddle, must have left the man whom he had thrown down, and flown upon the other assailant, whom my pistol had already half disabled, preventing him from doing me farther mischief. In the throat of each he had torn great wounds, in his fury, that would have let out a score of lives.

He had saved my life. I can find no words to convey my feelings, as I think of the unshrinking courage and fidelity with which this noble creature protected and preserved me, when I was utterly at the mercy of the assassins; as I think of the death which he interposed his own life to avert from me.

Of the two ruffians who had attacked me on the road, strange to say, one was found to be Jack Brown, the dark-looking individual, who had figured somewhat in the first part of this story. He was a notorious character, and the accomplice of the landlord who had attempted my life, in many a terrible deed of crime. This landlord, who was found and arrested the next day at the tavern, was tried soon after; a trial in which such a record of guilt and blood was brought to light, as made people shudder. If he had succeeded in despatching me that night, I should not have been his first victim under that roof, nor probably the last. He was sentenced to be hung, and met his fate shortly after.

My noble dog recovered from his wounds in a few weeks, with careful nursing, and is now my constant companion; beloved, cherished and honored for his noble qualities, his affection for me, and that tender, unshrinking, courageous fidelity, once attested by such signal and never-to-be-forgotten services.

JUSTICE AMONG THE MUSLIMS.

It is customary in Turkey for the party which gains a case in a law suit to pay all expenses, this being considered the most equitable mode of proceeding, as the loser can ill afford to pay the costs of a lawsuit. On one occasion, an Albanian was brought before a judge in Constantinople accused of having stolen a gimlet of the value of about ten cents. The Albanian stoutly denied the charge, persisting in his innocence. There was no positive proof of his guilt, notwithstanding which, the judge was well convinced that the accused stole the gimlet. He therefore administered to him the oath, the last resort in such cases, which the Albanian promptly took, and in the absence of the usual proof, the case was decided in his favor; but the judge resolving that he should not entirely escape, assessed the costs at thirty cents, upon which the Albanian coolly took the gimlet from his pocket, and held it towards the plaintiff, exclaiming, "Here is your gimlet—now pay the costs."—*Philadelphia Sun*.

MORTALITY FROM THE PLAGUE.

Gibbon relates that in the reign of Justinian, in 552, a plague devastated the empire for forty-two years. During a portion of this time, when Constantinople was visited by the epidemic, ten thousand persons died daily. Two centuries later, two hundred thousand persons were carried off, in that capital, by another visitation of the plague. In earlier visitations many smaller cities were depopulated by it. The entire mortality, during the fifty-two years of plague, is computed at 100,000,000.—*Burlington Sentinel*.

The works of our mystical mannerists, who darken counsel by words without knowledge, resemble wet fireworks, which merely sputter and blacken paper.

CONSTANCY.

BY GERTRUDE DANBY.

Whate'er my changing lot
In this drear world shall be,
Should Fortune smile or not,
Mid all, I'll think of thee.

Though want and grief assail,
And I forsaken be,
I'll not my fate bewail,
But ever think of thee.

But then should Fortune's sky
Be clear and bright to me,
Be I exalted high,
Still I will think of thee.

Ah yes, as long as life
Shall heaven continue to me,
Mid joy, or woe, or strife,
I'll always think of thee.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

BY W. O. BATOM.

ADELINÉ LEMAN, the only daughter of parents in affluent circumstances, was wedded in her twentieth year, to Henry Ferrison, a thriving young merchant. She had not been a spoiled, though an only child, and her heart had received as much schooling as her intellect. With a lovely person, an educated mind, and a warm and affectionate nature, she stood before the altar, a smiling bride; while the doting and confiding parents felt that a new and happy stage of their existence had begun—their daughter was the wife of one whose worthiness of the possession they fully recognised.

Ray Morville was the groomsmen, a friend of Henry from their schoolboy days. Manhood had cemented the fraternity so early begun, and each regarded the other's welfare as his own. No brighter auspices seemed ever to have attended the wedded union of hearts; and tears of joy were shed by the two friends, at the consummation of a ceremony which, though in a certain sense it was to divide them, added a happy feature to their lives.

Henry was some ten years the senior of his wife. Of a sedate, matter-of-fact nature, his classic education had not turned his mind from the sphere of life to which his talents and tastes were the best adapted; and after graduating, he entered so energetically upon a mercantile career, that his business talents soon made him a successful and honored merchant. Liberal in his views, devoted to business, he was readily

acknowledged to be a "good citizen," blameless, praiseworthy and judicious.

Ray Morville was of about the same age. He had not had the good fortune of a collegiate education, his parents having been poor; and when he left the city schools, he entered a counting-house. By his clerkship he supported a widowed mother and a sister. He had not the business faculties of Henry, though his perseverance was as great; and though ambitious of an equal fortune, he was self-reliant, and steadily refused the offers of aid from his friend.

One would have thought that of these two men, Henry would have been the gayer; yet it was not so. Ray's ever buoyant nature made him the soul of every social circle, and though not courting society like many of the ardent and frivolous, he was welcome whenever he appeared.

Why should he not be the pride of his mother and sister? What man like Henry Ferrison, could do otherwise than prize his friendship? And what young bride like Adeline, could help the kind regard she bestowed upon her husband's friend? Near neighbors, he was always welcome to their new home, after the usual bright and bewildering formalities of a honeymoon travel.

But there never yet was a honeymoon which was all honey. The third pair returned home, and now began the untried mass of sober, married life. Mr. Ferrison returned to his counting-house, and resumed his wonted absorption in business, with the added incentive of a wife and home to provide for. Mrs. Ferrison assumed the duties of the matron, and now that the bustle of the bridal journeyings was over, her cares allowed her time to reflect upon her new estate.

We have said, that of the two friends, Ray was the gayer. Both estimable in the general eye, Henry was indeed inferior to his friend in the charms of intercourse, without which, companionship, particularly that of wedded life grows dull if not unhappy. And Adeline had found, before her honeymoon tour was over, that there was such a thing as a *monotony* in love. Yet she was of no capricious mould, nor had she ever loved before.

Her husband was ever attentive, uniformly kind, and showed not the least abatement of his affection. Though absorbed in business abroad, when at home his enjoyment was evidently deep. Though grave, his sincere face was gentle, like his words; and if he could be charged with taciturnity at times, it was attributable to weighty concerns of business. He well and truly loved her.

Henry Ferrison loved her with a love, which, possessed by all, would make a much holier state

of matrimony; true, constant, and unselfish. But he showed but little of the divine fire in that manner by which we are all endeared. It was too quiet, too calm, had too much of polished propriety attending it, too little impulsive unbending, to make it seem to his wife much more than an earnest attachment, enthralled, or fortified, by vows. And therefore it was that the hitherto inexperienced Adeline soon found how gravity and sameness will tire.

It was a relief to Adeline Ferrison when Ray Morville came; and he came often. Half the visits of husband, wife and friend were made in company abroad, and the world regarded them as socially inseparable. It was right and natural, considering all things.

"How *different* you are from my husband!" was the impetuous and pettish exclamation of Adeline, one evening at a party, which the inseparable three attended; but which, as it was particularly lively, seemed to be the less agreeable to the sober Henry, who mingled little in its liveliness, and had now withdrawn to a corner of the apartment, to converse upon stocks with a gray-headed merchant.

Adeline's remark was made alone, to Ray, who had been convulsing a group of ladies and gentlemen by a series of anecdotes and pleasantry, without effort, with a brilliant grace of style which formed their chief charm.

The particular fullness of *her* appreciation startled Ray Morville, and he understood the implied preference. As he stared, she colored crimson, for she had spoken involuntarily.

"I mean,"—she stammered, "that—he don't enjoy a little innocent gayety as you do."

"I know," said Morville, in the curious position of an apologist to a wife for her husband's taste, "that Henry does not relish sport as much as I do; in fact, he never did, when a boy; and perhaps it's as well; for it would be a pity to have two friends *both* fools. His talents are for more substantial purposes."

The reply exalted him more in Adeline's mind than ever, and half repenting what she had said, and too confused to say more, she observed an awkward silence, which permitted her to compare with still greater advantage to her companion, the contrasts of manner the two exhibited.

Raising her eyes, she saw that Morville was also suddenly musing, with his glance upon the carpet.

"He is thinking of what I said!" thought she; "and O, isn't there a difference? Poor Henry!" and she looked towards her unconscious husband, as he continued to discuss grave matters with the elderly gentleman, and felt com-

science-stricken at not idolising one, so good and kind, whom she *affectionately esteemed*—but did not love.

"Poor Henry!" The thoughts contained a volume of meaning. "Poor Henry!" Poor indeed, for he had lost his wife's love; or rather, he had never won it.

Ray Morville felt flattered by the remark of his friend's wife, but thought nothing more of it, till one evening he was pressed by Henry to accompany his wife to an approaching ball.

"I have an utter distaste for balls, Ray, but you know I could not be so selfish as to wish to deprive her of the pleasure."

Ray could not refuse. Mrs. Ferrison's glance showed plainly to him that she was pleased.

"Within a year after marriage!" thought he.

They attended the ball. During the whole evening, Adeline embraced every occasion to be with him; and the excitement of the time revealed her partiality so unguardedly, as could not but awaken his suspicions that a dangerous preference existed, that his friend dreamed not of.

"It must be my vanity, which makes me so ungenerous to her," thought Ray, as on the following day he revolved the scenes of the previous night. "She loves him, of course. He deserves it; and she is only naturally fond of the life to which she has been used."

And yet her image glowed in his mind almost constantly. "Beautiful! How gracefully she danced! What eyes and hair, and what a speaking face! Ah! Ray Morville, when will you get such a wife? It is a wonder that Henry does not abandon his gravity, and reflect from his face the light of her love. He ought to be all buoyancy and mirth. By the way, she spoke of Moore, last night. I'll get a copy for her."

She received the present with a look of singularly warm gratitude, and paid more attention to it than to her unsuspicious husband.

"You don't know how glad it makes me feel, Ray," said Henry, "when I reflect I have such a friend as you. You always make me so cheerful when you come, that I don't think we could get along at all without you."

"And wouldn't I be enough?" asked Adeline, coquettishly, and yet with a laughing indifference in her look, which was perceived, as she intended, by Morville, but not by her husband. She was growing bolder.

"You know, Adeline," answered Henry, with more than common quickness and fervor, "that I prize you above all others in the world. Without you, my dear," he added, in a calmer and graver voice, "there would be little for me to live for, indeed."

The thought cast an unwonted shadow over his sombre face. And the three were silent for a time—for three different causes.

"And now you are making little of Ray," after a short pause, said Adeline.

Her husband looked at her reproachfully, as if entreating her not to show such levity.

"Ray and I are old and tried friends, and no trifle could ever make us otherwise."

"Really, Henry, you are more romantic to-night than you were even in our courting-days," said the young wife, her tone being more significant than her words.

Her husband was silent. "'Our courting-days!' How lightly she speaks, of late; how triflingly!" An undefined feeling of apprehension stole mist-like over his spirit. Am I changed, or is she?"

Adeline took up the volume of *Meore*, and carelessly turned over the leaves.

"Were you ever in love?" she asked of Morville, looking archly at him, and then significantly at her husband, whose eyes were downcast.

"Yes," answered Ray, glad of a chance to say something; "in love—with my mother and sister."

"And nobody else?"

"Never."

"And did your love for them ever make you feel melancholy?" she continued.

"Always cheerful—always delighted," said Ray, with animation—"but why do you ask?"

"Because they say love makes us sad, and I suppose that it must be the other kind—such as Henry feels, for instance, for some old sweetheart he has lost forever."

Ferrison did not even smile at the sally.

"For see," she continued, "how unhappy he looks, and even when he says he feels happy, he always looks mournful—a sign that he has a secret which he would hide from me. But I am not to be deceived."

"I never heard you speak so, before, Adeline," said Ferrison, in a husky, agitated voice; "pray don't, for I am not in very good spirits, really."

"This is the language, either of a heartless woman, or one who is utterly devoid of love for her husband," thought Morville; "else how could she speak what she must know gives him pain?"

Ferrison soon resumed, looking solemnly at his wife, as she still mechanically turned the leaves of the book:

"I know, Adeline, I think, why you speak so; I think you mean to rally me, because I am usually, always perhaps, so serious; I know I am; but then you ought to remember there is

such a thing as being serious, without gloom or unkindness. It is true I have not been gifted with a great flow of spirits, nor can I boast of much address in society; but all I am, and all I have, I have laid with gladness at your feet. You know I have never uttered a harsh word to you—no, and I know I have never had cause, nor ever will. I wooed you honorably, and hoped and still hope that if a singleness and strength of love for you which cannot fail till I die, and a simple realization of all that I was supposed to be, will satisfy you, Adeline, you will not regret that you made me a happy man."

Agitation choked his utterance, and his tears fell fast.

"Now, if she is a woman, she will show it!" thought Ray Morville, himself having listened with moist eyes. The truth of what her husband said, and the anguish she did not think nor wish to have caused, thrilled into her soul; and as he proceeded, she trembled, changed color, and after vainly essaying to conceal her emotion, gave vent to it in a flood of tears:

"Yes, yes, Henry! I know it all," she sobbingly exclaimed, when he had finished; and running to him she embraced him. "There never was a better husband, and I did not imagine that my foolish talk would agitate you so."

Seizing the first opportunity, Ray withdrew. "Hers is a true heart, after all!" thought he.

Months elapsed before the memory of that evening lost its effect upon the young wife. It taught her to dwell more than she had been wont, upon her husband's really valuable qualities, and she prided herself upon the devotion which she showed to him.

Henry was happy—if possible, happier than before the first cloud had come upon his wedded love; yet his manner was, as of old—monotonously grave. He seemed to regard all things with a solemnity, which is considered by the world to be only expected from sickness, misfortune, or old age.

Moral worth is far from being the only object of uncorrupted love. And now returned, more obviously than ever, her appreciation of her husband's friend.

Her young heart yearned for some object that was not so constantly proclaiming itself to be ice; or, which, if there was fire beneath, required efforts of a torturing nature to thaw it out. In a kind of despair, her soul cried out for those little blandishments of manner, the varying ways and looks and acts, which, once endearing us, keep the love for their possessor forever fresh.

Morville, by his constant visiting and thorough

familiarity with the nature and habits of both Adeline and her husband, could not but see that the union was virtually dissolved.

Trivial expressions, peculiar glances betrayed her to him, and he now began to criticise his own feelings.

"Does she love me? I ought to doubt it. Do I love her! O, no, no, no, impossible; and yet—she excites more tenderness in me, or at least I display it more than Henry, who says *he* loves her; and why should I doubt him? But my duty and my honor! He seems unhappy again. And she has grown so of late. Why should she be so cold to him, so cordial to me? No matter why! I must not dwell upon it, but resolve, whatever be my feelings or opinions regarding her, to stifle and to hide them."

It was easier for him than for her.

"I will do it," she exclaimed, one day, vehemently beating her brow in agony; "I love him, and I will let him know it. Better die than thus be compelled to hold silence, while my heart is frozen on one side and consumed on the other."

Taking up a pen, she addressed, in an unfeigned hand, the following lines to Mr. Morville, without signature; trusting to an opportunity to compare the writing, when he should show it to her as she expected, with other of her own, and leave him to decide whether she wrote it:

"If, by Hymen's stern decrees,
Two are bound, but only one
Backs in love's thrice blessed sun,
Frankness gives the spirit ease;
Else the lonely heart would break;
Hear me, then, for sorrow's sake!

Hymen gave me love—but I
Cannot to his kiss reply;
Ice is there, and I am lost,
Circled by the arms of frost!
Give me consolation's ray;
Loved one! canst thou say me nay?"

He received it, and it confirmed what he had long suspected.

Now came a harder struggle for Morville. He must dissemble to both his friend and to his—dared he avow it to himself? ay—to his friend's wife, *whom he loved*.

True to an honorable resolve, when Adeline strove by every artifice in her power to ascertain whether he had received the missive or imagined who sent it, Morville was on his guard, and his evasive replies baffled her curiosity; but this only added fuel to the flame. She became the more eager to reveal herself to him. Still she hesitated, more from pride than fear, to make the great avowal; but love, and a desire to vindicate, in his eyes, her conduct towards her husband, caused the scales awhile to swing evenly.

The indifference to her husband, increasing and long continued, was shown more by Ade-

line's contrasted behaviour towards others, in the society in which they moved, and especially towards Ray, in her own home and everywhere abroad—rather than by any absolute designed injury to him. She gave him no preference, it was plain; and though his own languageless and motionless bearing might seem justly to incur and invoke indifference, yet he keenly remembered the warmth of her first attachment, ere he had not burdened her with his monotony, nor chilled her by his stillness; and his earnestness darkened now, indeed, into melancholy—then soon into a deeper part of sorrow's pit—to anguish and to woe.

"I love her, but she is tired of me!" said Henry to Ray, with a groan. "I thought I knew her heart or I never would have asked a sacrifice. O, Ray, Ray Morville! my good fortune has deserted me at last!" And he bowed his head on his friend's shoulder.

"Not so fast, Henry, the remedy is easy—at least you should try it. You know your reserve is irksome to her. Try and be more volatile—can't you?"

"Do you think that that would win her back?" asked Henry, looking up with the expression of a doomed man suddenly offered a gleam of hope.

"She has not to be won back, Henry, but to see some sign on your part, beyond mere formal duties, that you are as devoted as you wish her to be to you. Throw off this cold reserve, and put on plenty of boyish good humor. If I were a woman, and my husband should sit like a tombstone in the house, I'd break his heart, no matter if he did praise me when he spoke—his words would seem like a complimentary epitaph."

Ray assumed a jocularly he did not feel, and prevailed on his friend to make the attempt.

But it failed. Adeline wondered at her husband's unnatural liveliness, too forced to be mistaken for reality; and the sought response came not. She was still cold. He had frozen her into respect—and out of her respect she pitied him! She was herself to be pitied.

"I know that Henry loves me," she would bitterly reflect; "but all his worth and love are nothing compared with Ray. But Ray loves me not!"

The excitement of his mind threw Ferris on into a brain fever. And was his partner at his bedside? It would be doing violence to a divine attribute of female nature to say she was not, as well as believing a character so eminently tender as hers. That very susceptibility of soul which made her husband's cold manner so fatal to their peace, now that he was on the couch of sickness, made her night and day a constant watcher.

Ray, also, was faithful to his bedside, and oft in the lonely vigils of night, they listened to the incoherent ravings of the slumberer.

Here the kindnesses of the steadfast friend to her helpless husband, made Ray still more lovable in the eyes of the wife.

Skillful treatment, and, perhaps more than any medical potion, the compassionate attention of Adeline, soon brought Ferrison to a state of convalescence. Ere this, however, was known to have taken place, one night, as the sick man was supposed to be in a deep slumber, or unconscious, if awake, Adeline and Ray were conversing together, in a low tone, as to his recovery.

"And what if he should die?" said Ray.
"You would be wretched then."

The wife looked into his eyes with a fixed stare, and placing her warm hand firmly on his, replied: "For a time!"

"Always, Adeline."

"You are wrong," she said; "for I do not love him as perhaps I should. I cannot help it, Ray. I know he will go to heaven if he dies, but though he is so worthy, I should deplore him only as a friend. You know that genuine love cannot have two objects."

"But you have not two?" said Ray, anticipating, and half-dreading, yet wishing the avowal.

"I have but one—and that is you!" she faltered, hiding her face in tears. "O, Ray Morville, are you blind, or unwilling to believe it, when you have seen so much of me, and how differently I have regarded you? Forgive me! but my long suffering is my excuse for revealing what has seared my brain, and almost seemed to burst my heart, for many unhappy days!"

Honor! Friendship! How few know what you are! In Ray Morville's bosom you dwelt secure and stainless, and triumphed even over a love as pure! She had confessed, and he rejected her, with a heroism so sublime and mournful, that even she seemed unworthy of him then. Concealing his real feelings, he replied, taking her hand respectfully in his:

"I have long imagined this, and O, Mrs. Ferrison, heed me well! Do not any longer harbor any feeling save that of sisterly affection for me. It would be casting your life away upon a hopeless rock. Consider Henry, the ties of marriage, his love for you, and my friendship for him. Nothing but death, can obliterate that, though we should live for a century, and see all about us that was dear crumbling and deserting me in consequence. Go on, Adeline, in honorable union, without yielding to a sentiment which is fraught with sorrow and uselessness, and to which I cannot respond!"

He gently released her hand, and the wretched and now utterly despairing woman veiled her pale visage, and bowed her head upon her lap.

In his own agony, Morville arose involuntarily and paced the room rapidly.

"I must not let her know how much I love her. O, torture! It would kill Henry to know she loved another, and that other, *me!* his friend."

Henry grew well, but he was never happy more. He had heard all which passed at that frightful revelation, an invalid witness of his rich heart's bankruptcy. The great shock which stranded him forever, did not betray his knowledge of what had passed, till quick consumption carried his spirit again to the verge of death.

"My wife!—my friend!—let me take your hands before I die—join them," said the dying Henry. "I am going," he continued, with a faint smile, "where, in the midst of perpetual peace I shall watch over you. It is my wish that a union, which I feel my death is a boon to you both to create, will serve as no transitory blessing to you—as mine was; Adeline, love, I heard your avowal to Ray. I could not blame you. Mine was the deficiency, not yours. Love Ray, with a love as steadfast as his friendship was for me."

The three spirits clasped hands, and ere they were unlocked, death had gone away with one.

FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.

Recently, our distinguished tragedian was playing an engagement at Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited on him thus addressed him:

"Massa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginius* de odder night—I golly, you played him right up to de handle. I tink dat play just as good as Hamlet. Was it writ by de same man?"

"O, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend, "Hamlet was written by Shakspeare, and *Virginius* by Knowles."

"Well," said the waiter, "dey's bofe mighty smart fellers. Ise an actor myself."

"You?" said the astonished tragedian; "why, where do you play?"

"Down in de 'sembly rooms," was the reply. "Weese got a theatre, stage, and scenery, and dresses, and eberyting all right. We plays dare beautiful."

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, Ise played Hamlet, and Polonius, and de Grabe Digger, all in de same piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why, we waits till de work is done, den we all goes down to de kitchen and rehearses."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar we stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why, wont the colored ladies play?"

"O, no," said the colored actor, "de colored ladies tink it too degradin'."

The great tragedian asked no more questions.

IMPROMPTU.

BY C. B. STRIS.

I love whate'er is beautiful,
 The summer flowers that fling
 Their perfume to the passing gale,
 The crystal mountain spring,
 The trees arrayed in robes of green,
 The sunlight on the lee,
 And insects glistening in its rays,
 Are beautiful to me.

I love whate'er is musical,
 In summer's genial hours;
 The breeze, that makes low melody
 Among the trees and flowers,
 The birds that trill their happy notes,
 The rills that sing in glee,
 The voice of youth in happiness,
 Are musical to me.

I love whate'er is innocent—
 A heart unstained by guile,
 Is more than simple beauty owns,
 And more than music's wile;
 'Tis a far richer offering,
 And prised far more shall be,
 Than what in life is beautiful
 Or musical to me.

THE WEDDING.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It is possible it may not be known to the world at large that my friend and chummy, T. Tompkins, Esq., has been for a long time "paying attention" to a young lady of this city, Miss Mary Smithers, with the avowed intention of some day making her Mrs. T. Tompkins. But however ignorant the community generally may have been of this important fact, it was no secret to me, and I was therefore not so completely overcome and bewildered with surprise and astonishment as you yourself doubtless would have been, upon learning that matters were coming to a crisis.

It was morn. The glorious orb of day rolled in unclouded splendor through the azure heavens, flooding with its golden light the—the—the things. That is to say, it was not far from ten o'clock, A. M., when a slow and hesitating footfall was heard on the fourth flight of stairs leading to my room. I did not recognize the step—it was wholly unfamiliar; and I started with alarm to make my exit by the back way. But a moment's thought convinced me that it was not the tramp of a creditor; so settling back into my chair, I awaited further developments.

The faltering step paused upon reaching the

head of the stairs, and many seconds elapsed before the door was slowly and hesitatingly opened and Tompkins himself stalked into the room. Without uttering a word, or raising his eyes from the floor, he marched across the apartment, seated himself in my extra chair, and in silence gazed fixedly into the empty coal hod. I was petrified with astonishment at this unlooked-for change in his demeanor. That he, who was naturally the most impetuous of mortals, should have suddenly become so sedate, filled me with wonder; and I sat for some minutes gazing stupidly at him with my under jaw depending in a graceful attitude of astonishment. There was nothing about his person to give me a clue to the mystery. His face presented that total absence of any expression for which he is remarkable, and his listless air generally gave no token. As I was about to break the prolonged silence, he ejaculated, without raising his head or moving a muscle, the two words, "H'ye Jinx."

"What in the name of all that's sheepish and sulky, has come to you, Tompkins?" I inquired, hitching my chair round opposite my friend.

"Why, the fact is, I'm in—in trouble. No, I don't mean trouble exactly; what I mean is that I'm—I'm troubled."

"What is it, Tompkins? debts, creditors—anything of that sort? As far as money is concerned, you know you can always depend upon me for ten, twenty, or even twenty-five cents, in case of necessity."

"No, Jinx, 't isn't anything of that sort," returned Tompkins, twisting uneasily in his chair for a few minutes; then turning very red in the face and making a strong effort, he placed his hands upon his knees in a determined manner, looked me square in the eyes, and stammered: "The fact is, Jinx, I'm going to be—you know—I'm going to be—what d'ye call it?—married."

And with the air of a man who has relieved himself of a great burden, he threw up his head and looked fixedly at me, evidently expecting some tremendous demonstration of surprise on my part. Not being in the least surprised, I made no such demonstration. But as he continued to fix his eyes upon me, I came to the conclusion, after a silence of several minutes, that it would be best to gratify him in that particular. So I ejaculated, in a tone betokening no particle of emotion:

"Pshaw! You don't say so?"

"Fact," he responded, with a shade of sadness.

"When is it to be, Tompkins? and what the deuce is the use of looking so sheepish about it?"

"Do I look sheepish?" he asked, abstractedly.


"Do you? Why, you look fitter to bleat and wear a woolly tail, than to sit there talking of marriage."

"I almost wish I was a little innocent lambkin, Jinx. It's a terrible thing, this getting married, I tell you. Not that I have any fears as to Mary and happiness and that. It's the fuss and confusion and everything, that's doing my business for me. I don't see how the women can stand it, for my part. But they *do*; they rather seem to like it, than otherwise. There's Mary and her mother and no end of old maid aunts, turning the house upside down with making lots and lots of lace abominations, and all manner of concerns, out of white cloth and things; you'd think they were going to establish a needle-woman's friend society, or something, if you were to look into the house. I wanted to make a sort of runaway match of it, and do the thing quietly; but Mary wouldn't listen to it; she wanted the affair to go off with *eclat*, she said. After waiting all these years for me to come to the point, she was not going to have 'this thing done in a corner;' she wasn't going to hide *her* light under a bushel, nor a barrel either, not she. So I consented, and you see what's come of it. Instead of the quiet, comfortable time I expected to have with Mary up at the house, I can't catch sight of her five minutes at a time, day or night. And if I go to the house, they set me at work writing nonsensical notes to every man, woman and child in the United States, I believe, and running errands and things, and nose me about as though I was of no account, till I feel of about as much consequence as a little yellow dog that everybody thinks in the way. I s'pose things will get better when the thing is done, but they are getting worse and worse now. I wish I could take chloroform, or something, and stay so till it's all over;" and my poor friend again clapping his eyes into the coal-hod, began "sighing like furnace."

I felt for Tompkins, and would gladly have offered some consolation. But what could I say? Of what use were words, in a case like this, with the stern and impending reality staring him in the face.

"If there's anything I can do for you, Tompkins, you know no one would do it sooner."

"Yes, I know it, Jinx; you was always a good fellow," he returned with emotion, as he grasped my hand. "I s'pose there are a good many things you *might* do, if I only knew what they were. You see I'm green in this business. I never had any practice before, you know."

"Have you got all  our little diddy fixings and things?"

Tompkins nodded.

"Then all you want is to have your friends there, and somebody to stand up with you, to keep you in countenance. I and the rest of the boys will be on hand, and everything will go off like a new broom. You'll get through it well enough, Tompkins, my boy," I added, encouragingly, hitting him a slap on the shoulder to raise his spirits.

"Mebbe we shall," he responded doubtfully, pushing his hat as far on to his head as it could possibly be made to go; and with a slow and lingering step, as though he were quitting his last stronghold of safety, he silently departed.

I saw nothing more of my friend for some days, but received quite a number of spasmodic notes from him, by which I learned that I was not only to "stand up with him," but to make my appearance early at the house of the bride's mother, to make myself generally useful, as circumstances might require.

Early in the afternoon of the appointed and important day, I placed a pair of new patent leather boots on the upper, outside steps of Mrs. Smithers's residence, and twitching the silver-plated bell-pull, was admitted. Great indeed had been the change since my last visit. The house had been literally turned out of doors, as Tompkins had said. New carpets had been put down and new curtains had been put up. New furniture had been put in in great quantities, and old friends had been put out in great numbers, because their advice had not been taken in the matter. Indeed, the whole interior of the house presented a scene of bustle and confusion extremely agonizing to a quiet single gentleman, like myself. With a sigh of pity for my poor friend, I instituted inquiries as to his whereabouts, and was shown up three flights of stairs to a little room on the fourth floor.

"Walk in!" responded a dismal voice, in reply to my "tapping at the chamber door."

Entering the room, I beheld dimly through a dense cloud of cigar-smoke, the forms of Tompkins and our mutual friend Captain George Booth.

"How fare ye, Jinx, my boy? 'pears you've come to time, after all; we'd begun to fear you're going to back down," exclaimed Booth, extending towards me, through the smoke, a powerful paw, which I grasped and wiggled feebly for a moment. "How goes it, Tompkins? Why don't you spunk up, you great dough-head? The worst of it's over now," he continued, fetching Tompkins a series of pokes in the ribs.

"I dunno 'bout that; 'seasy nuf for you chaps

to talk, coz you haint got to face the music. You see everything is so much different from what I had supposed, that it rather takes me down. I always thought that when a chap and a gal made up their minds to commit matrimony, *they* were the ones most interested, and the most important ones in the play, without it might be the parson. But 'taint so. There's Mary and her mother and all the family are tacked away in that little room, across the entry, in less space than would be allowed them in the State prison, while all the rest of the house is given up to accommodate other people. There's all the lower floor stripped of every particle of furniture, without it may be the carpets and curtains, to make room for callers in the evening, when for my part I'd give 'em fifty dollars apiece to stay away altogether. Then there's another room to hold Mary's—what do ye call it? you know, that French concern, things that her friends give her, and two more rooms with tables for the champagne and cake and stuff, beside a ladies' drawing-room and a gentlemen's drawing-room, and I dunno what else. Then they've had to get all their feed out of the house, because the kitchen was wanted for something else. As for Mary, I shall have to get somebody to give me an introduction to her, I haven't seen her for such a while. She's been so busy racing about that she's used herself all up, and won't be fit to move for a month; and sights of people that I never heard tell of before are rushing in and out of the house as though there was a fire. If I was a stranger in the house, and didn't know anything about the circumstances, I should suppose that some two or three hundred friends of the family were going to get married to-day, and that Mary and myself had come here on a visit and wasn't no ways welcome."

At this stage of my friend's lamentations, some one rapped at the door and informed us it was time to get ready to go to the church. Dropping our cigars and drawing on our white kids, we descended in our black dress coats and grass-colored breeches, to the parlor, where the female delegation was drawn up in battle array. The carriages were already at the door, and in mournful silence we commenced the embarkation. In the first coach rode Mr. T. Tompkins, Miss Mary Smithers, Miss Carrie Grummet, first bridesmaid, and Mr. Aristides Jinx, Esquire, first groom. The second carriage contained the bodies of Captain George Booth, second groom, Miss Angejina Something-or-other, second bridesmaid, Mrs. Smithers the mother in Israel, and old Uncle Somebody, who was to give the bride away; and this was the order of our going.

During the ride Mr. Tompkins maintained profound silence, while his features assumed a deep yellow hue, or pallor, as *he* called it; and seated at the opposite extremity of the back seat, he seemed rather afraid than otherwise of his intended bride, who was herself deeply absorbed in the arrangement of her ribbons and laces. This conduct on the part of Tompkins was in startling contrast to the excessively fraternal manner in which Mr. Jinx conducted himself towards Miss Carrie Grummet, who for some cause or other nestled about very briskly indeed, though to do Mr. Jinx justice, that gentleman did not allow her much room to nestle in.

The church being situated at just no distance at all from Mrs. Smithers's residence, it is not surprising that we arrived at that sacred and dingy edifice in a proportionately limited period. It was an exciting moment as we alighted from the carriages amid a throng of noisy and tattered, though youthful exiles from the

———"Swate Emerald Isle,
Where there's no sarpints to bite or beguile,"

and who cheered derisively as we entered the gloomy portal. The house was filled to overflowing with the friends of the parties, who with the customary impudence displayed upon such occasions, stared intently into the faces of the bride, the bridegroom and us their accomplices, as we tramped up the aisle. The shadow of confidence that poor Tompkins had until this time kept up, now completely deserted him as we got fairly into the body of the church. Still no serious misadventure occurred, if we except the fact that at the door Tompkins, doubtful who should go first, hesitated somewhat, while Booth and myself, anxious to set him right, gave him a push forward, both of which directing shoves coming at the same moment, caused him to nearly lose his equilibrium, recovering from which, he rushed towards the altar with such impetuosity that the bride elect was forced to almost run to keep up with her impatient lord, while we followed in a rapid, irregular single file some distance behind.

Half way up the aisle, recovering somewhat from his confusion, he checked himself suddenly, while Mary, herself rather bewildered and ignorant, of course, of his intention to abate his speed, shot quickly past him. Each perceiving the design of the other at the same instant, a change of plan took place, Mary halting while Tompkins accelerated his pace, when as a natural result, Mary being in advance, his foot came in contact with the hem of ~~her~~ dress, pinning it to the floor. A sharp, quick sound of rending

stitches, a sudden bending backward of the bride and a halt of both parties, could of course result in nothing else than the sudden and violent bringing to a stand-still successively against each other's backs, of the rapidly advancing single file following in the rear. Disentangling ourselves from the confused mixing up of parties, we finally reached the chancel in somewhat more regular order, where Tompkins established himself on the left side, as was perfectly right and proper that he shouldn't.

The solemnity of the place, the expensive carpet, the venerable and high-salaried clergyman in full canonicals, had a rather awe-inspiring effect even upon Booth and myself, though the girls behaved with heroic fortitude and appeared to be possessed of more presence of mind than usual. (There is nothing connected with a church, a parson or the marriage ceremony, that shall frighten your true woman, I promise you.)

As the clergyman in solemn tones commenced the service, Tompkins nerved himself for the undertaking, in which he was admirably seconded by Booth, who with his great thumb and finger bestowed a succession of pinches upon him "to put him in spunk and make him feel his oats," as he himself said in his coarse horse talk.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" asked the priest, in an impressive manner.

"I do," responded Tompkins, not rightly comprehending the question, and thinking he must assent to everything; and his agony was painful to witness when old Uncle Somebody hobbled up and performed the office of giving away the bride.

Again the service proceeded; hands had twice been given by the happy pair, when the clergyman paused, looking inquiringly at Tompkins, who being wholly absorbed in tracing with the toe of his boot the figures on the carpet, of course did not notice.

"The ring, if you please, sir," whispered the parson, after a silence of a minute or two.

"O! Ah, yes, the ring; certainly, of course," ejaculated Tompkins, with an amount of energy which the occasion by no means demanded; and with a sudden start, he dove the fingers of both hands into the corresponding vest pockets, thereby bringing both elbows into violent contact with the ribs of Booth and the bride, who stood close upon either side.

After a prolonged fumbling in the vest pockets, the search was transferred to the coat pockets, then to the breeches, and again to the vest, from which a small paper parcel was eventually fished up, and being clumsily unrolled by his white kid

fingers, the desired emblematic hoop no sooner glittered in the gaslight, than with a light tinkling sound it rolled among the gaiter boots of the bridesmaids.

In dire confusion, Tompkins dove after his property, and would doubtless, like the woman in the Scriptures, have searched diligently until he found it, had not Mary, taking advantage of his stooping position, seized him by that portion of his dress coat which descends below the waist, and by a quiet though effectual movement brought him again to his feet and her side, when presenting the clergyman with a ring of her own, the service proceeded to a happy termination. And now commenced that uncountable scene which may sometimes be observed upon the occasion of a wedding. No sooner is the ceremony completed, than a wailing sound is heard to proceed from behind Mrs. Smithers's handkerchief, whereupon the bridesmaids feel it their duty to grab hold of the bride with one hand, while with the other they apply a handkerchief to the facial regions, and clustering in a bunch about the victim, sob up against the sides of each others' heads. An audible buzzing arises from the people in the pews; the grooms fidget about, looking profoundly foolish, and Tompkins with a bewildering and misty conviction that he has somehow wrecked the happiness of the entire Smithers family, even unto the third and fourth generations, hastily approaches the parson and delivers an envelope, which that reverend functionary receiving with a smile and a bow, pockets with an air of satisfaction—though if the truth must be told, it is to be presumed he was less satisfied upon discovering what Tompkins also discovered the ensuing morning, that instead of delivering the envelope in which he had enclosed a twenty-dollar note, he had in his confusion unwittingly presented a similar envelope containing a severe letter from an old flame, in which she upbraided him for his inconstancy, and even went so far as to threaten "proceedings." However, that was no great misfortune; indeed, it was a positive benefit, being the means of saving a good ten-dollar note to Tompkins, for upon rectifying the mistake next day, he was struck with the idea—which had somehow not occurred to him before—that ten dollars was quite enough for a marriage fee, that any more was positive extravagance, which sum he accordingly paid.

The customary proceedings upon the evening of a bridal party are too well known to require a detailed account. We—that is, the principals and their immediate accessories—of course drove at once to the house of the bride's mother.

Tompkins and wife and the bridesmaids station themselves at the head of the reception-room, while Booth and myself station ourselves at the door, a span of impromptu footmen. A carriage drives up, another dittoes; the bell rings; more carriages come fast and faster; the bell rings incessantly, while the callers are led up by ones and twos and sixes, to be introduced to the bride, though they may have known her since she was a troublesome, hateful little girl; a few words, which neither understand, passes between them, and the callers debouch upon the floor. The rooms are filled to suffocation; there are no seats—of course, the people group themselves in every possible position; the confused and commingled chatter of female tongues, the flirting of fans, the shaking and dropping of handkerchiefs, together with the swaying and moving of the crowd, is bewildering.

The gentlemen bow and squirm and grin and talk contemptible nonsense, until a new phase is observable. Numbers of white jackets, each containing a "cullud pusson," rush hastily up and down stairs; a slight movement is perceptible near the door; the movement extends, the whole throng is in motion and rushing through the hall towards another apartment, where refreshments are laid out. Multitudes of champagne corks ricochet across the room, and a rattling volley, like feeble musketry, hails the entrance of the invaders; wine disappears, cake vanishes, grapes are nowhere, oysters ditto, ices are treated coldly, more wine passeth from sight, the chattering, the giggling, the buzzing waxes fast and furious. Suddenly a pause; "cullud pussons" again race up and down stairs, hats are brought, cloaks are brought, shawls are brought, everything is brought, a carriage rolls up, sable footman calls out from the door, "Mr. Queerquirk's carriage, sah," another and another follows, until none are left save the happy bride and bridegroom, their immediate family and Messrs. Jinx and Booth.

It would scarcely be of sufficient interest to the general reader to investigate thoroughly, and sift to the bottom the further events of the evening. Of course there are the lights to be put out, the tables to clear, the doors to lock and other trifles, but we will not pursue them. Let it suffice that Booth and myself adjourned to my apartment, where, feeling it our duty to celebrate the happy event, we sat up until a very late and noisy hour of the night, during which we punished at least half a dozen bottles of—of—cigars, from the effects of which we were sewed up with a severe headache all the next day.

It takes a lifetime to learn how to live.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.

For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within, health gone, even hope that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hand it came,

"Even as a little child,
Weeping and laughing in its childish sport."
—*Home Journal*.

A SAD STORY.

The saddest story that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped toward the earth and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest, that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew, it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!—*Herald*.

UNEXPECTED RISE IN PRICES.

A gentleman with a simple mind the other day ordered a late dinner at Harris's, in Wilson's Lane, when a stranger entered at that moment, and took a seat opposite him. The good cheer superinduced a lively chat, and the stranger discoursed largely upon the high prices of food, and mentioned incidentally that a further rise was soon to be expected. Each of the feeders received the medallion-like ticket which told how much he had ordered, and the stranger, after hurriedly eating, paid and disappeared. The gentleman with the simple mind was surprised to hear of another rise in prices, and when he went to the counter to settle was still more astonished to find that rise had already commenced—for the stranger during the conversation had shifted the coins, taking his ticket (18 cents) and left him the other (37 1-2). This kind of rise in prices made him wish he had risen quicker himself.—*Boston Post*.

CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

BY FRANCIS M. CHENEBRO.

Come, sister fairies, come,
And weave a wreath of flowers,
Fresh from forest shade,
Sweet with April showers.
We'll sing and dance around,
A merry, happy band,
Joy and mirth we'll wake
With our fairy wand.

Of the sweet May flowers
A dainty wreath we'll bind,
To crown our lovely queen,
Fairest of our kind.
Each little fairy, come,
With dew-besprinkled feet,
A rosy offering bring,
Around this altar meet.

O, lovely fairy queen,
Receive our crown of flowers,
Bend low thy queenly brow,
Receive our simple dower.
Sisters, one and all,
Of our merry band,
Salute the Queen of May,
Queen of fairy land.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY H. GILBERT.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

I WAS spending a few weeks on the banks of the Rhine. Having plenty of leisure at my command, and entertaining a most hearty contempt for that system of "doing" sights, so prevalent among the would-be travellers of now-a-days, I had determined to spend some time with "mine host," who, by the way, was a perfect specimen of his kind, and to explore alone, and at my leisure, the principal spots of interest in the neighborhood. I love to wander in the woods, among the rocks and waterfalls, with my thoughts for my only companions; and here, the wild, romantic scenery, and the unaccustomed picturesqueness of the landscape, accorded so perfectly with all my feelings, as to bind me with a spell even stronger than I could have dreamed of. For days I had intended to depart, and for days I had been delaying my departure. I had wandered, day after day, in every direction, to every place which seemed to promise an adequate return in instruction and amusement, and day after day had I been charmed with new novelties, with new beauties. But I had, at last, nerved myself to leave all

that had so strongly attracted me, and the next day but one was fixed for my departure. The next day, which was to be the last of my stay, I intended to pay a last visit to my favorite resorts, and to bid an eternal farewell to spots and scenes which had become, within the last week, as old familiar friends. Accordingly, early the next morning I started off. Absorbed in deep reflection, mingled with a quiet tinge of sadness, I wandered on, unconsciously, further than I had intended, and in a direction which I had never taken before. Suddenly, on looking up, I was startled at seeing immediately in front of me, on a broad plateau which overhung the waters of the "castled river," one of those ruined piles, which speak to us more eloquently than words could do of glories past away, and which, even in their decay and desolation, have about them something of grandeur and sublimity which insensibly commands our love and admiration. It was one of those, of which Byron has said:

"Each ivied arch and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone."

Why this old ruin should have struck my fancy more than many others I have seen, I cannot tell. Yet, whether from the suddenness of the apparition, or whether the ruins were in reality grander or more picturesque than others of the kind, I know not, but certainly I felt, for an instant, emotions entirely new. I was soon lost in exploration. The roof and stairs of the high tower had fallen in, so as to give, as from the bottom of a deep well, an uninterrupted view of the bright blue sky beyond. A few timbers of the old drawbridge yet from their rusted hinges hung creaking on the walls. The old moat had long since been dry, and choked with weeds. In the court-yard, the rank grass and the thistle, with the deadly nightshade, held undisputed sway; and as I trod the long deserted rooms, the old decaying tapestry which still hung, tattered, on the walls, waved ominously, as if in horror of the desecration, and the high arched roof and vaulted aisles gave back strange echoes to my solemn tread.

Attached to the main building, but scarcely seeming a part of it, was what from its gothic windows I took to be a chapel. The ivy, like a tried friend in adversity, still clung to it lovingly, in its decay. Its rich, exuberant masses hung, drooping, from the walls, and where the roof had fallen in, the ivy, too, had crept over the roofless side, and hung in wreathing festoons to the very floor. The toad sat sweltering under the crumbling altar-stone, and the bat slept in the crevices of the mouldering walls. But what struck me most of all was a strange rat, of about a

yard wide, in the two opposite sides of the structure. It seemed as if the building had been cut asunder in the middle, and the parts then separated. I spent some time in conjecture as to what might be the cause of this strange phenomenon, and at last, not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I wisely determined to forget it entirely. Then I set myself to work to explore every nook and corner of the old ruin, and was still busily employed, when the stirring of the bats and the descending nightfall warned me home.

On my return, I related to "mine host" my day's experience, and inquired of him what might be the history of the old castle, for I was sure there must be some quaint old legend connected therewith.

"Ah, Mein Herr," said he, "there is indeed a legend connected with that old castle, and, in sooth, a strange and fearful one, but wait until after supper, and you shall hear it."

So, after a most glorious meal, for which my day's experience had given me an unwonted appetite, we took our pipes, and reclining on a large bench by the door, "mine host" told me the following tale, which, as I have forgotten the narrator's own quaint language, I will endeavor to dress up in a style of my own:

"Proud, stern and passionate was the old Count Von G. Full fourscore winters had blanched what still remained of his once raven hair, but the brightness of his yet piercing eye, and his stalwart form, which, still unbent, seemed but to scorn the weight of years, gave token that the fire of his youth had not yet all passed away. His nervous arm could still strike a blow which would not have shamed his younger days, and, sooth to say, few who valued their lives at an hour's purchase, would have dared a passage at arms with the old Count Von G. When he appeared in public, which happened but seldom, he was regarded by the peasantry with a mingled feeling of awe and terror.

"There was, too, a strange tale that once upon a wild, tempestuous night, a stranger dight in sable, coat of mail, with mailed head and visor down, upon a steed dark as the night itself, rode into the court-yard of the castle, and imperatively demanded to speak with the count. He was shown to the old count's chamber. Long and earnestly did they confer together, the stranger and the count, and an inquisitive menial, watching at the key-hole, saw the count, as he averred to the day of his death, sign a large strip of parchment with his blood. Immediately the stranger rose, took up the parchment, and folding it, deposited it in his bosom; then turn-

ing, and descending to the court-yard; he mounted his steed, and disappearing like air, was never seen more. Be that as it may, however, certain it is that all night long a red, unearthly light streamed from the old count's window, in the top of the tower, and tinged with its lurid glow the heaving waters of the dark blue river. And the old servitor often heard strange voices and sounds within, and as he heard, he crossed himself and prayed the Holy Virgin to deliver him from the power of all demons and evil spirits.

"But stern and mysterious as was the old Count Von G., there was one spot in his breast which was yet soft and green as in his younger days. Start not, gentle reader, when I tell you that the old count was in love—yes, desperately, passionately in love. These fountains of his heart which he had thought long since sealed up forever, were re-opened, and the living waters gushed forth afresh. The pretty Therese, the loveliest maiden in all the country round, whose sparkling eye and whose cheek, which seemed as though it had stolen its color from the clouds of the morning, were the admiration of all the youths and the envy of all the maidens, had warmed his breast again into a fresh reviving life. He had met her in one of his rambles in the forest, and her rare beauty at once touched a chord in his breast which he had thought long since unstrung, while her natural grace of manner, and the quaint co-mixture of fearlessness and respect with which she answered all his questions, and which was so different from the undisguised terror which usually greeted his appearance, completed the charm. Long did he linger, as if unwilling to depart. Many an idle question did the pretty maiden have to answer, and when the old count turned to go, he had inwardly determined to transplant this woodland flower to blossom in his lonely castle, and so make her his bride the Countess Von G.

"But the French proverb says, '*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*;' and in nothing is this more true than in love affairs. The little winged god had determined matters otherwise, for, with a love quite as intense as the old count's passion, and far more deep and pure, did the pretty Therese love the young Paul Eberhart. In fact, they were already betrothed, and an early day had been fixed for their nuptials. And her choice was not misplaced; for a brighter eye, a stronger arm, and best of all, a nobler soul, was not to be found in many a mile. He was handsome, too, and the neighbors used to say that a handsomer couple than Paul and Therese had not been known in the village

within the memory of man. There was not a house in the village where they were not as welcome as in their own. All loved them, old and young. The young looked forward with anticipations of intense delight to Therese's wedding-day, and the old, the sick and the infirm prayed God to spare their lives to see their darling's bridal.

"A change came over the old count. He spent less time at home; he was more abroad. Many an hour which had formerly been devoted to solitary self-confinement in the mysterious solitude of his own apartment, now found him with most persevering assiduity threading the woodland paths where he had first met the pretty Therese. But whether she had an intuitive presentiment of his feelings, or whether it was merely that her inclination seldom led her that way, certain it is that the old count wandered, vainly, many a weary day, ere another opportunity occurred to him. At last, one day when he had almost despaired of ever meeting her again, and was wondering if it would not be his wisest plan to go home and forget her entirely, and he had almost determined that this should be his last search, when lo, on turning an angle in the road, he saw her directly before him. She was gracefully reclining in the shade of an overhanging tree. Her cheek was resting on her hand, her hat was thrown carelessly beside her, and the wanton wind was toying with the rich masses of dark brown hair, which fell loosely over a neck and shoulders white as the Parian stone, and almost hid from view a faultlessly rounded arm in its jealous clusters. She was reading some quaint old romance of days gone by, and it must have been a tale of love and sorrow, for ever and anon a deeper flush tinged her already rosy cheek, and a gentle sigh escaped her heaving bosom.

"Long and silently did the old count gaze. He spoke not, moved not, scarcely breathed, lest he should disturb so beautiful a vision. He feared to see it vanish like a dream of an enchanted land. His wild love came quickly over him with tenfold power, and in the uncontrollable emotion, he made an involuntary step forward, which startled the maiden and caused her to look up. She seemed at first confused, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she bowed and rose to go. But the count detained her, and without any preparation, with a fervor and an eloquence well worthy of his youthful days, he poured into her ear his all-consuming passion. So startled and astonished was the maiden, that for some moments she could not comprehend his meaning; but as the truth

suddenly flashed upon her, the rich blood suffused her face and neck for an instant, and then as quickly receded, leaving her as pale as a marble statue. She tottered, and would have fallen, had not the old count caught her in his arms. Immediately recovering herself, however, she boldly confessed her love for another, rejected his suit, and before he could detain her, she had vanished in the woods with the speed of a startled fawn.

"Motionless stood the old count until her retreating form had vanished. He had never dreamed of the possibility of a refusal. That he, whose high descent might match the noblest in the land, and of whose ancestral tree e'en princes might be proud, should be refused, and that, too, by a simple peasant girl! His whole spirit rose in arms, at the indignity. In violent agitation, he retraced his steps towards the castle, muttering with an oath, as he went, that Therese should be his bride!

"It was night. Moody and dull, the old count sat in his chamber. It was a quaint old room. The walls were hung with sable velvet, interwoven with tracery of gold. Around him lay massive tomes, with clasps of brass, mingled in strange array with implements of many a curious device. The floor was inscribed with many a mystic circle. A small furnace and crucible, with which he seemed to have been experimenting, were on the table before him, but now the fire was flickering low with an expiring flame. But he heeded it not. His head had sunk upon his breast, and he seemed lost in intense thought; and ever and anon he muttered to himself brokenly, as if in sleep. Suddenly he started up, and rung his bell violently. Scarcely had its last tones died away, when Gotthart, his old servitor, stood before him.

"'Gotthart,' said the count, 'thou knowest the pretty Therese, the beauty of the village?'

"Gotthart bowed.

"'Wouldst thou not like her for thy mistress, Gotthart?'

"Gotthart was astonished; but he knew his master too well to manifest any surprise, so he merely bowed again.

"'And she shall be!' cried the count. 'Listen, Gotthart: I love the maiden. I have loved her long and madly. To-day I told her all my love. She refused my hand, rejected my suit; to my face, she told me that she loved another! And now, by all that's good, mine shall she be before to-morrow night shall pass away. Dost hear, Gotthart? She must be mine! It matters not how, yet mine she must be! There are retainers enough in the castle.

Take them and go; and comest thou without her, thou knowest the rest. Now go; leave me!"

"Gothart bowed and retired, and the old count was once more alone.

"We will pass over the sudden disappearance of Therese, and the terrible sorrow which, on the morrow, pervaded the whole village. It is not with that, that we have to do. Suffice it to say that the old servitor had proved himself capable of his mission, and that ere morning dawned, the pretty Therese was brought a prisoner to the castle.

"The nuptials were to take place on the following evening. A monk had been procured from a neighboring convent, and a bridal robe had been hastily put together by some of the female servants of the castle. The other preparations were but few. The menials of the castle were to be the only spectators. There was to be no pomp, no ceremony. There was to be no gorgeous bridal train, no joyous revelry, no merry dance, no music, and no song. It was to be only a quiet sacrifice of a sad, despairing victim.

"The captive spent the livelong day in prayers and tears. But the weariest day must come to an end at last, and as Therese sat by the window, and saw the great red sun sink down behind a portentous looking cloud, which was slowly looming up in the western horizon, she felt that her hour had almost come. Silently and unresistingly she submitted to the attentions of the maidens, who had come to deck her for the sacrifice. Calm and pale she stood, until the last fold was arranged in her snowy dress, the last flower tied to her raven hair!

"It was a fearful sight to see that young maiden, as she stood before the altar. Her glossy hair fell over a neck and throat so pale, that you scarce might tell where the satin dress met its snow-white marble. All traces of tears had been swept away, and as she stood, so pale, and yet so calm and firm, there was a strange expression in her eye, and a stern compression of her bloodless lips, which bore the token of some firm resolve. As she stood there, under the dark shadow of the old count's sternness, you might have thought some woodland flower, pale with cold, was peeping out from under the snows of winter.

"But the ceremony commenced. The deep, dark cloud, which had hung over the horizon at sunset, was pregnant of an approaching storm. The distant thunder muttered incessantly, and the lightning flashed with a lurid glare through the dimly lighted chapel. The first big drops were already falling heavily, one by one, upon

the vaulted roof, mingling their pattering with the deep low growl of the approaching thunder. But they heeded it not. Uninterruptedly the ceremony proceeded, until the monk addressed to Therese the question whose answer was to bind her with the bond which no man may part asunder, when, to the astonishment of all present, turning her dark, wild eyes full upon the count, in a voice firm, indeed, but deep and unearthly, as though it might have been from a tomb, she answered:

"Thou hast torn me from my friends, my home, my kindred. Thou hast brought me here, before this altar, to pledge to thee that faith, that love and that obedience which I have vowed irrevocably to another. Thou canst do with me as thou wilt, yet, know, proud count, who warrest thus on women, that never, before God, will I be to thee a willing bride. And as God is my judge, before whom I stand, I summon thee to appear ere long before his bar, to answer this foul wrong which thou hast this day done to a weak, defenceless maiden."

"For some moments, all was still. The menials were horrified at her temerity. The count himself was disconcerted. At last he broke the silence.

"Mind not the silly, prating child, Sir Monk. She knows not what she wishes. Proceed! I may not brook delay."

"I may not, my lord," replied the monk. "In such a case, the laws of our holy church forbid it."

"And what care I for your holy church, Sir Monk? or for her laws?" replied the count. "I have sworn that this maiden shall be my bride to-night, and so she shall! Proceed, or it may not be well with thee!"

"They heard not the deepening thunder, as it advanced nearer and nearer. They marked not how the lightning shone at every flash with a ruddier glow.

"I may not, my lord," replied the monk.

"Thou wilt not?" asked the count, as a fearfully indescribable expression crept over his features.

"No, my lord."

"There was no answer. With one stride, the old count reached the monk. There was an uplifted hand, a blow, and the white-robed priest sunk quivering to the floor beside the altar, while a small crimson tide welled from his lips, and trickled in a dark, ominous stream slowly down the chancel steps.

"Aghast with horror, pale as sheeted ghosts, the trembling throng of menials stood in silence rooted to the ground. The old count, himself,

stood as if petrified. There was white and motionless as a marble statue. The silence was so deep and awful that each drop of blood, as it fell trickling to the ground, sounded like iron hail. So dumb, so horrified, stood the affrighted throng, that they heard not a deep, dull, rumbling sound, as of distant thunder. On it came, nearer and nearer, till, with a flash which seemed as though the heavens had burst into flame, and with a crash which seemed to vibrate to the centre of the solid earth, it burst upon the castle. All fell in terror to the ground. How long they lay, they knew not; but when they rose, they found the walls of the chapel torn asunder in the manner described. The old count disappeared, and could nowhere be found. One of the menials asserted that, as he fell, he caught a glimpse of a coal-black steed, with fiery eyes and mane of flame, with a rider in a sable coat of mail, dash in at one side of the chapel, as its walls opened, and seizing the old knight by the waist, and placing him before him on his steed, disappear at the other. Be that as it may, the old count was never seen again. When they raised Therese, they found that life had fled. Every effort to restore her was unavailing.

"After the strange events of this fearful night," continued "mine host," "the castle was soon deserted. The ghost of the monk haunted the chapel, and ever on a stormy night, amid the howling of the wind and the pealing of the thunder, strange sounds were heard, as of the trampling of a fiery steed upon the chapel floor. The menials soon fled in terror. No one could be found to live there. After its desertion, the old castle gradually fell into decay. But tale and song, from aged sire to son, have still preserved its terrors; and even now, the belated peasant hurrying home at nightfall, often sees strange shapeless forms, and hears unearthly sounds, and, shuddering, he crosses himself and hurries on. And he would be, in sooth, a brave man, who would venture to pluck at midnight a leaf from the ivy which grows within that haunted chapel."

PACE, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FOOL.

The professional "fools" by whom our ancestors were so much amused, were characterized as much by impertinence as wit. To put one person out of countenance afforded mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrunk from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Pace, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Pace," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment.—*Camp and Court.*

ANECDOTE OF JEREMIAH MASON.

The late Mr. Mason, says the Boston Journal, was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. While in the strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half-buried up under buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer—at least, so he appeared to an impudent teamster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mason politely requested the teamster to turn out and give him room, but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and began to roll down the robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and rising gradually from his seat. The teamster silently watched these movements, but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed: "That'll do, stranger—don't rise any more; I'll turn out!"

Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace. "Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off leader with his whip: "I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him!"

PRICE OF OLD ALDERMEN.

A good thing is going the rounds about one of our new aldermen, which is related in this wise:

The grand jury summoned Ald. — before them, for the purpose of asking him some questions. He came before them, and the following conversation occurred:

"Ald. —, has any one ever offered you any money, in the shape of a bribe, since your election?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?" said one of the grand jury.

"Mr. —."

"How much did he offer you?" inquired one of the other jurors.

"Twenty-five dollars," responded the alderman, with a curl of his lip.

"Did you take it?" said the foreman.

(Emphatically)—"No, sir!"

Mr. —, the briber, was sent for.

"Mr. —, did you offer Ald. — twenty-five dollars as a bribe for voting so and so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he take it?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't he take it?" said one of the jurors, much surprised.

"Well, he said that he couldn't sell himself for twenty-five dollars, as that was the price of old aldermen—the new ones range higher!"—*New York Dispatch.*

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquillity of mind.

A DREAM.

BY I. W. CANTOW.

The night was fair, the gentle winds
Came sighing o'er my head;
And in their cadence seemed to sigh
A requiem o'er the dead.

I laid me down upon my bed,
And tried in vain to sleep;
For silently the tears rolled down
My pale and careworn cheek.

At length sweet slumber closed my eyes,
And to my restless brain
There came bright visions of the past,
Bright hopes to cheer again.

There stood beside my little bed
The idol of my youth,
The being whom I fondly thought
Was heaven, virtue, truth.

He clasped my hands within his own,
And placing on my cheek
A kiss so warm, I almost thought
Past days had come, so sweet.

I started from my restless sleep,
With a wild, joyous scream;
But ah! the treasured one had fled,
'Twas nothing but a dream.

THE BELT OF WAMPUM.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

AMONG the many legends I had the good fortune to hear from the lips of the old Indian, who, a year or two since favored our settlement with a visit while on a pilgrimage from the far west to the forests and prairies which had once been the hunting grounds of his fathers, none interested me more than his account of the feud which years ago existed between his people and a neighboring tribe of red men.

I wish I could repeat the legend in the lofty, impassioned style of the old Chippeway, but an attempt to do so would be futile; and my readers will understand how greatly the interest of the tale will be diminished, by the manner in which it is related.

Of the bitter hatreds and jealousies his people had ever cherished for their neighbors, said the old Indian, none had been so inveterate and absorbing as that which was felt for their brethren, the Hurons. The feud had its origin in the rivalry of the two young and beautiful wives of a mighty chief whose hunting grounds stretched from the Great Waters to the bay of Manitou. The chief was an old man and childless when he brought the young squaws to the wigwams he

had built for them, and he promised to her who should first bare him a son, the sacred belt of wampum, which, it was believed, the mighty Manitou had given to the mother of the red man, and that her boy should sit in the lodge of his father, when the old chief went to the spirit-land. But, unfortunately for the old man and his people, on the same morning came the two young squaws to the wigwam of her lord, and placed upon the furs on which he reclined, each, her babe; and the two bright-eyed, dark-haired boys were equally healthy and promising.

Bitterly then the old man repented his promise; and his heart murmured: "Better that my people had been conquered by their enemies, than that their old chief should cause dissension among them!" But he kept his grief in his heart, and spoke kindly and hopefully to the women; and taking the little boys in his arms, he stretched the same great hand over the heads of both; and while a real peace succeeded to that forced calmness, he said in a prophetic tone, that the warring winds should aid those young saplings to beat each other to the earth, and that the sun would help them to drink up the dew and the rain, each from the other; but as they had but one root, so, when many moons had passed away, should they lift but one summit to the sky.

The young squaws, however, heard not the words of the chief, nor observed the kindness of the regard he bent upon his children. Regardless of his presence, they stood with eyes distended, and lips apart, glaring upon each other with the ferocity of wolves. There was no look of triumph on the face of either, only implacable hatred and revenge were there. Each was sensible that she could claim nothing that her rival was not entitled to; and without extending her hand for the belt of wampum, or making a request for her boy, the young mothers silently took their babes and returned to their wigwams. Time passed away. The old chief, too feeble longer to lead forth his people to war, sat in his wigwam, smoking the peace-pipes his sons had fashioned and ornamented with the eagle feathers they had scaled the precipices to gain, wrapping himself in the warm, rich furs, and feasting on the tender meats his boys had taken in the chase. His eye was darkened, and his ear was heavy, and he failed to perceive that though the youths were not destitute of filial affection, rivalry and hatred for each other, as much as anxiety for his comfort, excited them to such deeds of daring as distinguished them among the boldest hunters of the tribe. And their father gave his blessing equally to both, and the rival wives could not complain; for no sooner had one sat down on

the turf beneath the oak tree which sheltered the lodge of her husband, and began to chant a song in praise of her boy, than the name of her rival's son, joined to some deed of prowess, would fall on her ear, and palsy her tongue. So the old man knew not what discord was in his family, and slowly and gently, as if borne in the arms of peace and love, he passed away to the land of the blest.

Seven days and nights sat the rival wives in the wigwam of the dead, tasting but the morsel of food necessary to support existence, and uttering their loud lamentations; but their eyes were not so blinded by tears that they did not see the handsome belt of wampum which the old chief had hung on the wall of his lodge when he brought home his young wives, and which had been designed for a present for one of them; nor their thoughts so entirely buried with the dead, that they forgot the council had met to deliberate which of the two sons of the old chief should lead forth the tribe to the chase and to war. Yet neither dared stretch forth her hand to that coveted belt, nor carry to the council a plea in favor of her son; but on the evening of the seventh day of the mourning of the women, and the deliberations of the men, when no signs of the termination of either appeared, Ojibway, one of the two rival youths, armed with his war club and his hatchet, entered the wigwam where his mother sat, with her garment disarranged and her hair dishevelled, and seizing the belt of wampum, bound it about her waist, and leading her forth from the lodge, he confronted the band of braves, who, fearing some mischief, had risen from the council, and followed him to the wigwam.

Some admired the daring courage of Ojibway, and arranged themselves about him; and others, sympathising with Huron in his disappointment and rage, drew near him, silently; but their brows were clouded and their hands clutched. The two parties thus formed, were very nearly equal, both in numbers and strength, and all were armed with their war clubs, for it had been expected that the termination of the affair would not be bloodless; but the good sense of the old men, for the time, prevailed, and one after another dropped his weapons to the earth, and stood with folded arms; and the rival youths, after one glance at each other, the meaning of which was unmistakable, simultaneously stretched forth their hands, the one towards the west and the other towards the east.

"When three moons shall have passed away, my people!" said Huron to the band who had gathered around him, "your chief shall sit in the lodge of his father!"

"Short time for the crow to usurp the nest of the eagle!" said Ojibway.

And as they parted; but neither of the two youths ever returned to the lodge of his father. The smoke from the wigwam of Ojibway rolled up through the feathery branches of the tall evergreens which bordered the beautiful Chippeway, or, as the young chief and his people called it, the Ojibway; while Huron, believing he should thus secure to himself the favor of the Great Spirit, built for himself and his mother a dwelling on one of the Manitou islands. No nearer than on the very confines of their hunting-grounds were the cabins erected, lest, so the young chiefs declared, the smoke from their wigwams should mingle. But fearful were the struggles between the two tribes which were called after the names of their leaders, and well sustained were they on both sides. At fearful cost, however, to the chiefs; for as it was an understanding among the two nations, that should the family of either chief become extinct, the people would again be united, the concentrated effort of each tribe was exerted for the extermination of the family of its rival.

Again and again was a prisoner of war, whose heart grew soft at the dreadful death with which he was threatened, sent back to his people with the weight of a solemn promise of treason to his chief, resting on his soul; and the straying papoose was pierced through the heart by an arrow, no one knew from whose bow shot; and the canoe of the young squaw, which her husband had seen her, with gay song and merry laugh, guiding up the stream, came floating idly down the current, while the joy and the hope of the young chief returned no more forever.

Many handsome braves were born both to Ojibway and Huron, yet neither left but one descendant, and the fate of their successors was no better than their own. * * *

So many moons had passed away, that the Indians no longer told their number; but that belt of wampum still hung in the wigwam of the Ojibway chief, and still the Hurons fought for it with unabated ardor.

The present chief of the last mentioned tribe was a young man, the tallest, handsomest and bravest, so even his enemies admitted, who could be found in the whole country between the Big Sea Water and the land of the Cherokees; and he and his people confidently expecting to obtain a final victory over their enemies; and for the first time during their existence as a separate tribe, the heart of the Ojibways softened.

Their chief was an old man, and feeble from grief as well as age, and though when he spoke it

was the voice of Manitou to which his people listened, his words gave them no encouragement. Since his two sons, still but boys, had fallen beside him in battle, and the hopes of the old chief could rest only in a fair and beautiful daughter, another spirit seemed to have entered into the heart of the once brave warrior.

"Ojibway has buried his head in his blanket," he said to his people when they had entreated him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, "but the voice of the Great Spirit has reached him. The old man will die in his wigwam, and the belt of wampum he has bound around his daughter, will be given to the bride of the young Huron."

But when the young and gentle Mee-no-na suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her father's wigwam, the old man rose from the earth, and, as if the weight of years had been lifted from his shoulders, stood erect among his people, and such a look had come over that calm, passionless face, that the fiercest and most savage of his tribe dared not lift their eyes to his countenance, much less endeavor by their words to incite him to deeds of vengeance.

Most likely he had, for the moment, forgotten the prophecies he had uttered, or, as wise men have sometimes failed to understand their own predictions, saw not how his words might agree.

"The Ojibway has said it," muttered the old Indian; "when Mee-no-na goes to the land of the blest, she travels not alone; the Huron walks by her side and bears for her the furs and the wampum her people have given her. The old men of the two tribes shall watch the death-fires together, for anger and hatred for each other shall dwell in their hearts no more forever."

And the old warrior took down from the wall of his wigwam the charmed bow which the chief of his people could bend but once in his whole lifetime, and the sacred arrow which was never drawn at a venture; and motioning to his braves that they were not to follow him, walked forth from his lodge to meet the young chief of the Hurons. His warriors looked doubtfully and inquiringly on each other, repenting the deception they had suffered to be practised on their good chief; since, instead of inciting him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, it had only led him to expose himself to danger; but the wily Kenabeek, a young, smooth-tongued brave, who had aspired to the hand of the beautiful Mee-no-na, and who, though his suit had been rejected by both her father and herself, felt confident of final success, at length broke the silence.

"Shall we see the young sapling whose branches might stretch far and wide till they overspread

the hunting ground of our people," he said, "up-torn by the roots; and sit beneath the naked boughs of the old oak which can no longer shield us from the sun and the rain, till the whirlwind shall dash it upon our heads?"

Seven days and seven nights passed, and the warriors assembled again at the lodge of Ojibway. There was a mixture of joy and grief on their countenances; for there could be no doubt now but the old chief had gone to the kingdom of the blest, and the following day a new chief was to be chosen; but as the fire was kindled, and the first notes of the death song rose on the quiet air, the old Indian stood among them.

No one asked of his journey, but every one saw that though he thirsted no more for vengeance, grief sat heavily in his heart; and the Indians dispersed silently to their dwellings. Some days after, they learned, from the lips of a bard, and the story was heard with rejoicing, how the old chief and the Huron had met.

When the good Ojibway went forth from his lodge, so said the bard, the hand of Manitou smoothed the path for his stumbling feet; and on the seventh day of his journey, as the sun was sinking in the west, the old man saw, within stretch of his feeble arm, the form of his enemy, reclining upon the earth, in undisturbed repose.

Well knew Ojibway how unequal the contest between him and the young man must be, but he scorned to take advantage of the situation of his enemy; and he uttered the fierce war whoop while yet his bow hung by his side. The Huron started up, grasping his mighty war club, and echoing that wild cry in such a deep, sonorous voice, that, the bard declared, the forest swayed to and fro, as if a whirlwind was sweeping past; and then cleared, at a single bound, the space which divided him from his enemy.

For a moment the two warriors gazed in silence on each other's countenances; the one with feelings of veneration and respect, and the other, who saw no guilt in the handsome face before him, with an affection almost paternal.

"My father!" exclaimed the Huron, at length, and he flung his war club from him with such force that it buried itself in the earth; and the old chief, turning his face towards the setting sun, shot the last of the sacred arrows—the gift of the first Ojibway to his people—towards the west. The bow snapped asunder as the shaft sped through the air, and though for many and many a year after, the hunter sought that sacred arrow, it was never found.

The wars of the two tribes were ended, and the chiefs sat down upon the ground together, and gathering up the red clay, fashioned peace

pipes, the fumes of which went up together, till the evening star looked down from the sky and the whippoorwill sang from the depths of the forest. And then Ojibway thought of the lost Mee-no-na, and her bright eyes, and her voice so low and sweet, and the old man's lips quivered as he spoke of her to the Huron. The young chief gave no answer to the father's words, he only laid aside his pipe and listened; but when the old man, worn out with his long journey and his grief, wound his blanket around him and slept, the Huron sprang to his feet, and never did dear more swiftly fly from his pursuer, than did the young man from the side of Ojibway.

When the old chief rose with the sun the next morning, he was surprised but not alarmed, to find himself alone. He could not, he believed, have been mistaken in the character of that young man, and could anything have consoled him for the loss of his daughter, and the speedy extinction, as he thought, of his family, it had been the knowledge that his people would have the brave Huron for their chief instead of the artful and wicked Kenabeek, who aspired to become their leader.

Silently, it has been said, the Indians dispersed to their dwellings, on the return of the old chief to his lodge, though Kenabeek wished to have a consultation with them. The course he had taken to incite Ojibway to renew the war with the Hurons, namely, the abduction of his daughter, had never fully met with their approbation; and when they looked on that gloomy, sorrowful countenance he had brought back to his now desolate lodge, his people bitterly regretted that he had suffered such wrong, but Kenabeek had declared that the place of Mee-no-na's concealment should become her grave should his treachery be revealed to her father; and the threat stopped every mouth.

It was on the evening her father returned to the lodge, that the gentle Mee-no-na, looking out from the rocky cavern where she had been placed by the wicked Kenabeek, and thinking of the morrow, which, she was assured by her captor, would be the commencement of what was far more terrible to her than the captivity she was now enduring, and revolving in her mind which would be preferable, a union with that base man, or a leap down that fearful precipice before her, and a plunge in the dark stream at its base, when the light, quick dash of oars fell on her ear. It was not the canoe of Kenabeek, nor was it the hand of an Ojibway which plied the oar, her practised ear well enough knew.

Like a winged arrow the canoe shot forward, and Mee-no-na saw in the height moonlight the

tall, dancing feathers, the strings of wampum, and the rich bracelets of a stranger chief. She started back into the cave, but not soon enough to escape the glance of the stranger. That glittering belt of wampum, and the beautiful form which he had been told it encircled, had, at length, met his gaze; and the young chief of the Hurons, mooring his canoe, sped up the precipice; and stood at the entrance of the cave.

A single glance at that noble, handsome countenance showed the young maiden she had nothing to fear; and when his voice, soft and sweet as the song of the spring bird, told of his friendship with the old Ojibway, and his power to love so gentle and beautiful, being as fame had said Mee-no-na to be; and how, believing the good Manitou could not have called one so young and lovely to the spirit land, for seven days and nights he had sought for her to ask her to become his wife. The young girl, trembling and blushing, came forward and stood beside him, and soft as the gentlest wind sigh were her words.

"The canoe of the wicked Kenabeek is on the stream. The Ojibway will give his daughter to him who will deliver her from the power of the base man, and carry her to the lodge of her father; and Mee-no-na could love her deliverer."

The young Kenabeek was a brave warrior, and the pride and boast of his tribe, though he was feared and hated rather than loved. His fame had reached the Huron, and the young chief was glad that his rival would be no mean antagonist; and after one glance of deep affection at the maiden, he disappeared over the edge of the precipice.

Mee-no-na listened, but the shout of defiance and the answering savage yells, might, could anything do so, have waked the dead. The contest was brief, but fearful. There was a heavy splash in the water, and then the death chant rose up loud and wild on the evening air.

Silent and sad on that night, sat the old Ojibway in his wigwam. His head was bowed to the ground, and his thoughts had gone, and his life seemed passing to the land of spirits; but as the daylight dawned in the east, a low, sweet voice called him back to earth, and his darling Mee-no-na and the brave Huron stood before him, with their hands joined together, and love and joy beaming from their countenances.

And then the old chief saw how the prophecies he had uttered should be fulfilled; and he rose up from the earth and blessed his children, and before many days had passed away, the old men of the two rival tribes repeated that blessing, buried their war clubs and their hatchets, and smoked the calumet together.

I'LL SEEK THE FESTIVE HALL.

BY MARTHA CLAXTON.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
And strive to drown in mirth
The lonely thoughts which every hour
Within my heart find birth.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
Where gay hearts aptly meet,
Where witching music and the song
Keep time with flying feet.

I'll seek the gay and courtly throng,
And mingle in the dance,
Nor even to the gloomy past,
Cast one reflective glance.

Yes, I will mingle with the gay,
And smile at grief and sorrow;
Life cannot always gloomy be—
There'll come a brighter morrow.

THE DESERTER.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

WHILE I was stopping at Port Mahon, a circumstance happened there which is worth relating. A friend, named Collins, was with me at dinner one afternoon. It was in the summer of 1842, and towards the latter part of the month of August, if my memory serves me rightly. At any rate, the grapes were ripening and we had some noble ones upon our table. As we arose from the board our host asked us if we were going up to the barracks. We informed him that we had made no arrangement of that kind, and asked him if there was to be any unusual parade.

"Why, yes," he answered, with that peculiar Dagonian shrug of the shoulders and twist of the features, "there is to be something that we have not had before for more than a year. A deserter is to be shot."

Collins was "up and dressed," in a twinkling for going; but I had but little inclination that way. Only about a month before, I had seen three Bedouin Arabs decapitated at Tripoli for the crime of treason, and I had no desire to see any more blood shed after such fashions, and so I told mine host, whom we always called Old Joe—and that was the only name I ever knew him to possess.

"I suppose, now, you would rather see that deserter escape, than not; eh?" said Joe, looking me sharply in the face.

"If his only crime is desertion, of course I should," said I.

"Well, that is his only crime; and more still:

His mother used to live over towards Atalaya, on the southern coast, and was sick. Philip wished to see her, and they would not let him go, so he made his escape. This he has done three times, and now they have tried him and condemned him to be shot. The last time they took him, they found him by his mother's bed. He had thrown off his military garb, and assumed the dress of a common peasant."

It's rather hard to shoot a man for such a thing," said I.

"Ay," returned Joe, with the old shrug, "I know it; but suppose soldiers could be their own judges of when they might leave—why, we shouldn't have a soldier in a month, you see, they must stick up to the rules, and so poor Philip Cervera must be shot. But I suppose you would like to have him escape."

I assured the host that I should. He gazed very carefully about the room, and then stopping close to me he said, in a tone almost reduced to a whisper:

"Then come up to the parade ground. Just come up and see what you can see. Come."

I knew from the man's manner that something out of the ordinary course of such events was going to happen, and I told Collins I would go with him. The host was soon ready, and we accompanied him to the barracks. They are at the upper end of the town, at the Place d'Armes, the buildings forming one bound of the wide enclosure, while the other sides are bounded by a high, thick wall. As we reached the place, we found the regiment to which the deserter belonged just forming. Joe pointed out to us the spot where the execution was to take place, and thither we bent our steps. This spot was close by the high wall upon the east side of the enclosure. A stake was driven firmly into the ground, within a few feet of the wall, and half-a-dozen soldiers with a corporal were there to guard the premises.

Here long the regiment was ready; the band struck up a mournful dirge, and the procession commenced to move. First rode the officers of the staff, then came the band, and then most of the regiment following. Behind these came the six men who were to shoot the deserter, and next came the deserter himself. He walked between two sergeants, with his head bowed, and his arms pinioned behind him. Following him were four men bearing a rough coffin; and, last of all, came the company to which the deserter belonged. It was a mournful scene. The soldiers walked with slow and measured tread, and even the very horses seemed to have imbibed the sad spirit of the occasion.

The procession marched wholly around the place, and as they approached the spot where we stood, the staff and band filed off, and the regiment was drawn up in a semi-circular form before the stake. Then the deserter, his attendants and his company marched up close to the place of execution. I now had an opportunity to see the face of the prisoner. It was sad and gloomy, but ever and anon, as some movement occurred near him, he would start with a sudden energy, which I thought indicated some hope. He would look quickly about him—see the cause of the noise, and then sink back with an expression of agonizing disappointment.

At length the colonel rode up and waved his sword towards the poor sergeant who had been appointed to conduct the fatal work. The prisoner looked up and saw the colonel, and with a frantic movement he rushed towards him.

"Senior colonel," he cried, sinking upon his knees, "I am not guilty! I never belonged to your regiment! I am not a soldier! God knows I never wore a uniform before!"

"Away with him!" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"Will you not listen?" the poor fellow urged, louder than before. "Never, never, never was I a soldier!"

"Carry him back," ordered the officer to the sergeant who had come up. And then he added to the prisoner, after the sergeant had raised him up: "Why do you still persist in telling such a falsehood?"

The fellow would have spoken, but the colonel waved his hand impatiently, and he was led away.

"That has been his plea ever since they brought him back," explained Old Joe to me, as they led the condemned man towards the stake. "He swears he was never in the army before—that he never had a musket in his hand—and he pretends not to know any of his old companions. When they call him by name he makes strange of it, and tells 'em he never saw 'em before."

"Why, that is a curious plea," said I, "for a man to make, who, you say, has been two years in the service."

"Very curious," returned the host, with a shake of the head which seemed to leave room for doubt concerning his meaning.

But we conversed no more, for our attention was now turned to the prisoner. The rough coffin had been placed against the stake, and the condemned caused to kneel thereon. The priest now approached him and knelt at his side.

"My son, remember the fate of those who die with a lie upon their lips," commenced the fat

churchman. "Ere you die let us have the truth. Why did you desert your post?"

"I did not," persisted the youth; but his tone was lower now, and there was a shade of hesitation.

"I will not urge you," the priest resumed, "for of course you know; but still your assertion is strange and unaccountable. Your companions all know you—your officers swear to your identity, and I recognize you as one who has been often with me in our church with your company."

The colonel had drawn near, and he listened attentively to the words which now passed between the condemned and his spiritual director. The latter urged the youth several times more to make a full confession, but the same assertion was persisted in. The colonel shook his head and turned away, and in a moment more the six soldiers who held the loaded muskets approached the spot. They trembled some, but their step was firm, like men who have resolved to perform a terrible duty unflinchingly.

The priest asked no more questions. The prisoner had made his confession, and it remained only for the holy father to pray, which he did quickly and methodically. The sergeant, holding a watch in his left hand, and a heavy pistol in his right, now approached and directed that the prisoner should be blind-folded. The bandage was passed over his eyes, and then secured to the stake so that he should not dodge his head. As the sentence I asked mine how if they only had a chance to fire. He informed me that that was all the water employed for shooting a deserter. Thence the guns were loaded with balls, and three with blank cartridge; and when they fired they moved up and placed the muzzles of their pieces to within two feet of the condemned man's head.

The priest had arisen and moved back, and the colonel had ordered the sergeant to proceed.

"God have mercy!" uttered the unhappy youth. Until this moment his whole frame had been nerved up to an anxious listening attitude, but now his muscles relaxed, and with a deep groan he gave himself up to his fate.

The sergeant had spoken the word "READY," but before he could proceed there was a movement near the centre of the long line of men, and in a moment more a soldier broke through and rushed to the spot where the condemned was bound.

"Hold!" he shouted, as he reached the spot, placing himself between the prisoner and the executioners. "You would kill an innocent man! I am Philip Cervara!—I am the deserter, as you think! Look at me—look at me!"

All was confusion for a few moments; but the officers soon succeeded in restoring order.

"It is! It is! It is Philip!"

Such, and various other exclamations fell from the lips of those who stood around. As soon as I could gain a view of the face of the new-comer, I found that he so nearly resembled the prisoner, that I should not have dared to venture even an assertion upon the identity of either. They were of the same size, the same form, and the same features. In fact, one was the exact counterpart of the other.

The colonel leaped from his saddle and hastened to the spot.

"I am Philip Cervera, Senior colonel," the new-comer cried out. "Do you not recognize me?"

The commandant gazed first upon him and then upon the prisoner, and at length he said:

"By our lady, but this is most strange. Sergeant, what think you of it?"

"Why, sir," returned the man thus addressed, touching his cap, "I don't know. I think I should have to take their own word for it."

"You are right, sergeant. At any rate, you may unbind the prisoner."

The youth was unbound, and then the two were caused to stand up together. The new-comer had on the very clothes in which Philip had deserted, and when some of his companions were called up, they readily swore that he was the man. Some were sure that he was the man, while others could not decide between the two; but not one now swore to the identity of the prisoner.

The colonel reflected upon this a few moments, and then ordered both the men to be conducted to the barracks.

Collins and myself accompanied our host back to his house. We tried to get him into conversation on the way, but he was moody and silent, sometimes answering in monosyllables, but entering into no conversation.

"It was after dark, and Collins, the host, and myself were playing a game of billiards, when the door was opened, and in walked one of the men whom we had seen at the Place d'Armes; either the deserter, or the other one, and I could not tell which. He sprang forward and caught old Joe's hand.

"I'm free!" he cried.

"And where is Jo—a—Philip? Where is Philip?" the host asked.

"Locked up in the guard-house. They would have shot him to-day, but he claimed a trial, for he assured them that he could prove that he was carried away against his will."

"And when will they try him?"

"To-morrow."

The host now came forward, and introduced the man to us as Joseph Cervera, and also informed us that he was the one we had seen bound to the stake. We found the young man to be intelligent, and well versed in conversation; and from him we learned that the man who had come to save him was his twin brother. We asked him several questions about the desertion, but he gave us indirect answers, and the subject was dropped. He only informed us that as soon as his brother had sworn that he was Philip Cervera, and announced that he was ready to stand the trial, he, himself, had been set at liberty.

It was about ten o'clock when Collins and I retired, and it was sometime ere we fell asleep. How long I had slept I cannot tell, but it must have been past midnight, when I was awakened by hearing voices below. I listened, and could plainly distinguish the voice of our host, though I could not hear what was said. In a few moments more he came up and entered our room. He noticed that I was awake, and asked me if we would lend him our hats and cloaks a little while without asking any questions. I told him yes, though I must say that I broke the promise on the very next moment by asking him what he was up to. He shook his head and said perhaps he would tell me sometime.

In fifteen minutes after this, I heard some one go out by the back way, and then all was still. I remained awake nearly an hour after this, but heard nothing more. The clock below struck two, and in a few moments more I was asleep again.

When we went down in the morning, we found old Joe alone. I asked him where Joseph Cervera was, but he only shook his head in answer. After breakfast I was on the point of going out, when the host called me back.

"Look ye, senior," he said, in an eager, earnest tone, "you know so much already that I shall feel safer to confess to you the whole, for were you to tell one word of what you have seen here, it might ruin me. You will be secret. You know the young men, and you cannot wish them harm."

I promised, and he proceeded.

"The mother of those two young men was my sister. She died over a week ago. Philip was in the army, and Joseph was at home. They were twins, as you were told last night. Philip wished to be with his mother when she died—it was almost a monomania with him—but this could not be allowed. So he ran away. He was brought back, and ran away again. And this he

did the third time. *That was Philip whom we first saw at the stake!* He had arranged with his brother for escape. Joseph was to prepare himself with all the necessary instruments for freeing himself from his shackles, and for cutting his way from prison. He knew just where he would be confined, and consequently he knew what he would need to help him in escape. With these tools concealed about him, he came, as you saw, to take his brother's place. He is a bold, dauntless, reckless man, when only self or the safety of a friend is concerned, and I believed he would succeed. You know how Philip was released, and how his innocent brother was accepted in his place. Ha, ha, ha, they let the deserter go, and took an eel in his place. Joseph had his irons off within half an hour after dark, and in an hour more, he had two of the iron bars removed from the back window. At ten o'clock he crawled out; let himself drop upon the ground, and then scaled the wall. He came immediately here, and I at once called his brother, and helped prepare for making a final clearance. Your hats and cloaks served to help them by the sentinels, and ere I left them I saw them on board a felucca, below Georgetown, bound for Toulon. They are out of sight of land long ere this. Now you know all; and I know I may trust you."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when six soldiers entered the bar room. The deserter—Philip Cervera—had escaped! Had we seen anything of him? No. And the soldiers went away.

When I went out I found soldiers moving in all directions, and many times I heard the same question repeated which had been asked at Old Joe's. But the deserter was not found. Search was also made for the one who had come so near being shot on the day before, but they could find him no more readily than they did the other.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE POWER.

If all the alleged inventions of modern ingenuity were genuine, and available, civilization would be far in advance of its present limits. A correspondent of an English paper states that a French gentleman has discovered the secret of *compressing electricity*—thus controlling a power far greater than any heretofore brought into use. It requires, he states, neither machinery nor combustion; and a vessel propelled by it will skim the water like a bird, and at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is said that in the course of a series of experiments which were tried at Vincennes, a small mortar was fired by the inventor, at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flashing, smoke or noise.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.

THINK OF ME.

BY M. L. W. CRAWFORD.

Think of me, dearest, when night has come,
And shadowed the bright green earth,
When earthly feelings have fled from thy soul,
And heavenly thoughts have birth,
Then think thou of me.

Think of me too when thy heart is sad,
When the world looks most cheerless and drear,
When thy dark, sparkling eyes grow restless and dim,
Or suffused with the bright, pearly tear,
Then think thou of me.

But not when thy heart beats proudly and high,
Would I ask you to then think of me;
But when a soft voice would console thy lone heart,
Then, dear one, remember thou me.
● O, then think of me.

When sorrow is yours, then, then would I stand
In the place of a dear, cherished friend,
And strive with thy darkness at every lone hour,
Life's brightness and beauty to blend,
Then think thou of me.

ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

PRETTY Miss Anderson had just emerged from the petty shroud of boarding school—that nursery of shallow affectation in which she had been taught waltzing, lacing, attention to externals, a motley of French, fashionable piano thrumming, and a great deal of elegant frivolity. Common sense and the English language had been mutually neglected. Reading of the pseudo-sentimental stamp comprised her literature, and every pernicious habit and influence had combined to bury the one solitary talent which she by nature possessed.

From this hot-bed of folly, hallowed by fashion and parental delusion, issued Miss Anderson, at seventeen years and a month, full of foolish romance and artificial ideas of life, imbibed from mistaken training; and with a simper, and that species of uncertain carriage supposed to be elegant, she slid out, in the exact angle prescribed by Monsieur the French dancing-master, and took her first step in the genteel world.

This first step, unfortunately, brought her in direct conjunction with an empty headed and empty pocketed young gentleman of the school denominated *fast*, who rejoiced in flashy waistcoats, broad plaids, and superlative lengths of galvanised chain. He swaggered at trotting-matches, staked at billiard-rooms, and ogled at theatres with the perfect sang-froid of the

bravest, and yet, to make a disagreeable exposition of facts, his unfortunate pocket rarely boasted advance capital to the amount of a shilling, and many were the confiding landladies, tailors, and washerwomen, who had cause to deplore their too ready reliance upon his fair promises and prepossessing exterior.

This uncomfortable state of purse—this perpetual vexation of being “hard up,” compelled our hero to look about him for some more settled and secure means of living than that for which he blessed luck at the gaming-table. On reflection, as nothing else seemed to indicate fairer for his future ease, he resolved to purchase freedom from pecuniary annoyances at the altar—in other words, to marry some genteel estate in the country, or equally respectable establishment “up town” (no matter if encumbered by worse than Petruchio’s shrew), which should enable him in future to carry his head above even high water mark; and to the accomplishment of this intent, he bent all his energies.

In an evil hour, his eye fell upon our languishing debutante, and he straightway proceeded to lay determined siege to her heart, having first ascertained satisfactorily that the “plum,” which was authentically ascribed to the plethoric Capt. Jacob Anderson, her father, would eventually drop, ripe and plump, into her expectant lap; therefore it became at once his design to secure to himself this figurative receptacle of the golden favors which he felt would indeed prove to him the lap of fortune!

He found little labor in capturing the citadel of the young lady’s affection. How should he—since there was no resistance, and he suddenly discovered himself master of the field without a struggle? “Lightly won, lightly prized,” was the air of victory, whistled carelessly between puffs of offensive smoke, as he resumed the jaunty tip of his hat and swaggering gait, which, out of fond consideration for his future prospects, he had forborne while playing the escort to the lovely Miss Anderson (feeling that, had not his present comet a golden tail in prospect, he would hurl it derisively back to the sky from which it had dropped, almost unsolicited, upon him); but a renewed pressure of the solitary sixpence in his attenuated pocket-book convinced him that he could not afford to indulge his very natural sentiments of disgust, and he prudently resolved to patronize the fortune which seemed thrusting itself upon him, and, if fate had determined to place him on the list of the uncomfortably rich, it could in no extremity be more inconvenient than his present condition of opposite uncomfortableness!

Upon this he paused, resigned, and allowed himself to dwell feebly upon the projected renewal and enlargement of his plaids, the widening of his waist, and the addition of a ponderous seal to his attractive chain, all of which, and many more shades of improvement, would attend upon his approaching change of station.

As he crept into his narrow attic, and bestowed himself under a dirty counterpane, still encased in coat and boots, he viewed his coming princeliness with the eye of anticipation, and gloated tipily over the realization, for he could see no end of brandy smashes stretching away, steaming and hot, into the infinite distance!

As he attended Miss Anderson in her daily walks, doing the amiable with heroic grace, he reflected how rapidly they would resolve themselves into the one grand, crowning walk to church; and immediately his mouth watered with a foretaste of the rich old wines which would sparkle at the wedding banquet!

As he handed Miss Anderson to a seat in his phaeton (such occasions invariably denoted a successful night at the dice-box!) ambition whispered rare prophecies of the splendid turnout which he would soon be able to display, to the astonishment of “the boys,” and the envy of Tom, Dick and Harry, who now sported their respective nags, and looked with compassionate contempt upon his utter inability to retain possession of a fine trotter, purchased the season previous! Here a smart crack of the whip, of rather too professional a tone to be practised in the feminine presence, announced his exultation in view of such a triumph, while imagination even hinted at fancy stables and a stud!

As for the lady herself, who was destined to confer all these rational enlargements, she was too giddy with the consciousness of a real lover, and the rapture of being exalted to the position of an actual heroine of romance, to feel a suspicion that she could be second to anything else in the devotion of her adorer; and, as she had been schooled to believe herself created for the distinct purpose of being married, both appeared in a fair way to idolize each the darling project of their lives—she a husband, and he a fortune.

But the wooing did not prosper! Old Jacob Anderson was not the man to be deceived by false pretences; and when he surprised Mr. Emanuel Zephyr (so read our hero’s card—pardon, reader, that we have so long neglected a nominal introduction) at his daughter’s feet, he instantly expelled him from his house, with a peremptory command never to enter it again, and a timely warning never to dare the effrontery of another approach to his daughter!

Emanuel muttered entangling curses upon the "meddlesome old cur," as he strode down the street, and Amantha Ann, in tears and despair retreated to her chamber, to pine in secret over her cruel fate, and meditate daggers and the poison-bowl—these tragic benefactors to love-lorn maidens oppressed by unrelenting fathers.

In the morning, however, as a billet from some mysterious source appeared attached to her window blinds, and on opening which she joyfully recognised the somewhat uncertain signature of her Emanuel, her feelings suddenly underwent a very material process of change, and she decided to live, for his sake, and trust to time for the abatement of the paternal severity! The note, written in the most impassioned style of superlatives, assured her in one breath that he could not tear her image from his soul—he could not exist without her; and in another, implored her to take pity on his breaking heart, and consent to see him once again, for the last time, if it must be so, that he might at least have the sad satisfaction of bidding her farewell; and ending by appointing a time and place of meeting in a very rational manner, and cheerfully recommending her to hope for the best—all would yet be well!

Miss Anderson compared notes with a score of her favorite novels, whose Amantha Anns were cruelly placed in scenes of even direr tribulation than her own, and yet who invariably appeared upon the concluding page satisfactorily married, amicably reconciled to obdurate parents, and felicitously happy; and she could not fail to regard her lover's final assurance as prophetic. In the full strength of this confidence, she stole forth to the romantic clandestine meeting, which she was a little disappointed in being obliged to enjoy by gaalight, instead of the more appropriate rays of the tender moon universally accorded to such occasions.

Emanuel received her rapturously. Two or three turns up and down the retired street he had chosen, sufficed to unfold his plan of action, which was nothing less than the felonious design of carrying off the bride of his heart without the consent of her natural guardian (since it was folly to indulge a hope of obtaining it!) This added the final touch to Amantha Ann's cherished conviction that she was indeed a real heroine, and it was therefore jointly arranged that they should be prepared for flight on the following evening.

Emanuel, greatly solicitous of the paternal blessing (knowing that through this lay his only present means of paying his respects to the paternal coffers), charged her in advance with the

doubtful embassy of conciliating the offended parental majesty, and obtaining the all-important pardon, as soon as they twain should have become one flesh—tenderly assuring her that he could not live, in a state of alienation from the father of his adored (thinking it unnecessary to reveal the reason *why*!) and laying to her vanity the flattering unction that the veriest heart of stone could not resist the eloquence of her entreaty, if she but besought with tears! This she determined to do.

"Papa cannot refuse his forgiveness when he sees how devotedly Emanuel loves me, and how noble and ingenuous he is." "The old bear went hold out long when he finds the business is over," were the respective reflections of the ardent couple, as they parted lingeringly on a shady corner—he having first suggested and effected a very affectionate exchange of rings, which *might* have been premeditated on his part—here being a real diamond, while his was merely a block of first water glass, in very suspicious cutting. At all events, it seemed a happy move for him, as an immediate disposal of it for genuine bank notes resulted in extreme repletion of purse, and great consequent self-indulgence, which, however, proved eventually very treacherous to his interest.

Miss Anderson's blissful visions of elopement were somewhat marred that night by the intrusion of a frightful monster, which appeared, with glaring eyes and savage teeth, to claim her in place of her darling Emanuel, and which finally resolved itself into a hideous dragon, and was on the terrible point of flaying her alive, and devouring her by inches, when she awoke in a cold perspiration, and found it was morning!

For a moment, her resolution to elope was a little shaken; but the reflection that this was the last great test of her affection, and especially that it was in itself the feather's weight which would turn the balance and place her beside the brilliant Paulines and Cynthia Elizabeths of pasteboard and muslin existence, overcame even her superstitions, and she was again firm. And arranging her wardrobe and collecting her jewels, as the Lady Blanche or the Countess of Blouse had done, on the day of flight with some chivalrous peasant or banished prince, she prepared to follow in their shining wake!

The appointed hour at length arrived, but Emanuel did not. Impatience gave way to fear in the mind of the watcher when an hour had expired, and yet he did not come; but at that very moment, had she possessed the Asmodean optical power of penetrating bricks and stone, she might have beheld him in one of the chief

saloons of the city, tipping his glass with a very peculiar looking one-eyed gentleman, whose intimacy he appeared to enjoy, and carelessly hazzarding a fabulous bet on the result of the game then in hand, while the vicinity of corks and empty bottles indicated that they had already imbibed as much as was necessary for the stomach's sake! But this rare virtue of vision she could not command, and suspense was torture.

Two hours waned, during which the wretched Miss Anderson had passed through every successive stage of agony up to the final point of despair. Meanwhile Emanuel was making mazy attempts to ascend the genteel street which contained the imposing "stone front" of his future father-in-law, and which treacherously rose before him in continuous steps, upon which, if he set his uncertain feet, they immediately vanished into thin air—bringing him in contact with an opposing lamp-post on one hand, or a stubborn brick wall on the other, with a violence proportional to the height of the step he attempted.

Reaching the house at last, which stood a little isolated from its neighbors in solitary grandeur, he staggered to the wall, and essayed the preconcerted signal upon the lady's chamber-window ranging in the second story. In a state of sobriety, this might have been safely attempted; but now, alas, at every fresh effort, the fickle window eluded his reach—now mounting to the extreme angle of the pointed gables, now playing undignified antics across the grave expanse of brick, and now indulging in animated hide-and-seek among its lively fellows!

But Emanuel still persevered, with a misty consciousness that fortune, fast horses, and an infinitude of champagne bottles waited upon a successful tap of the flighty casement. His steadfastness was rewarded, for at length the giddy object of his pursuit inclined to something like its proper position, and he instantly made a rapid plunge forward, with a triumphant "Hic—old fellow, I—have you now!" But the deceitful window played him false—his hands slipped from their straining grasp upon the naked wall, precipitating him, with a terrific crash, headlong through a lower casement, against which he had unwittingly leaned.

In his rapid descent into the interior, he was thrown in painful contact with some resisting substance, which subsequent revelations proved to be the depository of the family silver, with an alarm-bell attached, which immediately sounded a sonorous peal that might have awakened the dead—throwing our hero into a state of doubt as to whether he had not suddenly fallen upon

the deck of some steamer outward bound, just thundering forth its brazen note of departure!

"My plate! my plate! thieves! thieves!" roared the frantic voice of the excited captain, from the parlor above—rolling his vast rotundity from a comfortable position upon his favorite sofa, and shuffling as rapidly as possible to the scene of action, heading a promiscuous group from the region of the kitchen, armed with pokers, carving-knives, or whatever description of weapon could be soonest secured.

Rushing down upon the fated door, they forced an unanimous entrance; and the light of the foremost taper discovered the supposed burglar bungling and groping, with the utmost drunken gravity, for the delusive window—the scene of his late disastrous ingresses—through which he no doubt meditated a safe retreat.

"Seize him—bind him—call the police!" shouted the infuriated proprietor of the assaulted treasure. "I'll teach you the cost of invading my premises, you house-breaking rascal!" was the parting assurance, as Emanuel, pinioned and guarded, was dragged away in speechless terror.

Amantha Ann was discovered to have fainted, and was conveyed insensible to her chamber—in which state she found it proper to remain during the entire night. She subsequently revived, however, to learn by the evening paper that one Emanuel Zephyr was that morning examined before the police court, and convicted on the double charge of drunkenness and attempted burglary—and again relapsed into insensibility. She eventually returned to a permanent state of consciousness, and begged to be permitted to share her dear unfortunate Emanuel's captivity; but as this touching request was not granted, she subsided into a gentle melancholy, passed her time in solitude, and was observed to walk often along the smooth borders of the Frog Pond, with no apparent object, gazing intently into it.

As she continued to survive, however, alarm for her safety abated, and in proportion as this anxiety decreased, her former habits resumed their ascendancy. True, Miss Anderson had romantically resolved to cling to her lot through evil and good report; but on reflection, finding that none of her approved heroes were convicted of the grossness of drunkenness, she finally abandoned him to his convict dress and prison fare, in place of ideal plaids and fancy wines, and consoled herself with a more respectable, but not more disinterested suitor, who happily met the entire approbation of the eccentric Captain Anderson, and who ultimately succeeded to the care of his treasury, and assumed the control of his deposits and percentage.

A GOOD NAME.

BY MARTHA W. CANTON.

Some speak of riches and their worth,
And some of lofty fame;
But still, of all earth's precious stores,
Give me a bright, good name.

Give me a name, though adverse winds
Howl loudly round my head,
That will not die when I am gone,
But still an influence shed.

Give me a name that cannot die,
When I am laid to rest
Upon our common mother Earth's
Cold, damp, and cheerless breast.

A name that all will loudly praise,
A name that all can love;
One that will brightly shine on earth,
And brighter grow above.

When I shall sleep within the tomb,
O, may my name remain;
And oft be spoken of by friends,
As one without a stain.

THE BROTHERS.

BY EUSTACE KINGMAN.

JOHN and Bertrand Scott were brothers in name and by birth; but no two strangers coming from opposite parts of the earth, could have been more different. John was a wild, restless, daring fellow; full of life and spirit, yet, with a woman's tenderness in his heart. He went through the world, sowing his gifts of cheerfulness, love and benevolence broadcast. Halleck's lines describe him best:

"A kind, true heart—a spirit high,
That could not brook and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.
Strong sense—deep feeling—passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right—a scorn of wrong;
Of coward and of slave."

Bertrand Scott was the reverse of all this. He was mean, vicious and creeping. Always in sanctimonious garb, and with sanctimonious face, and a quiet, stealthy pace, that came upon your most secret and sacred hours, his sleek, black garb suggested the idea of a great, shining, black beetle, of that sort which you cannot kill without treading upon them. At school he was the one who won all the boy's marbles, and in the endless "swapping" of knives and playthings, Bertrand, somehow, always came off best. Still as he was never known to fight, nor to be recognized openly in a quarrel, it was not easy to fix a dishonorable character upon him; while John's

impetuous spirit was ever offending and yet ever forgiving and forgiven. For boys intuitively love and honor a generous nature; and they felt the difference between John's *heartsome*—yes, that is the word, no other describes it—his heart-some ways, and Bertrand's fawning and creeping manner, long before they could analyze their characters, and make the distinction in words.

When they left college, John decided to become a physician, and Bertrand a merchant. Each seemed instinctively to grasp the mode of life which would best develop their innermost qualities; and each carried out in his professional or mercantile life the promise which the boy and the youth had successively given.

When mere boys, at school, both had liked best a gentle little girl, Anne Avelin, who was a great favorite in school, from her lovely and amiable disposition. She was not handsome, nor strikingly interesting even. She was merely sweet and good, and made every one love her by her uniform self-abnegation, and her desire to please.

Too gentle to dislike any one, Bertrand found it very easy to persuade Anne that he was one of the most perfect youths of his time; and although she preferred John's open ways and blunter speech to Bertrand's smooth and specious words, yet she did not suspect that a bad heart lay under that smooth and sleek exterior.

We believe in the dignity of human nature, until we wake up to some deception practised towards ourselves. It is a part of almost every person's youthful creed; a beautiful illusion which it would be pleasant to retain through life; a thing to which we build monuments, and plant statues, or set them upon pedestals; and by-and-by we go and sit down at the base, and weep bitterly over the fall of the hero or the demigod, which our own hands raised.

Anne was some years in finding out how far her statue was from perfection; and when she did discover it, it was too late. She was vowed to its worship for life! She was married to Bertrand Scott. And for him, she had slighted John's great and noble heart, which had beat for her alone, from the time when he lifted her over the streams and brooks, and gathered the violets for her, in fields that were purple with them now, in his memory!

Bertrand knew it all the while. He knew that John would have died for the gentle Anne, whose presence in a home he would have thought so inexpressibly dear, and whose life he had already hoped would flow side by side with his own. Yes, Bertrand knew this, and more. He knew that Anne loved John best, in her inmost heart;

and he knew, also, that it was a suspicion of something wrong in John, which he himself had planted in her mind, that closed her heart against that large and noble nature and made her speak words that grieved and surprised John beyond measure. He had thought that Anne loved him, in her quiet, calm way, just as he had always hoped that a wife would love him, softening down the angles of his own restless nature, and refreshing his senses with the simplicity and beauty of her own.

How well he bore the disappointment, may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Scott remained unmarried. He had thought of going away to a distant town; but he had too many friends at Ludlow, to permit him to carry such a plan into operation; so taking an office at a long distance from Bertrand's habitation, he sat down before his solitary fire, and gave his first and last tear to the remembrance of Anne Avelin.

His door opened softly, and Bertrand, with the cat-like tread which distinguished him, entered. His coming on that evening, was peculiarly annoying to John. He could hardly touch the hand which his brother extended; and he pretended to be studying from a book which he held in his hand; then, ashamed of even that small subterfuge, he flung it on the floor with a violence that made Bertrand cower away from him.

"My dear John," he said, "you are so very startling in your movements—I came in to ask you what provision you had made for our father. Can you have him under your care? Are you going to keep house?"

John eyed him for a moment, almost fiercely.

"Father in need of a home, Bertrand! Is not the house in which you live, my father's house? Can he not live in his own house, or do I understand you rightly, that he seeks to change?"

"Don't ask so many questions at a time, John, please. The fact is, that father—in short, he has been in want of money, and I have advanced it from time to time, until—the house is all that I have to show for my liberality."

John looked at him until he was evidently disconcerted under the gaze. Bertrand resumed:

"You see, John, that I need to make some alterations in the house, to suit my present means of living—not that I really make money—I don't wish to have you to think so—but you know a great deal depends in mercantile life, on making a show. Now here are you, happy dog that you are," and he affected a laugh, "can sit here unmolested, and make money without spending it."

"And can, therefore, take my dear old father into my kennel, you think, do you?"

Bertrand quailed again. He was decidedly

opposed to John's taking this view of the matter. "It was not convenient for him to allow separate apartments for his father," he said, "and he needed all the room for new improvements, and in short—"

"In short, you are a knave!" exclaimed John.

Bertrand started, for his own deeds had not yet assumed quite that color in his own mind. John was so abrupt! Really he wished that he would try to be more considerate of his friends' feelings. And he was so truly fearful that his startling manner would be a bar to his practice.

Bertrand had mounted his old hobby of disinterested friendship again. He had won his wife by it—he now hoped to gain a home for his father, by parading it before John. As well might the slimy sea-weed that crawls at the foot of the great rock of Gibraltar seek to draw the rock into the ocean depths, as for him to influence a nature like John's.

"I can make you no reply, Bertrand, until I have seen father. I will then see you together, and arrange some plan. I have an engagement, now," he continued, looking at his watch.

"O, I do not think, really, John, that it will do for you to name anything of the kind to father. He is very nervous and irritable. He needs your medical aid. I do think, brother, that you ought to get married and take him home, where you can watch his disorder."

"And you have chosen the time when he was ill and disturbed, to take his home from him, and turn him out of doors!"

"Dear John, do not be so absurd. Anne is not well, and it must be unpleasant, you know, for father to be smoking in the house; and—"

"Leave me!" said John; and Bertrand did not wait a second bidding. *That* voice meant something more than met the ear.

The next day, Mr. Scott, against Bertrand's express command, visited John alone in his office. It seemed that he had been inveigled into buying shares in an imaginary stock company, and had been induced to suppose that Bertrand had stood between him and certain ruin, on account of this very transaction. Under this impression, and grateful to his son for securing him against destruction, he had thought it a light compensation, to sign the deeds which gave Bertrand all his property. The house Bertrand had appropriated to his own use, the rest of the property was invested in his business; and his father stood a penniless and heart-broken man. Bertrand's wife was kind and affectionate to Mr. Scott, but her husband did not like to see the old father whom he had injured; and he would like better that he should be with John. He told

Anne that it was the wish of his father and brother to be together, and Anne acceded, though feeling deeply hurt that she was not permitted to administer to his declining age.

Dr. John thought long and deeply upon this double instance of Bertrand's duplicity. The thought of Anne sacrificed to this selfish being, was torture enough; but when his poor old father was immolated, too, upon the same dark shrine, and his own expectations cut off, to feed his avarice, he could not bear it.

And yet there was no remedy but patience; for his father's own hand had signed the deeds, and he could not by any alchemy be turned into an insane man, although a highly injured one. So, at present, the doctor contented himself with finding a pleasant and cheerful boarding-house for his father, and trying to believe that sometime or other, the brave knight will appear, who is to

"—ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along."

Mr. Scott murmured a little, at first, at the change, for he had become so accustomed to Anne's little attentions, that he knew not how to dispense with them. But he soon became reconciled, when his landlady's sister, a bright-eyed widow, took upon herself the charge of waiting upon him.

At first, John had insisted, as a matter of common justice to himself, that Bertrand should unite in paying his father's board; but after awhile, even that was denied, and the whole expense fell upon the elder brother.

John had never seen Anne, since the day on which she refused him. He could not see her married, and afterwards it was not easy to make the first visit at her house. Bertrand, too, had chosen to employ another physician, and that circumstance, of course, precluded him from visiting there. He sometimes heard of Anne, as being ill and low-spirited; but it was from strangers, not Bertrand, that he heard it, and the brothers now passed each other in the street without speaking.

Bertrand had made his improvements in the house, had furnished it magnificently, and was now preparing to give a party, the costly elegance of which should astonish every one.

Many were invited who did not even know the Scotts by sight. Others who knew and respected John, went from regard to him, not dreaming of the rupture between the brothers. A few old, retired merchants, who received cards for themselves and families, concluded to go because their

young people would enjoy it, and they could have a nice chat with their old friend, Mr. Scott. So Bertrand Scott succeeded in astonishing them, but not exactly in the way that he expected. Champagne, velvet carpets, gas-lights and oyster patties were not things to astonish these people; except that some of them wondered if Bertrand Scott wasn't going to fail. "It had a look like it," said the old stagers who know how these things are done.

Anne moved about in her half-sad, quiet way, wishing that her father-in-law and John were there to help her entertain those dreadful people. She, poor child, knew nothing of the late difference. Even Mr. Scott's going away was represented by her husband as an act of his father's own seeking; and Anne had grieved that the dear old man could not make himself happy with her, when she loved him so much.

Bertrand did not fail, however. He went on, accumulating his thousands, while John was slowly, but surely, working his way to distinction, if not to wealth. His thorough attention to business, never being absent from his office unless obliged to leave it, drew the attentive regard towards him of certain ancient families, whose physician having lately died, they were desirous of replacing him by the best in practice; and Dr. Scott soon found himself feeling aristocratic pulses, and prescribing for aristocratic nerves.

Once there, in the bosom of this charmed circle, his fortune was made. One thing was wanting, however, as the lady of the honorable Mr. Wise told him—and that was a wife. The lady had two daughters past thirty. They would not have refused the doctor, now, but in their youth, those men who would have liked them, were kept off by their fear of refusal; for great and powerful Mr. Wise could not be approached by common suitors for his stately daughters. So they let their "young affections run to waste," enclosed them with an iron fence of pride, and at thirty, they dropped all the music, and poetry, and romance of life, and became eager seekers after society and scandal, and encouraged the attentions of those whom once they would not have thought worthy to touch the tips of their aristocratic fingers.

The lady's remark *did* rouse John, but not exactly as she intended. It made him look in oftener upon one of his patients, a cross, irritable old gentleman, whose gout was at times unbearable to himself, and whose temper was always unbearable to others. When in his worst fits, he abused everybody, the doctor and all. All except his daughter. Her cheerful way of talking to him, her constant, unvarying care of him

through his spasms, and her bright, smiling face, and ready, willing hand, were all too valuable to him, to have him chase her from the room as he did every one else.

Charlotte Lester was blessed with strong health, strong nerves, a strong constitution and a strong mind. She had none of the nervous attacks which characterize a fine lady. Not that she did not take thought and care for her health; and she was worth all the care which she took of herself. She was not one of that class that wear paper shoes, and dance till morning, and eat oyster suppers at all hours of the night, and lie in bed all day afterwards. She knew the value of her health, and she preserved it as one would a precious jewel. Almost all the young ladies round had been ill, and called in Doctor Scott; Charlotte had never been able to get up even an influenza for the purpose.

But her father was taken ill; and insisted on sending for the new doctor; and Charlotte's heart beat a little quicker than its wonted tone, when, day after day, the manly and noble form of John Scott brought a light and beauty into her father's sick room. She listened to his finely toned voice, as it poured forth a full stream of conversation, that kept the sufferer from even thinking of his pains, for hours together. She looked at his broad, open brow, his cheek brown with exercise in the open air, and the heavy waves of dark hair which shaded his temples. She looked still more at those great brown eyes, so sparkling, yet so soft in their expression—and there! we might as well tell the whole truth—Charlotte loved the doctor, before he—indifferent old bachelor that he was—ever thought of her.

She loved him, but she did not pine nor grow pale. She did not write poetry, nor talk to the stars. That might be the natural and inevitable expression of some hearts, but it was not hers. She dressed her hair as tastefully as ever, wore her most becoming gowns, and was as bright, as rosy and as cheerful as her nature dictated.

But all the time, like Desdemona, she could not help wishing that "Heaven had made her such a man," as Doctor John; and yet she treated him as frankly as if no such wish had ever entered her heart. It was not in John Scott's nature, however, to watch such a woman long, without acknowledging her worth; and by-and-by, he became suddenly aware that she blushed deeply, whenever he entered the room. He thought how handsome it made her rather plain face, and what a sweet expression, after all, there was on that plain face. John had been a worshipper of beautiful faces; but Charlotte Lester's face had something above beauty.

He went oftener after this; indeed Mr. Lester could not do without him; and one day, when the patient was asleep, the doctor and nurse entered into a mutual engagement to unite their services; and when he awoke it was to find that he had a son added to his family, if he chose to consider him as such. Mr. Lester was so happy that he forgot his gout for the rest of the day; and Charlotte looked perfectly radiant.

It was arranged that Mr. Scott and Mr. Lester were to occupy apartments in the house that was now to be the doctor's home. Each of the fathers was to have his own separate man-servant, and to be perfectly independent of the family. It was Charlotte's plan, and was quite successful. The two old gentlemen thus preserved the greatest possible freedom in all their arrangements, and left the rest of the family equally so in their own. How happy was Mr. Scott, to find himself once more in a home. Charlotte's attention to him was her crowning perfection in her husband's eyes, and even her own father, exacting as he was, was pleased to see her ministering kindly to his old friend.

Alas, for poor little Anne Avelin! She found, too late, that her choice had been a fatal one for her own happiness. There was a heavy failure, a violent, self-inflicted death, and then Bertrand's name was spoken of no more. Anne found a home with the doctor, where he and Charlotte gave all the consolation which their tender hearts could suggest; and in time her tears were dried. She has found a new home with one whom she thinks has no equal except Dr. John.

UNFEELING.

A distinguished member of the Legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience "waxed thin."

Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak. Whereupon the friend answered he didn't know; when he got on this branch of the subject he generally spoke a couple of hours.

"That'll never do—I've got a few remarks to make myself," said the president; "how shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place, I should pinch his leg; and then if he would not stop, stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon after, he returned to the "brother" who had recommended the pin style of treatment, and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck a pin in his leg, but he didn't seem to care a darn; I crooked it in, and he kept spouting as hard as ever."

"Very likely," said the wag; "that leg was cork!"—*Taunton Reporter.*

THE POET'S DIRGE.

BY T. W. MEAGHER, M. D.

O, when my breast its final rest
Shall seek in happy realms above,
When free from care and dark despair,
My weary soul shall sweetly shroud
The scenes of endless love:

Then make my grave by the briny wave,
Beside some cavern deep and lone,
Where man can bring no venom'd sting,
But where the sea-birds nightly sing
My dirge in sorrow's tone!

There lay my head, when I am dead,
No step shall seek the lonely spot—
Let none prepare to record there.
A stone to breathe with flattery's air
A name to be forgot.

Let none retrace with solemn face
The joys of sunny hours fled,
When through the maze of pleasure's ways
My steps from sound discretion strays,
By youthful passion led.

But this I claim, that when my frame
Shall cease this weary, earthly strife,
One sigh sincere—one heartfelt tear
From memory's fount shall then appear
From one I loved in life!

THE STUDENT'S RESOLVE.

BY GRACE FLETCHER.

"LEONARD," said Mrs. Hastings, entering her room with the air of one extremely fatigued; the person addressed, a tall, fine-looking young man, raised himself from his lounging position on a sofa, took his eyes from the book he held in his hand, and turned them towards his mother; "Leonard, your cousin Helen is coming this evening." A shrug of the shoulders announced that Leonard had not lost the sense of hearing. "So attend to me," remonstrated his mother; "there you are reading again."

"I will attend to you with pleasure," replied her son, rising to his feet, "but I was not aware that so unimportant an event required an unusual degree of attention."

"Surely you must know, Leonard, that I have been making preparations for her all the week, and I have now got everything unpacked and put away except a large box of books which I intended arranging in her cases this morning, but Ann has just brought me word that the cook has scalded her hand, and I shall have to go down to the kitchen, so I want you to assist me a little."

"What, in getting the dinner?" inquired her

son. "Really I should be very happy, were not my skill confined to consuming rather than preparing edibles."

"Pshaw! I wish you to arrange those books, for I shall have no time. You are so fond of reading that I should imagine you would like the employment."

"Arrange a woman's library! Sentimental novels, albums, keepsakes, and five-volumed romances! Mother, you have sufficient ingenuity in devising punishments to fit you for a grand inquisitor. However, I obey."

So saying, he proceeded to the room designated by his mother, where, in a large box before a bookcase, lay rather an extensive collection of books. The room itself was an extremely pleasant one. Large and airy, the windows curtained with lace, the floor covered with a soft, delicately tinted carpet, the walls adorned with a series of excellent engravings and one or two paintings, a piano occupying a recess, a bird-cage hanging in the window, it seemed as pleasant a retreat as weary mortal could inhabit.

"Fond of birds," said Leonard, glancing at the cage; "always my aversion, except those gorgeous-winged beauties which keep perpetual silence. A canary is a deafening little pest. Italian songs, eh?" picking up a sheet of music from the piano; "probably Miss Helen manufactures her own Italian. Let me see her books." Opening the case, he drew forth a volume of the Scottish Chiefs. "Just as I supposed," he said with a half smile; "music, birds and romances are a woman's constant associates. What comes next? *Byron*, with a mark at the 'Two Foscaris!' You improve, Helen; I expected to hear you quote the 'Hours of Idleness' to me. *Faust*? and in the original? Ah, a blue! I fancy I see her. Tall, straight, ink fingers, eyes in a 'fine frenzy rolling,' hair in disorder! I must lock up my books when I go down, for I can't afford to have them spoiled by a woman's molesting fingers. *Abbot's Napoleon*, and pretty well thumb'd too; a hero worshipper, eh? I'm agreed, provided she don't mistake me for a hero. *Shakespeare*, and underlined, as I live! This is more promising. *Bulwer*—there's the woman again—and *Dickens* too. I'll wager that this *Dombey* is blistered at 'little Paul.' Just as I expected. A girl never reads *Dickens* without making it a point to shed tears. Mrs. Tighe's *Psyche*—that's good again. Intellectual Philosophy! You must be a curiosity, my cousin, if your books are the index of your intellect. What's this? *English history*—*Hume*—unread, I'll wager. I never saw a woman yet who knew anything of history but what she learned in

Scott's novels. Well, well! I shall never finish my own reading, if I am to make comments on all these literary treasures; so mount up, poetry and prose, history and historical novel, to your places all, and let me entreat you so to enchant your mistress that she shall not attempt to enchant me."

And with a sigh of relief, Leonard resumed his lounge and his book until summoned to dinner.

"You will be here to receive Helen?" said his mother, as she saw him preparing for a stroll when the meal was over.

"Not I, in faith. She will be expecting to see me, and be arrayed in smiles and armed with soft speeches for an attack on my fortress. No, let me see her when she does not anticipate my coming, and I warrant I shall take her at a disadvantage."

"You are uncharitable, Leonard," said his mother, with a smile.

"Uncharitable! A woman should never talk of charity until she makes her acquaintance. Don't scold, mother, I'm off; make my apologies to the fair Helen, and say that business deprived me of the pleasure of forming her acquaintance this evening. I shall see her in the morning."

And see her he did—do not you also, dear reader?—standing yonder, on tiptoe, in the broad window-sill, feeding her birds and whistling to them like a school-boy; an unfeminine accomplishment this, perhaps, but one in which Helen Grafton was proficient. Her light, elastic, graceful form, raised to its full height and not then attaining woman's middle stature, her short, thick curls clustering on her neck, her bright eyes raised, black and laughing, to her feathered pets, her full crimson lips, now puckered for a whistle, now opening with a song or a laugh, she seems altogether unlike either a blue or a sentimental damsel, but still to Leonard Hastings, who is pre-determined to find fault, seems something worse than either.

"A romp—a young Amazon!" he muttered, as he came slowly up the garden-path. "I detest a hoyden, but if I let her see it she will probably settle into a Madonna-like repose, which in her would be still more unendurable. Ah, Fanny, you have spoiled me for all woman-kind!"

This pathetic exclamation, which was uttered with a sigh so deep that it almost realized one's idea of a groan, requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Leonard Hastings, who was now about twenty-three, had at the age of seventeen imagined himself to be desperately enamored of one of his

only sister's school-friends, who was about five years his senior. Like all boys of his age, he fancied his destiny was fixed by the first glance he caught of Fanny's eyes, and forthwith began to make himself appear excessively foolish. He wrote "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow," poems to her eyes, odes to her golden curls, engraved her name on every tree within the circuit of his walks.

Now Fanny Gray, besides being engaged before she met this passionate youth, and therefore fancying herself secure, had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and seeing the impression she produced, she sang to him, played for him, waltzed with him, rambled in the moonlight by his side, and finally listened to his declaration of undying love (which she wrote that night to her lover was filched partly from Byron, partly from Hamlet, and in part from the stilted style in which he had ranted since he knew her) with a laugh, avowed her previous engagement, and called him a silly boy. The epithet stung him, and venting his rage only in the words "false girl," uttered in a tone and an attitude worthy of Forrest, he left her. For weeks, he found his sole enjoyment to consist in repeating, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" and in destroying those poetical effusions which had lately cost him so much time and trouble.

Coming finally to the deplorable conclusion that his heart was broken, he took to Byron collars and heavy sighs, allowed his curls to grow long, and made an ineffectual effort to cultivate a moustache, which he fancied would impart an interesting pallor to his complexion. At college he recovered his spirits sufficiently to allow him to acquit himself creditably, studied law for a time after graduating, but finding that his heart was in danger of repairing the rupture it had sustained, he abjured Blackstone, returned home, revived his taste for sentimental and pastoral poetry, and resolved to spend his life in seclusion.

In this state of inglorious ease he had lived for several months, when the death of a relative imposed a new care on his mother, and Helen's appearance seemed likely to interrupt his schemes of indolent solitude. Having by dint of great effort transformed himself into a woman hater, he had resolved to dislike her; and though his first view of her convinced him of her beauty and graceful ways, he fortified himself still more strongly in his resolution to find fault. Accordingly, when introduced by his mother, he made her a Sir Charles Grandison bow, inquired after her health in the stiffest manner, as though his words were stayed with whalebones, remarked

on the beauty of the weather, and taking up his favorite book, began reading.

Now Helen, having heard not a little of his story before her arrival, was neither disconcerted nor vexed by his want of politeness, but taking her work, seated herself by her aunt and began chatting in the most confidential and coaxing way in the world. Leonard's book puzzled him that morning; he could make no sense of it; and his mother being called from the room by household affairs, he found himself ere long engaged in a conversation with his cousin, more entertaining and less pedantic than any he had held with a woman for years. Not that they did not talk on his favorite topic, *books*, but that meeting a taste as delicate, a critical judgment as accurate as his own, he did not, as he was wont, offer his opinions as though they were Median laws and undisputable, but found himself yielding and complying before he was aware.

Asking her at last to sing to him, when she chose a song which Fanny had often warbled, he did not agonize his face, as had been his custom, "into more lines than are in the new map, with the addition of the Indies," nor, clapping his hands to his ears, rush frantically from the room, but standing quietly at Helen's side, began to have a dim idea that perhaps there were more Fannies in the world than one. What it was that induced him as he left the room to exclaim, "a heart as sound as a bell," with an inexpressible expression, I am puzzled to say. He found, however, that his solitary pursuits began to grow wearisome; even Spenser and a seat in the grass under his favorite elm, once his boon ideal of happiness, made him uneasy and discontented. He came at length to the conclusion that it would be an act of charity to sound Helen's understanding, to find wherein she was deficient, and endeavor to supply her defects by his own superior wisdom.

He commenced, therefore, to catechise her, but found to his surprise that in his favorite subjects she was as well versed as himself, and that her knowledge of abstruser topics was not so limited as he had thought to find it. He discovered that he had an original mind to deal with, many of whose workings were to him incomprehensible. The more he studied it, the greater was his puzzle; and he gave up his laudable efforts at improvement, with a conviction that though he did not fully understand *her*, he understood well that he was at last utterly, irretrievably, passionately in love—a love that was no more like his former romantic, boyish fancy, than Fanny's blue eyes were like Helen's dark

irids. With this important fact presenting itself to his consideration, he set about removing any unfavorable impression he might have produced on his cousin. He read to her, talked in a new style altogether, and never doubted that he was making rapid inroads on her heart.

"Shall I read to you, Helen?" he asked one day, when he found her intent upon her needle-work.

"Yes, if you will lay aside Thomson and find Miss Barrett."

"What shall I read?"

"Whatever you please; there is no choice in Miss Barrett's writings."

"You are enthusiastic, Helen. For my part, I prefer the 'Seasons.'"

"Because you are a Vandal, a Goth. But go on reading."

The piece Leonard selected was, "He giveth his beloved sleep." As he finished the second verse, he stopped.

"I can imagine," said he, "what *you* would give to your beloved, Helen. 'The poet's star-tuned harp,' would you not?"

"No, certainly not," she replied, without lifting her eyes; "but finish your reading—we will talk afterward."

A sweet, full-toned voice, a deep appreciation of what he read, gave Leonard's reading a peculiar charm which lingered after he had concluded. Both sat silent for a few moments, when Helen asked suddenly:

"What have you done all your life, Leonard?"

"All my life!" he answered, laughing; "why, in the earlier part of my career I cried, laughed, kicked, and performed various other gymnastic exercises, to the great benefit of my constitution."

"I mean since you returned from college."

His reply was not delivered as confidently as it had often been before, for he had an intuitive impression that Helen would not approve it.

"When I left college, I commenced studying law, tired of it, and am here."

"And why did you tire of it?"

"My dear cousin, law is a series of petty artifices for evading truth; lawyers are devoted to chicanery and trick."

"I beg your pardon. Brougham is a lawyer, and Webster another."

"Exceptions prove the rule, Helen."

"I do not believe that. But what have you done at home?"

"Read poetry, wrote it sometimes, and lost myself in reverie."

"And you are contented?"

"Contented! with this lovely scenery around me, this most glorious sky over my head, the

water's rippling music in my ear, with you beside me, Helen? With my books, I should be contented to dream my life away here. You look grave, Helen."

"I should not, perhaps," she answered, "for it is not my future you speak of. But it is not thus I should spend my life, were I a man. You asked me if I would endow my beloved with the poet's gifts. No, I told you. I would not while the 'senate's shout' lay still beyond."

"I thought, Helen, that you liked poets."

"And so I do. I admire no man more than him to whom God has vouchsafed the gift of song. But my admiration does not extend to those whom the world *miscalls* poets. The essence of poetry is sublimity, is it not? And tell me if it be not more sublime to rush forward in the race of true ambition, to reach the goal most surely and swiftly, and earn a name among the great, than to sit idling and dreaming in beautiful solitudes, scribbling pastoral idyls. Poetry! I like the poetry of action and feeling. And how can a man write the poetry of action while he is inactive? how the poetry of feeling when, apart from the world, his emotions are morbid, his passions unhealthy?"

"Then you do not think a man should be a poet?"

"Yes; but not a mere rhymer, a versifier. His poetry should be that of energy, ambition, action. Repose is the luxury of age; action, the duty of the young. Shame on the man who wastes his youth in dreaming! he robs his age of its most precious privilege."

"You are severe, Helen," said Leonard, rising slowly and with a white face. In an instant Helen was at his side.

"I beg your pardon, Leonard," she said softly. "I have been talking of what I know nothing. I am very sorry."

"You have spoken only the truth," was the slow answer.

"I have offended you, Leonard—pray forgive me."

"Not offended, Helen, but wounded me deeply."

He was gone before Helen could reply. For several days she saw him but little. His mornings were spent in his own room, and if he joined her as she sang in the twilight, he made not the most distant allusion to their conversation. He called to her one morning as she ran past his window, and in a moment was at her side.

"I leave this afternoon, Helen," he said.

"Where are you going?"

"To the city."

"And why?"

"To go to work—to retrieve my past errors—to make myself worthy of you, Helen."

Helen's color changed, and he went on, speaking passionately and fast.

"I will not say I love you, Helen, for you cannot but know it. I will not ask you to promise yourself to me, for no one can feel more deeply than myself how unworthy I am of such a promise. Your eyes tell me that when I prove myself capable of amendment, you will not reject me. God bless you, Helen!"

Once more a student, Leonard's progress was rapid. Independently of his great natural abilities, which were capable of attaining their object in any case, his love threw a radiance across his way which dispelled every shadow. He began his career anew, with the hope of pleasing and winning Helen. Long before the task was accomplished, ambition had become its own "exceeding great reward." Labor grew sweet for its own sake, and his chief regret in looking back at his past life ceased to be that Helen was still beyond his reach, but that he had wasted in inactivity the time which would have enabled him to gain her without a new effort. And when, his probation ended, he was acknowledged the most promising lawyer of his day, he felt that even had Helen been out of the question, the consciousness of his powers which he had gained would have amply repaid him for every exertion he had put forth.

From this time, his progress was rapid. Called from one post of honor to another, his course was marked by a straightforward uprightness that met approbation from men of all parties. Directing his energies to the furtherance of right and justice, his eloquence became a weapon, broad as the shield of Hercules, pointed as St. George's lance, in the defence of liberty and law.

Not till then did he renew his suit. He had seen Helen, but not often, since he had first left her, and never had he renewed the subject then begun, for he had determined not to approach her until he had abundant proof of his fitness.

As for Helen, she had changed but little in Leonard's absence. No woman learns that she is beloved without becoming more lovely, and she, in the transition from seventeen to twenty-two, had but perfected her beauty. Watching his course with a pride that not even his mother's could surpass, she had the additional satisfaction of knowing that hers had been the power which had roused him from his lethargy—awakened that noble ambition without which man is but a mere machine.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Helen?" asked Mrs. Hastings, approaching her niece with them in her hand. They contain the announcement of the close of the legislative session and one of Leonard's long speeches. He will be here to-morrow, probably."

Taking the papers and retiring to her favorite seat in the garden, Helen just avoided meeting Leonard, who, having started for home in the morning, had just arrived, dusty and tired, and impatient to learn his fate. Short, therefore, were his affectionate greetings to his mother, and hasty his replies to her congratulatory questions. Learning Helen's occupation and whereabouts, he sprang down the path in pursuit, and drawing the paper gently from her hands, playfully bade her listen to an oral report on a more interesting topic.

"You were my incentive, Helen," he concluded, after a hasty sketch of his conduct. "But for you I should still have been dreaming under these old elms, and since you have thrown me upon a rougher path, may I not hope that you will at least share it with me?"

And Helen's answer came, clear and distinct, and like Fame she smiled approval, and Leonard, clasping her in his arms, cried, with Harley L'Estrange: "Blessed be the woman who smelts."

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

"Why, you see, when my man came courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there was Jobie. 'Come in,' sez I; 'take a cheer.' 'No, Lizzie,' sez he, 'I've come of an arrant, and I alwus do my arrants fast.' 'But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W——.' 'No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's goin' to rack an' ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, an' take care of my house, an' my children, an' my things, tell me, and I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else to.' Why I was skeer'd and sed—'If you come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think can't a little.' 'No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant. And I can't sit down till my arrant's done.' 'I should like to think on't a day or two.' 'Now you needn't, Lizzie.' 'Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's to ye then.' So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the squire and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well to do it in a hurry." —*New York Mercury*.

Every woman is, or ought to be, more or less a child of beauty, and her occupations should not degrade her into a drudge.

CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stagecoach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow finished the coat and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, snugly seated in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances to be sure his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "O, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am obliged to you for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.—*Mackenzie*.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.

When you drop your piece of pasteboard anywhere, even in the very genteel neighborhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and nothing more, except in being engraved with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands, and other miserable complaints, among the poor people engaged in this ridiculous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf whereon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well also for you to wear lace-collars and shirt-cuffs of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled, and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shine taken out of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.—*London Punch*.

A young person thinks it enough to do right. As he grows older, he finds it necessary to satisfy others that he has done so. Much of the time that might be spent in doing well must be used in securing evidence that we have not done ill.

LINES

Written to accompany a gift of Longfellow's Poems.

BY D. C. STURGES.

Take thou these pages:—and if grief oppress
Thy heart,—or if thy soul be full of joy—
Or if to pensiveness thou dost incline—
Or if thou lookest with tear-blinded eyes
Upon the past,—or on the future gaze—
Their melody shall wait upon thy thoughts
With gentlest ministrations! Thou shalt find
Thy sorrow chastened into happy tears;
And joy shall like a lunar-rainbow crown
Thy brows with richer beauty. Pensiveness,
That like an autumn twilight fills thy heart
With shadowy enchantments, shall be turned
Into an angel presence, bearing peace!
As the spring calls up the buried flowers,
So shall these songs call up thy buried past,
Making its memory beautiful—like flowers!
Great thoughts are here, thoughts which give such a light
As that which kissed the pallid brow of Christ!
Music is here,—rich as the voice of God;
And if thou bringest an attentive ear,
Thou shalt hear revelations. Listen, then!
Is music not the bride of prophecy?
The swift intelligence that waits on love
Delights in harmony. Poet and seer!
These are the wedded oracles of Heaven,
To whom the future lies in lucid light!

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"SHALL I open the window and let in the sunshine, Miss Mary? You will die if you sit here moping and fretting in this dark room."

"No, thank you, Jane. I am coming down to receive a visitor presently, and I prefer this room as it is."

"But you don't know how it breaks my heart to see you so sorrowful. All the fretting in the world won't bring the master back, and yet you let the grief wear your life out."

"I shall soon be better, Jane; only don't tease me any more just now, for I have some papers to look over, and I cannot talk to you. You had better go down and tell the cook to prepare a luncheon for a gentleman who has had a long ride this morning."

"I wish you would eat something yourself, Miss Mary," grumbled Jane, as she left the room.

For a few moments Mary Stanford sat motionless, with her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, as if to shut out light, and thought, and the remembrance of her sorrow; and then she arose, and with a determined expression on her pale face, and in her sunken eyes, she approached a desk, unlocked it, and drew forth a large pack-

age of papers. She shuddered as she touched them; but the time had come when all finer feelings must be banished, and business—the cold, calculating business of the world—must be attended to.

We must now leave her, bending sadly over her task, and give her a fuller introduction to the reader.

Her father, Thomas Stanford, Esq., or Squire Stanford, as he was most familiarly and commonly called, was the only son of John Stanford, who had descended from a long line of Stanfords, all rich farmers, and dwelling in that beautiful county, commonly called "the garden of England." For three generations the heirs to the Stanford estate had been "only sons," and as each father in turn had left it to his child, enriched and improved by good management and care, it was not to be wondered at that on his death-bed John Stanford left his son a richer inheritance than had ever belonged to any one of their forefathers.

But alas! for the honor of the old name and the old family, Thomas Stanford proved himself unworthy of the trust committed to his charge; and scarcely was the body of his deceased parent consigned to the grave, ere he commenced a course of dissipation and extravagance that must have scattered the largest fortune in a few years. Twelve months after his father's death, he married a beautiful girl; but whose chief charm, in his eyes, was her fortune—a very handsome one, by the way—and when united with her beauty and amiable disposition, ought to have made him a happy man. But increased wealth gave increased motives for expenditure, and his poor, neglected wife soon had reason to repent her marriage with one who had captivated her fancy and not her judgment.

Their beautiful home was a rendezvous for all the wild, careless young reprobates in the neighborhood, who found it exactly suitable to their taste and their convenience to "drink Stanford's wines," to "ride Stanford's horses," "eat Stanford's good dinners," and to be waited upon by "Stanford's servants." And even the penniless younger sons of some of the neighboring nobility did not think it beneath their dignity to hunt, to gamble, to drink with "Squire Stanford,"—even sometimes to borrow an "odd fifty," well knowing that their careless host would never demand payment.

Poor Mrs. Stanford dragged out a miserable existence; outwardly surrounded with all life's comforts, inwardly pining for rest and quietness. Of four beautiful children, one only remained to bless her with its innocent love and fond caresses.

es; and when, after thirteen years of misery, she was about to leave the scene of her wretchedness, the thought of this child and her uncertain fate, was all that could bring back her thoughts to earth.

She died, and for a time there was peace in the noisy mansion; and Stanford shunned his dissolute companions, and wore some outward appearance of regret; but when the first shock was over, he stifled the reproaches of conscience by plunging deeper than ever in those intoxicating pleasures that eventually proved his ruin. Gambling had become his favorite passion, and nothing but his skill and extraordinary success could possibly have enabled him to keep up the appearance he had always done, or surround himself with those luxuries that were necessary to his very existence. He had his little girl instructed by competent teachers, but kept her entirely secluded, rarely seeing her himself, and never allowing strangers to behold her if he could prevent it.

His affairs gradually grew from bad to worse. He was deeply involved in debt, and having always despised agriculture, and neglected his estate, he had no resources when once his money was spent. The estate itself was deeply mortgaged, and for several years, Thomas Stanford's life was a miserable struggle to keep up appearances and baffle creditors.

Meanwhile, his daughter was growing up to womanhood, and not all her seclusion or retirement could prevent the neighbors knowing that she, who should have been the heiress of the beautiful old estate, was both lovely and amiable, though dowerless and unprovided for; and deep was the sympathy felt for the motherless daughter. But Mary sought no one's society; absorbed in her cares and anxieties, she sighed not to mingle with those happier than herself, and was content to hide herself from the sight of inquisitive eyes, within the walls of her beloved home, occupied in devising plans for counteracting the destructive effects of her father's misguided course. But an end was most unexpectedly put to all her hopes and fears relative to her unfortunate parent. Thomas Stanford left a boon companion's house late one night, more than half intoxicated, and at noon, next day, was carried to his home a mutilated corpse!

Poor Mary! It was but the realization of her worst fear, and though stunned by the shock, it could scarcely be said to be unexpected by her. She shut herself up in silence and darkness, to indulge, undisturbed, her feelings of horror and grief for her parent's untimely end; but the imperious call of business summoned her from this

solitude, and she at once found herself called on to superintend the arrangement of affairs, thrown by carelessness and neglect into almost inextricable confusion.

Thomas Stanford had made no will—at first, considered somewhat strange, but when his accounts were examined more closely, not to be wondered at. Dissipation and extravagance had left him nothing to bequeath, and as Mary turned over pile after pile of unreceipted bills, bonds and notes, the conviction came gradually upon her that she was utterly destitute. It needed but one more blow, and her cup of sorrow was full; and that blow was not long in coming.

Pale, harassed, and worn out with care and anxiety, she met her lawyer on the day the reader is first introduced to her. Even he, cold-hearted old man as he was, was touched with the sad and careworn look of his young client, and hastened over the unpleasant details of the late Squire's affairs as quickly as possible.

"And now, my dear young lady, I must hasten to the conclusion of my errand, and fulfil a promise I made to a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine, Mr. Thomson? I know very few people, and fewer friends."

"You know Sir Thomas Dashwood's son?"

"To my sorrow; but I trust he is not the friend you allude to?"

"It is, indeed; and though a person little used to love affairs, I am commissioned to make you an offer of his hand and heart."

"Is this an insult, Mr. Thomson?"

The young girl was very pale, and there was something in her tone that startled the old man.

"My dear lady, you must not be too hasty. Young Dashwood makes you an offer that half the girls in the county would jump at. It is disinterested, too; for I suppose you know in what position he stands in regard to this house and property, and all it contains?"

"What can Gregory Dashwood possibly have to do with my father's house?" And even while she spoke a conviction of the truth caused her to tremble and sink half fainting into the chair.

"For many years your late father had no claim on this property whatever, and at the present time Gregory Dashwood is the owner of every inch of land, every animal on the place, every article of furniture in the house, the pictures, the plate, and even your jewelry and ornaments."

For a few moments she sat gazing on her companion, as if stupified with the overwhelming intelligence he had communicated; then came the full sense of her position, and with it courage and strong resolution to meet her fate. Rising, with dignity, she bowed to the old lawyer.

"Our conference is ended, sir. Had I been aware of my true position, it would never have taken place."

"One word, Miss Stanford, before we part: What answer shall I take back to the young gentleman whose proposal I have laid before you?"

The angry color flushed the girl's fair face, and her dark eyes flashed, as resting her hand on the door, she turned to her companion:

"Tell him the daughter of the man he robbed and murdered despises him and his offer; that sooner than become his wife she would beg her bread from door to door, or be the willing slave of the hardest taskmaster; and tell him," and here she lowered her voice until it was a harsh whisper,—"tell him that with his ill-gotten gains he will receive the orphan's curse."

Five minutes after, Mary lay fainting and insensible on her chamber floor, but ere the sun rose on the morrow, the last of the Stanfords went forth from the old mansion a destitute and penniless orphan.

In a splendid chamber of Sir Thomas Dashwood's magnificent country house, were seated two persons in deep conversation—they were the heir and Lawyer Thomson. The young man was negligently dressed, but there was enough of studied carelessness in his attire, to display the foppish follower of fashion. The costly dressing-gown and richly embroidered slippers, the downy sofa cushions and the embroidered handkerchief, were in keeping with the well-known character of the man; wealthy, effeminate, with luxurious tastes and no principle, caring for no one's sacrifices so that his comforts were not abridged, for no one's feelings, so that his whims were not thwarted.

At the moment he is introduced to the reader, Gregory Dashwood was in a most ungovernable fit of passion; and even the old lawyer drew back in alarm at the fearful change that came over his companion on hearing the history of his unsuccessful interview with Mary.

"And that is the return for all my patience, for all my anxiety about that haughty beauty? but she shall learn that I am not to be thwarted so. Fool that I was not to have turned old Stanford out long ago, and then her father's authority would have compelled that proud girl to listen to me!"

Gregory Dashwood felt very irritable, and as a soother, he sprang up hastily from his seat, and opening a closet, poured out and drank off several glasses of wine.

"Help yourself, Thomson," he at last said,

setting the rich stand and glasses on the table, and walking hastily up and down the room.

The exercise gave him resolution; for, with an exclamation that caused Mr. Thomson to spill the wine he was in the act of carrying to his lips, the young man stopped before him saying:

"She shall be mine in spite of all her daring speeches and proud scorn! I swear she shall! and I will never rest until my oath is fulfilled."

"I should advise you to be satisfied with what you have got, and comfort yourself with the thought that, if she has scorned you, you have consigned her to poverty." And Lawyer Thomson held up his third glass of wine, and admired its bright sparkle as the light shone through it.

"What is all of old Stanford's property to me?" he asked, as he turned from a long gaze out of the window. "Look there," he added, drawing aside the curtains, and pointing with his white hand to the magnificent landscape beyond. "Think you the heir of yon broad acres cares aught for the paltry farm of the old spendthrift? You might know me better, Thomson. But I love that proud, pale girl, and at this moment would sacrifice half my inheritance could I make her mine."

"The greater fool you," said the old lawyer, angrily. "Why did you not strive to win her good will, instead of making her hate you, by leading her father to destruction? You have destroyed your own plans by your headstrong foolishness."

"It was your advice, and to you I am indebted for my good fortune," was the still more angry answer.

Lawyer Thomson went away highly displeased, while Gregory again flung himself on his velvet couch to deliberate on the most effectual method of getting the orphan into his power.

Pity that so fine a face should become wrinkled and prematurely old by such wearying and perplexing thoughts; pity that such a bright intellect should become enfeebled and debased by the destroying influence of profligate habits; pity, ten thousand pities, that the glorious, the immortal soul, once innocent and pure, should become sullied, darkened, perhaps lost, through a blind and headlong pursuit of pleasure!

"I have heard of a governess to-day, girls, that will suit as admirably," exclaimed Mrs. Bancroft Adams, as she entered her daughters' room on her return from paying some friendly visits.

"Who is she?" "Where did you find her?" exclaimed both the young ladies at once.

"My friend, Mrs. Lapointe, heard of her through some acquaintance of hers, in some out-of-the-way place down in Kent; and as she knew we wanted a governess, she let me know at once, and I have sent to secure her."

"Is she young?" asked both the daughters in a breath.

"I don't know, I am sure; some poor farmer's daughter, I believe; educated altogether beyond her station, and now obliged to get her own living."

"O, some great awkward country girl, I suppose," said Miss Sophia Adams, turning to her mirror, and finishing the arrangement of her numerous ringlets with much satisfaction.

"With such a healthy red face that it will be perfectly distressing to look at her," drawled Miss Almira Adams, gracefully falling back on her couch, and holding her salts in her hand for fear she should require them.

"Never mind, so as she has not got red hair," laughed Miss Sophia.

This was a very spiteful speech, for Miss Almira's great trouble in this world was the color and quality of her tresses.

"I hope she will have decent looking hands and feet; for if there is one thing I dislike worse than another, it is a coarse fat hand and a great clumsy shoe."

Now if Miss Almira's obstinate red locks gave her endless trouble and anxiety, not less did Sophia's provokingly plump fingers occasion an endless annoyance to their fair owner.

The former spent two-thirds of her pocket money in procuring the most celebrated preparations for the improvement of her hair; the latter almost ruined herself in the purchase of kid gloves and satin slippers. But alas! for their laudable endeavors, the ungrateful tresses of the one persisted in standing up rough all over her head, or hanging in ragged looking curls on either side of her face; and the equally obstinate hands of the other continued to burst through all restraint, and at last began to grow purple, as if with suppressed anger at such treatment. These unceasing annoyances had a very injurious effect upon the temper of the young ladies, and materially assisted time in robbing them of their youthful charms.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams was a widow, and having four daughters to dispose of, and not a very large fortune at her command, she very wisely disposed of her house in London, and took up her residence in a fashionable resort for aristocratic invalids, where the beauty of the scenery was only surpassed by the beneficial effects of the Springs; where there were delightful oppor-

tunities for fishing or flirtation, for following the hounds for a day, or securing an eligible partner for life.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams was a most admirable manager, and with her very moderate fortune she contrived to keep up a very extensive appearance, so much so that most persons believed the Misses Adams to be almost heiresses. But in spite of all the traps and snares laid to catch unwary partners, the young ladies were still single, and likely to remain so. Of course this only relates to the two already introduced to the reader, the remaining pair being yet confined to the school room, and not supposed to indulge in anticipations of partners and pin money.

Now Mrs. Bancroft Adams might have lived forever at this fashionable idling place, and been no nearer the accomplishment of her object than at first, but for one lucky circumstance—she had an aunt, and this aunt was wealthy, rheumatic and fanciful, and annually made her niece's house her home at the season when the Springs were the gayest. In addition to her wealth, her rheumatism and ill temper, this lady was the widow of Sir Richard Walbridge, and a sort of female guardian to the young heir of Walbridge Manor, who, though several years past his majority, still showed his uncle's widow the same attention, respect and obedience he had rendered her in his boyhood. And if there was one weak spot in old Lady Walbridge's heart, it was love and admiration for the handsome young man, who was unto her even as a son.

As the young baronet always accompanied his aunt in her annual visit to the Springs, and spent the principal part of his time in Mrs. Bancroft Adams's pretty parlors, it was the means of bringing that enterprising lady under the notice of many who otherwise would have remained in blissful ignorance of her existence. When the party from the "Bancroft House" were seen on the beach, or enjoying the afternoon promenade in the "Avenue," all were delighted to claim acquaintance with the fortunate Mrs. Adams, as such an acquaintance was certain to lead to an introduction to Lady Walbridge, and from her to the handsome young Sir Richard, on whose arm the old lady always leaned.

At the time when this interesting family were introduced to my readers, they were busy in a thousand preparations for the expected arrival of their annual guests; hence the anxiety about a governess to take care of the two wild young hoydens in the nursery, who were Lady Walbridge's special aversion, and who repaid her dislike with interest whenever opportunity offered. Then the young ladies had quantities of

mantua-making and millinery to attend to, in expectation of the approaching gaiety; and the great chamber had to be newly furnished throughout, as such changes pleased their visitor when abroad, however averse she was to making them in her own beautiful home.

Amid all this confusion, the arrival of the new governess was anxiously looked for and impatiently hurried. But alas for the disappointments we meet with in this world, scarcely had the stranger entered their doors ere the whole family would have given half they possessed to have found some reasonable excuse for hurrying her away again. The most hideous monster entering their home could not have caused more dismay in the hearts of the Misses Adams and their mama, than did the coming of that beautiful governess.

"She can't stay here, mama, that's certain," said Miss Sophia, as the three met in conclave soon after the stranger's arrival.

"But I have no time to look up another, and you know how Laura and Julia will act when Lady Walbridge comes; besides, there's such quantities of sewing to be done that I really do not think it best to send her away, setting aside offending Mrs. Lapointe, after she has taken so much trouble for me. O no, it will never do to let her go away; the only thing we can do is to keep her shut up in the nursery all the time they are here. You know Aunt Walbridge never goes there."

"O, she will be sure to go if we don't want her to," exclaimed Almira, crossly.

"I think mama's plan the best after all; so don't look so sulky about it, Mira, even if she is beautiful, and has magnificent hair."

"I'm sure she is not such a beauty as all that, even if she has white satin hands and a foot like an opera dancer," was Almira's cutting reply.

Poor Mary Stanford! her office was no sinecure in the establishment of Mrs. Adams; but, strange to say, from the two youngest she received the only comfort her situation produced. Completely fascinated by the beauty and winning manners of their new governess, Laura and Julia Adams yielded her obedience and respect, such as they had never before condescended to bestow on any one; and under her careful training and instruction, they no longer filled the house with noise and confusion, but studied and played as young ladies should.

Had it not been for her unfortunate good looks, Mrs. Adams could have found it in her heart to love the new governess, who had wrought so agreeable a change in her hopeful daughters;

but it was out of the question to encourage so dangerous a rival to her older girls, consequently the lonely orphan was kept constantly employed in the children's room, and treated almost like a prisoner.

To one accustomed to freedom, such treatment would have been intolerable; but Mary Stanford had always been a recluse, and though she had a few recollections of stolen freedom, as will appear presently, yet on the whole confinement did not affect her very severely.

The intermediate time between her father's death and when we again meet her, had been passed at a quiet country parsonage, where her time had been fully employed in taking care of half a dozen little children, and nursing back to health their invalid mother. Having become necessary to the comfort of the family, she would probably never have left them, but for that "destiny" that Byron speaks of, that takes away our right or power to do always as we wish. This destiny came to Miss Stanford in the shape of the dissolute Gregory Dashwood, who having discovered her retreat, commenced a series of persecutions that eventually drove her away from her kind friends—a course of conduct that occasioned her much suffering at the time, but which afterwards proved to be the best thing that could have happened to her, and the very worst for the success of her enemy's plans.

True, all looked dark on her first arrival at "Bancroft House," but hope did not desert her even under her accumulated discomforts, and she still looked forward to a brighter day. The Misses Sophia and Almira would fain have gratified their ill nature and jealousy by openly displaying their dislike to the beautiful governess; but there was something in her manners, her voice, her dress, and her stately, reserved air, that forbade all freedom, and kept them well in check.

Their only satisfaction was in keeping her so busy that it was next to impossible to find time to attend to her own attire; but with all their contrivances, the beautiful braids were still wound gracefully round the loveliest head in the world; the same black dress was still worn with the same matchless ease and elegance; and worse than all, the little white hands became even smaller and whiter the longer their mistress was a prisoner.

"I never did hear the equal of that girl's impudence," exclaimed Miss Almira, as she burst into the room where her mother and sister were very busy in putting up muslin drapery on an old-fashioned square bedstead.

"What is the matter now?" asked the mother.

"Why, you know they are coming to-morrow, and here is my blue dress not done; and that girl, with all the airs in the world, says that she has more to do now than she can do, without neglecting the children. And when I told her she must leave everything, she had the impertinence to say that she certainly should not undertake it." And quite out of breath and temper, Miss Almira sank into a chair and cried for vexation.

"Why don't you do it yourself, or wear another to-morrow?" asked Sophia, highly amused at her sister's vexation.

"O, you know I like blue so well, and I left this to the last so as to get the prettiest pattern, and now that lazy thing won't help me to finish it. It is too bad!" And Miss Almira's tears streamed afresh at the annoying thought.

"There, don't be such a baby, for pity sake. Red hair is bad enough, but red eyes are dreadful." And Miss Sophia indulged in a hearty laugh, while her sister flounced out of the room in a towering passion.

The long talked of visitors came according to appointment, and were met by the mother and daughters with overwhelming kindness, and the most officious display of respect. Even Miss Almira was all smiles and blushes; for happily she had taken her sister's advice, and the much coveted blue dress adorned her little pinched figure.

After seeing his aunt safely installed in her new home, the young baronet took leave of her and proceeded to his boarding place, leaving the young ladies in ecstasies at the "great improvement in his looks," and "the elegant taste he always displays in his dress," "the rich tinge of brown on his cheek," and "the delightful set of his Paris coat."

"Yes, he looks very well," said Lady Walbridge, with a little laugh to herself. "Love agrees with him, I think."

"Love! Why, aunt, who is he in love with?" exclaimed all three ladies at once.

"O, I don't know much about it; but I suppose you will find it all out some time, girls; so give me my embroidery frame and my bag of silks, and don't talk any more about my nephew.—Have you got a governess to keep Jack and Tom in order?" she asked, after a few minutes' silence, during which the young ladies had been deliberating on the news they had just heard.

"O yes," said Mrs. Adams; "and they are so improved you would hardly know them."

"Bring them down," was the laconic reply.

And forthwith the young ladies with the mas-

culine titles were brought down and presented to their relative, who laid down her work, took off her spectacles, and drawing them close to her, examined them very minutely with her little black eyes.

"Very much improved, I must say," was the first remark. "Who is your governess?" she added, turning to her niece.

"Only a poor country girl that a friend recommended to me," was Mrs. Bancroft Adams's answer, as she mentally framed some excuse for complying with the next request.

"I should like to see her, only I know she must be as ugly as sin, or you would not take her." And then the old lady laughed her little laugh.

"O no, indeed, ma'am, she is not ugly," said Julia, eagerly.

"She is very pretty indeed, ma'am," said Laura.

Lady Walbridge, evidently pleased at the change in their manners, asked them to sit down beside her and wind her silks, and tell her all about the new teacher.

Burns says our best laid plans are apt to become disarranged, and daily experience proves the truth of his assertion—at least, Miss Almira Adams would have willingly joined in the poet's opinion. It was vexatious, after all her trouble and pains, to find her deep laid schemes thus cruelly frustrated. In vain were all her studied charms, her well learned quotations, her blue dress and her bluer ribbons; there was not a hope left to cheer her that the young baronet might yet be hers; and the more she reflected on what Lady Walbridge had said, the more gloomy became her prospects.

It was well for all parties that the young lady did not know the exact state of the young gentleman's love affairs; but of that, we shall give more hereafter.

With the true spirit of a philosopher, after her first ebullition of disappointment, Miss Almira consoled herself that "nobody knew of that disappointment; and if she could not catch Sir Richard, there were other young baronets equally rich, if not equally handsome." And so she put on a brighter blue dress and adorned her "rosy locks" with wreaths of "forget-me-not," and seated herself in the drawing-room with her vinaigrette and the last "Lady's Own."

For several days after her arrival, Lady Walbridge made anxious inquiries about the "governess;" but finding that she was to be invisible, she very quietly walked up to the school room one morning, and surprised Mary in the midst of writing-books, slates, grammars, samplers,

dictionaries, etc., not to mention half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs she had asked Sophia to hem for her on the previous day, and which she very unceremoniously told the young stranger to put down.

"If you are going to sew for me, do something that will help me. I have just commenced a slipper for my nephew, and you may take the mate if you will. I suppose you can embroider?" she asked, looking with much complacency on the fair young face that flushed and paled under her searching glance.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams's exclamation was a strange mingling of horror and astonishment, as two hours afterwards she opened the school-room door and beheld her titled relative in close conversation with the dreaded governess; each busily employed on the dainty, fancy work in her hand, while the little girls were attentively studying their tasks. Remonstrance was useless; so she could only shut the door, and walk tragically into her daughters' room, and inform them of their defeat.

"Just as I said," exclaimed Almira.

"Did you ever know such a provoking old thing?" echoed Miss Sophia. "The next thing she will have her down in the parlor to play for her."

Faithful prophet! That very evening the old lady desired that Miss Stanford might be summoned to the drawing-room, and for two hours the beautiful girl sat at the instrument playing piece after piece to gratify her new friend. One drop of sweet alone remained in the cup of the baffled schemers—not a visitor came in during the evening, and Sir Richard was otherwise engaged, and could not come to call on his relative.

The next morning Lady Walbridge expressed it as her opinion that the children and their governess ought to go out into the air more than they were in the habit of doing; and as there was no time like the present, they had better go at once.

"Poor sickly-looking things! shut up in a nursery forever; and that pale girl, too! They must not stop in another hour." And in her excitement about it, the old lady made a mistake in her pattern.

Mrs. Adams made so many excuses that at last the children were compelled to remain at home; but Miss Stanford "must go;" so poor Mary mechanically put on her bonnet and mantle, and obeyed the command.

A great change had come over the governess since the arrival of the new guest at Bancroft House. The children hardly understood her, so strangely did she look and talk at times; and

then the blunders she made in their lessons, the mistakes in her sewing; it was unaccountable. And there was as puzzling things happened that the little sharp eyes did not spy out; the trembling of the little hands that held the velvet slipper; the sudden start and quick throb of the heart at the sound of a strange voice; the tears and sobs that were smothered in the pillow, lest watchful ears should hear; the sigh of mental anguish, and the convulsive clasping of the thin, white hands.

Slowly and unheeding Mary Stanford wandered along a quiet, shady path that led to the grounds of a neighboring gentleman; and as she walked, tears, bitter tears, rolled down her cheek and fell on her gloved hand. It was a bright sunny morning—the prelude to a very warm day; but the flowers bloomed brightly by the wayside, and all nature looked fresh and beautiful after the pleasant showers on the previous evening. The young girl alone looked sad as she slowly pursued her way, musing on the thousand disagreeables that she was called on daily to encounter.

She had been out nearly half an hour, and was in the act of turning to retrace her steps, when she suddenly encountered the hated figure of Gregory Dashwood standing directly in her path. For an instant she was paralyzed with terror and surprise, and then summoning courage, attempted to walk fast, but was instantly prevented by his catching her hand forcibly in his.

"You shall not escape me this time!" he exclaimed, savagely. "I have had too long a search to lose sight of you again; so keep quiet and listen to what I have to tell you."

Useless command to tell her to "keep quiet!"—she could not have spoken then if her life depended on the utterance of a word.

"I have sworn you shall be my wife, Mary Stanford—sworn it when I loved you! I hate you now; but I will yet keep my oath to punish your obstinacy. Do you hear me?" he shouted, enraged at her silence and deathly look. "Do you hear me, I say?—you *shall* be my wife!"

He wrung the hand he held with such an agonizing pressure that the spell that held her was broken, and she screamed aloud with almost maniacal violence.

Again and again that fearful sound rung through the hills and woods around, but ere the last echo died in the distance, a third actor appeared on the spot. Three hasty steps brought him to where they stood, and it needed but one glance at Mary's face to make him catch her in

his arms, to tear her from the clasp of her insulter, and to strike him to the earth.

"Mary! my Mary!—found at last!" was the rejoicing, thankful exclamation of the stranger, as he gazed on the pale features resting on his bosom.

"Quite a romance, I declare," said Mrs. Bancroft Adams, as the whole party were gathered in her parlor that fine summer's morning; "but I should like to know where you first became acquainted?"

"Our first meeting was a very sad one. Miss Stanford was at her mother's grave, almost the only place she visited outside of her father's house." And the young baronet tried to compose the joyous expression of his countenance into more solemnity, and failed.

"Was Miss Stanford the lady you meant, aunt, when you said Sir Richard was in love?" asked Almira, who could not yet believe the new state of things was possible.

"I did not say he was in love positively, and certainly I did not allude to Miss Stanford, not being aware they had ever met before to-day."

That evening Mary walked with her lover in the little garden of Bancroft House, and all the mysteries of their separation were talked over and explained.

"I have searched untiringly for you, and had almost given up the hope of ever finding you; but it appears that your enemy had better success—there, don't tremble," he continued, as Mary clung closer to his arm. "You are mine now, and the blessed privilege to protect you is mine, also."

Mary Stanford remained at Bancroft House until Lady Walbridge departed for her own beautiful home, and then the fair orphan accompanied her as the betrothed wife of Sir Richard.

It was a new and delightful life she now entered upon, worth living seventeen unhappy years to enjoy. The perfect elegance and repose that surrounded her in her kind friend's home suited the calm, peaceful tastes she had imbibed in her unhappy childhood. The watchful, tender care of the good old lady was grateful to the heart pining for a mother's love; and the devotion of her lover filled up the measure of her happiness.

We will not enter into the particulars of the wedding, which was celebrated at Lady Walbridge's house, and in a style of splendor suitable to the rank and wealth of the bridegroom. The bride was magnificently dressed, and looked "angelic," as an enthusiastic young lady was heard to remark. It is as well to mention that

this young lady was accompanied by her lover, and consequently had no cause to find fault with the bright prospects of our heroine. Some others were not so well pleased, and not a few were known to have said that "Miss Stanford was altogether beneath Sir Richard," and that "it was a very unsuitable match," and that "it was just like one of old Lady Walbridge's notions," and many other kind comments, not one of which ever occasioned the principal parties concerned a serious thought. Nor was there much disappointment manifested when Mrs. Bancroft Adams begged to be excused from attending the ceremony, her whole household being plunged in the depths of the most delightful confusion in preparing for Miss Almira's marriage with "Gregory Dashwood, only son of Sir Thomas Dashwood," the good lady wrote to her astonished relatives.

Mary shuddered, and felt half inclined to acquaint poor Almira with her lover's real character; but Lady Walbridge would not allow of any such interference.

"All the girl wants is to get married; she has no heart to break, and I can imagine no severer punishment for him than to be tied to such a wife. Of course he thinks she has money, and that disappointment will not add much to his happiness."

Mary could have found it in her heart to have pitied them both; but she knew her kind intentions would be suspected, and prudently allowed things to take their own course.

Our story is almost finished. Sir Richard never ceased to rejoice over the happy chain of circumstances that had blessed him with so good and beautiful a wife. Mary was happy in her married life; so happy that the sad events of her childhood and youth seemed like some forgotten dream in the blissful reality of the present. For fear our readers should doubt this, we will give them one more scene in the life of our heroine.

It was a smiling June morning; the blue sky looked bluer than common, the flowers smelt sweeter, the birds sang more cheerily—at least, so thought the beautiful young mistress of Walbridge Manor, as she slowly wandered through her magnificent gardens, watching the childish antics of a merry, golden-haired little fellow, who walked steadily by her side one moment, the next was wildly chasing the little birds that fluttered among the flowers. But hark! The mother hears advancing steps; and calling the little one by her side, they hurry through the gate and across the lawn to meet "papa," who advances with his bridle carelessly hung on his

arm, and his pet, "White Star," beside him. With screams of delight, the little fellow strove to free himself from the detaining clasp and rush into his father's arms, which he at last succeeded in doing.

"What beautiful flowers, Richard! Where did you procure them?"

"They are quite a new species, I believe," laughed the young husband, as he placed some of the drooping crimson buds in his wife's beautiful hair. "I heard of them yesterday, and rode over to the 'Cypress Hollow' this morning to find them for you. You ought always to wear flowers in your hair, May, they become you so well."

"Thanks—first for the kindness and then for the compliment."

Lady Walbridge looked more lovely than ever as she blushed beneath her husband's admiring gaze.

"And now my boy must have a ride." The father placed his little son carefully on the saddle, and the whole party re-crossed the lawn, while their merry laughter sounded pleasantly on the air, long after they were out of sight.

Reader, my heroine had been married five years.

SLEEP.

Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that *the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep.* If then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac!

By all means, sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and works most clearly. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, rickety theology, and all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation, which abnegate Bible teachings.—*Dr. Hall's Monthly.*

We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or the immense machine of the universe. Then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy, himself and elbows his neighbor to make him uneasy also.

UNITED, WE ARE ONE.

BY MRS. M. J. MESSINGER.

'Twas Heaven that willed it, 'twas Heaven did control,
The strong fate that bound us soul unto soul;
United, we are one, in hand, home and heart,
Thus loved, and thus loving, O say can we part?

As the oak and the mistletoe, thus let us be,
We'll cling closer on nearing the shadowy tomb;
Calmly we'll sail o'er life's turbulent sea,
And fearlessly enter the portals of gloom.

Soul unto soul, heart unto heart,
United our beings—mingled our breath;
Thus loved and loving, we never should part,
But remain as in life—undivided in death.

SERPENT CHARMERS OF EGYPT.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

THOSE who have travelled in Egypt have generally had opportunities for witnessing the extraordinary influence which certain Arabs have over the serpents of that country. But it is a hazardous undertaking to relate what is actually exhibited in the valley of the Nile, on account of the difficulty of having it believed.

People are apt to disbelieve any and every account which finds no parallel in their experience. Hence, in relating the truth in regard to the magnitude of three stones laid up in the western wall of the great temple of the sun, at Baalbec, several accurate travellers lost their reputation.

No one could credit it, that single hammered blocks, sixty feet, sixty-two, and a third sixty-eight feet long, by twelve in width, were ever quarried by human hands, and if they had been, it was not possible to have elevated them to the positions they were represented to occupy.

One oriental explorer, it is said, actually omitted to mention the colossal stones of the temple at all, to save the work he had written from being condemned as absolutely false, which was the fate of his successor, on the same ground.

But since the facilities for visiting remote regions of the old world have rendered ancient ruins of the East comparatively easy of access, thousands of Europeans and Americans have surveyed the vast edifices of Baalbec, on the magnificent plain of Coele-Syria, and bear witness to all that led to the condemnation of early travellers, because they simply published what was positively true; yet, because their readers had not seen with their own eyes, they had the effrontery to maintain their stories were Munchausen narratives.

So of the *Psylli*, or snake charmers of Egypt. From the earliest periods of written history, the feats of these men have been recorded, down to the present year; and whatever is related, if it deviates from the common experience in the town or country in which the relation is examined, the reader invariably condemns it as not only untrue, but outrageously so. In other words, a fact becomes a great lie.

Herodotus was familiar with the marvellous power of a particular class, under the name of *Psylli*, who could handle venomous reptiles with impunity. From his time to the present, the secret has been handed down from generation to generation, and bids fair to be transmitted to a remote future.

Those most expert in snake-charming, were Libyans. But instead of being confined to the Libyan desert, they are now to be found on both sides of the Nile.

An interesting memorial of the skill of the Egyptian *Psylli* may be found in the 7th chapter of *Exodus*, 10th verse:

"When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, show a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and did so, as the Lord had commanded; and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers; now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed them up."

This, therefore, is eminent authority to show the attainments of the *Psylli* as long ago as when preparations were making for the escape of the Jews from their hard bondage in that ancient seat of early civilisation. Tradition actually refers to a miserable Arab town on the Libyan bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, where Pharaoh procured the snake-charmers to confront Moses.

That serpents possess the innate faculty of inducing animals to come directly within their grasp, requires no corroboration. Birds, rabbits, etc., are destroyed by them, and were it not for the power which has taken the name of charming, it would be literally impossible for a creeping reptile to seize prey that could outfly or outrun them, on the slightest alarm.

But when the fact is viewed in another light, that certain half-civilized Arabs and African negroes can use serpents precisely as they manage their destined prey, it creates a feeling of astonishment.

By invitation, the writer dined on a certain occasion with a medical gentleman whose house was without the wall of Cairo, and located in a large garden, in which were the plants, shrubbery, etc., peculiar to that section of the country. He mentioned as something of a temporary drawback to the pleasure otherwise to be derived from the garden, that two large serpents had taken up their residence in it, and he should be obliged to call a snake charmer to remove them.

He was asked particularly if he had confidence in them. He said their power was unquestionable, and admitted of no doubt whatever. Through him, various facts illustrative of the habits of some varieties of serpents were obtained. It is not uncommon to come suddenly upon a huge snake coiled up under some article of bed-clothing, or lying on a mattress. How they get into the house so stealthily, is often a wonder to the inmates.

Sometimes a wound from their fangs follows a sudden surprise; but if not irritated, on perceiving themselves unwelcome guests, they slide away into some opening in the walls or floor, if not instantly killed, to reappear again under similar circumstances.

The same gentleman informed me, that a few weeks before this conversation, a professed snake charmer was bitten by one of his own serpents, which he was exhibiting, which is one of the most common exhibitions in the Nilotic cities; and although the fellow was excessively alarmed, which prompted him to have medical aid almost instantly, so rapidly was the venom taken over the system, he died very soon in spite of all the remedies prescribed.

A common variety used by the *Psylli*, are speckled adders, from a yard to nearly four feet in length. Some are very slender, not much larger than ordinary whip lashes, from one foot to two feet long. Then there are larger, clumped snakes, somewhat resembling the rattle snake. And they were all represented to be poisonous, which I was quite willing to take for granted, for nothing would make one's hair stand on end quicker than seeing one of them snap his jaws, hiss, and thrust out a long forked tongue, which moved like a flash of light.

Large serpents they averred could be commanded just as well as small ones, but they were too heavy to carry about. With small ones they could present a greater variety of astounding feats. Snake charmers carry their pets about in baskets with a hinge cover. When one is wanted, they set down the basket, run one hand in among the squirming contents, and feel out the particular one they wish.

A portly Arab of about fifty years of age performed as many horrible manoeuvres, as my nerves could bear at one sitting. His son, a small boy of about ten years, could handle the imprisoned snakes with the same impunity as the father.

"I've learned him how to do it," was his observation, when translated into English. The masses of Egypt look on with all the distrust, fear and horror that travellers do, when the Paylli are handling their snakes; and they invariably concur with the declarations of English, French and Italians, who reside in Egypt, that the art is confined to a distinct set of Arabs. Whether they are all of one family stock, branching off into uncles, first, second and third cousins, is more than I could ascertain. In the instance under consideration, the father assured me that he taught his son.

This same Arab laid a serpent about a yard in length on the deck of the boat; stroking out its rigidities or semi-coils, till it was straight as a walking stick. When that was accomplished, he turned round to me and renewed the conversation. On withdrawing his attention, the snake raised its head some six inches, the forked tongue darted out, and its eyes glistened like two diamonds, which induced me to step a little further off. At this, Mr. Arab turned his head round to the snake, and shaking his finger, and muttering some strange words, the reptile dropped his head flat down to the plank again, as it was before. This was repeated, and might have been a part of the play, though it seemed quite incidental.

Again, he took half a dozen or more snakes—handed to him by the little boy, who ran his hand down under the lid and took them out—which were of unequal length, and held them in one hand by the middle. They were heads and tails, and in an instant, their twistifications, hisses, and efforts to escape, were more terrific than the heads of the Gorgon sisters.

Next, with the other hand they were stroked out parallel to each other, like threads in a skein. Being soon quiescent, as though bereft of volition, he put them round a man's neck in a single knot, as a handkerchief is often tied. Instantly, on letting go, they were roused to intense activity, and the reverend gentleman who had the surprise visitation of a coil of writhing venomous serpents round his neck, for such was the quickness of the Arab's movements he had tied the knot before there was time to suspect a trick of the sort, begged, as did myself, to have him take them away. That same gentleman is a resident of Cambridge, and no doubt has a vivid recollection of the circumstance.

A very disgusting, and it seemed to me, a dangerous trial of his skill was putting the head of one of his serpents into his own mouth, and forcing it in coil after coil, while the reptile evidently was resisting with all its force. Both cheeks were enormously distended, the tail protruded beyond the lips, and then, taking it by the extreme tip, the whole was slowly withdrawn.

The Arab proposed that I should accompany him the next day, out into the margin of the Desert of Arabia, in the neighborhood of Karnak, where he proposed to convince me that no preparatory education of the serpents was necessary, in order to bring them into control.

"I will make a noise and they will come to me from all directions, and I can make them mind as these do."

But expressing my satisfaction with his ability in the line of his profession, thus far, I chose not to take my chance in the midst of a congregation of unknown serpents, which would come at his bidding.

Several mysterious feats of legerdemain, in which serpents form an essential part, are daily practised in the streets of Cairo, that put at defiance the best specimens of jugglery witnessed here or in Europe, and rendered the more puzzling because they are executed in broad day on the bare ground.

It is not worth while to discuss the question, how the Paylli are able to accomplish these singular, and certainly very dangerous exploits. They certainly do it, and no other persons have succeeded in the attempt.

A favorite opinion is abroad, that the tubular fangs through which the poison flows from the sacs in which it is secreted, into the puncture, have been extracted. The fangs are not taken out; it is the boast of the exhibitor that they remain intact, and they roll back the lips to show that they are so.

That no kind of drugging is necessary, or undertaken, is based on the declaration of the Karnak Arab, who wished an opportunity of demonstrating the fact, by taking me with him to the Desert, to prove what he had asserted. No researches of naturalists have yet detected the method of controlling the natural propensities of these universally dreaded reptiles.

Residents of the highest qualifications for conducting philosophical inquiries, have left Egypt no wiser than when they entered it, on this track; and we are compelled to acknowledge from personal observation, the Paylli are in possession of an art, or a specific branch of science, of great antiquity, which modern science with all its appliances has not been able to explain.

I MISS THY FAREWELL KISS, LOVE.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

My bark awaits thy shore, love,
The morning sun beams o'er the sea;
It glides the ocean wave, love—
I wait a last adieu from thee.

Hark! a strain of music wild
From the restless, heaving billows,
Wooes me, ocean's saddened child,
To their witching, wavy pillows.

Seemeth it like death to part—
Smile on me but once again!
That were Lothe to my heart,
Robbing absence half its pain!

Isabel—my worshipped idol—
All the world of love to me,
Hopelessly locked in her castle,
Could not e'en my banner see.

That was why she did not grant me
One fond, lingering, farewell kiss.
Cruel guardian! now I warn you,
You will, ere long, rue all this.

I miss thy farewell kiss, love!
Again my bark is on the sea—
The breezes swell the sails above—
My "merrie men" obey but me.

To-night the moon is veiled, love!
My bark rides 'neath the shady lee—
Thou in my arms, imprisoned dove,
Shalt bound across the waves with me.

STORY OF A STAR.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

It twinkled and glittered in at the window on the child, as she lay watching it and pondering upon it, and weaving all sorts of strange fancies within her little brain as to its probable history; and it seemed, as she gazed fixedly upon it, as though it were actually laughing in huge enjoyment of her bewilderment. It winked and glittered up there so far, far off, until her eyes ached and became heavy, although sleep did not appear to weigh upon her eyelids, as she still wonderingly watched the beautiful light, shining in at her chamber window.

Twinkling and glittering, it at length began slowly and gradually to descend from its dark blue home, and seemed to be actually approaching towards her, downwards, downwards through the clear night sky! And, O wonder! as it came closer and closer, she saw that it became a starry ornament shining upon the brow of a bright angel, whose white fleecy wings cleaved the air towards the little window of her room,

and who, a moment after, stood silently gazing upon her by her bedside, with a sweet smile hovering upon her lips, and a mild radiance beaming from her beautiful eyes.

And her old friend the star glittered through the little room brighter than ever, and she looked enraptured upon the angel countenance by her side, and then upon the gemmy ornament shining so lustrously above her head. She read nothing but love for her in the eyes fixed upon her, and knew that no harm could befall her from so holy and so gentle a being as was this sweet spirit of the star.

The angel spoke to her:

"Does Minna wonder at the star leaving its home in the sky, and descending to stand beside her little bed, while the hum of the surrounding city is hushed, and while the soft mantle of night has fallen upon the dim looking houses and the peaceful streets? Minna remembers the green grave that stands under the old tree near by her father's country home, beneath whose mound she has been told a sister was laid long years ago? That sister is now her own angel guardian, hovering ever near her—by the crowded wayside, and by her sleeping pillow; in her hour of gleeful joy, and when her knee is bent in holy prayer. She will be always there, silently watching over her, and her voice will only be heard to approve a kindly deed or virtuous resolve, or else to warn her beseechingly from the path of evil. Her tongue will be mute to all save her she guards, and she alone will feel the sweet reward of peace which she bestows upon her. Would Minna know her name? 'Tis Conscience!"

Voices in the silent air repeated, "Conscience!" The summer winds wafted it to and fro. Whispering echoes murmured it around her. The very moonbeams seemed to write it in lines of silver upon the wall. She never could forget it—that listening, awe struck child!

The angel spoke again:

"When my voice shall be unheeded, and my darling grows weary of her guardian's watchful love, then, and not until that hour, will she sadly turn her face away, and take her flight from her forever! Let Minna treasure this within her heart, and seek to always win the presence of her spirit friend—of her angel sister—of her conscience!"

The child raised her hands in silent prayer that this friend might never, never leave her. A brighter light seemed to shine from the twinkling star, and a sweeter smile to play upon the angel's lips as she did so.

"Minna shall look upon some of the windings

of the great path of life, and let her treasure up the lesson of wisdom which is learned from these pictures of the world around about her. Come with me; fear nothing—come!”

So saying, the bright being held out her hand to Minna, and she found herself, she knew not how, flying with the fleetness of the wind through the ambient air, and with no more effort than if she still reclined upon her own soft bed at home.

Midnight and darkness were around them, but the star on the angel's forehead shed a bright light on all around them, and the child saw that they were standing in a miserable room. A little boy of about her own age knelt by the side of his wretched bed, and though no sound came from his lips, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his little heart seemed overwhelmed with some great sorrow, as it heaved in the fullness of his grief.

“He prays for his wicked father,” whispered the angel. “Let us see him at this same moment and behold the effect of his child's prayer.”

Midnight and darkness again wrapped all objects in obscurity, but as the radiance of the star made all things visible, a far different scene was spread out before them. They stood in an abode of luxury. Soft carpets lined the floor, and gorgeous pictures hung upon the painted walls. Great mirrors reflected back each other's light, and ornaments of costly value stood around them on every side. For a time the child gazed upon the scene with delighted eyes, but then, turning towards the spirit, she would have questioned her as to their coming thither. The angel pointed mutely towards the door, and as she did so, the sound of a stealthy footstep was heard in the hall without. A figure whose face she could not see, enveloped as it was in some dark substance, stepped cautiously into the room, and by the light of a dark lantern looked curiously round about him.

His purpose could not be mistaken, but he turned away contemptuously from the ornaments around him and muttering to himself in a low tone, left the apartment as noiselessly as he had entered. The angel beckoned to the child to follow, and Minna saw that he ascended the staircase in the hall, and she also saw with a shudder that he drew from his pocket a something that gleamed, and advanced with it firmly grasped in his hand. Following closely to him, they saw that he entered a handsome chamber, and from various drawers and other receptacles which flew open at his well-skilled touch, proceeded to take articles of value and place them noiselessly in a canvass bag which he had brought for the purpose.

He ransacked everything upon which he could lay his hand, yet still appeared unsatisfied. At length he approached towards an adjoining room, and as he opened the door and threw the light of his dark lantern around, he saw that it was the sleeping-place of a child. It was a fairy-like bower, and every object suggested the innocence and purity that dwelt therein. The fleecy curtains of the little couch were like clouds encircling a slumbering cherub, and the moonlight shed a halo round its head that might be likened to rays of softened glory.

Softly, almost with reverence, the man with robbery and even murder hanging over his guilty soul, approached towards that infant's couch, and looked upon it there, as it slept on in unconscious security. One little arm was extended upon the soft white coverlet, and the red lips were just parted enough to show a row of white pearls nestled away there between them. The flaxen ringlets lay like golden threads extended upon the pillow, and a smile was breaking over its face as the midnight intruder gazed spell-bound upon it.

What thoughts are stealing through his mind, as he looks so steadfastly and yet so gently upon the sleeping child? Is the image of another, like even unto this—as holy and as beautiful as this, before him? Do his thoughts wander towards the little one who has so often nestled close to his heart, in the wretched home of poverty and sin wherein he dwells? Who shall know the workings of that human heart in which all good is not yet stifled!

List! The lips of the slumberer move, and as the ear of the man catches the sound of the one word uttered, the two invisible listeners see that a tear trembles for a moment, and then rolls silently down his rugged cheek. It is the simple name of “father” which has fallen from the child's lips, and this is the talisman which has unlocked the closed up heart and caused the precious tears of repentance to flow in rich and bounteous floods. Minna heard the angel's voice:

“The child's prayer is answered. The untutored lisping of the infant, perchance, has saved the immortal soul of that deeply erring father! Blessed is the pure offering from the lips of innocence, and more acceptable than that which arises from altars of gold and from the midst of temples wrought in grandeur, and towering loftily towards the clouds!”

They saw that he went upon his way, nor touched an article from that splendid dwelling, but left as stealthily as he had entered. Said the angel to the child:

"He goes with a resolution within his heart to strive and sin no more, and he does it *for his child's sake!*"

The veil of night appears now rent asunder. The pair are standing, still invisible, in the midst of a busy crowd. Each hurries on his way, and little heed is taken by the passers-by of a blind beggar, who stands with mutely outstretched hands imploring charity by the wayside. His locks are silvered with age, and the hand of Time has deeply lined his aged face, and touched with palsied finger the hand once nerved with the firmness of manhood. His only companion was his dog, and the creature ever and anon gently licked his master's withered hand, as though to assure him that he had yet one faithful friend in the helplessness of his old age. The old man patted him kindly, and murmured: "Poor Tray! poor Tray!"

A great confusion, and cries of "fire!" are heard on every side. The crowd becomes dense, and the old man is jostled and pushed this way and that, until at length he loses his feeble grasp upon the dog, who is in a moment borne with the crowd until he has lost all traces of his master. The unfortunate old man, when he found that his dog was indeed lost beyond doubt, could control his feelings no longer, and tears gathered in his sightless eyes and rolled down upon his withered cheeks.

"Why, how now, father! What's gone amiss?"

A hearty, whole-souled voice that! It is a young sailor, who has seen with pity the helpless old man standing there, and who now approaches and lays a rough but kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"Lost your dog, have you? Well, that's bad; but never mind, don't take it so to heart, for look ye, I'll get you another! So cheer up, old mate, and if you'll just make a stanchion of my arm, and give the word where to go, I'll tow you there in a jiffy!"

The young sailor gave his honest arm to the old man, and proceeded to lead him towards his home, directed by his blind companion. His open, frank countenance glowed with the satisfaction that always arises from a kindly deed, and it was a beautiful sight to watch him, as he measured his own firm step to the slow and cautious footfall of the sightless old man.

They proceeded along the street, and the angel and child followed closely on their path. Winding through dense alleys and over rotten pavements, past time-stained and tottering buildings, they at length reached a crazy wooden tenement,

filled full to overflowing with poverty-stricken humanity, and here it was the old man stopped, saying here he was, at home.

"Home!" repeated the young man in a low tone. "He has not always seen such days as these, and this is but a sorry place to end them, poor old soul!" Then in a louder tone he bade him lead the way to his room, "and then," he added, "we'll see whether your old days can't be brightened up a bit."

They mounted the rotten staircase until very near the top of the building, and the old man opening a door in the darkened passage, ushered the stranger into a clean but wretchedly furnished room, where he saw with surprise that a young girl was seated sewing.

"This, sir, is my daughter," said the blind man. "My old age would have been indeed dark and desolate had it not been lighted with the sweet sunlight of her presence. Ruth, this is a kind gentleman who has seen me safely home, for poor Tray is lost, and but for his aid I might have wandered away, no one knows where."

The young girl lifted her eyes to his face, and holding out her hand, said:

"O, sir, you have been very kind, and though we can give you nothing but thanks, you will be rewarded in the satisfaction of knowing you have done a kindly action, and God will bless you, sir, for it. Be assured he will."

He had not spoken a word since his entrance into the room, but had taken her proffered hand mechanically and stood, as in a trance, gazing upon her face.

"You have not asked the gentleman to be seated, Ruth," said the old man. "Wont you take a chair, sir?" and he pointed with his staff in the direction of the seat his daughter had just arisen from, and was the only one in the room.

"Ruth!" mused his unconscious listener. "That name and that face! What dream is this which has come over me? Tell me," addressing the old man, "what is the name you bear?"

"For long years past, I have been known only as 'Blind Simon,' but once, when fortune smiled upon me, and the world around me was not hid as it is now in darkness, I was called Simon Tremain."

He could not see the emotion depicted upon his listener's face, nor the start he gave at the name he uttered, but the young girl saw it, and looked with surprise at him. Mastering himself by an effort, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"Many years ago, I knew a youth by that name. Tremain—George Tremain, I think it was."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Did you then know my poor boy? He ran away and went to sea when but ten years old, and it was but a short time after—let me see, it must be fifteen years ago—I received a letter from the captain of the vessel saying that my unhappy boy had fallen overboard in a gale of wind and was lost. This child was then scarcely three years old, and she of course remembers nothing of it, but many a tear have we both shed over my lost boy—her unknown brother, who was drowned at sea."

There was silence in the apartment and both the young girl and her father shed tears at the recollection, while the stranger said nothing, but let them weep awhile before addressing the old man again. In a low tone, he spoke:

"There have been times known when men have fallen overboard and been given up for lost, that some stray log of timber or a fragment of wreck has proved a means of safety. There have been times known when men have been picked up providentially by a passing vessel and gone to distant countries, from whence all communications with those at home have miscarried or been lost. I knew of such a case as that, when the person was taken to the East Indies, and then after shipping as a sailor on board of the vessel that saved him, sailing for years to the very town where his relations lived and never knowing anything of their existence. He had travelled to the home of his boyhood and had been told that they had been long gone from their old habitation, and every one of them was now no longer living—all had died."

He paused for a moment and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, while the old man sat as if turned into stone and in the direction of his voice.

"Once, this same young man—he might have been about my age—arrived in port, and passing along the street, assisted an old man who had lost his dog—much as you have done, mate," he added, seeing a movement as if the old man was about to rise. "He assisted him, I say, and saw him to his wretched home."

The old man had risen in great excitement, and stood with his hands stretched out before him, and trembling in every limb.

"Arrived there, he heard the story told of his own loss, and a moment after found him clasped to the heart of his sister Ruth, and of the old man who had dandled him upon his knee a little helpless child. Sister! father! don't you know me? O, tell me! don't you know me?"

They were all clasped close in each other's arms, and human hearts felt for a time nearly the spirit felicity of the spheres above! The

old man raised his sightless eyes towards heaven, and murmured forth: "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

They are now seated in a loving group, and the angel and child still lingers, unwilling to leave the presence of happiness like this, when a rattling as of a chain ascending the stairs draws their attention. A scratching noise is heard at the door, and as the young girl opens it, in bounds the delighted Tray, whose instinct had been his sure guide to his old master's home. He is soon nestled lovingly down at the old man's feet, and the home group is now quite complete.

Again all was darkness. The child looked round and saw that the light of the star gleamed in the far off distance as though her companion and guide was leaving her.

"Remember," came a voice from the obscurity, which she recognized as that of her spirit friend "remember what you have this night seen, and let the lessons be treasured up within your heart. Remember, also, that my eye is upon you, and my voice will be near you in the hour of trial. Farewell now, Minna, farewell! Farewell, my darling."

The voice became more and more distant, and fainter came the words—"Farewell, Minna! Farewell, Minna!" She stretched out her hand to wave it towards her departing friend, and as she did so she touched her mother's face bending over her little couch in her own well remembered room at home. The morning sun was shining brightly in at the open window, and her mother's voice was calling to her—"Minna! Minna! my darling!"

It had been all a dream; but with happy dreams like this, she felt she could have wished to dream and dream forever!

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

The expression, "Hobson's Choice," is proverbial both in Europe and America. The story of its origin is thus stated: Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier in Cambridge, Eng., who to his employment in that capacity added the profession of supplying the students at the university with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest as well as labor. Hence, he always refused to let a horse out of his turn, however desirous the applicant might be of choosing for himself. Hence the saying, "Hobson's Choice, *this or none.*"

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

THE WANDERER.

BY CHARLES K. LAMSON.

I have travelled long and wearily,
Have moved with weakening pain,
With woes that press me heavily,
And I long for my home again;
I long for the smile of love
Which waits for me at home,
And I pray to Him who rules above,
To guide me while I roam.

I've gazed on sunny isles,
In the genial, southern seas:
I've felt the power of witching smiles
From maids who smile to please;
I've gathered rich, ripe fruits,
And gorgeous, fragrant flowers,
And wildly followed gay pursuits,
To while my pain fraught hours.

But I long for the foaming brooks
Of my rocky, northern land;
Not sunny smiles, nor witching looks,
Nor palaces so grand,
Shall banish from my memory
The spot where once I played—
Where birds in heavenly euphony
Sung anthems while I prayed.

When I was young, a sinless child,
Nor aught had learned of vice,
But gently prayed, all pure and mild,
For the pearl of greatest price;—
I'll ever cherish that dear spot,
Where I was blest and pure,
Where sin had caused my soul no blot,
Nor woe could long endure.

But now I roam o'er glittering seas,
And hills and green-robed isles,
And fan my brow with southern breezes,
Or bask in sunny smiles;
Yet unto me a still small voice
Bids me remember home,
Remember loved ones would rejoice,
When I had ceased to roam.

THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

BY CARRIE A. EMERSON.

"Come away from that window, my love," said Mrs. Arlingham to her daughter, a little child of four or five years old, as she was balancing herself on the window-sill, at the imminent danger of falling out on the pavement below.

The child did not obey; and placing herself in an attitude of even greater peril than before, she continued to excite her mother's fears in a way that denoted nothing less than a wilful and obstinate spirit.

Mrs. Arlingham descended to entreaties.

"Do, my love, come away with mother; Jane has been making candy in the kitchen. Come, Bessie, be a darling, and come away from the naughty window."

The "naughty window" still held the "darling" unmoved, at the mother's distress; and it was not until Jane was called up, with a tray of the "linked sweetness long drawn out," that Bessie condescended to make terms with her mother, at the cost of making herself sick. In a few hours she was so ill that the physician was sent for, and nauseous drugs succeeded the sweet morsels which she had so eagerly devoured.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlingham were almost distracted. It was their youngest child, born after their other daughter had attained her thirteenth year. They had both done their best to spoil Bessie; and indeed the friends of the family, and the servants also, were not slow in helping them in this laudable undertaking. Flattery, fine clothes and sweetmeats were administered alternately, as she demanded them. Her mother spared no pains nor expense in robing the little figure which, under her load of finery, looked really ridiculous. One could hardly help laughing to see the airs which she put on, when dressed out for exhibition. While the elder sister, Lucy, was clad in plain, sometimes even homely garments, even when grown a young lady, the little one sported laces and jewelry with an air which would have credited a finished coquette.

At ten years old, she was not less unmanageable than at four. Her will was law in the household, and the mother submitted, and required every one else to submit to her caprices. The father, now that the novelty of her infant powers had ceased to influence him—had begun to question whether they had done wisely; but even he did not dare at present to make any change in the ruling dynasty.

At fifteen, Bessie was in person charming, almost beyond description. Nothing could exceed the beauty of her complexion, the brilliancy of her eyes, nor the elegance of her figure; and yet she was but a spoiled beauty, after all. Mrs. Arlingham coveted for her daughter, even at that age, a prospect of marriage which should eclipse those of all her companions; and had even fixed upon the youth who should have the happiness of being her son-in-law. This was the only son of the wealthy Colonel Bryan, whose education was now being completed in Paris, and who was expected home early in the spring.

Lucy Arlingham was now twenty-eight years of age. Simple and unassuming in her manners, self-denying and self-sacrificing, trained from her thirteenth year to give place in everything to

Bessie, and to make all things subservient to the "darling's" whims, Lucy had little time to cultivate her heart and affections in any other way. She had contrived, notwithstanding the scanty schooling which she had received, to pick up a very respectable stock of practical knowledge. Her constant care over Bessie had developed the finer qualities of her nature, by exercising her patience and self-control. Her industry had been brought into active exercise by the repeated calls upon her time in fashioning and perfecting Bessie's wardrobe, for even Mr. Arlingham's well-filled purse could not answer all the demands for that purpose, unless something was effected by home industry; and the wilful girl would not tax her own powers, but called on Lucy to exercise her taste and skill at all times for her adornment. And so Lucy's youth had gone by, and with so little of the usual stimulus belonging to that golden season, that she had absolutely touched the "outer circle of old maidism," as Bessie mockingly told her.

But down deep in Lucy Arlingham's heart, unknown to all, and almost unconsciously to herself, she cherished a tender remembrance of an evening, over which ten years had swept their shadows without effacing it. Ten years is a long, long time for love to exist without something on which to feed. Even woman's devotion would sometimes fail, if put to such a test; and Lucy might have been pardoned, if she had lost her trust in man's love.

Ten years before, when she was only eighteen, Leonard Ashley had met her at one of the very few parties which she was allowed to attend. It was a children's ball, at which Bessie made one of the greatest attractions, in a dress of elaborate workmanship which cost Lucy many a headache in embroidering. Lucy herself had decked the little five-year old fairy, and then had just time left to smooth her dark brown locks and put on a simple white muslin dress, without even a brooch or a flower in her hair; and had the privilege of standing nearly the whole evening, to see her well-dressed associates taken out, set after set, to dance, without seeming to bestow a thought upon her.

It was near the close of the gay scene, and the children were preparing to go home and yield up the hall entirely to the grown up people, when Lucy felt her arm gently touched, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Ask your father to let you remain longer. Tell him I will see you home quite early."

She turned to see the playmate of her infancy, young Ashley, who had just returned from a long voyage. He had just entered the ball-

room, and was delighted to see his old playmate looking as serene and good tempered, as, when a child, they had sailed tiny ships in the same stream together.

"Come, come, hurry up, Lucy," said her father; while her mother cried out: "How inconsiderate, Lucy. Bessie will certainly take cold if you keep her waiting here, after dancing."

Lucy had not danced yet—so she was in no danger; but as she stepped up to her father and preferred her request, Mrs. Arlingham began to deny it for him.

"What nonsense is this?" she said. "You will be wanted at home to see to Bessie, she is so excited, poor thing."

"Now, Sophia," said her husband, "I shall insist, to-night, on Lucy's staying. She has had no dancing, no pleasure to-night, and Leonard Ashley is the son of an old friend and—yes, Lucy, go back into the drawing-room; he is waiting for you now."

Lucy thanked her father with such a grateful, happy look, that he inwardly resolved that her opportunities for pleasure should be increased hereafter; nor did he repent indulging her now, even though his ears were pained by his wife's loudly expressed disapprobation during the ride home.

"No one but Lucy can manage Bessie when she is tired," she said, "and I really think you ought to have taken her home."

"Wife," said Mr. Arlingham, "did it ever occur to you that we are gratifying Bessie's temper at the expense of Lucy's health and peace?"

"I cannot say that it ever did."

"Well, then, it is high time that the matter was brought up for your consideration. I begin to see it, and I am sorry to see it too."

A few such conversations as this irritated Mrs. Arlingham considerably; but before even this one had ended, Lucy's heart was beating time to a happier measure than that which the ball-room music was bringing out. She heard Leonard Ashley's whispered sentences, in the dance, and the bright color came to her cheek and the light to her eye as she listened; and when at length the party broke up, and he left her at her father's door, he exacted a promise from her that she would not be married until he should return from the voyage on which he was immediately to sail. It was all that he said. He bound himself by no promise, although Lucy did not perceive that she alone was pledged. She gave the promise, and when she parted from him, she truly felt that she was his, and that he also was hers. She did not realize the distinction between the two. It was the old story of woman's un-

suspecting, unselfish trust. With her, it was a matter of unquestioning doubt; and she gave up her whole heart to the new and delicious feeling of security in another's love.

She did not see him again; but when she knew from the papers that he had sailed, she did not require his presence—for her promise, and his implied love, sat lightly at her hitherto unsought heart, and she moved round like one who had received a new revelation of life. Her father secretly wondered why Lucy's step was so much lighter and her cheek and eyes so much more brilliant, when Bessie's demands upon her became every day more frequent. Her mother, absorbed in the petty details of Bessie's frivolous life, took no notice.

"Is Lucy always going to play second fiddle to that child?" said Mr. Arlingham, bluntly and somewhat roughly, one day when Bessie had taxed her sister to the utmost of her strength and energies.

"How coarse you are, Mr. Arlingham," said his wife. "You do not expect that Lucy, at her time of life, should be petted as we pet a child like Bessie."

"Bessie is not a very young child, now," he answered. "I think you said she was twelve last week, and you dress her even older than Lucy dresses at twenty-five. I do think, wife," he continued, "that we are making too great a distinction between our girls—greater than even their respective ages warrant. Bessie is not too young to yield up some of her baby privileges, and Lucy is not too old to expect some affection from her parents. Lucy is as childlike in her obedience, as affectionate in her disposition, as she was at Bessie's age. We must not make such a difference between them."

Mrs. Arlingham wept and Bessie pouted, and Lucy begged her father privately not to fret about her, for she was quite happy; and so things went on in the usual way, Bessie always being in the ascendant.

Leonard Ashley had been absent ten years, and Lucy Arlingham had reached her twenty-eighth year. She had changed, however, but a very little. There was a darker shadow on her brown hair, which the sunlight did not now turn into gold, as formerly; there was a depth in the clear eyes, that told of a fuller experience which those added years had brought to her; and the lines around the mouth—that unflinching tell-tale!—had deepened a little. But in all other things she was the same sweet, simple, unaffected Lucy of ten years ago, sacrificing herself every day for Bessie's pleasure, and looking for respite and reward only to the hope—now growing dim and

troubled—of Leonard Ashley's return. She had heard from him occasionally. He was in South America, prosperous and happy. He wrote her those ambiguous letters which men, who do not wish to commit themselves, can write, demanding her love, reminding her of her promise, but never saying in direct terms the words which would have made her so happy—"I am coming home to marry you, Lucy!" They would have made her happier, not because she had any doubt of his love—no such doubt had ever crossed her mind since that memorable evening—but Lucy had often heard expressions that ranked her as an "old maid," and she felt that one who had so monopolized her youth as Leonard had done, was bound to let her show to the world that it was not an *unwasted* gift that she had rendered to him.

In those ten years, she had had more than one opportunity to make a happy home for herself, away from the domestic servitude which began to hang heavily upon her as Bessie advanced in years and importance; but she steadily clung to her first attachment, and hoped on, hoped ever!

It came, however, at last—that hoped-for arrival! And Lucy was the first person that Leonard Ashley sought. She was keeping house alone that day, for the rest had gone to a fair, ten miles off, and would not be back until late. How thankful was Lucy for this day's respite! From early morning, when she had arranged Bessie's chamber after her departure, she had given herself up to the delightful consciousness of freedom—freedom to walk unmolested in the garden, to read over Leonard's letters, to think of him, hope for his return, to live over again the "long, long ago," and all this without her mother's sharp voice calling her to do something for Bessie. It was a day to be remembered, even had the event of Leonard's return been struck out of it. But, as if all pleasant things were to be crowded into the limits of a day, Lucy had scarcely seated herself by the vine-covered window, after her early tea, before a horseman galloped up to the gate, and notwithstanding the complexion, bronzed as it was by the sunny climate of the South, she knew at once that it was Leonard.

What passed that evening, assured Lucy that she had not misjudged his sincerity and fidelity. He was her lover now, if never before—claiming her heart with all the impassioned fervor which had strengthened under southern suns, and renewed by the unchanged beauty which he had sometimes feared those long ten years had overshadowed. No! time had passed so lightly over her, that the lover's eye did not even detect those

minute changes which were really there—and the light of happiness abundantly atoned for them, even had they been apparent to his loving gaze. There was no reservation now. He offered her his heart and hand, and wished her to name a day, as his stay would necessarily be short. When the arrangement was made known, on the return of the family, Mr. Arlington showed great joy, his wife exhibited a silent indifference, and Bessie absolutely took it as a matter of injury to herself.

"I thought," she said, "that Lucy would have waited until I was married, and then, perhaps, some old widower would have taken her. I do not remember Mr. Ashley. What is he like, Lucy?"

Lucy's heart was full of the bright, handsome, manly looking lover from whom she had just parted, and she described him in the most glowing terms she could bring herself to use. Bessie glanced towards her sister's plain dress, and smiled; but as she raised her eyes to her face, she could not help noticing the radiant beauty of her eyes and the heightened color of her cheeks, while her father said, earnestly: "Why, Lu, you are really handsome, after all!" After all *what?* Lucy might have questioned, but she was too happy; and after helping Bessie to disrobe, in her ample chamber, with its subtle perfumes and manifold appendages, she retired to her own little room which was now filled with a purple and golden radiance from the wings of the Angel of Love. She slept—and her dreams were all tinged by that beautiful light; she woke—and almost questioned her identity with the happy being who had laid down and dreamed of Leonard Ashley. Bessie was sulky all day, at Lucy's evident happiness. Mr. Arlington had refused her a dress which she had desired, inconsiderately giving as a reason that Lucy's marriage would require all his spare funds; and he further increased her ire, by giving Lucy a large sum to purchase all that she required.

Two or three days passed, before Bessie would come down from her pedestal of pride enough to meet Leonard Ashley. On the fourth day, she went into the parlor where he sat waiting for Lucy to get ready to go out with him.

Bessie, who was dressed with the most elaborate care, was really very gracious. "Mr. Ashley, I suppose; my sister will soon be ready," was spoken in a most bewitching lisp, and with a grace that bewildered Leonard, accustomed as he was to Lucy's quiet ways. He had not time to answer her, for sweeping past him with a wealth of ringlets mixed up with a profusion of brilliant flowers, and sprinkled all

over with the sparkling of eyes and gems, as it seemed to him in that brief glimpse, she left the room before he had time to think whether there were wings growing on her shoulders or not. It was strange that he did not speak of this casual meeting to Lucy.

After this, he was standing at a corner of the street, talking with a friend, when the sound of a horse's hoofs rang on the pavement, seemingly close to his side. He started just in time to receive a bow and a smile from a radiant looking creature, the very counterpart of the angel in Mr. Arlington's parlor.

"That is Bessie Arlington," said his friend, laughing at the wondering gaze which Leonard sent after her. "She should be called *Belle* Arlington, for she dances, sings, or rides away all the hearts within her reach."

"She is very beautiful?" said Leonard, rather in the form of questioning than remark.

"Very; but to my mind, Lucy Arlington is worth a hundred of her. Why, what ails you, Ashley? Has the fair horsewoman ridden away with your heart too?" said his friend, as Leonard left him suddenly and dashed down the street to Mr. Arlington's, intending to be there to assist her in dismounting, as he had noticed that she had no companion except a very small boy.

He arrived in time. Lucy stood at the door, looking very lovely in her simple white morning dress; but Leonard saw only Bessie, with her magnificent black plumes shading a cheek bright with triumph, as well as exercise, for she had looked back and seen him leave his friend, and had divined the reason. He lifted her in his arms from the horse, and she looked into his eyes with a glance that thrilled him through every vein. She too saw, what she had not before noticed, that Leonard Ashley was far beyond any man she had ever before seen, in personal advantages. The noble figure and the bronzed countenance were great attractions, and the foreign air completed the charm. She stood leaning against the gate, playing with her gloves and riding-whip, while Ashley made his morning salutations to Lucy. He was absent and confused, and Lucy innocently thought that it was because he had not formally received an introduction to her sister. She therefore gave him one, but it did not seem to dispel the embarrassment, and the interview ended awkwardly enough; and Ashley, after a few words to Lucy, walked away.

Why did Bessie linger so long at the gate, looking after him, when Lucy, his own betrothed, went quietly into the house as soon as he turned from the door? Mr. Arlington met Bessie in the hall, as she went to change her dress, and

she was like one walking in a dream, so absorbed was she in thought.

"Bessie has more heart than I gave her credit for," he said inwardly. "This parting in anticipation from Lu, makes her quite grave and thoughtful." He should have seen her, as she walked up to her glass when she entered her room, and then dashed herself down on the bed, burying her face in the pillows, and scarcely restraining the cry of anguish that rose to her lips.

Bessie was very young in years, to feel so acutely; but remember she was a hot-house plant, grown in the atmosphere of flattery, and she developed accordingly as she had been forced into premature growth of passion and will.

Lucy found her thus; and as Bessie never had any particular diffidence in making her wishes known, her sister had very little difficulty in extracting from her the cause of her tears. She seemed to have as little sense of another's rights in this, as, when a child, she had clamored for and obtained every object belonging to Lucy, however dear they might be to the latter, either as keepsakes or bought with her own money. She looked to see Lucy melting away into complacency with her absurdity now, as she used to in her childish days. For once, Lucy's thoughtful and grave look baffled the spoiled girl. "I will send father to you, Bessie," she said simply, and began to leave the room. Somehow the lock of the door eluded her touch. The chamber was whirling round and round, and Lucy's eyes assumed a strange and wild look that frightened Bessie out of her selfishness for a moment. Before she could make up her mind to approach her, however, Lucy had sunk on the floor.

Mr. Arlingham was in his own room. He heard the fall, and ran in. Lucy was insensible; he took her up, laid her on Bessie's bed, and sent for the doctor. Bessie was now thoroughly frightened, and her father sent her down stairs, while he strove to recover Lucy from her long swoon. It was a great while before she revived; and the doctor was satisfied then, from her appearance, that she had received some great mental shock, and he told Mr. Arlingham so.

As he left the house, he encountered Leonard Ashley, and told him his errand at Mr. Arlingham's. Stung to the soul by his momentary faithlessness to her whose ten years' devotion he had thus rewarded, he walked hastily to the house, and demanded to see Lucy.

"I fear it is better not," said her father, "at least until I apprise her. She is yet quite weak."

He opened the parlor door, and motioned him to go in. Leonard started on entering. There sat Mrs. Arlingham and Bessie, and near them

Colonel Bryan and a finished Paris dandy, who was making the agreeable to Mr. Arlingham's daughter. The fellow was handsome and well dressed; and half an hour had made Bessie change her opinion of "that rough South American savage" in favor of the lighter graces of Augustus Bryan. Leonard saw enough in the brief interval between his entrance and Mr. Arlingham's return. He flew to Lucy's bedside with almost a feeling of horror that he had so nearly forgotten his allegiance to that devoted heart. Ten days from that time, they were on their way to South America.

It was not until they had been many weeks at sea, that Leonard demanded, and Lucy related her interview with Bessie on that evening when he found her so ill.

"So the spoiled baby even cried for your lover, Lu, did she? as well as for all the rest of your property. Didn't I get an escape from her? I tell you, honestly, Lucy, her eyes so fascinated me on that day when she fell into my arms from her horse, that I scarcely knew what I said or did. Isn't she well matched with that Frenchified fop, who will give her all the love he can spare from his own sweet self?"

"We will talk no more about it, Leonard. My youth has been sacrificed to Bessie—my life spent in vain endeavors to serve her. Some day she will perhaps be purified by affliction as I have been. Then she may know, and then only, what has been suffered for her, and by her."

HOW TO GAIN REPUTATION.

A French author finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in a workmanlike attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a Journeyman Blacksmith. The trick succeeded; all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon praised by everybody. The harmless deceiver filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.—*Daily Bee*.

Earnestness is the root of greatness and heroism. "They are in earnest," and not "They are only joking," is the epitaph which history has inscribed in letters of light, or of blood, on the tombs of her illustrious—the heroes, martyrs and teachers.

CHILDHOOD SCENES.

BY ELANCHE D'ARTOIRE.

The tide of memory sweeps along—
Now backward rolls, to life's young spring;
While time and death drift slowly on—
A song of childhood's days I sing.

The guileless days of childish glee,
Those winsome days of summer hours,
When hope was busy as the bee,
Life's path lay through a vale of flowers.

Afar, yond, o'er the fields, where ran
Through tell-tale grass a limpid stream;
By mossy stone its fountain sprang—
A diamond set in emerald shewn.

That haunted spring—O years ago,
Three sisters clustered by its wave;
Where are they now? N'en one is gone,
And one is tottering toward the grave.

Yes, haunted was that tell-tale stream,
By three bright, joyous, happy girls;
Anon, gray hairs usurped the gleam
Of their bright, bonnie auburn curls.

Our mother, whose high, stately mien
Subduing time could scarcely bow;
Now slumbers in yon churchyard green,
And spring's soft turf waves o'er her brow.

Our only brother long hath died:
Deserted is our home of yore;
How often, often have I sighed—
That homestead hall is ours no more.

The sod is deepening in the glen,
Spring beauties with bright violets glow;
But ne'er the sisters three again
Will haunt the nook where wild flowers blow.

Thou happy home of childhood's days!
Deserted for life's thankless call—
Ah, how my yearning spirit prays
To breathe once more in homestead hall!

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

A TRUE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

MAY KING was giving her last farewell to the little school in Alford, where she had taught for three years. Her eyes were wet with tears, and her voice choked with emotion, and yet there was a deep undertone of happiness, that told of the "coming time." May King was about to be married; the inevitable fate of all school teachers; for what reasonable man does not know how beautifully such an occupation develops the love, the patience, the self-sacrifice, and more than all, the self-government which are so excellent in a wife!

She felt sad in parting from those pure, young,

loving natures; from the twining arms that had so often been about her neck; from the sweet eyes that had brought happiness to her heart so often—and as her dewy glance sought their faces, she wondered if, in this uncertain world, any other love would ever come up to her, so sweet, so pure, so untroubled, again! It was too late to dwell upon it; for, winding through the trees that shaded the grassy lane beyond the school-house, she saw a form approaching, and knew it was that of one with whom she was soon to leave Alford, probably forever.

A hasty kiss to each—a few sobs from one—a flower from another, and tears from all, closed the parting, and soon she was treading the green lane that led to her home, with the young minister by her side.

A few weeks latter, and she departed with him to the Far West. No flower-strewn path had Lewis Kenneth chosen; no bower of roses wooed him; no high ambition stirred his peaceful soul. He sought only to rear the standard of his Master, in that moral wilderness, and draw the straying ones under its protection. A log hut was his parsonage, a room guiltless of plaster, or of floor, except the earth, was his study, and the rudest and most uncultivated were his hearers. If he ever sought or wished for another lot, it was for May's sweet sake; but he looked into her tender, loving eyes, and saw that she was happy, even here.

A few years, and he saw how much two could do towards softening and refining the mass. His own example and his wife's—their gently persuading manners, and their perfect unselfishness, had done wonders;—and perhaps just at that time, Lewis would not have been tempted away from his chosen field. If he had a pang of regret, it was when his little Lewis was born. He looked at the child's future, and for a moment, he wavered; but it was the thought of all others, that he must not indulge, that of leaving his charge, now that he had buckled on his armor, and vowed to stand by them; and he conquered it at once.

After Lewis's birth, they enjoyed a year and a half of happiness, so serene, so utterly independent of all mere external sources, so fraught with a sweet consciousness of the freedom and beauty of their relation with those whom they came to serve, that May almost trembled to think of it, lest the cloud should overshadow them too soon. Her inward foreboding proved too prophetic. Her husband contracted a fever, while visiting some far away parishioners, and died in three days. It was hard to leave that dear form in the forests of the West, and feel that never again

might she visit the grave beneath the giant branches that overshadowed it; but May gathered up all her strength, mentally and physically, and went back to Alvord. Here, in a few weeks after her return, another child was born; and although her father would gladly do all that he could for the helpless widow and orphans, May resolved that the moment she could leave her little one with safety, she would go back to her school. Another teacher had supplied her place, and now she, too, was to tread the same path in which May had preceded her; and fortunately, the application was not made too late.

Resolutely putting down her tumultuous grief, she went back to her employment. The children had grown almost out of her knowledge, and many were added to the school; but all seemed to love her, and to feel that one who moved about in her black dress so quietly, and wore such a sweet but mournful smile, must not be rudely disturbed. Still May loved best to see them glad and happy, and in a few weeks of self-discipline, she learned to bring a brighter look into the little school-house; and to diffuse a sense of happiness about her, more suited to the young and joyous natures of her pupils.

In her father's house, the advent of the two little ones was a great happiness. Anne King was older than May, and to her heart, once saddened by a secret woe, the children came like a mighty blessing, drawing out the springs of hidden love within her, and diffusing over her lonely life a beauty and a grace she had not dreamed of knowing again.

To the other brothers and sisters of the same family, the little Lewis and his baby brother were sources of unqualified pleasure; while Mr. King would delight in their sports, and bring up all his forgotten baby-lore to amuse them in their mother's absence.

The six school hours were, therefore, saddened by no anxiety for her children, and she grew to be almost happy. The memory of the dead, the thought of the resting-place of Lewis beneath the forest trees, the fear that she might not live to take care of his children, sometimes troubled the current of her life with a passing gloom, but hope and trust were still strong at her heart. Health and strength followed in their train, and she bore life with a feeling of entire resignation, if not of happiness.

There was not a heart in Alvord that did not love May Kenneth. She was not beautiful—that is as the world deems it—she was not highly talented, either; but there was a charm in her unconscious goodness that was better than beauty or talent. It is not to be supposed that May

could have this quality of drawing hearts towards her, without being sought again as a wife. Her first offer came in such a questionable shape, that she hardly knew whether to consider it as such or not. Stephen Atherton had arrived at the ripe age of forty-five, without any apparent intention of marrying. Bachelor habits were stamped upon his household, his business, his very air, as he walked the streets; firm, precise and unyielding. He wore a wig, and the wags of the village affirmed that his mustaches were fastened to his collar and moved with every turn of his head, in unison with the "dicky" itself.

Mr. Atherton was in love with May Kenneth, that was evident. He had been in love with her, years ago, as May King. He had loved Anne King, too, and he had been a flirt from his youth. Few of his loves had been returned, for all knew, that above all creatures in the world, he had loved *himself*. His intense selfishness had made him a bachelor. He had not heart enough to ask a woman, boldly and fearlessly, to be his wife, and to make up his mind to bear her decision like a man, even if she denied him; but he had ever fluttered round from flower to flower, trying to pique one woman into loving him, by heartless attentions to another, and flying off to a third, lest that other should feel too much encouraged to hope for the honor of being Stephen Atherton's wife.

Now that May King had returned, and he felt that she could only be too happy to become that envied woman, he commenced anew his attentions to her, drawing the notice of others towards them, by attending her to school in the morning, and walking that way again, at the hour when she would be ready to dismiss her little troop.

It was very unpleasant to May, and she had done everything which she dared, to prevent it. But he seemed to exult in the notoriety it occasioned, and smiled when his acquaintances congratulated him on his good fortune. "Rather the lady's good fortune," he said, "I flatter myself that the widow would consider herself quite happy; but I assure you, that my mind is yet hardly made up."

He was on his way to the school-house, then; and met May just coming out. She felt vexed and angry, for she had just received a letter which had demanded some reflection, and she could not bear the self-satisfied and assured air which Mr. Atherton had put on.

As usual, he walked by her side, and as usual, also, his conversation was of love. In vain May hurried along; in vain she looked over her letter; he was not to be turned aside. At last,

with a strong effort, for her manner piqued him into a more hasty demonstration than he would otherwise have made, he said :

"Mrs. Kenneth, were a man who prizes your character to offer himself to you, would you marry again?"

"What right have you to ask?" she said.

"The right of a former interest in you, perhaps to be renewed again," he answered.

"I do not admit any former interest; you gave way to a little affected passion. I never believed in it."

"You do me wrong. I did really like you once. It would be easy for you to make me like you again."

"Don't try to, Mr. Atherton. It would not repay you for the trouble."

"You cannot mean that. There are many who would be easily caught with less."

"Very well, I am not one of them, nor will I interfere with their claims. Good morning," and May opened the gate and walked in without a word.

Mr. Atherton stared in blank dismay. He followed, and found her in the parlor.

"Mrs. Kenneth, did you mean what you said just now?"

"I have almost forgotten it. What was it? I presume I meant it, I always mean what I say."

"Did you mean to refuse me?"

"Having heard no offer, I could not do that."

"I was willing that you should consider it as such; and I ask you again, if you have any objections to me."

"None in the least. Why should I?"

"Then you will marry me. I knew, I felt that you would."

"A little too fast, Mr. Atherton. I did not say that. Stop until I call my sister, and if she has no objections to make—"

"Mrs. Kenneth! I beg, I entreat—"

Anne King stepped into the room with the stateliness of a queen.

"Really, Mr. Atherton," she said, "I did not know, when you were making proposals to me last night, that you were only rehearsing for my sister's benefit."

Mr. Atherton's face would have been a treasure to a painter, at that moment. Such confusion he exhibited, that May's kindly nature was really touched. But Anne was perversely disposed to annoy him.

"What a perfect waste of eloquence you bestowed on me, Mr. Atherton; notwithstanding my former experience of your fickleness, I really thought, last night, that your character as a male

coquette was rather mending; and perhaps I might have taken you, after all. But I resign you to poor dear May. I would not come between her and her happiness;" and with a graceful laugh, she left the room, from whence Mr. Atherton glided out, evidently thinking less of himself than he ever did before.

That evening, before the story could be circulated, he offered himself to Miss Cynthia Hanson, and was accepted. May earnestly entreated Anne not to speak of the matter, but she thought it quite too good to keep, and the next week, Mr. Atherton was many times asked, which of the Kings had accepted his homage.

It would be useless to mention the disappointment of the apothecary, the lawyer and the new doctor, who each in turn were brought to acknowledge May's power. She turned a deaf ear to all, even to Mr. Octavius Bond, the dry goods merchant, who perpetrated the most distressing lines ever inscribed to "Dearest May." It was remarkable, too, that each followed the example of Mr. Atherton, after refusal, and was straightway engaged to some other lady.

"It must be a comfort to you, May," said Anne, "that you have helped to bring so many people together, and make them happy."

May began to be very tired of all this. She was human, too, in spite of the cruel heart-aches she had caused, and the remembrance of a smile which had been given her, in one of her little Saturday afternoon excursions, which she was in the habit of taking for Lewis's and Charlie's health, after the school was over for the week, often came back, and was as often driven away.

But the smile was seen again, and this time the gentleman found some one to introduce him; and thereupon, the acquaintance ripened into friendship; and then Mr. Easton brought his pretty daughter, and begged May to consider the child's orphan state, and to be a mother to her, and to allow him to become a father to her poor fatherless boys. May listened, and promised to think of it, and as Anne proposed to take him herself, in case her sister should not, May did think of it; and like all other affairs of a similar nature, it ended in wedding garments.

"Did sister Anne, remain an old maid?"

"Hush, child! that is not the name, now. Miss Anne King remained single until she found, or thought she found, a counterpart of her respected brother-in-law. Then she departed from her vow of perpetual mourning for the lost one of her youth, and she now rejoices in the care of a family, bequeathed to her by the late Mrs. Butler, and counting almost as many as that of the martyr, John Rogers."

THE LOST HOME.

BY CHARLES H. LAWTON.

The old home, my dear old home,
Where I played in early childhood,
The vine-clad house where my mother dwelt,
Near the fragrant, green-robed wild wood,
Has passed away, and strangers dwell
Where once I played all gladly,
And others claim those grand old trees,
While I am gazing on them sadly.

'Twas there my good old father died,
There angels called my brothers,
There fell asleep my brothers' brides—
What sorrow was my mother's!
There died my brother's little girl,
The laughing, blue-orbed Mary;
And strangers now possess the haunts
Where played that little fairy.

There, too, were born my best loved ones,
The laughing girls and boys,
Who cheer their father's careworn heart
When adverse fate annoys;
And there first breathed a loving one,
Who's cheered my weary hours,
With soothing voice and gentle words—
Affection's odorous flowers.

'Twas there with kind solicitude,
Guarding a lovely child,
My sister passed full many a year,
In pure affection mild.
So wonder not I love the spot,
And love those fine old elms;
I've ever loved them, ever shall,
Till the grave my form o'erwhelms.

And while through distant scenes I pass,
I'll heave a longing sigh
For the dear old home forever gone,
And will ye wonder why?
When ye think of the many ties that bind
My heart to the dear old spot,
A pitying tear mayhap you'll find,
And say we wonder not.

STREET ROMANCES.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

On the first floor of a house in the Place Royale there lived, twenty years ago, two single ladies—sisters. Martha and Angelique (these were their names) had been old maids for a long time. They had, in common, a pretty little fortune, a comfortable apartment, two cats, two dogs, a parrot, and a library containing "The Imitation of Christ," the "Life of the Saints," and three or four hundred volumes of old romances. Their peaceful existence was spent in playing at piquet in the evening with a bachelor neighbor of mature age—M. Labiche,—and in the day-time, in reading these three hundred romances, which

they knew by heart. The habit of always revolving in the same circle, and of constantly feeding their imaginations with the same romantic adventures, had identified, as it were, these good ladies with the heroes and heroines of these books, incessantly perused and re-perused; they knew them, they loved them, they talked of them as of old friends.

Such were the occupations of these two old maids, and their daily conversations, which the jests of M. Labiche, their neighbor, sometimes caused to degenerate into quarrels. M. Labiche was an honest man, who had not much to do but to pretend to look after his nephew, a gay student; and not being very romantic, to amuse himself with joking his two neighbors. When he entered their room, after the usual compliments, he would inquire, with an air of interest, about the affairs of the hero or heroine, then the order of the day.

One beautiful sunshiny day in spring they went out to take a walk with M. Labiche. There was a crowd on the Boulevards and at the Champs Elysees. Some rope-dancers were performing their tricks in the open air, gipsies were telling fortunes; Punch was attracting the passers-by around his booth; players on the harp, violin and clarinet, and singers with guitars, were parading on the avenues.

"How many mysteries in all these shattered existences!" said Miss Martha, raising her eyes to heaven.

"How many romances!" added Miss Angelique. "How many adventures could these people relate, if they would tell us how, descending from step to step, they found themselves one day, with guitar or violin in hand, on the street pavement!"

"Love may have caused the misfortunes of some," resumed Miss Martha.

"Love or perfidy," returned her sister, "the treason of friends, and perhaps cruel and barbarous parents."

"You are doubtless in the right," exclaimed M. Labiche. "All those personages are romances in themselves. That songstress with the harp, for instance—I will wager she is a daughter of the Great Mogul."

"Why not?"

"This is not a supposition—it is a fact. This young lady has sought refuge in the Champs Elysees of Paris, after having escaped from a convent, in which the Great Mogul, her father, had confined her."

"Convents in Mogul?"

"That is not more extraordinary than to see a Frenchman in China. As for that Hercules

who is balancing a chair on the end of his nose, I have heard say he was the younger brother of the Shah of Persia, proscribed from his cradle for his political principles—a species of Persian Iron Mask.”

“Look!” said Miss Martha, pointing him out to M. Labiche, “see that eternal musician in the alley at the left, loaded with instruments, who with his head, feet, hands and knees plays all at once the flageolet, the harp, the tamborine, cymbals, and another instrument of his own invention, composed of a quantity of bells attached to the two branches of an old pair of iron tongs. Look at that old man,” continued Miss Martha; “what ingenuity! How many piquant adventures does that inventive mind allow us to suppose! How many misfortunes do those wrinkles and white hairs announce!”

“And that great red nose,” replied M. Labiche; “what an incalculable number of bottles of wine drank in times past!”

“You have no soul,” said Miss Angelique.

Martha and Angelique pouted at their neighbor all the rest of the evening, which did not prevent M. Labiche from paying them a visit on the afternoon of the next day. The weather was very pleasant, and the two sisters were at work beside a window opening on the square; the subject of romances had not been alluded to, and M. Labiche was relating some political news, when a female voice was heard, accompanied by the notes of a guitar. The two sisters rose at once, as well as their neighbor, and perceived on the square, opposite the window, a street singer, whose face was concealed by a black lace veil. The voice which escaped from beneath this veil was not wanting in sweetness and a certain melancholy charm. Martha and Angelique exchanged a rapid glance.

“This woman,” said Martha, “with a noble figure and touching voice—”

“She wears a veil, which proves that she dares not show her face,” replied M. Labiche; “she is probably ugly.”

“You are insupportable,” exclaimed Angelique. “On the contrary, I will bet she is young and pretty, and if I dared, I would have her called in.”

“What hinders you?”

“I fear your raillery and your smiles, which might annoy this young person, evidently fallen into misfortune.”

“I promise not to open my lips, and to keep my face concealed in my hat. But I can do better; shall I go home?”

“No, remain; your word is sufficient.”

The two sisters called their domestic, and gave

her, speaking both at once, orders to go in search of the veiled songstress. An embarrassing silence afterwards reigned in the room. Martha and Angelique were not without apprehensions as to the result of their experiment. From the window they saw their domestic approach the singer and speak to her; then the latter turned towards the window, made a sign with her head in that direction, and approached with her guitar under her arm. When she appeared at the door of the parlor, Martha said in a voice of emotion, “Please to enter, miss, or madame, for we do not yet know which of these titles belongs to you. Enter without fear; you are surrounded with persons who compassionate your misfortunes before knowing them.”

As she spoke thus, she darted a severe glance on M. Labiche, to remind him of their agreement, and recognized with pleasure that the countenance of her neighbor was irreproachable.

“I thank the ladies for the interest they are pleased to manifest in me,” replied the singer, uttering a sigh.

“Believe it is not a simple sentiment of curiosity which animates us,” exclaimed Angelique. “Your appearance—your manners— But first sit down and allow us to offer you some refreshments.”

After having declined for a long time, the songstress at last consented to take a glass of sweetened water. She then raised her veil and showed a charming countenance, which could not have been more than twenty years.

Martha and Angelique with difficulty suppressed an exclamation of joy; and both cast a triumphant glance on M. Labiche, who contented himself with bowing slightly, as a confession of his defeat.

“Just Heaven!” said Martha, “how happens it that with so much beauty and talent—for you sing like an angel—we see you reduced to your present sad condition? I bless the Providence which conducted you to day beneath our windows; for you will surely not refuse to narrate to us your misfortunes; and I hope that if we cannot put a period to them, we can at least alleviate them by our consolations and our cares.”

The songstress sighed and raised her eyes to heaven.

“Alas! ladies,” said she, “there is, I believe, no person in the world who has the power to render me less unfortunate than I am. But the interest which you manifest in me is too precious for me to refuse a narrative which may touch your compassionate souls. You shall learn the misfortunes of a young girl who is the victim of a barbarous prejudice.”

The two sisters exchanged a look of commiseration, and drew their seats nearer to each other. M. Labiche installed himself comfortably in his arm-chair to listen. Then the woman, after having put her handkerchief to her eyes, commenced thus :

"I have already told you that you see in me the victim of a barbarous prejudice."

"I understand," exclaimed Angelique; "your friends attempted to compel you to take the veil in a convent."

"Not so," replied the singer; "in the religion I profess we have no convents. I am English, and my parents educated me in the Protestant faith. I fear this avowal, made here, and to persons whom I suppose profess the Catholic faith, will deprive me of a part of the interest you have been pleased to manifest in me."

"Why so?" said Martha, earnestly. "We are all children of the same God, and tolerance is the first Christian principle."

"I thank you," resumed the woman; "you revive my courage. You know then that I am English; at my birth the name of Lucy was given me. My father, Sir Thomas Brown, a distinguished officer, having lost an eye in the war, was much affected by it—because being by nature very sensitive, he feared he should not be able to please any lady, and that he would be married only for his money. He therefore swore, being one-eyed, to marry only a one-eyed woman, which proved the elevation of his sentiments." Martha and Angelique testified their approval of this resolution by a murmur of assent. "My father therefore espoused my mother, who, by chance, had but one eye. Nevertheless, I came into the world with two."

"And two very fine ones," observed Martha.

"You are very kind; I have always been told that my right eye was like my father's, and my left like my mother's."

"Let us see," said Angelique.

The two sisters arose at once to look more closely at the eyes of the singer.

"In fact," said Martha, "one is a little darker than the other."

"I will pass over these details. I grew up; a splendid education was given me; and my father, who, it was said, had never done anything at the right time, lost his fortune just as I became of a marriageable age. Nevertheless, a young man presented himself as a candidate for my hand. Arthur Lyons (this was his name) adored me; and, for my part, I was much pleased with his attentions, when he suddenly disappeared, leaving me a letter, in which he informed me that a marriage was henceforth impossible

between us, and that he was going to the continent with death in his soul.

"Pardon my emotion," resumed the singer, wiping her eyes. "After so many years, the remembrance of the flight of my lover is as painful to me as at first."

"That is very natural. But so many years you say; how old are you then?"

"Twenty years, three months and some days; and I was eighteen when my lover disappeared. It is then but two years since; but you know time seems long to those who suffer and sigh. I resume the thread of my narrative: My father, indignant against Arthur, ascended to the garret to take his sabre, which was rusty. He sharpened it, and set out in pursuit of Arthur, taking with him my mother and myself. Judge of the horror of my situation. We traversed all France without finding my lover. At Lyons, alone, we were informed that a man, whose description resembled Arthur, had just set out in the diligence for Marseilles. My father took a post-chaise, and we reached Marseilles at the same time with the diligence. The man whom we were pursuing, left the carriage; he wore green spectacles. My father, blinded by fury, and believing that Arthur had got on spectacles that he might not be recognized, precipitated himself with rage upon the stranger. They fought, and my father received a severe wound in the breast.

"My mother and myself were uttering frightful cries, when suddenly eight or ten men rushed out from behind some rocks, seized the stranger and myself, and placed us in a boat, which carried us to a xebec, anchored at a little distance. It was manned by Algerine pirates, who had carried their audacity so far as to make a descent on the coasts of Provence. The pirates treated us kindly; but I had the chagrin to see my companion, whom I should have said was not Arthur, fall in love with me. 'You comprehend,' said I to him, 'that after the sword-thrust you gave my father, I could not favor your suit; and besides, I am engaged to Arthur Lyons.'

"'Arthur Lyons?' exclaimed he. 'I knew him at Paris.'

"I must tell you that my companion in captivity was a dentist by profession. My lover, when he saw him, had been on the point of setting out on the enterprise of a man in despair. Unable to console himself for my loss, his plan was to go to America, in order to descend alone in a small boat, the cataract of Niagara. 'If I survive,' said he, 'I shall attempt to descend the rapids of the Ohio in a bark canoe, then the falls of the Meschabe, and by risking myself

thus successively in all the cataracts of the globe, I shall at last succeed in putting a period to a life which has become a burden."

"Poor Arthur Lyons!" exclaimed Angelique. "What a romantic soul! But I cannot comprehend how, loving you to such a degree, he could have forsaken you."

"You shall soon learn," resumed the singer. "My grief at this sad intelligence may be more easily imagined than described. I passed my days and nights in tears. But suddenly a ship belonging to the French navy chased us, and, to avoid her, the xobec directed its course towards Egypt, where we were sold to some merchants who were going in a caravan to Suez. The pacha of this city bought the dentist and myself. He was a brutal man, who summoned us to his presence, and learning the nature of my companion's profession, sent for his prime minister, who had a fine set of teeth, and demanded a proof of his skill in extracting one. My companion had his case of instruments in his pocket, and easily succeeded in taking out two of his finest teeth. The poor fellow fled in terror.

"You are a skilful man," said the pacha, to my companion. "Unfortunately, your talents cannot be useful to me; for I rather need new teeth, as I have long had but one."

"I can easily satisfy you, my lord, provided I can procure the teeth of a hippopotamus."

"For several days the pacha was in conference with my companion. One evening the latter came in search of me.

"You comprehend, beautiful Lucy," said he, "that I cannot long remain at the court of Suez, since I have made the prime minister my enemy. I have therefore sought means to fly. The pacha is persuaded that, in order to fulfil my promise to him, I must have the teeth of a hippopotamus killed during the full moon. I shall set out to-morrow morning, with some slaves, to give chase to these animals; and this is my plan: We shall kill a large number of hippopotamuses, whose teeth I shall keep; afterwards, I will escape from the vigilance of the slaves, traverse Africa on foot to the Cape of Good Hope, and there embark for Europe with my treasure, which I now lay at your feet; for I hope, beautiful Lucy, that you will consent to fly with me."

"It is impossible," replied I. "After the sword-thrust you gave my father—"

"He grew angry, and loaded me with invectives, which did but confirm my refusal. He set out the next day as he had announced, and it was then, to amuse himself while awaiting his return, that the pacha summoned me to his presence, and after asking me various questions with

regard to myself, announced his intention of espousing me that very evening. Imagine my despair. I went away in tears, and was calling death to my aid, when a slave, who had been attached to my service, approached and told me in the negro dialect, that he was interested in me and would save me, if I would confide in him. He was an old man of sixty, who sometimes played the guitar for the amusement of the pacha. I could not comprehend how he could be useful to me; but the event proved that I was right to trust in him. After dinner the pacha summoned me to his presence.

"This evening," said he, "I shall espouse you."

"I was ready to faint at this declaration; but remembering the counsel of the slave, I said:

"I am very much flattered by the honor you intend conferring on me; but in my country we do not marry with so little ceremony—it is customary, at least, to have a little music in honor of the occasion."

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?" replied the pacha. "Let some one go in search of my chapel-master, Solsirepifpan."

"This was the name of the old slave. He presented himself with his guitar.

"Play us something immediately," said the pacha to him; "and if you do not succeed in amusing me as well as this lady, I will have your head cut off!"

"Solsirepifpan bowed, and after having drawn from his guitar a few chords and graceful preludes, commenced a melancholy air, which the pacha accompanied by beating time with his head and foot. By degrees his motions slackened, and he ended by falling asleep on his cushions. No one, it will be imagined, dared to disturb him, and I returned on tip-toe to my room, saved for this evening, but not without uneasiness as to what might happen on the morrow. In fact, the day following I was again summoned to dinner, and at the dessert I said to the pacha: 'My lord, shall we not have a little music this evening, also?'

"The pacha immediately sent for his chapel-master, uttering the most frightful oaths that he would not suffer himself to be surprised by sleep this evening.

"Solsirepifpan appeared with his guitar, besides, a pair of cymbals which he fastened to his knees. The pacha, who had never seen the like, opened his eyes wide, looking alternately at the guitar and the plates of copper, with whose noise he seemed to be fascinated. Half an hour had not passed away, when, as the evening before, he was overcome with sleep.

"On the third day I was again summoned, and as before, Solsirepifpan was sent for at my request. He presented himself with his guitar, cymbals, and Chinese bells on his head. The astonishment of the pacha was at its height when he heard the noise made by these three instruments. As before, he fell asleep. The next day Solsirepifpan added to his orchestra a tamborine, which he played with his heels."

"But," said Angelique, "one would think you were describing the old musician we saw yesterday at the Champs Elysees."

"That is he of whom I speak," she replied.

"And how came this man in Paris?"

"That you shall learn in the sequel."

"But," resumed Angelique, "Solsirepifpan is as white as you are, and you said he spoke the negro dialect."

"He is nevertheless not a negro; he is a white Ethiopian, who had been taken prisoner in his youth by the troops of the Pacha of Suez. He belonged to one of the first families of Ethiopia, and had been invested at his birth with the dignity of murse, one of the most considerable in the country. But to resume my narrative: On the fourth day, my old friend—for I shall henceforth give the musician this title—said to me, 'I am at the end of my science, for you comprehend that one man, were he twice a murse, cannot play on more than four instruments at once. I have therefore taken measures to flee.'

"But how shall we escape the guards who surround the palace?"

"He drew me into his room. 'Every evening,' said he, 'I rehearse at this hour the piece that I am to play the next day, and all the guards abandon their posts to listen at my door. It only remains for me to assemble them there this evening, and detain them some time. I have taken my measures for this.' In fact, by an ingenious combination, he had attached his instruments to each other by threads connected with a small cord, which terminated in a large round box, similar to our turnspits. While I was looking at this mechanism with astonishment, he opened a large wardrobe, in which he had had the precaution the night before to shut up the pacha's favorite monkey. My old friend took the monkey and put it in the box. The animal, affrighted, began to move its paws; the box immediately turned, and there was a frightful hubbub of cymbals and Chinese bells. I could not help laughing; but my friend, always full of prudence, raised his finger to recommend silence, and soon murmurs were heard behind the door, indicating that the guards were assembled there. We then descended by a window, opening on the gardens,

and after having cleared a low wall, soon found ourselves without the suburbs of Suez."

Here she paused to take breath, and to drink a glass of sweetened water.

"How many adventures!" said Martha; "and yet there are persons who will not believe in romances!"

Meanwhile the singer, who had just risen and was approaching the window, suddenly exclaimed, "There he is, ladies!"

"Who? Are you speaking of Solsirepifpan?"

"No; but look! It is he, below there, on the square."

She pointed with her finger to a young man in a blue spencer, with a piece of black taffety over one eye, who had before him a little table with the paraphernalia of a juggler. The young man having turned at the exclamation of the songstress, hastily folded up his little table, placed it under his arm, put his cups into his pocket, and rushed towards the house.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed he, as he entered the house, terrified, and without saluting anybody, "I have found you in time, Miss Lucy, Come quick—let us fly—the danger increases every moment!"

As he spoke thus, he took by the arm the singer, who seemed to have fainted, and attempted to drag her to the door.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the two ladies. "Why are you carrying off this young person? What signifies this violence? Barbarous ravisher, whither would you conduct her?"

The young man with the black taffety swallowed, as if through absence of mind, the glass of sweetened water prepared for the songstress.

"I would conduct her to the Persian ambassador!" replied he.

"We will not suffer it!" exclaimed Martha and Angelique. "Help! Here, M. Labiche! Jeanne Marguerite, shut the door! Help!"

"Stop," said the singer, with a tremulous voice, at the moment she was about to disappear on the stairs. "No noise, or you will ruin me! This young man is my deliverer!"

"What a singular adventure!" said Martha, who knew not what part to take.

The young man re-appeared at the door of the saloon, and whispered mysteriously to the two ladies, "I am Arthur Lyons!"

"It is enough to distract one!" exclaimed the two sisters.

They put their heads out of the window, and saw Arthur and Lucy enter a hackney coach, which drove off at a gallop. It will be readily imagined what was the subject of the conversation for the three persons remaining in the saloon

"What can this mystery be, and what new danger threatens Lucy? Why has Arthur come here to carry her off, dressed as a juggler, and with a piece of black taffety over his eyes? Shall we never again see this young Englishwoman, and never learn the sequel of her history?"

Nearly two hours had passed away since the abduction, when, to the great surprise of everybody, the young man with the taffety reappeared at the door of the saloon.

"Ladies," said he, "I come to apologize for the hasty manner in which I entered just now; but time pressed. Now, my dear Lucy is out of danger, and I can give you all the explanations which are your due, for Lucy has informed me of your kindness to her; and since you know a part of her story and mine, I hope to be able to prove to you that Arthur Lyons was not born to the humble profession which he is practising at this moment. I am not a common juggler, and if you will deign to accord to me a little of that interest which you have manifested in my unfortunate love—"

"Certainly, Mr. Lyons; we are anxious to hear you. But begin by accepting a few drops of *kirsch*, which will not be too much to restore you after the terrible emotions of this day."

A servant brought the young man a glass of *kirsch*, and he then commenced his story:

"You must not be surprised if you find now and then some incoherences in my narrative; this proceeds from a blow I received in the head in descending the cataract of Niagara in a frail canoe of bark. I loved Lucy, and had obtained the promise of her hand, when I made this painful discovery, that the father of my beloved was a rascal, who had trifled with me. You see why Lucy's delicacy should have prevented her telling you this. My despair at this separation was so profound that it inspired me with the idea of putting an end to my life. I therefore sought death in perilous enterprises. Having passed over to America—after having revealed my project to the dentist, with whom you are already acquainted—I commenced by descended the cataract of Niagara in a light bark canoe. It was its very lightness that saved me. It swam like a cork, and I experienced no other injury than a blow on the hand received from a rock at the surface of the water. I risked my life with the same success on all the rivers of America, and at last becoming more obstinate as I found death more difficult, crossed over to the continent of Africa. One day as I was suffering my canoe to drift down the river Pongoi Pongo, I saw a man running on the shore, pursued by negroes and crying for help. With two strokes of the oar I

reached the bank. The fugitive sprang into my bark, and we regained the middle of the stream. Our boat rapidly descended the river, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit. But what was my astonishment at recognising in the man whom I had just saved, my Parisian dentist. He related to me the facts you already know, and added that having killed many hippopotamuses, he had attempted to escape from the servants of the pacha, to reach the Cape, and thence pass into Europe.

"This intelligence, as you may imagine, at once changed my plans. Determined to find Lucy at all hazards, I abandoned my canoe and a part of my money to the dentist, and returning by the bank of the river, at last fell in with the negroes, and offered to accompany them to the pacha, in place of the man who had escaped. After a three days and three nights' march, we entered the city, and I was conducted to the presence of the pacha. I found him enraged at the departure of Lucy. He received me with a shower of blows. Forgetting all prudence, I replied sharply. A violent quarrel took place, and exasperated in my turn, I took him by the throat, and as he was about to have struck me with his poignard, wrested it from his hands, and plunged it into his breast. He fell dead at my feet! I seized his clothes, turned his turban over my eyes, and went out with a confident step. No one thought of stopping me, and I was far from Suez before the murder of the pacha was known.

"To prevent being traced by the people, who might have been sent in pursuit of me, I crossed the Red Sea by swimming; then passing through Arabia, Persia and Mogul, returned to France, after having narrowly escaped death twenty times, and practised all trades to obtain a living. I at last adopted the profession of a juggler, for which nature had given me an especial aptitude. By an unexpected chance, I found Lucy, with her faithful musician, on a steamboat which plies between Smyrna and Marseilles. We returned to Paris together, and here new misfortunes awaited us. My family, blinded by the intrigues of an elder brother, who wished to have my property, had proscribed me, so that I am compelled to continue my profession of juggler. The father of my mistress, Sir Thomas Brown, who recovered from the wound he had received, was seeking his daughter to shut her up in a convent. Fortunately the Persian ambassador, with whom I had become acquainted during my travels, offered me his protection, and it was to his hotel, beneath the shelter of his flag, that I conducted my mistress this morning, at the moment when

the agents of the English embassy were about to seize her. Our project is to become naturalised Persians, that we may henceforth live in safety. I will add that the letters of naturalization must be now ready, and are but to be signed. The old chapel-master, Solsirepifpan, has installed himself at the Champs Elysees, where you have met him more than once. As for the dentist, he became my friend, though he would have carried off my Lucy from me; he returned six months since, after a shipwreck, in which he lost his whole cargo of hippopotamus teeth, and is selling on the *Place de la Bastille* little packets of Persian powder, which he himself manufactures of charcoal from Youne."

The two sisters, after thanking the young man for his politeness, and asking him numerous questions, consulted together a moment, and said, "I suppose, sir, that after so many misadventures, it would be a great pleasure for all four of you, the chapel-master, the dentist, Miss Lucy and yourself, to meet. My sister and myself will be happy to be spectators of this re-union, and if you will permit us to invite you to dinner to-morrow, this would be in our eyes the most agreeable conclusion of your narrative."

The young man overwhelmed her with thanks and apologies.

"No excuses," said Miss Angelique. "As Miss Lucy and yourself are this evening to become naturalized Persians, there will be no longer any danger in this dear child's appearing in the street. So we shall rely upon you, and will ourselves invite the chapel-master whom we already know."

"I ought to inform you," said Arthur, "that he is deaf, and that his misfortunes have rendered him cross and crabbed; I think he is somewhat in love with Lucy, though from delicacy he has concealed this hopeless passion."

"Poor man!" said Angelique.

"As for the dentist, I shall myself have the honor to bring him and introduce him to you."

At these words, Arthur saluted them twice in the Chinese fashion, holding his arms and the forefinger of each hand elevated above his head; for which he apologized, saying that it was a bad habit which he had contracted during his travels. He afterwards saluted them properly and went out in the European manner.

"Ouf!" said M. Labiche; "there is no end of that. Do you believe a word of what this fellow has told you?"

"How incredulous you are!" exclaimed the two sisters. "And is there anything in this narrative more incredible than what we read every day in the most celebrated romances?"

"I pass over the story of the songstress, although it is very improbable; but as for the young man, allow me to say that he tells stretchers. Do you believe, for example, that he swam across the Red Sea, as he says?"

"The Jews formerly passed over on dry land. Besides, Sir Arthur took care to inform us that he had received a blow on his head, which accounts for any incoherence in his ideas."

"Parbleu!" exclaimed M. Labiche; "if anybody's head is out of order, I know whose it is."

"Why do you not say at once that we are old fools?" exclaimed the two sisters. "It would be doubtless useless to ask you, who do not believe in romances, to dine with us to-morrow; you would not do us this honor."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed M. Labiche; "your stories would destroy my appetite."

"Well, our hero of romance can dispense with the presence of your austere countenance, and I hope they will but eat the better for it."

"Great good may it do them!"

At these words, M. Labiche took his hat and cane, and went out with a furious air.

Preparations for dinner commenced the next morning early. The fine linen damask, the massive family plate, long lying unused in the closets, once more saw the light of day; the kitchen was crammed with provisions, among which was an enormous tart of sweetmeats Miss Angelique had prepared with her hands.

Towards noon, the sisters dressed themselves to go out. Their object was to invite the chapel-master, otherwise the musician of the Champs Elysees.

"We may not meet him," said Miss Martha; "perhaps he will not have come out to-day, and we do not know where he lives."

"In this case," replied Miss Angelique, "Sir Arthur would himself take the trouble to go in search of him."

Their toilet finished, the two sisters took a carriage and directed their course towards the Champs Elysees. It was not without a lively sentiment of joy that they perceived, from afar, the musician in his usual place, and laden with his extraordinary instruments.

"I shall never dare to speak to him first," said Miss Angelique.

"Nor I," said her sister; "this old man inspires me with so much respect; besides, I do not know how to address a nurse."

"Nevertheless some one must commence!"

After a long hesitation, Miss Martha approached the musician without quitting the arm of her sister.

"Noble nurse," said she to him.

But the hubbub of the cymbals, the Chinese bells and the tongs was such, that the old man appeared not to hear her. Then Miss Angelique touched his shoulder, and the musician turned his head in that direction.

"Noble muree," resumed Miss Martha, "we are sent to you by old friends, to invite you to come and dine with them this evening."

"What?" replied the musician, with a movement of the body which caused all the bells to jingle; "will they pay for the dinner? Good! I suppose it is my friend the tow-eater who has invited me."

"Yes, respectable old man, some friends wish to dine with you. They will expect you this evening at this address," giving him a card, "at six o'clock. Do not fail to be there, noble muree."

A considerable number had gathered around these three personages.

"Madame," said an old gentleman to Miss Martha, very politely, "tell us, if you please, what is a muree?"

Miss Martha had forgotten the explanation which they had given her the night before, but she retained her sang-froid and replied:

"Sir, is it possible that at your age you are ignorant of these things?" And leaving the old gentleman motionless with astonishment, she re-entered the carriage with her sister.

"I confess," said Angelique, "that I was not much pleased with this old man. He seems to me to have contracted very bad habits, and I even thought I smelt wine."

"It is poverty," said Martha.

Reasoning thus, the two sisters returned to the Place Royale.

The guests were punctual to the rendezvous. A little before six, Sir Arthur arrived first, giving his arm to Lucy. Both wore a turban with a crescent, which they took off to salute their hostess. The young man still wore the piece of taffety over his eye. The two sisters embraced Lucy affectionately. She was indeed charming in her turban.

"Allow me to introduce to you our friend the dentist Theogenes," said Arthur; "the destroyer of hippopotamuses and the companion of all our misfortunes. Theogenes, dentist to the prime minister of the late Pacha of Suez!"

As he spoke thus, Arthur pointed to a tall, light complexioned young man, who held in his hand a little leather cap, resembling the coiffure of German students.

"Ladies," said Theogenes, modestly, "my long voyages have made me acquainted with the customs of good company in the fire quarters of

the globe. How shall I salute you? In the Ethiopian or Chinese manner? Do you prefer the Caffre salutation or that of the natives of the Sunda Islands, who whirl round three times?"

"In any mode you please, sir," said the two sisters.

"Then I will give you first the Turkish salutation and afterwards the French."

At this moment, a noise as of quarrelling was heard in the ante-chamber. It was the musician, who had arrived, and whom the servant had obstinately refused admittance, because of his long beard and his want of neatness. The ladies went out to meet him and invited him to enter. The old man, surprised to find himself in the midst of persons whom he did not know, looked around him, as if seeking some one with his eyes, and murmured:

"Where is the tow-eater?"

"He is coming," replied Arthur.

Notwithstanding this assurance, the man appeared uneasy and took refuge in a corner. Suddenly returning to his fixed idea, which was to find his friend, he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Why, then, is not the tow-eater here?"

The two sisters had left the room and did not hear this cry of distress. Theogenes seized the old musician, flattered him, instructed him, and succeeded in quieting him. He was powerfully aided in this enterprise by certain inviting odors issuing from the kitchen. Dinner was announced. Arthur hastened to offer his hand to Miss Angelique; Theogenes followed, giving one hand to Miss Martha, the other to Lucy. The musician came last, asking no more explanations since he had comprehended that they were about to dine. On seeing the table copiously garnished, he began to whistle softly, in sign of satisfaction. Miss Martha looked with astonishment at Sir Arthur, who said in a low tone:

"It is the sacred whistle of the Ethiopian murees, prescribed by their religion before each repast."

They seated themselves at the table; the cheer was delicate, and the wines choice. The guests complimented the mistress of the house.

"During my long residence in China," said Theogenes, "I ate delicious swallows' nests, but they are not to be compared with this *vol au vent*."

"How, sir," asked Miss Angelique, "have you been in China? Your friend, Sir Arthur, did not tell us that!"

"It was because he had not time to give you all the details of my history; but I have lived in Pekin, where they eat broth with slender sticks, which makes me very awkward in using a spoon."

"With sticks?" repeated Miss Angelique, in astonishment.

"That is not extraordinary there, because they bring up their children early to perform tricks. If I had some stocks, it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to show you how they eat broth with them."

Miss Martha, who had a desire to see such a prodigy, said to Theogenes:

"Will knitting-needles do instead?"

"Very well; but it is a pity you had not thought of it sooner, for I have finished my soup."

Sir Arthur rose, and taking his glass, cried:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I drink to sensibility, to that noble sentiment which opens our hearts to the love of our neighbors, and our ears to the recital of their misfortunes! If we are assembled here after so many trials, the noble nurse, the charming Miss Lucy, Theogenes and myself, if we are seated all together at this hospitable table, we owe it to the angelic sensibility of these two excellent ladies. Ladies and gentlemen, to sensitive hearts!"

All the glasses were emptied at once, and even the two sisters, though they were not in the habit of drinking wine, did honor to the toast, with evident emotion. There was then a moment of silence. The nurse seemed entirely to have forgotten his friend, whose absence had at first made him so uneasy. He ate and drank with a sort of enthusiasm, smacking his lips after each draught. Miss Lucy, on her part, though with a modest air, did justice to the feast. Suddenly Miss Martha, to re-animate the conversation, addressed herself to Sir Arthur:

"Sir," said she, "I have not yet learned the reason why you constantly wear that piece of taffety over your left eye. Can you have lost it?"

"I might reply that I had lost it," said Sir Arthur, "but that would not be the truth. If I have hitherto worn this piece of taffety, it has been that I might not be recognized, but now that I am a naturalized Persian, I may show my face uncovered." Then taking off the taffety, he exclaimed, in a tone of solemnity: "Sun, I have too long contemplated thee with but one eye! But there is nothing like having two eyes, whatever the infamous Sir Thomas Brown may say."

"Ah, my friend," said Lucy, devouring a chicken-wing "you forget that you are speaking of my father!"

"I respect that one-eyed man," replied Arthur, "though he little deserves it; but what do I see now that I have my two eyes? It seems to me our unfortunate friend Theogenes is falling into one of his fits of melancholy."

In fact, Theogenes had for some time kept his eyes obstinately fixed on a lacquered tray ornamented with Chinese paintings.

"Sir," said Miss Angelique to him, "why do you look at that tray with an air so sad?"

"Alas," sighed Theogenes, "do not ask me! You re-open the most cruel wound of my heart. Among the paintings on this tray, I see the representation of a young Chinese lady, and this charming figure reminds me— But why recall these sad remembrances amid the joy of a feast! Rather let us imitate this good nurse who does not cease to fill his glass and empty it with equal philosophy. In the name of heaven, take away this tray from before my eyes, if you would not have me expire with grief!"

Sir Arthur eagerly removed the tray, and addressing the two sisters, said:

"To efface the sad impression caused by the misfortunes of our friend Theogenes, and as a substitute for the story of his love which he will relate to-morrow, I will ask these ladies permission to sing them a song."

Permission was readily granted and Sir Arthur gave a song which he had learned of the negroes, and in the chorus of which Theogenes, Miss Lucy and the nurse joined. The latter committed several errors in the words, but he developed a superb bass voice, and accompanied himself by striking with his knife on his glass, as did also Lucy, Sir Arthur and Theogenes. In the midst of this confusion, the door opened suddenly and M. Labiche appeared on the threshold, where he remained for a moment immovable as a statue.

At the arrival of M. Labiche, the chorus suddenly ceased; the nurse alone, plunged in a sort of ecstasy and with his eyes fixed on his glass, repeated with enthusiasm the third couplet, attempting to imitate the negro accent. As for the two sisters, it is impossible to paint their confusion. M. Labiche advanced, and fixing his eyes on Arthur, exclaimed:

"On my word, now that this graceless fellow has laid aside his taffety, I recognize him; it is my nephew!"

"His nephew!" said the young man, with a tragic air; "I am Sir Arthur Lyons, English by birth, as true as that these are Miss Lucy, the daughter of Sir Thomas Brown, and Theogenes the dentist and destroyer of hippopotamuses of the Place de la Bastille. This man appears to have evil intentions towards me, but I place myself under the protection of the Persian flag, and if I am driven to extremities, will embrace Islamism."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the two sisters; "what does this signify?"

"It signifies," resumed M. Labiche, "that my nephew, whom you see there, is no more English than I am the Grand Turk, and that he has been telling you nonsense for two days past, with the assistance of his friend Theogenes, who is called Theogenes no more than you are, and this lady, whose titles and qualities I can guess." Then facing his nephew, he added: "Is this the way you employ your time, instead of pursuing your law studies? How you have abused the sensibility of these two excellent ladies by disgracing yourself as a giggler and telling them a thousand ridiculous stories, and that in my presence! What, you dared assert that you had descended the Falls of Niagara in a bark canoe, assassinated the Pacha of Suez, crossed the Red Sea by swimming, and killed thousands of hippopotamuses?"

"It was not I who killed them, uncle, it was my friend Theogenes."

"Out upon your hippopotamuses!"

"Uncle," said Sir Arthur, "you have exceeded all bounds with Theogenes. He is a lawyer of the highest order and will soon be a magistrate. Your inconsiderate language may cost you dear."

"Three grounds of accusation," resumed Theogenes, counting on his fingers: "First, abuse and disrespect towards a magistrate at table. Second, excitation of hatred and contempt for a class of society, the hippopotamus hunters. Third, damages to the trade in horn snuff-boxes."

"Stop your nonsense," said M. Labiche. "As for our Miss Lucy, if I am not much mistaken, her graceful person was represented to us by one of our most celebrated dancers of La Chaux-mères, probably Mademoiselle Pomponnette, or Mademoiselle Perce-Orcille."

"Neither Pomponnette nor Perce-Orcille," replied Lucy, with a graceful courtesy, "but their rival, the amiable Mouche-a-Miel, if you please."

"Let us leave this barbarous guardian to the bitterness of his evil thoughts," said Theogenes.

"I dare not curse him, but I dare fly from him," said Mouch-a-Miel.

After the departure of his nephew, Theogenes and Mouch-a-Miel, M. Labiche dropped upon a seat, a prey to a fit of laughter which lasted a good quarter of an hour. The two sisters comprehended that they had been the victims of an atrocious mystification. They pouted at M. Labiche for a fortnight. But one rainy morning ennui compelled them to return to their cards, and a game of piquet reconciled them.

THE INTREPID PASSENGER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

I TOOK passage from Liverpool on a fine looking English liner, and we hoped to make the run to New York inside of twenty days. It was during the Irish exodus, which was at its height some five years since, and we had at least two hundred passengers of that nationality in the ship, with about twenty cabin passengers. The ship, however, was a large and well found vessel, and I saw no reason, on a casual examination, why she would not prove reasonably comfortable. I had made the outward trip in a steamer, and chose a sailing vessel on my return, for sake of the variety it would afford.

Scarcely had we discharged the pilot and fairly laid our course, before I saw unmistakable evidence that in my choice of a vessel I had probably been unfortunate. From a somewhat extensive experience with the sea and the belongings of a ship, I naturally found myself at the outset inclined to observe the character of the captain, officers and crew to the safety of whose management so large a number of human beings had entrusted themselves. The captain alone seemed to possess a degree of intelligence which his station demanded, while of his mates I saw not one who looked outwardly as though fitted for a station of trust. Indeed, the first officer I was satisfied was three fourths intoxicated from the very outset, and continued so to the end of the voyage.

The crew were honest enough, as such ships' companies go, and under proper lead and discipline would doubtless have done well under any ordinary circumstances. To balance this apparent want of excellence in the crew and officers, the ship itself was a staunch eight-hundred ton liner, of fine model, nearly new, and this only her second voyage. Everything about her worked easily, and she steered like a pilot-boat. Consoling myself with these reflections, I resolved to be watchful and hope for the best, but would much have preferred to be on dry land to taking passage in a ship the skill of whose officers I distrusted.

The cabin passengers were soon pleasantly acquainted with each other, and the time passed agreeably for some eight days in the playing of games, cards, chatting, etc. I was particularly pleased with the appearance of one couple, a lady of some nineteen years, and a gentleman of perhaps twenty-two. From casual observation, I could easily make out a story connected with them. The lady and her father, a wealthy

New York retired merchant, were on their way home after a few months' travel upon the continent, and the young gentleman, also an American, who had doubtless made their acquaintance somewhere abroad, was returning in their company exercised with the tenderest sentiments towards the daughter. Further than this, it was also easily discernible that the father from some cause looked coldly upon the advances that were respectfully but tenderly made by the young lady's companion.

On the passenger list, displayed in the cabin, the young man's name stood plain Mr. Hammond, and without making further inquiry of the other than simply to settle the name and identity of each, we had, with travellers' privilege, fallen into an agreeable intimacy with each other, as well as the rest of the cabin passengers. Young Hammond seemed to be seriously affected in his spirits after a few days of the passage had transpired, evidently on account of the restraint which the father's coolness placed upon his intercourse with the lady already referred to, and who on her part, at least, exhibited the most lively interest in his pleasant attentions. With unobtrusive perseverance, he was still her companion at her morning and evening walks upon the deck, and by his pleasant and intelligent conversation seemed to make himself agreeable at times even to the father.

Mr. Edwards was an individual of much character, evidently proud of his daughter, whose appearance showed her to have been reared in the most aristocratic manner, and I could easily divine that it must be from want of property and position on the part of young Hammond that his suit did not thrive with the father. All this at the time was of course but surmise on my part, but it was true, as I have since then chanced to discover.

It was a very fresh morning on our tenth day out of port, when Mr. Edwards and his daughter finding the weather rather too boisterous for comfort upon deck, were about to go below. Young Hammond was regretting this, as it would deprive him of the few moments of private conversation which he had anticipated at this period, and which could hardly take place in the somewhat crowded cabin. Captain Goss had for some object gone quite forward, and with one arm resting over the starboard cat-head, was making examination of the ship's "fore foot," when suddenly the cry of "man overboard" started us all, and looking forward to where the captain had just stood, we observed that he had disappeared.

Instead of either of the ship's officers imme-

diately taking matters in hand, there at once arose a Babel of voices, each one suggesting some expedient, and two or three foremost hands jumping into a quarter boat, began to prepare for lowering it into the sea. I hastily looked towards the first mate; a glance was sufficient. He seemed to be *stupid*, either half drunk or feigning it. Perhaps he did not know what to do; if he was as stupid as he appeared, this was the case. I saw young Hammond seize hold of the after booby-hatch, and together we threw it into the sea, while he exclaimed:

"Never fear, Captain Goss. We will pick you up!"

"Let go the gripes of that boat," shouted young Hammond in a tone of command such as we had not yet heard on board. "No boat can live in this sea."

The men instinctively obeyed, and seemed at once inspired by the confidential tones in which they were addressed.

"Cast adrift a dozen of those life buoys," continued he who had thus unhesitatingly taken command of the ship.

"Ay, ay, sir," said a score of ready voices.

"Now lay aloft, one of you, and keep the run of that hatch;" for we could already discover the captain making himself fast to it by means of his neckcloth and handkerchief. "Mr. Reed," continued young Hammond, addressing the first mate, who seemed to partially arouse, "all hands on deck, sir; call up the watch."

"What would you do, sir?" asked the mate respectfully, for spite of the apparent impropriety, he was awed into obedience by the prompt manliness of young Hammond.

"We must work the ship to windward and come down upon him. Brace her sharp up, and bring her close by wind. With a will, sir, with a will—there's no time to lose."

Whether the obvious propriety of these orders struck the mate, I cannot say; but they were instantly obeyed. Young Hammond himself, seizing a deck trumpet, issued the necessary directions in detail, and with that firm and calm decision that inspired every soul with entire confidence. The ship was at the time of the accident under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, jib and spanker, running at the rate of twelve knots, the wind abeam; consequently, before these orders were accomplished, the hatch on which the captain was floating was nearly two miles dead to windward of the ship, which had drifted to leeward.

As we have seen, the sea was too rough to lower a boat, and the only chance, therefore, of saving the captain was to work to windward of

him; and now it was that our intrepid young passenger exhibited a skill and ability in handling the ship that amazed the oldest tar on board. He accomplished it in beautiful style, while the mates and men obeyed him without a moment's hesitation. Before the ship was hove about, the captain was on the weather quarter three miles distant. We could not fetch him on the next tack by nearly a hundred yards, but as we passed, we could see him distinctly amid the breaking spray, and young Hammond jumping into the main shrouds, hailed through his trumpet:

"Hold on, captain; we'll be back in a few minutes."

Whether he could hear these encouraging words or not, he understood the motions of the ship perfectly, and taking off his tarpaulin which fastened beneath his chin, waved it over his head! Another tack of three miles, and we weathered him.

"Haul up the mainsail," was the brief, prompt order of young Hammond at the appropriate moment.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Throw the main topsail to the mast now, Mr. Reed."

"Ay, ay," said the mate.

And the ship drifted gradually down upon the captain.

"Range along here, a dozen of ye, on this lee side, with lines and hooks, to grapple the hatch," ordered Hammond.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the intelligent answer of the men.

"Two of you rig a running bowline, and stand by to throw it round the captain. Steady, now, steady all of ye."

He was implicitly obeyed. In ten minutes after, Captain Goss was safely in his cabin, and in a few hours was again at his station on deck.

The moment that Captain Goss was carried below, young Hammond walking towards the first mate, handed him the deck trumpet, to signify, in nautical etiquette, that he once more yielded him the command; but as he did so, there arose from the entire company three deafening cheers for his gallantry and the skill he had displayed, that made the ship fairly tremble in every timber!

"By the heavens above us," said the mate, as he took the insignia of his office, "you are a man, every inch of you, and there's Jack Reed's hand upon it, be ye who you may!"

Young Hammond made no reply, but gently sunk into his former position, and returned to the cabin.

I know not what passed between him and

Captain Goss, but I overheard the end:—"Not ten men in the British service could have saved me, though from the first moment I heard your voice on deck, I knew there was a hand on board that understood what was necessary."

As much as the manliness of young Hammond's conduct delighted me, its result upon Mr. Edwards was to me quite as gratifying. There was no longer any coldness on the part of the father of that beautiful girl towards her new friend. Both father and daughter had witnessed the entire scene which we have so hastily described, and young Hammond was admitted to their confidence and intimacy, as he also became the idol of the whole ship's company.

The confidence thus remarkably inspired ultimately resulted in an engagement which terminated in a most happy and appropriate marriage.

Arrived at New York, after we were dressed for landing, and as young Hammond was handing Miss Edwards over the ship's side, I observed that he wore the undress uniform of an officer of the United States Navy!

A SOLDIER STORY.

During the late Mexican war, the veteran General Riley, since deceased, was ordered to lead the storming party at Cerro Gordo. During the war of 1812-15, Gen. Riley had been shot in the throat, and consequently had a peculiarly strange intonation. He was ordered to storm one of the batteries of Cerro Gordo, and when his command was mustered, was thus addressed by his second in command:

"General, I do not think we can take this work."

"Think! You are not paid for thinking."

"But sir," said Col. B., "we can't take it."

"Can't take it—you have got to take it."

The old general put his hand to his belt, and pulling out a paper, said: "Here, thir, ith General Scott's order in black and white to take the infernal thing."

And they did take it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOOD USE OF THE LANTERN.

A conductor of a train on the Indiana Central Railroad, recently, says the *Dayton Gazette*, expecting the approach of another, went forward to give warning. It was night, and his lantern went out just as he heard the train rapidly approaching. As the locomotive came up, he seized a club and threw it, but the missile glanced off from the engine, without making a noise perceptible even to himself. But seizing his lantern, he hurled it at the lantern of the passing locomotive, just as it came opposite to him. Fortunately he hit it. The crashing glass and the extinguishment of the light startled the engineer. A sharp whistle was heard—the brakes were shut down—the train stopped. Everybody was safe, when, but for the throwing of that lucky lantern, scores might have been killed or wounded.

SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

BY W. M. LATIMER.

From the drear, the misty darkness,
Of the night in which I stand,
Listening to the pattering raindrops,
Making music through the land,—

Comes a voice, whose mystic meaning
Strikes my heart with awe and pain;
For I know the light that glimmers
On my path shall fade again.

Nature hath her songs of warning,
Which the saddened heart must hear;
Kindly singing of the shadow,
Ere the shadow draweth near!

Wise are they who take the warning,
Nerving up their souls to bear
All the sorrow, all the anguish,
Stooping never to despair!

Faster, faster fall the raindrops;
Not a star is seen above;
And the great night seems to shudder,
Like a heart shut out from love!

See! the stifling mists are gathering,
Ghostlier, ghostlier than before;
And the wind moans like a laser,
Spurned and cursed from door to door!

But I know the dreary darkness
Soon will blossom into day;
Crowned shall be the mists with splendor;
Kissed the night's white tears away.

Then the day shall stand in glory,
Smiling from the orient hills;
On his face such radiant beauty
As a tranquil spirit fills.

Now I list in vain—the voice is
Dead, that smote my spirit so,
And the sunny tides of gladness
Flood me with their golden flow!

I have read aught the shadow,
And the voice not heard in vain,
And I trust the light will glimmer
Somewhere on my path again!

THE SILVERSMITH.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"THE experience of a human heart!" That indeed be a history to read in our best years. So much that is unreal, so much, even pure and good feelings, are covered and concealed in our hearts' experience, that one who did give truly that experience to the world, would be doing the world a great and incalculable service. Nor can we suppose that the coarser harder exterior may not sometimes cover experiences of hearts that are warm in affection, and noble in goodness.

I thought so, at least, when I passed the window of Andrew Elliot's shop, last summer, and heard the soft word and pleasant tone in which he responded to the harsh and uncouth words of his sister, who was arguing with him upon some point of their domestic economy, and upon which she was soon joined by another sister (a duplicate of the former), at whose appearance Andrew seemed mechanically to give up the contest.

Andrew is a silversmith, and has a little unpretending shop, in a most unpretending street. His two maiden sisters manage his house, which is under the same roof with his shop; for Andrew is a bachelor, of some sixty years old, and still he is the youngest of the three, and the two ladies consider that they have a perfect right to manage him as they did, when, as a boy, he yielded to their stern and harder natures.

In his youth, Andrew was a gentle and confiding boy. Handsome he never was, but still, there was a soft and tender nature within him, that shone out of his kindly blue eyes, and gave something of character to features not otherwise attractive.

But when Andrew was twenty years old, the house in which he lived caught fire. His mother, a feeble, sickly woman, was sleeping on the second floor; and Andrew, whose room was above hers, ran down stairs, after all others had forsaken the falling building, and rescued his mother from the flames which had already caught her bed.

His face was deeply scarred, and his hands severely burned in the attempt; and the scars still remained on his neck and brow, a monument to his real bravery and filial devotion, but an enduring addition to his original ugliness of countenance, which can never be effaced.

Judith, the elder sister, was originally very handsome, but the traces of a haughty and imperious temper have marred her face more effectually than Andrew's scars; while Mabel, whose strength of mind consists solely in opposition, wears a fiercer look even than her sister.

Still, the two resemble each other so much, that the very children of the neighborhood can only distinguish them after a long observation, and as I said before, they are really duplicates, being twins, and some two or three years the seniors of their brother.

A few months ago, Andrew became acquainted with a widow lady by the name of Manners. She had one child, a boy of fifteen, who was desirous of learning the trade of a silversmith; and Andrew Elliot was recommended to her, as in all respects a suitable person to take charge of

a fatherless youth like Julius Manners. A few interviews with the mother interested and pleased Mr. Elliot so much, that he was, for once, carried out of his usual modest and retiring disposition, and for the first time in his life he dared to tell a woman that he loved her.

Not without some encouragement on the part of the lady, was he brought to this; but Mrs. Manners was so thoroughly pleased with his calm good sense, his kindness to her fatherless boy, and his evident admiration of her own beauty and lady-like deportment, that Andrew, still dreading the effect of his uncomely scars upon her mind, offered and was accepted, upon the strength of her palpable liking for him.

With a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude inexpressible, Andrew returned to his home to make known his intentions to his sisters. The two grim dragons who guarded his household, were sitting at that moment, in full discussion upon the character and manners of the person who had just given their brother the only glimpse of true happiness which had ever yet brightened his life.

He had entered the room, with his plain and disfigured face almost glorified by the rapture which had lighted up his heart with a strong and holy flame. He was arrested at the very moment of his entrance, by Judith's hard and cold voice, uttering the severest judgment upon the being who had just blessed him with her love. Mabel was opposing her sister, as usual, but while she opposed her upon one point of Mrs. Manners's character, she maliciously alluded to something still more glaring, which Judith had not, in her eagerness, observed.

"It can't be that she likes Andrew," said Mabel, after Judith had expressed her opinion that she *did*, "for I have seen her time and again, go into Mr. Anderson's store opposite, and stand and talk with him by hours together."

"O," said Judith, "she only did that to catch Andrew's eye! Well, I hope he won't be such an old fool as to take up with her. It would be hard times, Mabel, for you and I, if Andrew does go off and get married."

"No danger!" said Mabel, "he is too old to think of such a thing, now."

Yes, Andrew was old, but he had grown old in providing for and maintaining these very people who were now grudging the single ray of sunset upon his declining day, and as he stood there and listened to the ungrateful twain, he felt even that one ray was falling off from his silvery locks, into the dark abyss beneath; and that his last forty years of undiminished toil, and the loneliness which he had ever bitterly felt, he was

to let this drop also, like every hope which he had ever coveted in life. He thought of years gone by, when it would have been sweet to know himself beloved, when he had dreamed of being husband and father, and rejoicing in those ties which every one around him seemed capable of drawing to their hearts, while he alone must give them up, because of his uncomeliness.

And now that he was old and gray, and the hand of affection *could* minister to him, and *would* do so in spite of his disfigured countenance, the miserable temper of these women would snatch the joy from him, before he had even learned how sweet it would be to him.

He had so long bent unrepiningly under the domestic thralldom, that he had not the courage to stand under its tyranny, nor to break its chains.

There was a very little shame in Mabel's face when she was aware that Andrew had heard her but none in Judith's. Indeed there was a malicious joy there, as if it would be pleasant to her to mar the pleasure which she really believed that her brother might feel at the evident liking which Mrs. Manners had for him.

The old ladies were not bitter from any easy disappointment of affection. They had not even that hackneyed excuse; for no one had ever tried to win hearts whose possession could entail mortification, disappointment and misery upon the unlucky wight who should have been so unfortunate as to have fancied them. They were bitter by nature, and they made themselves more so, by annoying every one whom they supposed was in any degree more fortunate than better liked than themselves.

Hence their dislike to Mrs. Manners. On her part, there was a feeling of reverent love toward Andrew Elliot for his guarding care and strong almost paternal interest for Julius who was safely sheltered under the roof of the silversmith and liking his occupation and his master, with an earnestness and good will that argued well for the future. On Elliot's part, he was greatly impressed in favor of the boy. With the ladies, it was different. Julius was the son of the woman whom, as the probable wife of her brother, they could not abide.

When Andrew summoned courage to tell the truth, it was ludicrous to see how they were affected by the discovery. Judith was first.

"And aren't you ashamed, Andrew, to tell us this thing when you are so old? You had taken a wife when you were a young man, it wouldn't have been so bad; for then we were only ugly, but now you are old and

too. Set you up with a wife indeed!—I say again, I'm ashamed of you."

Mabel's attack was different.

"And what do you think of doing with us? I suppose when madam comes, that we shall have to flit away. Well, we can go to the work-house, and no thanks to you either. After we have taken care of you for so many years, to be turned away in our old age!"

And thus, day after day, poor old Andrew was obliged to hear all that his sisters chose to inflict upon him. At last he mustered courage to tell the widow what it was which troubled him.

"Leave them to me," said she, "I will engage to manage them," and Andrew, weary of the many late contests, gladly gave up his responsibility. Mrs. Manners was a wise and sensible woman. She learned enough of the case to know that had Andrew possessed a little more spirit, he would have ruled his sisters better; or at least, that they should not thus have domineered over him. She resolved to hold the ascendancy over them, and yet not by violence either.

As the wedding day approached, Andrew feared some violent outbreak on the part of his sisters; and he besought Mrs. Manners to allow him to send for an upholsterer, instead of going herself to superintend the making of the curtains and carpets, but in vain. She would go herself and encounter them openly.

So she went the morning following, and met Miss Judith in the hall. "Good morning, Miss Elliot," said Mrs. Manners, "I have come to make my carpets, and hope you and your sister will assist me in planning them; they are such difficult figures, that I know I cannot do them without your help."

This was a successful opening; for Judith, proud of being consulted, was quite gracious, and showed her into the parlor, where only an hour ago, she and Mabel were consulting to keep her out altogether.

Mabel came in with her malicious looking face, and beckoned her sister away. The widow got up from her low seat, and stepping forward, said:

"O, Miss Mabel, I am so glad you have come, I cannot decide about these curtains, and I want the benefit of your taste."

After all the opinions were given, Mrs. Manners reversed them all, in favor of her own, and that with such tact that they were not at all aware that she had differed from them.

"Stay to dinner with us," said both the sisters at once, "Julius will be so pleased!" And thus entreated, Mrs. Manners staid, and surprised Mr.

Elliot when he came in at noon, by her apparition at the dinner-table.

It must not be supposed that she quelled the dragons at once. Sometimes the old temper would flame out, and they would both throw out something even before her, about their brother's choice not being just to their minds; but generally the way in which Mrs. Manners met their sneers, would send them away pleased with her and with themselves. Mrs. Manners did not keep house, nor had she since her husband's death, for a friend of her youthful days, struck with pity at her desolate lot, had kindly offered her a home. It was not a rich or fashionable home, but it was better. It was comfortable, pleasant, neat—and moreover, it was ungrudging in its hospitality to the widow and her son. Nor was the benevolent owner without her reward, too; for the sunny temper of mother and son brightened and cheered a house, which without them would have been lonely and dull. The transfer of Julius to the house of the silversmith had not been effected without many tears on the part of the mother and her friend Mrs. Wilmot, for he was the life of the dwelling.

And how would Mrs. Wilmot get along without her friend? Poor Mrs. Manners felt really bad about leaving her, even to go to a house of her own; and she spoke to that effect.

"A house of your own, my dear Mary!" said Mrs. Wilmot, "how will it ever be a house of your own, with those two old she-dragons holding guard over you?"

"I have promised Mr. Elliot that I will tame the dragons."

"And you really expect to do that, Mary! Well, you are a bold woman if you do. For my part, I would rather enter the cage of wild beasts than Julius read about the other night, than to encounter those two old women. But when do you leave me, for I must make up my mind whom to adopt in your place?"

"Don't adopt another woman, Lizzie! Take a man next time. He will not be so ungrateful as I am, to leave you alone."

Julius, too, feared that his mother would experience some difficulty with the dragons, as Mrs. Wilmot called them. They had been tolerably kind to him; but he could not but see how they domineered over his poor old master.

There came a night of festivity to the inhabitants of Longville. The old pastor, who for so many years had ministered to their spiritual necessities, was about to receive a token of his parishioners' esteem, in the shape of a donation party. As the little village had but one church in it, of course the whole town was invited to

participate, and people who had not been in any company for the last ten years, perhaps, were getting up their old fashioned finery, and preparing for the pastor's festival.

Judith Elliot declared that for one, *she* would not be such a fool; and out of sheer opposition, Mabel said she would go; and many and various were the old brocades and stiff and scanty old style Florence silks that she displayed to the wondering eyes of Mrs. Manners; who kindly offered her assistance in modernizing the ancient relics. Mabel, for once, yielded, merely out of spite to her sister; and from two dresses which happened to be alike, one of Mabel's and one that she had preserved carefully, as having belonged to her mother, Mrs. Manners manufactured a handsome skirt, large and full enough to please the modern taste.

From a short velvet cloak, which had been also their mother's, she selected sufficient to form a basque; and from the loads of Brussels lace, and fringes and cords, she found plenty of trimming materials. Another set of white laces of a superior quality was made over into undersleeves and collar, which Mabel, herself, starched and ironed with a peculiar finish, such as these modern times are unable to imitate. The cap was Mrs. Manners's *chef d'œuvre*. The rich, old point lace was of great value, and she arranged it beautifully. Those who had never seen Mabel Elliot in full dress before, would not have believed their eyes when they saw this elegantly dressed lady enter the pastor's rooms that evening.

Perfectly satisfied with her own appearance, she felt quite gracious, and she accepted her brother's arm (while Mrs. Manners, dressed in a simple white dress, was hanging on the other), and with a smile on her faded but still good-looking face, she really looked passably handsome.

At least Deacon Hapgood thought so. He had liked Mabel when he was a young man; but her proud temper had prevented him from offering her his hand.

Now, as she came into the room, with such a gracious smile, he thought that she would look well at the head of his table, and he would certainly think of it! And think of it he did, for the next day she received his offer, and I need not add that she accepted it. Old as Mabel was, and withered as she looked, she had a heart somewhere under the surface, and it came right side up on that occasion. Still, I am conscious that, as a true relator of facts, I cannot say that there was a great deal of love between the two. The deacon needed a wife to keep his household in order, and Mabel Elliot would have married anybody, if she thought she could spite Judith.

Judith was provoked enough that she did not go to the party herself. She had no doubt that the deacon would have chosen her had she not refused to go; and she kept poor Mabel awake all night by telling her of sundry talks which she had with the deacon last year, when he half proposed, but she did not encourage him at all!

It is a well known fact that joy beautifies even an ordinary face. It did part of this work for poor old Mabel Elliot. It was joy to feel that she was going to leave Judith; and yet she thought she should miss contradicting her. But never mind, she said to herself, there would be plenty of opportunities for that, by-and-by, when the arrangements were all made, and Judith should come to visit her in her new home.

Andrew's obligations to Mary Manners, for being the means of Mabel's marriage, were unbounded. "Only do the same with Judith," said he, "and we shall be happy enough. Still, one is better than two." And while he was speaking the words, the kindly old man's heart smote him, for were they not his own sisters?

"Well, well," said he, "we are none of us perfect; and I never will say a word against Judith's remaining as long as she pleases, poor, unhappy old girl! Mary's sweet ways must be a benefit to her, I do believe."

Mabel was married first. Andrew said she was the eldest, and should have the right of precedence. She did not quite relish this compliment to her years, and she retorted upon him by saying, "Yes, age before beauty!" Andrew did not care now.

A few days after the deacon carried off his prize, Andrew and Mrs. Manners were married in the little church, by the kind old pastor, who blessed the pair with more than his usual fervency. He felt that it was really a great thing for Andrew Elliot to marry. He had so long been considered as one out of the pale of the holy institution, on account of his appearance, that it was a pleasure to see him lead up the pleasant-looking widow, who looked as if she loved him with her whole heart. And so she did; and as he had predicted, she did his sister a great good, unconsciously to herself. She succeeded in smoothing off the rough angles, and what could not be smoothed, she threw the broad mantle of her beautiful element of charity over, and hid them as much as possible from the outer world. And Andrew, how inexpressibly sweet is life to him now! His step is lighter, his countenance glows with health and pleasure, his whole soul, evidently, has had a renewing from the sweet relations in which he now stands, all the more sweet, because hitherto unhopd for.

CICILY—A BALLAD.

BY WILLIE B. FAVOR.

Listen how the linnets sing,
Cicily, love;
Mountain, each with airy wing,
Gaily above,
Over the meadow and over the wood,
Over the valley and over the flood,
Watch how they fly;
Warbling their matin song cheery and loud,
Kissing the crimson that fringes yon cloud
Up in the sky.

Watch you where the lilies look,
Closely sweet,
Into the pellucid brook
Close at their feet;
Pensive their white robes, all girdled with bloom,
Fair as a bride by the side of her groom,
See how they stand;
Wooing sweet music from Ariel's group,
Zephyrs that murmur and sephyr that droop,
All through the land.

Listen how the linnets sing,
Cicily dear;
Watch you where the lilies spring,
White and so fair;
Lily and linnet remind me of thee:
Beauty the one hath and one melody,
Fairest and free;
The lilies shall be for thy brow to wear,
The linnets shall sing of the love I bear,
Dearest, for thee.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SIMON POTTS was an old man, past three-score-and ten, with a wasted, banded frame, sharp, angular features, deeply sunken gray eyes, and hair which, from a youthful hue of red, had now changed to yellow sear and crisp. He was a miser of the most rigid stamp, and owned more property than people generally thought. He contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand dollars, and even at that he swore poverty.

The only real sunshine that ever entered the old man's soul, beyond his notes and gold, was the smile of Lizzie Marshall. She was Simon's niece—the daughter of his only sister. She had been left an orphan at an early age, and had lived with her miser uncle about ten years. She was a beautiful creature; kind and gentle; pure and loving; with a heart as tender and sensitive as it was true and noble.

"Tut! tut!" the old man uttered, in answer to a remark his pretty niece had made. "You must not think of the fellow. I will not allow it. He's a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp, and only wants my money!"

"You are mistaken there, uncle," Lizzie replied, with a flushed face, "for he has begged of me to let some other person come and take you and your money, and go with him and be his wife. He can support a family without help from others."

"How can he do it?—the rascal! He has no business at all. Aha—he'd get you away from me, would he?—the dog?"

"But remember, uncle, you bade me do so."

"Silence! I didn't! I have got your husband all picked out for you. Ha! and here he comes. Now mind, Lizzie, this man is *the* man!"

As Simon ceased speaking the favored man entered the house. His name was Lot Piper. He was five-and-forty by the town register, though he swore he was young. He was a small, hump-backed man, with sandy hair, which stood stiff and sparse upon his nut-like head; his nose sharp and hooked; his mouth large, but lips thin; his chin flat; his cheeks sallow; cheek-bones prominent; brow low; and eyes green, small, sharp and sunken. He was as miserly as was Simon Potts, though not so rich; and in all the town he was the only man who flattered Simon, and upheld him in his crowding of poor tenants.

Lot did his business with the old man, and then turned to where Lizzie sat by the window. He talked with her awhile, and then took leave.

"Oho, that's the man, Lizzie," uttered the old man, after his visitor had gone. "And mind you, you must marry him. I shan't take any refusal."

On the evening of that day, Lizzie Marshall threw on her shawl and went out for a walk—so she told her uncle. The moon shone bright and clear, and the landscape had almost the clearness of mid-day. At a short distance from the old cot (Simon occupied the poorest of all his buildings) Lizzie met Alfred Bodwell. She hastened towards him when she saw him, and the way in which she suffered his arm to encircle her, and his lips to press her own, would seem to indicate that she had the utmost confidence in his purity of purpose. And so she had. She had loved him during many years, as a child, as a maiden, and now with the deepest emotion of woman's love. She knew him well, and she loved him because she knew him.

Alfred was not over four-and-twenty; tall and well formed; with a face of perfect mould, and in every way the real, true man. His love for Lizzie was the deep emotion of his nature, based on the purest thought and the noblest motive.

"Alas!" murmured the maiden, "my uncle will never consent. He is set in his purpose, and he will not relent. He has been a father to

me, and I cannot desert him now that he is old and infirm."

"But, my own Lizzie, must you throw away the whole happiness of the future—must you sink all earthly hopes—just to obey the foolish whim of a foolish old man?"

"Ah, Alfred, the very quality of my soul that would make the faithful wife, must bind me to my poor old uncle. He would be miserable if I were to leave him."

"Miserable!" returned the youth, with some bitterness in his tone. "O, see what misery he makes. Look at the poor old widow Willis: Only last week he would have turned her out of doors had not a friend given her the paltry sum necessary to pay her rent."

"And I know who gave that sum," said the girl, looking archly up.

"Do you?" returned Alfred.

"Ay, I do; and I love you for it, Alfred."

"Well, well—let it pass. I only did what God gave me to do. And then look at poor old Adam Long. He, too, would have been turned out of doors had he not sold some of his furniture to raise the money to pay into the till of Simon Potts. O, what right has he to ask the peace and joy of one like you only that he may waste it in his folly?"

"It is hard," returned Lizzie, after some thought. "O, how I could bless him if he would give his consent. He swears I shall marry with Lot Piper. But of course I shall not do that."

"Let Piper have the money, and let me have you. Tell your uncle to cut you off in his will—cut you off entirely—and let me take you. Will he not do this?"

"Not willingly."

"Then look ye, Lizzie; I will obtain from him by stratagem what I cannot obtain by reason." This was spoken quickly, and with sudden energy.

"What mean you, Alfred?" the maiden asked, in surprise.

"I will tell you; I mean to do what shall be for the old man's benefit, as much as yours or mine. I mean to open his heart. Just look: At present he only makes misery wherever his charity could be of use, and he makes this misery for himself as well as for others. He would blast my joy for life; crush you beneath the weight of lasting torture, and all from mere whim and prejudice. If I am not mistaken he is superstitious?"

"Yes, very."

"He believes in ghosts?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give him a lesson. He has some respect for the memory of his father?"

"Yes. But what mean you, Alfred?"

"You will be secret?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then listen: I am one of the most powerful ventriloquists in the country. You will say nothing of this."

"I will not."

"You do not think it would be wrong?"

"Of course not, Alfred."

A while longer the lovers conversed—Alfred learned from Lizzie some of the peculiarities of the old man who had gone, some which he had never seen. Simon's father had only been dead about six years, having lived to be ninety-three years old. He had lived on property of his own: and he died without making his will, so this property all fell into Simon's hands, and it amounted to near eight thousand dollars. Having learned all that the maiden could tell him, Alfred bade her good-night, and took his leave.

It was a dark, drizzly night, and Simon Potts sat close up by the fire. The wind sounded mournfully as it turned the corners of the old cot, and though the season was early autumn, yet the fire was comfortable.

"It's an ugly night, aren't it, Lizzie?" uttered the old man, as he listened to the wind.

But before the girl could answer there came a rap upon the door.

"Ha!" uttered Simon, with a fearful start. "It may be robbers!"

But he was much relieved when he found it was only Alfred Bodwell, though he did not receive the youth with any mark of respect or cordiality. A few remarks were passed upon the state of the weather, and so on, when Alfred thus openly commenced his errand:

"Mr. Potts, I have come to ask you if you will not give me the hand of your beautiful niece?"

"No, sir!" the old man exclaimed, "I will not."

"But," resumed the youth, "you do not realize—"

"Hold, Alfred Bodwell—I realize enough! I want nothing to do with you."

"But, Simon Potts, suppose I should tell you that I had been sent here by a strange dream?"

"Pooh! Nonsense!"

"Very well," returned Alfred, arising from his seat, and moving as though he would leave the house. "If you will not listen to me, then I have no more to say. The spirit can't blame me."

"Hold, Alfred Bodwell! Move not another step if you would live!"

"It is the same voice!" gasped the youth, sinking back into his chair.

Simon Potts started to his feet like one thunder-struck, and then he sank shuddering down again. The voice had come from somewhere—it was deep and sepulchral, and strangely tremulous.

"What was it?" whispered the miser, moving nearer to Lizzie.

"It is a voice I have heard before," Alfred said.

"Ay!" sounded the same unearthly tones again, seeming now to come from somewhere overhead, "and so hast thou heard it; Simon Potts! Do you not know me?"

"Mercy!" gasped the stricken man. "It is my father!"

"Yes, Simon, I am thy father! O, why hast thou thus forced me to leave my resting-place? O, my son! my son!"

"What does he mean?" whispered Simon, springing forward and grasping Alfred by the arm. His face was pale, and he shook at every joint.

"I cannot tell. Last night I heard the same voice, and it said, 'Alfred Bodwell, arise and go to my son. Bid him give thee the hand of his niece—my grand-daughter—and bid him, too, to give back the rent of the Widow Willis, and the rent of Adam Long.'"

"No, no!" cried Simon.

"Hold, my son!" spoke that voice again, more deeply and solemn than before. "You know not yet the tortures of the hard heart and the miserly soul!"

"It is my father's voice!" the old wretch gasped.

"Fool!" resumed the mystic presence, "would ye question the spirit who has come to save you? Go first, yourself, and refund the amounts last paid by the poor widow and the old soldier. Go, and I will be with thee again and tell thee thy reward. Neglect to do this, and thy torture shall be dreadful. Let Alfred Bodwell be here to-morrow evening at this time, and I will appear here again. Beware! Farewell!"

There were a few deep groans, and then all was still as death, save the moaning of the wind. Alfred arose to leave, and in a few moments more the old man and his niece were alone. Simon Potts gazed for a long while into the fire without speaking. Finally he murmured:

"'Twas *his* property." And he spoke no more that night.

On the following day Simon Potts entered the humble cot where dwelt the poor widow.

"Mrs. Willis," he said, at the same time ex-

tending a ten-dollar note, "when I sent for this money I wanted it. You need it now more than I do. Do not refuse it—do not. If you do I shall suffer."

The widow took the proffered note, and for some moments she seemed confounded by the act. But the deed was plain, and she only knew that she should not now have to starve. She caught the old man's hand, and while the tears ran down her cheeks, she murmured:

"O, God bless you, sir! You will not regret this. Bless you, bless you!"

Simon Potts stopped to hear no more, for he was not used to such kind of talk, and he did not know how to answer. Yet there was something grateful in the emotions which followed this scene; but ere he could fully analyze them he reached the house where the old revolutionary soldier, Adam Long, lived. It was a small, poorly-provided cot, and Simon entered without knocking, and here he performed the same ceremony as at the widow's.

Adam Long took the money, and in a tremulous, surprised tone he asked:

"Why do ye do this, Simon Potts?"

"Because I know you need it; and I ought to give it to you. Don't refuse it."

"Simon Potts, you are a better man than I thought. God bless you for your kindness to me! I am poor, very poor."

When Simon Potts reached his own cot he was buried in deep thought, and but very little was said. At the appointed hour Alfred Bodwell came. He bade the old man good evening, and that was all. The silence was becoming painful, when that same deep, mystic voice came again.

"Simon, my son, thou hast pleased me much. Thou hast made two glad hearts. Even now the poor widow is blessing thee. Thinkest thou a blessing was ever truly thine before?"

The old man trembled, but he did not speak.

"Tell me," added the voice, "have you no reward enough for all you have thus far done?"

"Yes, yes!" uttered old Simon, clasping his hands and trembling.

"Then make another glad heart. Look upon that gentle being who has been so faithful to you these long years past. Can you crush her now? O, Simon, you knew not the exquisite tortures of the hard heart and the miser's soul! Had I left my property to those poor, suffering people who need it, I should have been happier than I am now. I cannot visit the earth again for the space of one year. O, my son, your own days are numbered, and the evening of your life is drawing to a close. Be wise, and you will be happy. God weighs the human soul, and among

all the virtues that shine out redeemingly upon the angel's record, none is so bright as charity. Farewell!"

"Father! Father! Will good in the future wipe out the past?"

"It will! Farewell!"

Alfred stopped not long after this; but in a few days afterwards he came and asked the old man once more for Lizzie's hand; and he was told to take her.

When Lizzie was gone Simon Potts became lonely and unhappy. He went to Alfred's house and begged that they would let him live with them. Of course they could not refuse.

Rent-day came around again, and Lot Piper came to get the list of tenants. But Simon told him he need not go any more to collect rents; and Lot went away so angry that he never came back again. Simon went out himself, and when he came to those who could not well pay, he freely forgave them the debt, and bade them live on, and not worry about him.

And that night the old man returned to his new home literally bowed down beneath the weight of his blessings.

The year passed away, and Simon Potts was a new man. He laughed and danced around Lizzie's baby, and of the happy, he was among the happiest. He had seen and understood the secret of true joy, and he had money enough to purchase a great deal of it.

"Alfred," he said, one evening, "is it not just a year since that night?"

Lizzie tossed her baby, and turned away.

"It is!" It was the same deep voice. "Simon, did I deceive you?"

"O, no, no, no!"

"Then listen: I and Alfred Bodwell are one and the same person!"

As Alfred had thus spoken he had allowed his voice to approach gradually until Simon saw the last word come from his lips.

A few moments of rank astonishment, and then all was understood.

"Forgive me," said the youth, taking the old man's hand. "You now know how I have deceived you; but no one else shall ever know it while you live. If you are dissatisfied, I will pledge myself to pay you back all that the experiment has cost you, save this noble, gentle wife."

"Hold," cried the old man. "Say no more. Should you pay me back, then all this happiness would be yours. No, no; I cannot sell it so cheaply. Let me live on where I am, and when I want to make the exchange I'll let you know. But mind, I must have the whole or nothing; so while you keep Lizzie, you must keep me."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The moments past are now beyond recall,
The future we perchance may never see;
The present, it is ours, and this is all;
O, let this solemn truth be learned by thee.
Time's golden sands are falling one by one,
The last for us is moving on its way;
And soon will glisten in the rising sun,
Whose setting endeth life's eventful day.

Each moment bears us nearer to the grave,
And may it also bear us nearer heaven!
Time moveth on, wave follows wave,
Soon breaks the last to fragile mortals given.
Then never let a moment idle pass,
Nor waste the precious hours of life in vain;
The sands are swiftly falling in the glass,
And time when gone can ne'er be ours again.

THE EVIL EYE.

BY RALPH TRYON.

My friend, Henry Winters, was always impulsive, and upon some little points occasionally superstitious. Generous, frank and companionable, well educated, the only son of doting parents, their wealth and position in society gave him a ready passport into the circles of fashion. But in the midst of his convivial moments, I often noticed that a shadow would flit across his brow, followed by a momentary abstraction. I saw that these seasons became more frequent and prolonged. Fearing his friends would observe this, and vex him with questions, I contrived to be with him almost continually during his leisure hours, hoping to be able to shield him from such observation, for I was well convinced that he was the victim of some real or imaginary sorrow.

My intimacy from childhood enabled me to do this, but for some time I was at a loss how to fathom the cause of his intermittent affliction. He could not be suffering pecuniary difficulty, for his habits did not lead him into extravagance, and his resources were ample beyond his desires. After puzzling my mind with a review of all the evils I could think of, which mankind are heir to, I concluded it must be some affair of the heart; without, however, being satisfied with my conclusion, which I had adopted simply because everything else seemed more improbable.

During a stroll we were taking together one afternoon, I broached the subject in a gentle but serious manner, telling him how pained I felt at the change which I could not fail to notice in his conduct, and the want of confidence he for the first time displayed since we had pledged our boyish friendship to each other. He looked sur-

prised and perplexed for a moment, but presently assured me that he was not aware of appearing changed to any one, much less to me, and wondered what in the world possessed me to make such a charge.

"You may deceive others," I said, "but you cannot mislead me. I have known you too long and too well, and do not hesitate to say that some real or imaginary trouble is now perplexing you."

"Upon my word," he replied, "you look so terribly in earnest, that I fear you will convince me, against the evidence of my senses, that I am indeed miserable, when I was just now thinking that I might be excused for considering myself one of the most careless, jolly dogs alive. And you really think I am suffering?"

"I am sure of it."

"You said real or imaginary trouble?"

"Precisely."

"Now in the name of everything ridiculous, what could happen to me, to effect the change you have noticed? If real, that would not have been the subject of general comment; and if simply imaginary, how could it seriously affect me?"

"Therein lies the mystery," I replied; "but there are sorrows hid from human eyes, which are sometimes considered exclusively the property of the sufferer, who, when he closes his heart against the sympathies of his friends, only the more securely locks the demon to his peace within."

"Tell me this is all a joke got up on purpose to tease me, and I will forgive your accusation."

After a prolonged conversation, which it is not important to give in detail, and in which he avoided giving me direct answers, and consequently I could derive no satisfaction, I said:

"Harry, this trifling will not avail. To bring the matter to a crisis, I ask you bluntly, upon the privilege of a sincere friend, are you in love?"

He now laughed naturally and heartily, and I needed not his denial to convince me, that I had shot wide of the mark upon this point, at least.

"No, my dear fellow," he answered; "I assure you, upon my word, that I have never seen the fair one yet who—"

He paused, and suddenly I felt my arm compressed as though in the jaws of a vice. I could hardly stifle an exclamation of pain, for his fingers seemed penetrating the flesh. I turned instantly to see that Harry was fearfully pale, and almost gasping for breath, while his eyes, with a glance almost stony, were fixed upon—could it be possible—a lady, accompanied by an elderly gentleman who was just passing. It must have been them, or rather her, for they were the only persons near us at this moment.

"Poor fellow!" I mentally exclaimed; "this is more serious business than I anticipated; but what motive could he have in attempting to deceive me?"

As she passed, I only caught a momentary glimpse, while she was in the act of letting fall her veil; but I was so astounded with the conduct of my friend, that I could not tell whether she was white or black, much less retain her features in remembrance. Harry soon recovered, but was still pale and thoughtful. I did not question him, for I now knew that he could not avoid an explanation. However, we walked on a little way in silence, when he said, abruptly:

"Walter, I must leave you. Do not question me now, but come to me this evening, and you shall know all, whatever the effort may cost me."

I was nonplussed. Just as I had made up my mind that love had not caused the mischief, and while Harry was in the midst of a denial, which at least seemed sincere, to be precipitated into such an adventure that so completely unmanned him—I could only regard it as a punishment for the falsehood just passing from his lips.

As I entered his apartment that evening, I saw him thrust a book hastily aside. It might have been "Ovid," what did I care? I seated myself carelessly, and coldly answered his salutation, I believe, for he looked surprised and pained, as though unprepared for such demeanor on my part. After offering me a cigar, which I accepted, and proceeded very deliberately to light, for I had nursed myself into the belief that I was actually an injured person, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and looking earnestly at me, said:

"Walter, I read your thoughts, and they do me injustice, although I cannot much blame you after my singular conduct this afternoon."

I blew out a cloud of smoke in reply.

"You are offended with me?" he said.

"No," I unfeelingly replied; "love will one day make a fool of me, I suppose, in the course of human events."

"Love, Walter, I can plead with a true heart, not guilty."

"Harry, I believe you," said I, extending to him my hand; "forgive me, for I was vexed with you, myself, and everybody, and did you the injustice to think that you had attempted to deceive me with a falsehood. But what then, could have been the matter with you to-day?"

He did not reply immediately, but paced the room nervously. During the silence, my eyes wandered from him to the table where he had so hastily placed the book. A light broke upon my mind. I was prepared for anything he might reveal; indeed, I felt convinced that he had been

nursing a germ of his boyish superstition, until it had, perhaps, conjured up some imaginary demon to torment him. The book he had been reading was "Scott's Demonology."

"Walter," said he, at length, seating himself beside me, "you have a strange penetration for one of your years. When you hinted that I was suffering from some imaginary trouble to-day, you reached my case exactly. I am like that man who was haunted by a demon which he knew was only imaginary, yet its unreal presence pursued him to an untimely grave, in spite of his own reason, and the efforts of physicians."

"I more than half expected as much," I replied, "and knowing your youthful fancies and the demons that I was so often compelled to exorcise, it did not require much penetration on my part to arrive at such a conclusion, especially when I ascertained that it was no everyday affair that had disconcerted you. Pray, what shape does this new phantom assume?"

"That of a pair of eyes. Don't laugh at me, Walter. You have read of the 'evil eye,' and let me assure you, that if ever such a malignant power existed, I have seen it and have been made its victim."

"I have heard that there was witchery in a woman's eye," I said laughingly, "and occasionally a little malignity when she is angry. But for the literal 'evil eye,' with all its old legendary fascination and lightning influence, it will not do for the nineteenth century, notwithstanding its partiality for table rappings."

"I knew that you would laugh at me, but listen, and I will give you the whole story. Some time since I attended a concert, but as the music was not particularly suited to my taste, and the singers rather indifferent ones, I allowed some casual remark of a friend upon spiritual manifestations, to lead me into a train of gloomy reflections, in which I reviewed the supernatural terrors of my childhood, to the total forgetfulness of the place I was in, and the object for which I was present. To tell the truth, I had witnessed some of those so-called spiritual phenomena that very afternoon, and my nerves had not recovered from the excitement I had then experienced. How long I was thus occupied I hardly know, but I saw by the programme, when I had partially shaken off these fancies, that the entertainment was nearly finished. I was gazing about the audience indifferently, when a pair of eyes encountered mine, and I was at once conscious of a strange sensation, but it was very far from pleasure or admiration.

"I had somewhere read of eyes like those, but where? It might have been the state of my

nerves, or the gloomy mood I had fallen into, but the traditions of the 'evil eye' flashed upon my mind in a moment, and I shuddered to think that its glance I had always imagined to be such as I had just encountered. Again I ventured another look, and my blood seemed turning to ice in my veins, so strange was the terrible fascination I experienced. I determined not to turn again in that direction, but curiosity would triumph in spite of prudence, and again my eyes would wander to those fearful basilisks, which seemed sparkling with demon-like malignity and exultation. When I returned home that night, I became possessed with a foreboding that some evil was about to befall me, and all night those eyes seemed glaring at me in whatever position I placed myself.

"The next day I felt somewhat relieved, and to obtain some benefit from the fresh air, proposed a ride out of town to my mother. It was then that frightful accident occurred which nearly cost her life. You remember that the horse became unmanageable from fright of a train of cars, ran with us, smashed the carriage to atoms, half killed my mother, marked me most beautifully as I was sent like an arrow into a bed of small sharp stones, and finished the catastrophe by dashing out his own brains against a stone post. Even in those moments I thought of the eyes, and thanked Heaven it was no worse. Twice since then, before to-day, have I accidentally encountered the same glance, and almost immediately afterwards experienced some trouble or danger. What you will think more strange than all, I have no remembrance of her features—I only saw her eyes. Now, Walter, what do you say to all this?"

"I only say, Harry, that unless you are cured of this phantasy, in less than three months, you will be a confirmed monomaniac."

"And you do not regard the affair seriously?"

"Only so far as the effect it causes upon you; for myself, I can only see a combination of events which are liable to happen in everyday life without any supernatural agency. As for the eyes, I have no doubt but they belong to some fair lady whom we may yet be proud to number among our friends. Be assured of one thing, if she is not a myth, and her appearance to-day did not indicate that species, I will find her out, and make her acquaintance, and so shall you, just to cure you fully."

Harry shook his head as though he thought the thing impossible, and that evening I exhausted all my rhetoric in attempting to divert his mind from the imagination of impending evil which seemed to possess him, but in vain.

Several days passed and nothing unusual happened, and I bantered him accordingly, remarking that his evil-eyed genius had been peculiarly lenient in this instance. We were walking together about a week afterward, and Harry appeared to have recovered his usual spirits. We had been talking about the mysterious lady to whom no clue had yet been discovered, when we heard an alarm given, while the clattering hoofs and the shouts of the by-standers called our attention to a carriage which was being madly dragged at a fearful speed, by a pair of powerful and affrighted horses.

Harry's eyes gleamed with excitement, and I knew his generous nature too well not to feel assured, that if the occupants were not rescued from their perilous position, it would not be for the want of aid from his strong arm. I possessed a cooler temperament, but was prepared in a moment to share the danger of the attempt with him. Neither of us spoke, for each knew what was passing in the mind of the other. Harry, with a discretion which I had not given him credit for, gained the opposite side of the street, thus enabling us, by simultaneous action, each to seize a horse at the same instant.

Meanwhile, in much less time than these lines were written, the carriage was upon us; but it did not pass before the horses were in the hands of those who well understood their natures, though we were dragged some distance before the spirited animals were subdued. We luckily escaped without injury, and the danger being over, the crowd pressed around with that idle curiosity common in such cases; but Harry dashed all opposing bodies aside, and was the first to open the door.

We found a gentleman supporting the form of a beautiful girl, who, in her insensible state, resembled some exquisite work of statuary more than anything human. I saw Harry regard her with a tender interest he had never before displayed for anything in the form of woman, and I could not wonder, for I thought I had never before seen features so classically beautiful. In a moment, scores of officious hands were offering their sympathy in the shape of glasses of water. The gentleman whose noble bearing and unruffled countenance had strongly prepossessed me in his favor, after wringing Harry's hand in silence, tendered to him his fair charge for a few moments, while he stepped from the carriage to my side, and gave audible expression to his gratitude. After we had exchanged cards, and I had given him the address of my friend, Harry was called upon to relinquish the fair form which began to show symptoms of returning conscious-

ness, to the custody of her natural protector. When her eyes at length opened, and the rich tint of life was chasing the pallor from her cheek, I saw Harry start with surprise and grow pale, but instantly checked his emotion, and as he met my inquiring look actually blushed like a truant schoolboy. I noticed also that the beautiful stranger, when her eyes first opened to meet his ardent gaze, seemed to repress an exclamation.

The whole was plain to my mind in a moment. The stately form of the gentleman I had somewhere seen before. It must have been—they certainly were the same persons we met on that day when Harry was so strangely agitated. This, then, was the lady of the "evil eye," who had, very innocently no doubt, committed such unparalleled mischief. Ah, thought I, and is now very likely to be guilty of much more, although in a different manner. Harry will no longer fear to look upon those dark eyes, but they will be, if I mistake not, more dangerous to him than ever. Harry and myself were soon again pursuing our way, after having promised to dine with our new friend at his hotel on the next day.

"Now," said I, "this adventure will, I hope, cure your superstitious infatuation!"

"Do not say one word, Walter, she is an angel, and I have been guilty of the most ridiculous folly, that ever entered the brain of man."

At the dinner which we enjoyed the next day, we learned that our host had passed much of his life on the beautiful island of Cuba, where he had married a Spanish lady of rank, who bequeathed to him in the last hour of her life the infant Julia. There, also, had he amassed that splendid fortune which he now enjoyed.

Our acquaintance did not end here, and Harry especially made the most of it. Perhaps in order to compensate the injustice he had done such brilliant eyes, he allowed them to look into his heart and see the image of their mistress enshrined there. I was not surprised some little time afterwards, when he told me of their engagement. Parental authorities had been consulted, and everything was arranged for an early marriage, which shortly after was consummated.

When a brilliant party were overwhelming the bride with congratulations and good wishes, I took the hand of each and slyly said, "Beware, my friends, of the 'evil eye.'" The words were caught by those near me, and I was pressed with questions as to my meaning. Thinking Harry happy enough to bear almost anything, I related the affair just narrated, and Harry joined in the merriment which followed as heartily as the rest. I need not add that he was completely cured of his visionary fancies.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

The continued success and remarkable circulation of this elegant illustrated weekly, is owing solely to its intrinsic value and the great beauty of its engravings. Richly filled also with original and choice miscellaneous reading, it has become the favorite fireside journal of a vast number of American homes. Its present unrivalled circulation (having a weekly issue of 103,000!) enables the proprietor to beautify it with the finest and most expensive illustrations, and to make it a very elegant work of art. The family circle, to which it is a weekly visitor, must know more of the world, of men of moment, of all that is noteworthy and mentionable, than those who do not have access to its delightful pages.

All notable characters, male or female, are faithfully depicted in its columns, and when one hears or reads of them afterwards they are enabled to recall the features of the party with increased interest. The many American cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are all being depicted from week to week, peculiar European views are regularly introduced, and adventures by land and by sea are here recorded and illustrated. In short, Ballou's Pictorial, is a great indirect and most agreeable instructor, whose influence for good and intellectual improvement can hardly be estimated.

Read the advertisement on our last inside page of the cover, and forward a year's subscription by mail.

VERY OBLIGING.—The proprietors of a cemetery in one of the Middle States, say in their advertisement, that "they would be very happy to attend to any one who may wish for a place for burial." Such *grave* politeness is absolutely "killing."

UNTRUE.—That, in a neighboring town, when a marriage ceremony was about to be performed, and the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, several spinsters immediately arose!

ENGLISH EXTRAVAGANCE.—At a sale of hunting hounds in England, lately, the puppies sold for \$50 apiece. There are some specimens in this country not worth that.

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED DEPARTMENT.

The subscribers and readers of BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY will observe that with the present number we have added to our Magazine a humorous illustrated department, which will be continued each month. These entirely *original* and laughable matters will be racy and mirth-provoking in the extreme; and we know very well that it will be to these pages each month, that our subscribers will turn *first*. The continued and unequalled success of our "Dollar Magazine" has determined us to add to its value and interest in every possible manner, and this new expense of originating, drawing, and engraving, is cheerfully incurred, to keep pace with the growing circulation of the work. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY can be bought at all of the periodical depots at *ten cents* per copy; but the best way to obtain it, and at the earliest possible moment after its issue, is to enclose us *one dollar*, and become a regular subscriber.

A MODEL ORATOR.—"Mr. President," said an American Demosthenes, "I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir, can expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He can talk, sir, of the Herculaneum revolutions whereby republics is hurled into Antarctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes; but, sir, we can tell him indefatigably, that the consequences therefrom, multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than can the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflaggerate a marble statue into ice."

FOR THE POOR.—The city of Paris, during the last three years, has paid ten millions of dollars to the bakers, so as to enable those *loafers* to furnish their wares at reasonable prices.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This society intends to explore the United States and place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every individual unable to purchase one.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

The world pays a great deal of respect to a well-dressed man, and even those oracles of the day, the editors, when they record the fact of a tidy criminal performing a dishonest action, always add, in astonishment, "the villain was well-dressed!" Now it is idle to talk about popular prejudices and popular fallacies, in the teeth of notions that have survived centuries, changes of the earth's surface, revolutions in politics and letters, and all sorts of up-rooting tornadoes and whirlwinds. There is and must be something in this respect for dress, based on an idea. Frivolous caprices do not so long stand the test of time.

The fact is, that dress has a great moral effect upon the wearer. The old adage, "fine feathers make fine birds," is certainly susceptible of a moral application. Any one who has seen a professional actor taken off the stage and set up in citizen's attire, to recite one of his favorite parts before a Lyceum audience, must have perceived a vast difference; Mr. Mullins reciting *King Lear* in a black coat, and Mr. Mullins impersonating the same in the robes of royalty, are two very different persons. The former is quite a vulgar, commonplace individual; the latter is "every inch a king." Mullins forgets himself before the footlights; he catches glimpses of the velvet and gold of his robe, and he rises nearly to the height of the inspired poet, whose burning thoughts he is called upon to render to the audience.

Perhaps it is not very creditable to poor human nature, but it is true for all that, that many heroic deeds of valor, "at the cannon's mouth," have been performed from a consciousness of gold lace, epanettes and aiguillettes. "It wont do to disgrace the uniform." The private, done up in cheap, coarse cloth and worsted lace, conscientiously exhibits a sixpence-worth of valor; but the officer must exhibit several dollars-worth of heroism to justify the splendor of his appointments. What a pitiable spectacle is a moulting bird!—just as pitiable is a man who is not well-dressed. And by well-dressed let us not be supposed that we mean expensively dressed, but, rather, tastefully and suitably attired.

The past century, behind us in so many things, was far beyond us in this matter of appropriateness of costume. Different callings were marked by distinctive apparel; and we have often thought that one of the objectionable features of our day, that of men undertaking things entirely out of their line, and making lamentable failures thereby, was a consequence of the abandonment of the

distinctive principle of dress. The eternal black coat pervades all classes, and so every man thinks he can do a little doctoring, a little legal business, and a little law, without any of the proper qualifications. A hundred years ago, if an accident occurred, you could pick out your doctor in the midst of the densest crowd. He stood confessed by his bush wig, his black coat and smalls, and ivory-headed cane. All rascals were known by their garb. In the black periwig, the three-cornered hat, laced scarlet coat, flashy ruffles at breast and wrist, buckskin breeches and high boots with Rippon spurs, the highwayman stood confessed, even if you did not see the handle of a pistol sticking from his pocket. A man could always choose the company he liked from the dress of his companions.

Every man showed his colors. The gay gentleman wore brilliant hues; the serious man a sad colored suit. The well-to-do merchant was known at a glance; the poet, the philosopher, the student were equally distinguished. Now, all things are confounded. The man who dresses like everybody is apt to think like everybody, and loses all his originality. How many mistakes have arisen from all people dressing alike! Financiers have been known to conduct themselves like burglars—and railroad conductors like executioners. We believe we must go back to the old system—every profession and calling must have its dress, and then will men act up to their professions. Then, when a man wanted to change his calling, he would change his dress; and the garb he wore would be a perpetual reminder of the duties he had to perform.

GOOD HUMOR.—A good conscience, good digestion, and personal cleanliness, are the elements of good humor. A morose person is generally one who has done something wrong, or has the dyspepsia, or exhibits hydrophobic symptoms.

POLITENESS.—Lord Byron did not place an undue weight on the importance of politeness. "Never judge from manners," said he, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with."

HEAVY LOSS.—The Russians are said to have lost, in killed, in and around Sebastopol, 86,000 men, while 100,000 perished from fatigue and sickness.

GUTTA PERCHA.—This article is coming into universal use. Even the pigeons on the eves are gutter perchers. Digitized by Google

PORK AND BEANS.

There is a good story in Northall's "Before and Behind the Curtain," which will bear reproducing. Many years ago, when the "Maid of Cashmere" was first brought out at the old National Theatre, in New York, there were two friends engaged in the orchestra. One was but an indifferent master of his instrument, the trumpet, and was so weak as to be unable to blow a blast sufficiently strong to announce the approach of Chopelas, to proclaim the reward for the head of the unknown. He was therefore under the necessity of applying to his friend, the Trombone, to assist him. Now the Trombone was inordinately fond of pork and beans, and refused to aid the Trumpet unless upon every such occasion he would agree to furnish him with a supper of his favorite dish. This was readily acceded to, and the refectory was applied to and furnished the fare. For the first two or three nights, all went on very well. At the end of that time, the Trumpet began to entertain serious views of dissolving the connection with the Trombone, and of course cutting off the supplies of pork and beans. In a moment of rashness, the Trumpet gave notice to the Trombone of the annulment of the contract, and essayed to give the piece of music unaided. But alas! the first tang-arang was a failure—it was too thin.

"Pork!" cried the Trumpet to the Trombone, and in an instant the two instruments gave forth in unison a beautiful tang-arang.

Just then, the Trombone remembered that nothing had been said about "beans," and suddenly ceased playing.

"Beans!" cried the Trumpet.

"Pork and beans?" asked the Trombone.

"Yes," replied the Trumpet, in frenzy.

"Good!" said the Trombone; "that's enough—here goes!" And he did go, to the infinite relief of the trumpet, as well as to the great delight of the whole orchestra, who were in the secret.

A BIBLE FAIR.—We do not often associate fairs and Bibles together. But at the recent annual fair in Manchester, England, a little stall was opened, and in the course of one day eighty-one Bibles and sixty Testaments were sold.

OPPOSED TO LAGER.—"Men who drink beer think beer," said Dr. Johnson. Perhaps that will account for the muddiness of German metaphysics.

THE COOLIES.—The coolies in Havana are let out for eight years by contractors, at \$180 a head.

SUBURBAN SORROWS.

With all our love for the country—and it amounts to enthusiasm—we advise no one who loves the city dearly, and yet fancies he has a taste for rural life, to go forth and pitch his tent in the environs, fancying that he is sure to find without the city limits a perfect garden of Eden. There are drawbacks to every rustic Paradise. Gentlemen who luxuriate on winter pears by a city fireside at Christmas, have no adequate idea of the trouble of raising them. *Duchesse d'Angoulemes* are not necessarily suggestive of borers and fire-blight; nor are Ribstone pippins associated with caterpillars in the minds of comfortable citizens. Yet in the country you will find they go together. The "shepherd's pipe" is a pretty instrument in Arcadian tales, but in this country a shepherd's pipe is a short "dudheen," wafting on the air the fumes of rank tobacco. Eggs are delicious in the thousand shapes that French cookery gives them; but hens that wont lay and will set are sad trials to one's patience. Cream adds much to the enjoyment of the coffee at Mrs. Haven's; but breachy cattle, saddled with continual damages, do not add much to the *agremens* of your amateur farmer. Then, if you live out of town, you must buy a horse—and if you want to know what that means, get Fred. Cozens's "Sparrowgrass Papers," and read them. The amount of all this gossip, boiled down to a portable moral is this: that every phase of life has its trials and troubles, and you are sure to meet with them whether you pay your taxes in the city or out of it.

ARCHITECTURAL EXTRAVAGANCE.—The mania for building costly houses in New York city is said to be subsiding. The rivalry among the millionaires in the building of palatial residences at one time menaced ruinous consequences. The most elegant building in New York cost about \$225,000; and there are at least a dozen, the aggregate cost of which was as many hundred thousand dollars. This magnificence made both natives and foreigners stare.

A FACT.—All horses offered for sale are just seven years old. The old Yankee jockey was right when he said "that seven years ago was a most tremenjions year for colts."

A WEALTHY PENNSYLVANIAN.—Gen. C. M. Reed, of Erie, is said to own property to the value of five millions of dollars.

JUST SO.—Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

STREET BEGGARS.

Nothing strikes a foreigner more forcibly in his first visit to this country, than the absence or the small number of beggars he sees in our great cities. And the farther he proceeds inland in his journey, the fewer traces of mendicity meet his eye. He sees no robust men extending their bronzed hands for charity, because they cannot get work; for here labor is capital. Far different is it in the over-populated countries and densely packed cities of the European continent, where the frightful contrasts of unbridled luxury and indescribable destitution reconcile the American, who takes personal cognizance of it, to whatever may be the deficiencies of his country in the splendor and arts of civilization. Those sumptuous palaces that he sees about him, those miles of marble columns, those splendid pageants in which royalty and nobility are the actors, are too dearly purchased at the cost of suffering humanity. Beggary is the curse of Italy; it is the curse of Spain; and even in imperial Paris, notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities, it flourishes—if anything so sordid can be said to flourish.

The street beggars of Paris are the most ingenious persons in the world. They possess amazing tact, and nicely adapt their manner of soliciting alms to the character of those they address, and the quarters of the city they frequent. In the *Place de la Bastille*, when the populace throng about the quacks, the tumblers, and the itinerant musicians, then the beggars reap a harvest. One pretends to be a poor fellow who has lost his sight by the explosion of a mine; another, a carpenter, who has lost both his arms (they are nicely buttoned up in his sack, by the way); another, a tiler, who has lost the use of one leg in consequence of falling from an eight story roof. Charity is no vain word in Paris, nor is credulity an unknown foible; and the laboring man, listening to these appeals, dispenses his hard-earned sous, though at a great personal sacrifice, and though he himself, if work failed him from physical misfortune, would end his miseries by a plunge into the Seine, rather than beg his bread in the street.

In the manufacturing streets of Paris, you meet another class of beggars—old men, with long, snowy beards and wooden legs; and women, surrounded by heaps of ragged, sleeping children. The old man takes off his hat without saying a word, and the woman extends her hand silently, with an appealing look. It is this sort of pantomime which especially touches the sensibilities of the passing operative, whose heart is ever open to dramatic appeals. If he has no

money, he gives half his loaf of bread—he is as generous as he is poor.

On the boulevards St. Martin and St. Denis, mendicity, still dramatic, abandons pantomime and takes to speaking parts. Here you are accosted by a young girl, in a low tremulous tone, who begs a few sous for a dying father; farther on, a tearful mother solicits the wherewithal to buy a coffin for a dead child; while a sham operative will tell you of his having hurt his hand while tending a steam engine, of his being too much crippled to resume his business, and not quite injured enough to be taken care of at the hospital. You will find, even, a poet, who solicits a little help to enable him to finish a work that will eclipse Dante's *Inferno* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It is said that some of these beggars own houses, and are very hard on their tenants!

There are well-dressed beggars, too. There is the omnibus-hunter, who haunts the vicinity of the Madeleine. She is an elegantly-dressed woman, who accosts the most respectable person she can find. "Sir," says she, "I have forgotten my purse; and instead of taking a carriage, I'll ride home in an omnibus. Will you have the goodness to lend me six sous and give me your card? I will send the trifle to your address immediately."

There is literally no end to the ingenuity of these begging sharpers; and we most earnestly advise those ladies and gentlemen who will pour over to the continent the present summer, to be on the lookout, and call up all their Yankee shrewdness, if they wish to avoid, while sojourning in the capital of the world, impositions of the grossest kind.

LADIES' MEASUREMENT.—We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady's feet yet whose shoe was not, to say the very least, "a mile too big for her."

SWALLOWS.—As a proof of the very valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects per day.

CURIOS.—Billiards make a well known remedy for the blues. The player wields a cue, and it makes him a *cuer*.

MERELY A QUEER.—What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow?

TOO TRUE.—Folly is always in fashion.

THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is said to have remarked lately to a French officer, "You and I have seen the last war." We really trust the gallant Englishman was right, and we are not without hopes, in spite of the large share that the belligerent element has in the composition of human nature, that the world, East and West, is beginning to find out that war is not only an unprofitable investment, but a senseless and wanton waste of blood and treasure; and that the pen, the tongue and brain combined, are more efficacious instruments in the settlement of international difficulties than the sword. Certainly the sound sense and sound principle of the age is against war; the terrible conflicts of the present century have served, not to exaggerate the glory of war, but, by contrast, to elevate the blessings of peace.

Yet we live in times so precipitate, so prolific of strange events, that it will not do to be too hopeful or too certain. At the time of penning these lines, the idea of a collision between this country and Great Britain, for instance, seems to have been dispelled; but who can tell what a day may bring forth? Yet it would seem that negotiation might untangle the knot of dispute without resort to the sword. In fact, England, and her ally, France, are engaged in projects too gigantic and promising abroad to think of undertaking the hopeless task of humbling the proud flag of this republic. Tired of contending against each other, these twin European giants are moving side by side to the accomplishment of enterprises similar in character.

England is extending her colonial possessions in Asia, absorbing kingdom after kingdom, rich, fertile, and yielding her an abundant harvest of produce and treasure. France has chosen Africa for her field of colonial enterprise. The military expedition, fitted out in the last days of Charles X. (in 1830), crowned with complete success, gave her a foothold on the African continent, which she has ever since been improving. Her African colonies are in a flourishing condition, and the future promises well for the triumph of her arms and arts in that strange continent, which has witnessed so many vicissitudes of fortune. The eastern hemisphere seems therefore to claim all the attention, all the capital, and all the arms of these two great nations.

We say, therefore, as the United States adhere to their policy of non-intervention in European affairs, we may expect these two powers will forego any idea of interfering with the affairs of this continent, as an unprofitable and even ruinous one. They cannot hope to reap any triumph

from a war with this country, unless waged on some question upon which our countrymen were divided, and divided to the extent of civil war. Now we hazard nothing in saying, that public sentiment in this country is united and impregnable upon the absolute necessity of prohibiting foreign interference on the soil of the North American continent, and its adjacent islands. So long as Cuba remains in the possession of a power so imbecile as Spain has shown herself to be, no authorized attempt will be made to plant the American flag on the ramparts of the Moro. But let it once be whispered that the island were to be transferred to an active European power, and the whole country would demand its acquisition, and rise in arms to secure it. So with Central America—the American sentiment would never sanction the establishment of any European government on its soil.

This continent, at least, will be preserved for freedom so long as there are stout hands and brave hearts to protect it. To the struggling masses of Europe we can give our sympathies—but not our arms. The law of self-preservation dictates this. We must leave the eastern hemisphere to the influences of the progressive spirit of the age, to those of Christianity and education, and hope that despotism may be obliterated even there. But the western world belongs to freedom; and no foreign despot, however powerful, will be allowed to lay a hand on it.

RATHER AIRY.—The New York Sunday Times thinks that in a few years the U. S. mails will be carried by balloons. There is no lack of gas to fill any number of balloons.

A ROUGH QUID.—A man named Thornhill was recently convicted of stealing two plugs of tobacco, in Clark county, Ky., and sentenced to two years confinement in the penitentiary.

IMPORTANT.—The British ministry triumphed, on a motion censuring the abandonment of the right to capture an enemy's goods on board neutral vessels.

MR. AUBURN.—A practical gardener has been engaged to take charge of ornamenting the private grounds in Mount Auburn with flowers and shrubbery.

CANADA.—The crops of Upper Canada were never more promising than now, including peaches and apples.

IRANISTAN AND BARNUM.—Iranistan is to be sold at auction by the first of September next.

JUMPING OFF.

A very popular amusement in these latter days, that of jumping off a railway train when under full headway. The gymnastic gentleman who tempts this sensible feat, is sometimes killed in the act, leaving behind him the reputation of having committed suicide. It is uncharitable, however, to suspect that such is the deliberate design of those who resort to this method of displaying their agility. It is more rational to suppose that they merely go in for the fun of a contorted face or a broken limb. It is so agreeable to limp about on crutches for six months, and to receive the condolences of your friends and acquaintances, and the kind attentions of the members of your family!—and then a scarred forehead and a barked or disjointed nose add so much to one's personal appearance! If you imitate the example of the conductor, and jump in the direction the train is going, you are not so certain of immortality and glory. You may escape injury—though if you have not served an apprenticeship in a circus, the chances are that you will receive some bodily injury. But if you wish to "make assurance doubly sure," then your course through the air must be the reverse of that of the train. If you jump to the rear, you will probably break your neck—or, failing of that, tumble under the cars, and have both your legs cut off. Of course there will have to be a subsequent amputation at the hospital; but that will afford you a fine opportunity for testing the efficiency of anæsthetic agents—chloroform, ether, or snow. As for the loss of your legs, that is a matter of secondary importance—Palmer's artificial leg is far superior to the Anglesea, is sold very reasonably, and will afford you an opportunity of encouraging American manufactures. Then, if you choose to wear a half military costume, you can easily pass for a maimed hero of the Mexican war, or, if sufficiently advanced in life, for a veteran of 1812.

But we have not the heart to pursue a vein of levity in speaking of what is the crying national sin of our day—the headlong velocity which characterizes all our movements. In the pursuit of gain we are ready to risk everything—happiness, comfort, life itself. Who will patronize the slow and safe steamer, when the fast and unsafe steamer leaves port at the same time? What horseman is satisfied with a speed short of 2.40? How long does the memory of an awful railroad accident, occasioned by a headlong rate of speed, endure? We scarcely read the record of one of these calamities, unless we have friends or relatives mutilated or killed by them. We blame steamboat captains and railroad conductors for

evils for which we ourselves are responsible. People talk about the horrors of war; but volumes might be written on the horrors of peace, as we employ it. To die in the military service of our country is an honor—to die in consequence of our own headlong haste, is a disgrace. We talk about "fast young men," but we are all fast—men, women and children. Our educational system is fast—our eating is fast—we sleep fast—we hurry with fearful velocity from the cradle to the grave. We crowd the week of centuries into a few years, and with all our great and glorious achievements, we are leaving many sad examples to posterity.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

During the siege of Amiens, the inhabitants were forbidden to leave their houses without a lantern. That very night a citizen came out with a lantern in his hand.

"Your lantern!" cried the sentinel.

"Here it is."

"There is no candle in it."

"We were not told anything about a candle."

The next morning an order was issued that no one should go out without a lantern, in which there was a candle. In the evening the same individual appeared with a candle in his lantern.

"Where's your lantern?" asked the sentinel.

"Here!"

"Your candle?"

"Here!"

"But it isn't lighted."

"We were not ordered to light our candles. Why don't you tell what you want us to do?"

The next morning the citizens were forbidden to appear without a lantern in which there was a lighted candle.

OFFICIAL PRUDENCE.—A regiment being on the point of leaving a country town in England, and having to pass through a wood infested by robbers, the mayor insisted on sending an escort of three constables to protect them.

PULLED DOWN.—The old U. S. building, in State Street, recently occupied by the Merchants' Bank, the corner stone of which was laid July 5, 1824.

NEW YORK.—Broadway exhibits the greatest activity now in the demolition of old and construction of new buildings.

DISPLAY.—Jewellers with plate glass windows take great pains to show off their wares.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Pope has just entered his 65th year, having been born on the 13th of May, 1792.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence, American performers, have been successful in London.

One fifth of the working population of Great Britain is engaged in farming.

The cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, comprises 155 acres of land.

The expense of crowning the new emperor of Russia is estimated at \$2,500,000.

A copy of the first edition of Shakspeare was lately sold at auction in London for over \$800.

The thirteenth volume of *Theirs' History* of the Consulate and the Empire has been published in France.

Five days quarantine are imposed at Leghorn on all vessels arriving from the Levant, and fifteen days if they have sickness on board.

A Russian squadron, now at Cronstadt, was to leave there in May, on a cruise to North America, under the command of Admiral Warakowitch.

London and St. Petersburg are now connected by telegraph, and a despatch recently passed from the former to the latter place, 1700 miles, in a second.

M. Christopoulos, the Greek Minister of Public Instruction, has ordered the researches at the Acropolis to be resumed. They were discontinued in 1840.

The Empress Eugenie has entered on her thirtieth year. It is a curious coincidence that she was born on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon the Great.

The Emperor Napoleon has invited any industrious Chinese who may be expelled from California, to take refuge in Tahiti, where they will find a welcome and employment.

It is said that one hundred clergymen have, within a short period, seceded from the ministry and communion of the English Church, to join that of Rome—a fact unparalleled since the days of Cranmer.

The waters of the Danube have not been so low for the last twenty years as they are at present, and all the commerce of Upper Austria that looks to this river as a medium of transportation, is completely suspended.

The London Chronicle, after giving a description of the late great review of the English fleet at Spithead, says:

"One useful truth we learn from this review; It shows what we could but did not do."

French loyalty and enthusiasm need regulation. It is for this purpose, we are told in a placard printed in the second arrondissement of Paris, the collectors will be sent to every house to receive the subscription of 25c. for a testimonial to the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

There are in Sweden about 2400 noble families, consisting of 11,000 persons of both sexes—or one in every 316 of the whole population—possessing landed property estimated at 71,000 rix dollars (£5,918,666)—an average of less than \$30,000, or £3500 for each family.

There are more than six hundred places of worship in London.

With much regret we learn from Vienna that the great basso, Standigl, has gone mad.

An imperial decree announces that the Russian army is to be reduced to a peace establishment.

Patia is fast becoming a place where no one can live unless he is master of a very large fortune.

The Sultan has sent a magnificent present of pearls to Victoria, and jewelled swords and saddles to Napoleon.

A statue of John Wesley is to be erected, by subscription, at his birth-place, Epworth, in North Lincolnshire.

By a late decision of the French government, professorships of agriculture are to be founded in all the principal educational establishments of France.

The States of the Duchy of Meiningen have just decided that no Jew can be an elector, a jurymen, a public functionary, an advocate, or attorney.

The pistols which O'Connell used on the occasion of his celebrated duel with D'Esterre, were sold by auction in Limerick, lately, for 27s the pair.

The Princess Murat, married to Count Rasponi of Ravenna, has just had a monument executed by the Roman sculptor, Gajassi, to the memory of her father, King Joachim.

Two sabres and two saddles of the most glittering and costly character have just arrived at the Turkish Embassy in Paris, as a present from the Sultan to the Emperor Napoleon.

The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. He employs sixty-six steam sewing machines, and one thousand girls.

The height of Mount Zion is two thousand five hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about three hundred feet above the valley below.

Marshal Pelissier has been presented with a magnificent sword—a Toledo blade—by the Spanish officers who were sent out to the Crimea by their government to witness the operations of the Eastern war.

Three Parisian sculptors are each at work on a bust of the late Madame Girardin. Victor Hugo in his recent volumes, "*Les Contemplations*," has dedicated some beautiful lines to her memory.

Recent experiments at the School of Musketry, Hythe, are said to have demonstrated the superiority of the English and American breech-loading fire-arms over those of continental manufacture, and particularly the much-praised needle gun of the Prussian infantry.

"Mario" Coutts, the much talked of, infatuated, and indefatigable lady, is now quietly residing in London, greatly improved by her eccentric journeying in this country. She has become a sensible woman, and is about to marry a Mr. Ward, of the Board of Trade, a quiet, goodly youth.

Record of the Times.

One of the New York hotels sells \$40,000 worth of wine per annum.

In England, during the reign of Henry VIII., 72,000 thieves were hanged.

Reynolds' picture of the "Strawberry Girl" lately brought 2100 guineas at auction.

Two German translations of "Hiawatha" have met with prodigious success.

Lamartine lost his money by an unfortunate speculation in wine.

The oldest paintings in the world are seven frescoes, lately found in Rome.

The Third Avenue cars, New York, lately took \$2000 in one day.

Prussia has refused to take any part in a convention to regulate the issue of paper money in Germany.

The sum set down in the budget for 1856 of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs for Abd-el-Kader and his establishment is 120,000 fr.

Prince Gortschakoff has announced that large quantities of flour and biscuit will be publicly sold by government in the kingdom of Poland.

The constitution adopted by the Mormons preparatory to asking for the admission of Utah into the Union, is very brief and plain, and says nothing about either polygamy or slavery.

Among the late arrivals at St. Louis hotels, is one that reads, "E. Smith and four wives, Salt Lake." The whole party should be rowed up Salt River.

The twentieth year some people say is always too cold to raise corn. It was a very cold season in 1816, and so it was in 1836; and they imagine it will be in 1856.

Hon. James Buchanan, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was born in Franklin county, Pa., April 13, 1791, being therefore in his sixty-sixth year.

Miss Lake, an energetic lady, is now on a visit to Philadelphia, with the object of collecting funds to establish a Female Seminary in the island of Hayti.

The wine sales of one of the New York hotels amount to forty thousand dollars a year; and the bar yields, probably, in gross receipts, about as much more; and nearly one half of the aggregate sum is profit.

In five months of 1856 there have arrived at New York 35,345 immigrants—11,367 Irish, 10,173 Germans, 7757 English. For the same time in 1855 the number was 50,049, and in 1854 it was 108,944.

Bearded women have been known in every age; one was seen at the court of Czar Peter I., in 1724, with a beard of immense length. Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, had a heavy beard.

The news of recent and important discoveries of gold in French Guiana seems to be confirmed, and at last accounts companies of adventurers were organizing in many parts of France, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the diggings.

The Indians of Florida have recently murdered several white citizens.

Prof. Morse's excellent system of telegraphing has been introduced in France.

Sugar, by a new process, is now converted into loaves in twenty minutes.

A hot air locomotive lately made eighty miles an hour on the Jersey Railroad.

The shops in London are now generally closed on Saturday afternoons.

Great Britain is busy in the process of absorbing nearly all Asia.

One of the shafts for the steamship Adriatic weighed forty tons in the rough.

Mr. Brougham has written a new play founded on Miss Brontë's "Jane Eyre."

Powers, the sculptor, is less than fifty—yet he has achieved immortality.

Grimm, the German scholar, calls English the "universal language."

A gunmaker at Liverpool has made a rifle to be fired four hundred times an hour.

Jullien has been giving concerts at Liverpool with some trumpeters of the Zouaves.

It has been ascertained that the population of Minnesota is 120,000, or more than sufficient to justify her admission into the Union.

During the last four months the sum of \$16,000,000 in gold and silver has been shipped from England to the East.

The Viennese police are in a ferment, from the extraordinary escape of the Count Orsini (a friend of Mazzini's) from the fortress of Mantua.

George Bancroft, the historian, is sojourning temporarily at St. Louis, engaged in investigations connected with revolutionary history.

Bolivia, in South America, has sent a diplomatic agent to the Holy See. This is the first time that this republic has established official relations with the pontifical government.

The fraternity of Franciscan Monks are about erecting a monastery in Allegany, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. The work is to be commenced immediately. So says the Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Strickland died in Portland, Ct., a short time since, at a very advanced age. In the graveyard where she was buried, she saw the first interment, ninety years ago!

The audience in the Opera House in New Orleans recently called out Madame Colson, the prima donna, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and presented to her a diamond bracelet and brooch worth \$1000.

Many slavers have been seen around the coast of Upper Guinea, and the brig General Pierce, of New York, is at Loando, having been captured by the Portuguese government, and condemned as a slaver. The captain and crew are in prison, awaiting trial.

The Endicott Tree of Danvers, Mass., and the Stuyvesant of New York, have a compeer upon the bank of Charles River, in Cambridge, Mass., equally venerable. It was set by Simon Stone, who landed there in 1635, and whose descendants have owned the spot ever since, till it was sold two years ago to the city for a cemetery.

Merry Making.

Spinsters should remember that Naomi was not married till she was 180.

Laziness, it is said, begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Did anybody ever hear of a woman's will? A woman's will is "I wont."

A giddy girl said her head was turned by reading of the moon's rotation.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

"I'm blowed if I do," as the trumpet said, when it was asked to give a tune.

A good housewife hearing Venice Preserved highly spoken of, asks for a receipt to make it.

Unless your wife's name be Ruth, you will be of a cruel disposition—for you will be *Ruth-less*.

"I introduce a bill for the destruction of worms," as the woodpecker said in a stump speech.

Soft soap in some shape pleases all, and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.

The thread of conversation is sustained among several persons by each knowing when to take a stitch in time.

Metaphors are unsafe weapons in a controversy. They admit of so many applications, that the engineer is often "hoist with his own petard."

BRIGHT IDEA.—When the mayor of Garratt's daughter lost her canary bird, her father instantly ordered all the town gates to be closed.

Several philosophical gentlemen are puzzling themselves to account for the circumstance that clams have no legs.

Lord Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

A Persian poet says: "Night comes on when the ink-bottle of heaven is overturned." Another calls the evening dew "the perspiration of the moon."

There is only one greater nuisance than a trombone player who performs "after tea," and that is a trombone player who performs "before breakfast."

An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight-lacing. "Why," returned the miss, "you would certainly not recommend loose habits to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

Mrs. Kinzie, in her work on the early times of the Northwest, states that the Indians say that the first *white* man that settled at Chicago was a *negro*!

A club of unmarried men recently gave a ball in Washington, and called themselves "The Merry Bachelors." *Merry* bachelors! O, pshaw, don't talk nonsense! You might as well say a skeleton is merry, because it grins! It wont do.

What is never an alderman's motto? Dinner forget.

When does a ship commit a crime? When she forges a head.

Can a watch fitted with a second hand be called a second-hand watch.

The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but a tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

Fences operate in two ways: If good, they are a defence; if poor, they are an offence.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to *hum*.

To what particular feature of the face should we attribute longevity? To the nostrils—for they *dilate*.

A man in Kentucky was so enormously big, that when he died it took two clergymen and a boy to preach his funeral sermon.

An old maid was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered, "No, I always make my own news."

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays out to catch *sparks*, but does not always succeed in lighting up a *match*.

"What can we do for Italy?" Louis Napoleon puts this question, and Punch makes this answer: "Take your leg out of the boot!"

Why is a man who gets knocked down at an election like the world we inhabit? Because he is "flattened at the polls."

What is the difference between a popular spring dish and a man with the ague? One is a baked shad and the other is *shaked* bad.

We see it stated in some of the papers that one of the parties—we forget which one—is "changing front." If they should all of them change all over it wouldn't hurt them any.

Mr. —, of the eating house, lost a customer the other day because a waiter called out "Hurry up the boiled Indian!" To hurry the Indian, after cooking him, he thought was adding tyranny to barbarism.

There is a paper printed in Arkansas on a cheese press. It is hardly necessary to say that it does not throw off sheets quite as rapidly as a flea-bitten lodger in a cheap hotel, or one of Hoe's six cylinder presses.

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you wont have *far* to go," said the phlegmatic man.

One of our most fashionable bakers, upon being shown a specimen of the bread tree, rejected it with scorn, saying, contemptuously, "Call that bread? Pshaw! Why, there's no *alum* in it!" —Punch.

It is beautiful to behold at the wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and to act indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

John Hans's Experience as a School Teacher at Stumpville.



John Hans receives a letter stating that he can be employed as school teacher, by applying at once to the committee at Stumpville.



The committee examine Hans. conclude he don't know much, and consequently is just the man. They engage him.



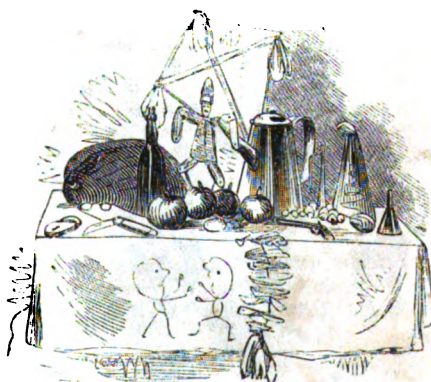
Hans returns home and purchases a "rig," in which to make his debut at Stumpville.



Hans's triumphant entry with his baggage into Stumpville on the top of the mail stage.



First day of the school. Hans commences judiciously by laying down the law.



The confiscations which have accumulated at the end of the first week.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



View of the school in repose while Hans is present.



View of school when Hans has stepped out for a minute.



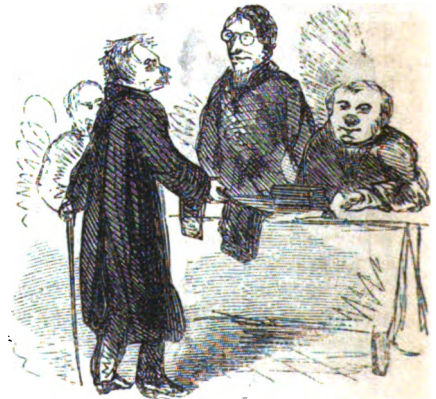
View of the scene of action when Hans steps back again.



Severe punishment of the principal offender.



Principal offender's big brother retaliates upon Hans



Hans hastens to the committee, and resigns.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

WHOLE No. 21.

THE BEAUTY OF TROLHÄTTA, AND HER PERILS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

THE river Gotha in Sweden connects the magnificent inland sea, denominated Wenner, with the North Sea, or rather the Skaggreack, which it joins near the town of Gottenburg. This stream, valuable as a means of easy communication, possesses little attraction in point of scenery, flowing as it does through a monotonous and comparatively barren country. Perhaps we should never hear of the Gotha, if it was not interrupted by the celebrated Trolhätta Falls, situated not far from Lake Wenner. Situated close by the falls is the village of Trolhätta, containing a population of one thousand persons, many of whom find employment and consequent subsistence in the busy little sawmills which are built close to the edge of the stream, and overhanging the cataract in picturesque and startling positions. The continued industry of these mills is secured by an unbroken supply of timber provided by the northern and western coasts of the Wenner, transported across the lake by sloops and schooners, and finally brought to Trolhätta through the famous canal of the same name—an improvement planned and carried into effect by Charles the Twelfth. From this village the wood in a new form is taken on the canal past the rapids, and down to the *debouchure* of the Gotha, whence it is transmitted as the commerce of the country directs.

But we have to do less with the wood than with the sawmills, or rather still, with the owner of a portion of them. Olof Schonberg was the happiest man in Trolhätta. He ate unflinchingly

his four regular meals daily, he drank his beer with unrivalled gusto, and smoked his pipe in a state of complacency and quietude which many a richer and better man might have envied; and the indisputable excellence and superior wealth of Olof was celebrated throughout the region. It would not be easy to reckon the little arable patches whereof he claimed proprietorship, though it could be done with suitable pains-taking, as well as to measure the corn and barley and potatoes, which, notwithstanding they grew in broken and limited localities, made a very fair aggregate. Neither will we enumerate his mills or give a hint at their probable value, lest the stupendous result should seem scarcely credible to those who appreciate the difficulties a sawyer must surmount in attaining a competency, an actual fortune in the furniture of his vocation, and lest, on the other hand, it might be superciliously contemned by such persons as are accustomed to compute their wealth in broad columns.

Olof sustained as unpretending a style of living as his less prosperous neighbors, unless, perhaps, his house was somewhat larger than theirs, and surrounded by a greater number of granaries and offices, while the servants were as numerous as the necessities of the establishment demanded. In his own proper domicile, so far as he had the control, were the same rudeness and simplicity everywhere found among the laboring classes. Plenty and cleanliness were in their estimation the highest advantages asso-

ciated with wealth, and it abundantly satisfied his notions of display to see his cottages in their bright coat of red paint contrasting pleasantly with the verdure on the overgrown roofs, and within to find no stains on the deal boards or ceiling, and walls scoured to a marvellous pitch of whiteness, and to crumple beneath his feet the newly-gathered fir-twigs and leaves which strewed the immaculate floor.

Olof had experienced one great sorrow which was evidently sufficient for his spiritual discipline, since he was not likely wholly to outlive its effect upon his heart. Despite his joviality and content, he did not cease to remember in long hours of abstracted thought his faithful, loving wife, the mother of his sweet, laughing girl. She had been dead years, and his little Edna had grown almost to womanhood. Olof did not attempt to contract a second marriage, but remained at ease beneath the housewifely rule of his maiden sister. Miss Margaret Schoning was plump and good-natured, in spite of her decision. She had come to her brother when she heard of his affliction, taking a final leave of the social attractions of Gottenburg, in which city she was living, with some pretensions to fashion, on a small legacy. It was better, in her opinion, to care for Olof and her niece, and to look after the housekeeping, than to spend a life in idleness. Accordingly, she relinquished her meagre gentility and two or three "prospects," of which most single ladies have several, and arrived in a state of bustling importance by virtue of her self-denial—a state she never quite escaped from—at Trolhætta.

Miss Margaret would have found her new home dull and coarse, when contrasted with her Gottenburg experience of pleasure and refinement, if the beautiful little Edna had not won her whole heart and absorbed her interest immediately. The sweet, gay child, with skin of snow, heavenly blue eyes and luxuriant golden curls, diffused about her a cheer like very sunshine; and whether she danced on the fir leaves, or learned to sew, or combed her lessons, or skipped along the streets, she was always the same in loveliness. Miss Margaret was ready to die for her, but there being no fitting occasion for the display of such a proof of attachment, she could only devote her life to caring for the rosebud, and she had her reward in seeing it enlarge and open into a flower which verified its early promise of perfection.

While Edna was no higher than her aunt's shoulder, she was allowed to go to the mills as often as she chose, where she talked with her father in his intervals of labor, watched the an-

tiring saws, played with the moist, fragrant wood, and where, above all, she could see the furious Gotha leaping, surging and boiling in its descent over the Trolhætta rocks. For hours together, she would stand looking from the window of the mill, listening to the unceasing rush of the waters, pleasing herself with sparkling, broken fancies and meditations, such as Miss Margaret never told her, and such as she had never read in books. She must have heard them from the water spirits.

One day when she went down to the mill, she found a stranger there. He was already at work, and her father was teaching him how the labor should be performed. He was still young, scarcely arrived at his full stature, but he was strong, vigorous and capable, and Edna very much admired his agility, his coal black hair which the red cap did not entirely conceal, and his dark, shining eyes, which were not slow in sending beaming, inquiring glances towards her.

Aleck Thune, for that was the name of the stranger, was a Norwegian; and, more restless and ambitious than his brothers, who cared for nothing more exciting than the cultivation of their little farms lying far away to the northward, he had left his home, and after a series of ordinary adventures, had arrived at Carlstad. There he heard of Gottenburg, then in a specially prosperous condition, and determined to go thither to seek his fortune. He crossed the Wenner with a cargo of timber and came to Trolhætta. The beautiful falls attracted his attention. He must stop to see them and to hear their deep, roaring voice. He must find rare and difficult paths alone to the stream, and gain by dangerous passes and the aid of tough and stunted trees, those high, overhanging projections from which he could look down into the wildest eddies, the maddest rush of the waters. Aleck found in his climbing the greatest exhilaration. Full of daring and hope, he sat down on the sloping edge of the precipice and devised plans for his emolument at Gottenburg. Then he thought himself of his slender, hoarded supply of silver, upon which he relied to take him to that city, and he took it out from his bosom and spread it in his hand to count it over. O, horror! He was slipping forward—could nothing save him? He made a desperate clutch at the rocky point beside him; it did not break, and another effort carried him up to a place of security. But the silver—that tinkled along down the crag and parting the black waters, commenced its perpetual whirl in the stupendous basin which contained them. Aleck caught his breath and looked after his falling treasure.

"That money was my nest-egg, and a pretty nest it lies in now. But I'll not leave it. The window of yonder mill cleverly overlooks my possessions, and perhaps the owner will hire me—who knows?" And thus talking and singing to support his courage, Aleck made the best of his way to test this last seeming possibility.

In less than an hour, he was tagging at the heavy timber in the mill. Olof despised the Norwegians, but his objection to having a servant of that nation was overcome by Aleck's truthful story of misfortune, his clear, honest eye, and a strong arm. And Olof had that very day said to himself: "I am growing old, and I will no longer work as I have done. I will have another good lad to help me. It is enough for me to overlook so many fellows and give a lift at a beam now and then."

Aleck moved the logs and waited for the saw to cut them several hours, and he was already tired of the confinement. Surely this, day in and out, would be no better than digging potatoes; it was even worse, for the blue sky was quite hidden by the black roof. Aleck was forlorn and sighed, not for home, but for Gottenburg, and resolved with new determination to go there as soon as he could earn money enough. At that moment, something bright flattered before his vision. He looked eagerly and saw such a beautiful, airy figure, that he thought an angel had been sent to console him; but it was only a young girl, who embraced and kissed Olof before she perceived that he was not alone. She gave Aleck a pleasant greeting and stayed to see him work, and after a while she ventured to talk with him, and then she laughed very much at his bad Swedish. She offered timidly to teach him a better pronunciation. Aleck did not work late on that day, but went with Olof and Edna to the house before tea-time. Miss Margaret received him graciously. Edna continued to talk to him, and before he fell asleep that night, he thought perhaps he should always live at Trolhetta.

Olof in a few days so appreciated his able assistant, that he would not have exchanged him for the best Swede he knew. The lovely Edna could not part with her companion, and the communicative Miss Margaret set a high value on a good listener; and the pleasant pictures of Gottenburg produced from the storehouse of her memory made the passing gratification of the young people, but occasioned no emotion of longing discontent in the breast of Aleck. Only Edna, sometimes, enraptured with descriptions of the theatre and parties, handsome shops and the fine English residents, would exclaim:

"I will yet stay a while in Gottenburg."

"And go from us?" Aleck would say, sadly.

"Perhaps you would go also?"

"I might do that," said he.

"And I will stay there long enough," said the gay Edna, "to learn English tolerably well, and get me some foreign dresses which will last me a lifetime for my best, just like Aunt Margaret's. And you will have saved money enough then, so that you could go with me and keep me out of harm, and maybe study with a learned professor, and afterwards rise very high in life."

"I never wish to be higher," said Aleck, "than on the black rocks above the mill, with you for my wise little professor. I knew a great many things and Swedish perfectly already."

"No, indeed—no!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "Your speaking is full of faults. You would not be thought at all intelligent among Gottenburg gentlemen."

Aleck did not relish that compliment—and it was but fair to say it was quite unjust, since his mind was as active and retentive as could be desired—and he set off for the mill in bad humor, and commenced working. But Edna was in a provoking mood, and she followed Aleck, not to ask his pardon, but to tease him still further, that she might see his eyes grow black and flash, and his cheeks become red. As soon as she had exhausted every topic of disagreement which her invention very amiably consented to supply, she said to herself:

"Now before I go to the house, I will give him one good fright, and that will vex him more; then it will be so nice to make it all up after dinner, and watch his eyes turn to a soft, deep brown again, while I oblige him to laugh and coax him to tell a pretty story about the north land."

Edna followed the suggestions of her naughty spirit, and stole out to the end of the old mill, where there was a ruinous balcony overhanging the stream. The rude balustrade was decayed, and the place was considered quite unsafe by Aleck, who had given Edna many a caution.

"In mercy come back, or you are lost!" shouted he, as he saw her go to the extreme end and lean against the insecure railing in defiance.

His cry of distress only excited her perverse daring, and she bent over the rotten support, and letting the wind toss her sunny ringlets in the light, looked back with a gay, mocking laugh. It was but for an instant, however, for the old railing broke beneath the weight of her swaying motion, and she went helplessly down into the deep and terrible water. Only a shrill scream lingered in the air behind her.

A bound and a plunge, and Aleck had made the dangerous descent into the Gotha in time to dash forward and catch the imprudent girl before she was thrown against the rocks. Then by almost miraculous strength he combated the furious eddies, and gained a huge mass of granite in the middle of the river.

The fright and sudden bath completely banished the naughtiness from Edna's heart and dispelled Aleck's irritations, and there succeeded as pretty a reconciliation-scene as one would wish to describe. So thought an English traveller, who stood on the nearest bank in an attitude of affected superiority, with foppish dress and a ferocious disposition of hair. He vowed he would gladly sit on the worst looking rock in the Gotha, with a beautiful girl to kiss his hand like that, if—there were only a bridge to the shore. Meanwhile the crowd rapidly increased, as the news of the strange exposure ran through the village. Olof was the only man whose actions were more energetic than his words. After repeated efforts, he succeeded in throwing a rope to Aleck, who fastened it about a corner of the rock and called for another. The second followed shortly. This Aleck tied about his body, and securely holding his charge and clinging to the first rope, was drawn to the shore.

All rushed forward to receive them, and the Englishman pushing aside the others, even Miss Margaret and Olof, with an insolent freedom attempted to take Edna from Aleck, who still supported her. She shrank back, and Aleck motioned him away. But the stranger, uttering some mawkish compliment, the meaning of which was sufficiently evident to the bystanders, by his tone and the expression of his features, persisted in his rudeness, and with insulting familiarity insinuated his arm about the waist of the dripping girl who, terrified, clung to her preserver. The light kindled in Aleck's eye, and seeming to concentrate his entire muscular force in his right arm, with one stroke he laid the intruder on the ground.

"Rightly served! So much for his impudence!" said the spectators.

Incited by the popular approval, Aleck was disposed to add some further token of his displeasure to that already applied to the person of the stranger, who was hastening to recover his footing and dignity. But Olof securing his daughter, bade his household follow him homeward, and strode on with such rapid steps, that Aleck had only time to shake defiance at his adversary with his clenched fists. As the stranger was sufficiently valorous in this pantomimic warfare against a retreating foe, the contest on his

part was quite vigorous and edifying to behold. —In a little while Edna became a tall young lady, and no longer went to the mill to play. Aleck also grew large and handsome, and almost every day contrived to gain time for a delightful walk with his master's daughter in some of the wild paths about their romantic home. They professed to study botany under Miss Margaret's guidance, and to go abroad for specimens; but the flowers they might chance to find more frequently adorned Edna's curls than a herbarium, and the students appeared to be better satisfied with sitting side by side on the barren rocks overlooking the Gotha, than with laborious searching in moist and sunny nooks for illustrations of their favorite science.

They were on the topmost crag one day, looking alternately at the prospect and in each other's eyes. All were very fine.

"Don't go so near the edge," said Aleck. "There's where I had the good luck to lose my money once, but it isn't worth your while to go after it."

"I shall not fall," replied Edna. "I wish only to reach that extraordinary glistening pebble. If we do not carry some curiosity home, Aunt Margaret will charge us with sloth and carelessness, as she did yesterday."

But Edna did not calculate upon the time-worn smoothness of the rock, and she commenced the terrible slipping which her companion had once tried before her. Aleck sprang to save her and caught her dress. But he also was too near the brink, and for an instant it seemed doubtful if he could recover himself, much more the burden which drew him downward. It was a moment of silence, suspense and agony. An arm less strong, a nerve less determined than the young sawyer's, would have lost all. It was a close conflict with certain destruction, but Aleck won the victory, and he presently stood at a safe distance from the precipice, pale and trembling, and clasping to his heart his palpitating prize.

"I once lost my entire fortune over that dangerous rock," said he; "if I had there parted with my all again, I should have taken up my abode with my treasures in the black whirlpool beneath."

His words brought the bright color and smiles into Edna's face, and as the echo of their impassioned utterance fell on Aleck's ear, the blood, in compensation for its temporary absence, rushed in crimson floods to his cheeks and more than wonted gladness lit his eye. He took Edna's arm within his own and went directly home. They were so engrossed with pleasanter thoughts

that neither remembered to acquaint Miss Margaret with the particulars of their perilous adventure. But nothing on a hill-top can remain unknown, and Olof had seen the whole from the window of the mill.

On that very evening Olof consulted with his sister respecting the means by which he might best testify his sense of Aleck's repeated services that had so happily resulted in the continued felicity of his household. The gratitude of Olof was unbounded, and he studied how to reward Edna's preserver. Miss Margaret's eyes twinkled with delight in anticipation of more than possibilities, and she blushed slightly, being a sensible maiden lady, as she somewhat diffusely hinted at a wedding which would probably be satisfactory to all parties.

Olof's blank astonishment, as he gradually comprehended his sister's drift, grew into towering indignation when her proposition stood clearly before him, and he marched up and down the room scattering the fragrant fir-buds in every direction by his violent footsteps.

"A daughter of mine," he exclaimed, "shall never marry a detestable Norwegian. I hate the whole race, and so did my father. A good Swede always hates them—the Norway men."

"But—but," said Miss Margaret, trying to make prompt headway against a torrent of patriotic invectives which she foresaw, "Aleck has always obtained your approval, and you certainly have no personal dislike to him."

"To be sure I have. Aint he a Norwegian, I'd like to know? and isn't that sufficient?" said Olof, tossing a shower of evergreen leaves towards the ceiling.

"But Edna is so much attached to him—more than to any one else in the world," said his sister, making a bold push forward in the affair.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Olof, contemptuously. "I wonder if she isn't my daughter, and born in Sweden, too!"

At length Olof left the fir-twigs in peace, and sitting down, half succeeded in persuading his sister that the match which she had proposed was wholly absurd and inadmissible, assured her that he would fully compensate Aleck for his gallant behaviour, and advised, to prevent the growth of an incipient regard, that Edna be sent to their old friends in Gottenburg, where she might find some amusements and pick up a few accomplishments. He requested, also, that the direction of everything should be left to him; and as he was absolute in his household, his sister dutifully and submissively acquiesced.

In two hours, he had made a bargain with Aleck, confirmed by papers, signatures and wit-

nesses, by which the young man was to continue in his service during the two following years, and was then to receive certain unusual advantages that would lay a broad foundation for a fortune large enough to satisfy any ambition instructed by Trolhætta customs. Aleck was in raptures, for he viewed this distinction, which his master had bound himself to confer, as a certain stepping-stone to the attainment of his dearest wish. The obligation seemed to be wholly on his side, and he forgot that Olof or his family were at all indebted to him. But he was greatly taken aback when he soon learned that in less than a week Edna would be carried by her father to Gottenburg.

"You know, Aleck, that you are to go with me there," said Edna, with her sweetest blushes and smiles. "I am sure you have earned money enough to make it possible for you to do all those great things we used to talk about, and many others beside."

"I have money which I could use, yet I cannot go." And Aleck gloomily and even angrily explained the terms of his recent engagement.

He was not without penetration, and he remembered a remark of Olof's which convinced him that the present position of affairs was by no means accidental. But he had too much sense to throw away, through petulance or impulse, a certain chance of ultimate prosperity; and hoping for the best, he determined to abide strictly by the terms of the bond and remain at Trolhætta, as the paper required. If he could only have one more conversation with Edna, he would be satisfied; but this opportunity strangely enough did not occur, and he was forced to part from her, receiving such assurances of her affection as her tears and hand-pressure at the last moment might afford.

It is not our purpose to follow our beauteous heroine to Gottenburg, where, introduced by her father's relative into respectable society, she was directly a cynosure of popularity and admiration. Olof soon came back with letters. There was, indeed, no limit to the letters which followed each other home, and which for artlessness and refreshing unconsciousness, might have compared favorably with those of Miss Harriet Byron. There were the parties and the theatre and the various expected excitements, and there was a handsome merchant who greatly admired her, and an ugly count who was at her feet, and a landed proprietor who was ready to die for her on any imperative occasion, and beside, her English teacher who was more devoted and disagreeable than all the rest. She soon became weary of repelling people who would not retire, and of

making conquests whose value was nothing to her, and at the end of half a year, having seen everything worthy of attention, and taken as many lessons in English as she could endure from her pretensions instructor, she petitioned or leave to return home. And Olof by that time was only too glad to grant it, and went for her with astonishing alacrity. Of course she brought with her the foreign dresses and improved manners and a world of sunshine, and nothing could be more joyful than was all Trolhætta on her arrival. So at least thought Aleck, yet I am not sure that all the villagers knew precisely when she returned.

Edna resumed her former habits and occupations, as if she never meant again to resign them, and it supplied employment and happiness for weeks to tell Aleck all that she had seen and learned in her absence. She had also to visit her numerous *protégés*, poor people in the vicinity, who had missed her beautiful countenance more than the charities which she was accustomed to afford them, since her place had been well filled by the thoughtful Miss Margaret.

A poor lame woman lived in a secluded spot, just aside from the thickly settled parts of Trolhætta, and thither Edna went often, accompanied by a servant carrying supplies of food and other necessities. One day she made her visit in unusual haste, for her father had been crippled by some injury received in the mill, and was temporarily confined to the house, and she shortened her absence to contribute to his entertainment. She was expected in time for dinner, and Olof, Margaret and Aleck were waiting, when the servant, who had accompanied her, breathless and terrified burst into the room. Her story was told in snatches. She was returning with Miss Edna, when a carriage met them, containing a man, who, Miss Edna said, was her English teacher, and the young lady vainly tried to pass him without being recognized; and the man alighted and held a long conversation with Miss Edna, and she shook her head a great many times and endeavored to escape; and the end of it was she was caught up by the man, who sprang into the carriage and drove rapidly off.

This story produced the utmost consternation. Olof jumped up furiously, but sank groaning into his chair.

"In heaven's name! why do you stand there, Aleck?" cried he. "Take the fastest horse you know, and be off with you."

"Only on one condition," said Aleck, coolly sitting down.

"Are you mad? What is it?" shouted Olof.

"That she be mine when I find her," said Aleck.

"The saints help me! She shall not marry a Norwegian," exclaimed Olof.

"I don't wish to parade my merits," continued Aleck, calmly, "but I will say that I have twice rescued Edna at the peril of my life. That will answer for you two; if I save her again it must be for myself."

"Margaret, let him alone," again shouted Olof. "Call some of the men instantly, and send them on after her."

"They are energetic fellows—they'll probably find her!" said Aleck, sarcastically.

Olof groaned more loudly than ever. Miss Margaret here interfered with her eloquence, and labored to convince her brother that Edna was certainly lost as matters then stood; that she might be in a much more disagreeable situation than that of Aleck's bride, and talked so effectively that Olof gave his extorted consent, with only one proviso and one faint hope.

"You may have her, Aleck; if she is willing—mind, if she is willing. I say, if she is willing, Aleck."

Aleck joyfully accepted the terms, and having already carefully questioned the servant-girl, in two minutes was flying on the track of the refugees, leaving his master to rave at his broken limb, and make the best of a doleful case. Fortune favored Aleck by breaking down the light carriage of the Englishman.

The young sawyer arrived at the scene of the accident soon after it occurred, where he found his old enemy, the Englishman, by the Gothic, somewhat ingloriously occupied in endeavoring to prevent the flight of his lady and in examining his useless vehicle, without appearing to remember that a good cavalier need not be exposed to the unfortunate chances of successful pursuit while his steed remains. Aleck at first determined to give battle to his antagonist, and punish him severely; but he was too happy to sustain a belligerent temper for any time, and he accordingly changed his resolution, and assisted the miserable Englishman in mending his carriage as well as ropes would do it, and saw him safely started on towards Gottenburg, while Edna stood by almost overcome with hysterical laughter.

Olof soon found that his only hope was without foundation, but Miss Margaret, and Aleck, and Edna were so completely satisfied and happy that it was impossible for him to be long perverse and ill-natured.

There was a wedding in due time after this, and nobody even regretted it—not even Olof, for Aleck was a dutiful son-in-law, and became as patriotic a Swede as if he had been born in Stockholm.

I'M ALL ALONE.—TO —.

BY EVELINE.

I'm all alone—what though the world surrounds me,
If from its crowd thy form be gone?
The world has lost its power to charm, without thee,
Alas! alas! I'm all alone!

I'm all alone—what if affection greet me?
It speaketh not in thy sweet tone;
Love's softest speech availeth not to cheer me,
Thy voice I hear not—I'm alone!

I'm all alone—perhaps by love surrounded,
Thy thoughts, from bygone days have flown;
O'st alas, perchance, enshrined in wo unbounded,
Like me, thou sighest, "I'm all alone!"

I'm all alone—yet thoughts of thee still cherished,
Around my heart a charm have thrown;
This shall remain when all things else have perished,
While this is mine—I'm not alone!

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ONE of the greatest evils incident to the young mechanics and business workmen of our country is that of frequent change of place and employment. This characteristic is peculiar to Yankees, they seem content only while on the move. This would be well enough if the movement were always onward. But it is not so. The young man who contracts the habit of often changing his business is apt to gain nothing in the end. Not only does "a rolling stone gather no moss," but in time it must lose much of its own substance. And so it is with the rolling portion of our youth—they not only gather no golden moss, but they generally lose some of their previous gatherings. Let a young man gain a good place for employment, and by-and-by leave it for one more flattering, and at length find himself disappointed, and he will be anxious for another change. By the time he has made three or four changes he will be sure to remain uneasy all the time.

Let us not be understood as objecting to all change in this respect. There must be many circumstances under which business changes are necessary. A young man must always look out for that situation which is the most sure, and at the same time most profitable. But the danger is, in allowing fancy to be dazzled by every tempting offer that comes up, without due exercise of the judgment. A simple narrative of real life will explain our meaning.

Samuel Peterson and Henry Willis were both of the same age, and had learned their trade of the same man. They were but a few months past their twenty-first year, and were machinists by trade. Mr. Lot Merrill, their employer, was a staunch business man, understanding every branch of the trade, and enjoying the confidence of the community. He was wealthy and influential, and his word was to all who knew him, as a legal bond. When Samuel and Henry were twenty-one, Mr. Merrill had made them a very advantageous offer. He would pay them a dollar a day for the next year; give them all further necessary instruction; and, at the expiration of that time, if they proved efficient, he would do still better by them.

"You have been my apprentices, boys," he said, "and while you remain steady and industrious I will give you employment in preference to all others who are no better than you are. I will always give preference to those who have learned the trade of me. And more than this, I may have some opportunities to let you do job work, where you may make as much as you can."

So the young men went at work, and for awhile they were both content. Five months thus passed away, and every Saturday night they received their six dollars each.

Some three miles below Mr. Merrill's shop, and on the same stream, there stood a building which had been originally put up for a cloth factory, but none of the machinery, except the water-wheel, and a few shafts, had ever been put in. A new company had bought the establishment, and were busy in putting in machinery. They were going to make a machine shop of it. One bright spring morning the good people saw flaming placards posted up at the street corners, and in the principal stores, announcing that Crafts, Cumfrey & Co. had opened a new machine shop, where "all kinds of work pertaining to their profession could be done cheaper, better, and with more despatch, than at any other place in the country."

A few days after this a man called at Samuel Peterson's boarding place, announcing himself as Mr. Crafts, of the firm of Crafts, Cumfrey & Co., and asked the young man to come and work for him, offering to pay him one dollar and a quarter per day. Samuel told him he would give him an answer the next day.

This was at noon; so in the afternoon, when he returned to the shop, he went into the counting-room and told Mr. Merrill of the offer.

"Well," said the old machinist, "I have no claim on your services after you have given me a week's notice, and I wish you to do in this

as you think best. I cannot afford to pay you more than I now do; only I can assure you that you shall have some jobs to do this summer. You know the advantages you have here. You are sure of your pay; of a permanent place while I live; of as much improvement in the business as you have a mind to grasp; and of increased pay when you shall have become more proficient. Of this new company I know nothing, except that to you they are like 'a bird in the bush.' Yet I will venture one word of advice, for I know how apt young men, just commencing in life, are to be led away by dazzling offers. Before you make any change in your business be sure you are going to better yourself. If you are satisfied on this point, then go ahead."

Samuel Peterson bowed his head, and poked the floor with his feet a few moments, and when he looked up his face had thrown off every shade of doubt.

"I shall remain with you," he said, "for I know what will be my fortune here, and it is as much as I have any cause to hope for."

Mr. Merrill was much pleased with the youth's decision, and he plainly said so. Shortly after this, Henry Willis came in; and he also went to the counting-room. He remained there half an hour, and then came out and joined his companion.

"Sam," said he, with an air of importance, "I've had a new offer."

"So have I," returned Samuel.

"Crafts, Cumfrey, & Co., want me."

"So they want me."

"Ah? But they offer me a dollar and twenty-five cents a day."

"So they did me."

"And have you spoken to the old man about it?"

"Yes."

"And did he come to terms?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why—did he offer to pay you the extra quarter?"

"No."

"Then we'll both work together. The old man won't budge an inch. I offered to stay, if he'd pay me as much as Crafts offered, but he wouldn't do it; so I just told him I should leave. What did you tell him?"

"Why—I'll tell ye, Henry: I have concluded to stay where I am."

"What? Not stay here and work for a dollar a day when you can have a dollar and a quarter there?"

"But that ain't the thing, Henry. If that place was equal in every other respect with this—

or if it was even an old and stable establishment, and I could be assured of permanent work there, the case might be different. But what inducement is there now? We know nothing of these men—whether they are responsible or not, or whether they are even honest. They offer us a dollar and a quarter a day now, and we may stay with them six years and get no more. But we know that when we are worth it, we shall receive more than that from Mr. Merrill. I have thought just enough of this to feel assured that I shall be best off here."

"But I aint a going to work here for twenty-five cents less a day than I can have elsewhere, Sam—not by a long shot. What's the use?"

"Well, Henry, I won't advise you, for you are as old as I am; but yet I think you'll take a foolish step if you leave your old place. Here we have the advantage of extending our knowledge of our business, which we could not have in any other place; and we also know just what to depend upon. We have here a plain, straight business path opened to us, and we know we shall do well in it if our health is spared; and we know, too, that we are receiving all our labor is actually worth. I mean in two months, to be able to make and fit and finish a vault door, with locks and all; and in a year I hope to be able to build a steam-engine. No, Henry—I won't leave this place for any such situation as the one we are speaking of."

"Well, Sam—you can do as you please, but I shall quit at the end of the week, and go at work for the new concern. I can't afford to lose this offer. Let's see—twenty-five cents a day. Now between this and next new years there'll be—let's see; three—four—eight months; and that'll be—thirteen and nine—twenty-two weeks. That'll be one hundred and thirty-two days—just thirty-three dollars. Now if we should—you know, Sam, what we've been talking about?"

"Yes—I know."

"Well, if we conclude to be married next new year, those thirty-three dollars will be worth something, eh?"

"Why, yes; but then I look beyond that. If I had no more of life to look for than up to next January, I might run the risk of some change, but as it is, I think I'm better off as I am. At all events, I am contented here, and so were you till this new offer came up. We both felt we were receiving all that we ought to receive, and our ambition was, to merit more. If we remain here we shall surely gain all we deserve, and what we do deserve we shall surely receive."

"O, that all sounds very well, but I say—take the best you can get."

"So do I," returned Samuel; and here the conversation ended.

Several times during the week young Willis approached his companion on the subject, trying to get him to go and work for the new firm, but without effect.

"I see," said Peterson, at the last conversation, "you are getting a spice of excitement into your system. You will one of these days love change for the mere sake of change. You'll be like Tom Packard—one of the best fellows living, but see how he manages. He loves change—change has become necessary to him. Let him have the best business in the world, and he'd leave it for the first new thing that might turn up. Last year he was making money in the express business. He owned four good horses clear, and was doing well. But as soon as Bascom went to him and opened his plan for that new bowling-alley, Tom went right into it. He wanted something new, and he had it; and now, after losing all he had of money, he's gone to peddling. Next he'll be driving a coach, and he always contrives to leave a good business as soon as something else is offered."

However, the week came round, and Henry Willis left his old employer and went at work for Crafts, Cumfrey, & Co., and Mr. Merrill put a new hand in his place, advancing one of the elder apprentices, and taking a new one. Samuel Peterson worked on with renewed energy. He had determined to merit the confidence of his employer, and prove himself worthy of the advancement he aimed at. He often met Henry, and the latter never failed to congratulate himself on the excellent place he had obtained. Samuel was glad to hear it.

Some time in August—near the first of the month—Mr. Merrill called Peterson to his room.

"Samuel," said he, "I have received an offer to put an iron vault, with double doors, into the Merchants' Bank—the inner door to be triple plated, with the middle plate of cast steel. Here is a minute draft of what they want, so far as form and size is concerned. You may take this, and go up and look at the place where the vault is to be placed; and then you can let me know if you feel competent to do it."

The youth thanked his employer, and, then, with a strangely fluttering heart, he took the plan and withdrew. He looked it over, and then went up to the bank, where he received all the information he desired; and that evening he informed Mr. Merrill that he could do it.

"Very well," returned the master. "And now you shall have my proposition. I am to receive twelve hundred dollars for the safety vault.

About three hundred of that must go for the locks, and some for other matters beside stock. I will give you two hundred and twenty dollars to make it, and you may take such help as you need by paying them the same as I am paying them. For instance: If you use Jones, I shall deduct two dollars for every day you use him—and for Smith I should deduct only a dollar. You understand. But you will say nothing of this to the hands."

Some further conversation was held on the subject, and then Samuel was ready for his job. On the following morning he went at it. He kept Smith at work with him nearly all the time, and most of the time he had others to help him. He made all his own plans and draughts, and every bit of the head-work, and in every case the work fitted to a hair. The door was a splendid specimen of workmanship—in fact, both of them were. The outer door, which was of polished iron, was made with stiles, rails and panels, and when it was done not a seam or mark could be detected where the joints were, nor could the heads of the bolts be seen. It was placed in the counting-room on exhibition while the rest of the vault was under way.

At length the work was completed, and the vault set up. Samuel superintended the masons while they set it, and not until it was ready to put the papers into did he give up the keys. He sat down with Mr. Merrill after the work was done, and reckoned up the result of his job. He had worked on the vault forty-seven days. He had had Smith to help him forty-two days, at one dollar per day; Gurney, twenty days, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, and Jones, eight days, at two dollars per day. Then there were five dollars to pay for trucking. This added up amounted to eighty-eight dollars, leaving a balance in his favor of one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

"Well, Samuel, you've made a pretty good speculation," said Mr. Merrill, after this result had been arrived at.

"And—ah—how much am I to receive?" asked the youth, tremulously.

"Why, here it is, in black and white. I offered you two hundred and twenty dollars to do the job, and you've done it. You've made a hundred and thirty-two dollars—about two dollars and five-sixths per day. But you are not the only one who has done this. Jones has had several jobs of the kind, and Gurney has had three. The idea is simply here: In mechanics, as in the more intellectual professions, the labor of a capable mind is worth more than the mere labor of physical organs, for one mind may find

work for a hundred hands, while without that mind they would be idle. Now perhaps you do not estimate your own abilities high enough. There are ten men in my employ who have had all the advantages that you have had, but somehow they never had a faculty of learning anything but the mere mechanical part. There are men here who have been in my shop fourteen years, and have been faithful and industrious, and yet they could not have made that vault door. With some one else to draw the plans, and give them the dimensions of each particular part, they could have performed the mere work. So you see that in this job you have only received a fair pay for your services, for you have done the work of one good artisan besides doing all the headwork. Henry Willis might have done the same had he remained here, for he possessed an excellent mechanical judgment and taste."

"I cannot express all my gratitude, sir," uttered Samuel, with a brilliant eye.

"O," returned the employer, with a smile, "I am as much benefited as you are, and whatever may be my desire for your good, I at the same time have a selfish inducement for these things, for this very ability on the part of my workmen is of incalculable benefit to me. Now by giving my faithful hands an opportunity to make something by such jobs, they are far more anxious to qualify themselves for the work; and when people know that I have a number of workmen, either one of whom is capable of taking an important work and carrying it through to completion, they will surely bring their best work here. So you see how much I gain by it. And now, if it will not shock your feelings too much, I will tell you something new: Mr. Archer, the president of the Farmer's Bank, spoke with me yesterday, and wished me to let the same man, who built the new vault for the Merchant's Bank, build one for him. Perhaps I might not deem it just to let you have another job so soon; but I shall give it to you and Gurney, and let you share the profits."

From that time Samuel Peterson was one of the best men in the shop. But he had only his dollar per day during the remainder of the year.

One afternoon, after winter had come, and the wind blew cold and cheerless, Henry Willis entered Mr. Merrill's counting-room, with a sad, downcast look. He wished to know if Mr. Merrill could give him employment.

"Have you left Crafts & Co.?" asked the old machinist.

"They have burst up, sir," the young man replied. "Mr. Cumfrey gave us notice that the company could do no more work."

"But you have not lost any of your wages?"

"Not much, sir," the youth answered, gazing down upon the floor. "Cumfrey settled up with us last night. He was owing me twenty-two dollars. He offered me twelve to settle, or I might wait and get my pay with the outside creditors; so I took the twelve dollars and gave him a receipt."

"I am sorry you have lost your place, but I have no room for another workman now. My shop is full. Only let me advise you to secure a good place as soon as possible; and when you once find it hang on to it as long as you can."

The first of January came and Henry had obtained a situation in a blacksmith's shop, at one dollar per day; but the fond hope he had cherished could not be realized. Samuel Peterson on that day became a happy husband. He had explained the whole plan to his employer, and on hearing it, Mr. Merrill advised him to follow it out.

In the spring Henry Willis had an offer to go into a new place, and he took up with it. Near the same time Samuel Peterson had his wages raised to one dollar and fifty cents per day, and the extra pay was the more grateful because Mr. Merrill assured him he was truly worth the price.

And since that time several years have passed away. Samuel Peterson is still with Mr. Merrill, receiving twenty-two cents per hour for his usual labor, and having many jobs on which he often cleared his five dollars per day. He owns a snug little cottage, and he calculates to lay up three hundred dollars per year. He has a wife who helps him well in all his laudable undertakings.

In the meantime, Henry Willis has been toasting about the country—now with work, and now without—always continuing to earn money enough to pay his rent and keep his family in food and clothing. And this propensity for change has become a habit which must cling to him through life. After he has worked a month in one place he becomes uneasy and restless, and the first man who comes along and proposes something new is sure to be listened to.

Now does not the reader call to mind just such cases? They are plenty in our country, and many of the human wrecks which we meet along the rough shore of business have become stranded upon this very shoal. Let our youth steer their life-barks clear of it. Beware of allowing the spirit of discontent to find its way into your bosoms. It is a very homely saying, but yet one of useful application, and may be heeded with profit by those who are commencing business life: "*Let well enough alone.*"

THE UNLOVED.

BY MRS. S. E. DAVES.

I wander round my splendid home,
A sad and sorrowing child,
And oft I wish that I could roam,
To some lone desert wild.
For no one speaks a kindly word
To one they call so plain;
And not a pitying sigh is heard,
When I am racked by pain.

My mother strokes the golden hair
Of my darling sister oft,
And tells her she is very fair,
In tones so sweet and soft.
O, how I long to be caressed,
And told, though plain my face,
That deep within her yearning heart,
I find a cherished place.

They say I'm cross, a stupid child,
A peevish, fretful thing;
They ne'er can know the anguish wild,
Such words as these can bring.
O, why did God my sister give
A face and form so fair?
O, would that I in heaven could live,
For all is beauty there.

An angel whispered soft and low,
Sweet words within her ear,
That made her little face to glow,
And filled her heart with cheer.
"Thou shalt not droop mid human flowers,
Bereft of hope and love;
But fairest in the heavenly bowers,
Shalt blossom sweet above."

MADELINE:

—OR,—

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"My dear Frank, that horse will be the death of you yet," said Augustus Eaton to his cousin, the Hon. Francis Carrington, as they met in the Park one fine spring morning; the latter mounted on a magnificent black horse, whose vicious antics almost precluded the idea of his master's conversing with his friends.

"As well die one way as another, Eaton; and if it was not for 'Malice' here, I should have fallen a victim to the blues long ago. The excitement of a dangerous ride is all that has kept me alive this winter."

"Rather a strange confession for you to make," said the first speaker, with a scornful curl of his lip.

"Come, old fellow, you must not be so impatient," exclaimed Carrington to his restive steed; then having conquered the momentary fit of ob-

stinacy, he again came up beside his cousin, and continued: "Why strange, Gus? Is there anything wonderful in a fellow's being wearied to death who has no one to please, no one to think about, no one to admire, abuse, love, caress or tease but himself? Isn't that a fate to be pitied?"

"Yes, very much to be pitied—especially when said 'fellow' is possessed of a princely income, is perfectly uncontrolled, and has been the cause of more 'heart aches' than any other man of his years. You have my pity, most certainly, dear Frank."

Had the speaker said "you have my hatred," it would have accorded better with the expression at that instant flashing from his eyes; but without noticing his looks, the other rejoined:

"You may think I am joking, but to me it is a serious reality. I tell you I am dying for want of something to do—becoming dyspeptic and splenetic—cross, misanthropic, old and ugly,—and all for the want of some reasonable employment. I have danced, and laughed, and chatted away the winter, and now I am going down into B——shire, to get through the summer; of course without any certain aim or end, but trusting to destiny, chance, good luck, or fortune, to give me something to think about, or something to do, which amounts to the same thing with me. And by the way, Gus, I have not thanked you for providing me with such a very superior attendant in the person of Monsieur Louis. He is a perfect treasure of his kind, and I feel duty grateful, although I did hope to have had a little trouble in supplying 'Pierre's' place, just for the sake of the excitement, you know." And with a light-hearted laugh, the handsome young hero-man gave the impatient Malice the rein, and in a few seconds horse and rider were out of sight.

"Yes, it will not be my fault if you do not find Louis a 'superior attendant,'" muttered young Eaton, as he cast a glance after the retreating figure of his cousin, in which there was a fearful mingling of bad passions. "My plans must go wonderfully astray if Frank Carrington stands in my path many months longer. To come to me with his affectation and his nonsense about nothing to do! I wonder when the Carrington estates are mine—and mine they shall be—if I shall not find plenty of employment!" And with a low, sneering laugh, the speaker pursued his way.

"And so you leave town to-morrow, Francis?" said Lady Winterton to young Carrington, three days after the above conversation.

Lady Winterton had been a dear and intimate friend of the young man's mother, and he was

much attached to her society, and, in spite of his careless habits, rarely failed to pay her punctual visits. Lady Winterton was a widow and childless; people said she had never recovered the shock of her husband's sudden death; certain it is, that, though a most agreeable, pleasant person, and a favorite with all young people, there was a sorrowful expression in Lady Winterton's deep blue eyes, that to discriminating people spoke of some hidden grief—something not so openly mourned as the death of her husband had been.

We will not say at present what this sadness was occasioned by; it is sufficient to state that Lady Winterton was thirty-one years of age, very wealthy, and delicately beautiful, having been "the belle, the toast, and the fashion" for two seasons before her marriage. Of that marriage much gossip had been made, many people affirming that the parties had been previously united, but on account of the lady's extreme youth and dependence on the will of a guardian, and the gentleman's poverty, they had been unable to announce it publicly. No one knew the facts, and when the youthful captain became Lord Winterton, and presumptive heir to a marquise, and the lady, having completed her eighteenth year, took possession of her fortune, and the two were united with all customary pomp and splendor, there was not much to gratify the peculiar taste of the gossiping portion of the community.

The young couple lived happily together for a year, at the end of which time Lord Winterton died very suddenly of an affection of the heart. His widow, yet in her teens, mourned him deeply, refused all other offers, and at thirty-one was still beautiful and beloved by a very extensive circle of friends and relatives. But we have too long neglected the conversation commenced with this chapter.

"I am going down to Wilmington to try and kill time, if such a thing is possible for me to accomplish," was Carrington's reply.

"My dear Francis, I am grieved to hear you make use of such an expression. Surely, with your fortune and talents, time can be both pleasantly and profitably employed."

"I try to pass it pleasantly," was the young man's rejoinder, "but after a season, every amusement palls. My position precludes the idea of useful employment, in the common acceptance of that term; and if it did not, I should be sorry to occupy any place that would perhaps be filled by one who really needed it. No, there is nothing for me to do but to submit to destiny, and make the best of my aimless existence."

"Why aimless, Francis? Are there not high places in the councils of our land always awaiting the efforts of those—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, dear lady, but believe me—I am not intended for a politician. No, only one resource is left to me—I must marry in a year or two; and in the meantime I will look out for some one that comes up to my idea of what my wife ought to be. I wish you had a daughter, Lady Winterton; I have an idea that she would have been quite different from the young ladies of the present day."

A painful look passed over the countenance of the lady; but with no visible change, save an increased paleness, she replied:

"I would I had, if only for your sake, Francis. But there are scores of fair maidens, who would rejoice to receive attentions from so very desirable a partner; and I must say, if you have no employment for your time, it is in a great measure your own fault."

"Now you are laughing at me, and I cannot stand that. I would rather be as I am, than the slave of a capricious tyrant, like my brother's wife, magnificently beautiful as she is. My mind is almost made up; I will go down into the country and woo some rustic damsel, who, if she is not as accomplished as my fair sister-in-law, will at least have a heart. One empress in the family is enough. Herbert married rank, wealth and beauty—I shall marry for love."

"And have beauty and station no charms for you?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"Possessing ample wealth, I can afford to marry a poor girl if I please. As she must possess a great many good qualities, she will doubtless be beautiful in my eyes; and rank is immaterial, as no one will presume to question my right to please myself."

"Very fine speaking, my dear Francis; but I fear you will find few to join you in your independent ideas—not but what I think you are right. I could tell you a sad story arising from the prevailing opposition to what are called unequal marriages."

"Tell it to me, by all means, dear Lady Winterton."

"Not now; I do not feel equal to the task; but I will some day inform you of particulars relating to my early days—those mysterious events, that some years ago caused so much to be said relative to myself and husband."

We will not accompany Francis Carrington on his journey; it is sufficient to state that he arrived at his fine old mansion at Wilmington without accident or adventure; that, thanks to

the excellent management of a most estimable steward, he found his affairs in the nicest order, not even a shadow of excuse for busying himself could be found; and with the exception of a few visits among the neighboring families, he was totally dependent on Malice for amusement.

Day after day he galloped over the surrounding country, and having formed an acquaintance with a gentleman farmer, who appeared to derive great satisfaction from his hobby, he actually had some thoughts of turning his attention to agricultural pursuits, when he met with an adventure that changed all his plans, and forever put an end to his complaining of having "nothing to do."

Very trifling causes sometimes lead to great events.

Francis Carrington was destined to prove the truth of this assertion. Augustus Eaton had foretold his death through the agency of his favorite steed; his life was preserved, certainly, but it was undoubtedly true that Malice was the occasion of his losing his heart. Riding one morning at his usual headlong pace, with less caution than the temper of his steed demanded, young Carrington was suddenly brought to his senses by the startled shyness of his horse, and ere he could recover his control, the animal was rendered furious by a blow from some object, thrown by an unseen hand. Tearing madly along the hedge-sheltered road on which they were passing, he soon freed himself from restraint, and his master with the greatest difficulty kept his seat, owing to the mad plunges and starts of the terrified brute.

It was a fearful ride, but soon over. The sudden appearance of a female in the road caused the animal to turn. One violent leap, a dash through the green hedge, and Malice was half way across a field, and his master lay stunned and bleeding on the stones and sand of a rough by-road.

When Francis Carrington came to his senses, he found himself still on the spot where he had fallen. His head was aching fearfully; he was quite unable to move; but he felt that he was not alone. A hand was pressing some cold application to his throbbing temples, and a soft voice whispered, "Don't attempt to move until help comes." And in a few moments help did come, and he was carefully lifted from the earth, and borne to a little cottage not far distant, and then once more all was dark, and he was again insensible.

"I think I had better cut off all these curls at once; his head is fearfully injured," were the first words the young man distinguished, as once

more returning reason enabled him to comprehend his situation. The voice was strange, and he felt the touch of a heavy hand.

"O, I would not cut them off yet, doctor. He may not be so badly hurt as we fear, and it is a pity to destroy his beautiful hair."

"Well, just as you say, little girl; but I am afraid it will be a long time before he will care much about his looks." And there was a very disheartening tone in the physician's voice.

"But he may have a mother, or sister, or some friend who would be sorry; and as I have been the cause of all this, help me, dear doctor, to get him well again."

The sound of a stifled sob touched the sick man's feelings. He felt unable to speak—or as if he had forgotten how; but he held out his hand and clasped the little trembling fingers so timidly laid in it.

As the physician had foretold, young Carrington's injuries proved very severe. For several weeks he raved in the wildest paroxysms of brain fever, unconscious of the attendance of his new friends, or the presence of those whom he loved.

Augustus Eaton had been one of the first to hasten to the presence of the invalid, and it will throw some light on his proceedings to give here a short extract from the letter sent to him by Carrington's valet, five days after the accident. After detailing the circumstances, he went on: "I have watched every day for such a chance, but you must know it was not easy to accomplish. Fortune, however, favored me this time; the horse threw him with great violence, and though not dead, I think there is every probability that he will die. Should he do so, remember I expect my reward just the same as if he had been instantly killed. If he gets better, and all danger is passing, I would not mind risking the last alternative; but in that case you must promise to double the sum. I shall then be able to leave this detestable country and return to my beloved Italy, and you will be in the possession of an immense fortune, out of which my few thousands will scarcely be missed. If it was not for the circumstances, I should feel something almost like pity for your victim. The old steward's distress is quite pathetic at times; but don't fear me; I am true as steel where money is concerned, and as long as you keep to the bargain I will fulfil my part of it."

Such was the precious epistle that induced Augustus Eaton to journey with all speed down to B——shire, to watch in person the progress of his schemes. Other friends and relatives came, but he alone remained, and many were

the comments on his conduct, opposed as it was to his well-known dislike of his cousin.

The owner of the cottage—a widow in humble circumstances—was somewhat at a loss how to entertain her aristocratic guests; but assisted by her niece—the young person we have slightly alluded to—she succeeded in making the invalid very comfortable and in furnishing young Eaton with passable accommodations. Mrs. Myers, herself, took but little thought after a time, so well was all attended to; and even Augustus Eaton, deeply immersed as he was in wicked plots, could not forbear bestowing an admiring glance on the beautiful cottage girl, who passed so gracefully through the small rooms, and looked so different from all his preconceived ideas of rustic damsels. But Lina bestowed no thought on him. The sufferer in the sick room occupied all her thoughts, engrossed all her sympathies, and his fate was the one idea that held place in her mind.

"I don't like that dark, evil-looking man, doctor. I know he has no love for his master, and I feel afraid every time he is left alone with him."

"Just my own thoughts, little girl. There is something bad in his countenance, and I intend to watch him. He wants to act nurse to-night; but if he means harm, he will be disappointed. I have taken a fancy to my handsome patient, and if they are meditating evil it will come home to themselves."

That night, through the old doctor's intervention, Francis Carrington was saved from the murderous contrivances of his foes, and foiled and detected in his plans, Augustus Eaton returned to London, and took with him his wretched confederate.

Under the care of his faithful physician and unwearied attendants, young Carrington gradually recovered. For two weeks he had not seen Lina, but on making his appearance in the cottage parlor, the fair young girl greeted him with smiles and tears, and after congratulating him on his recovery, spoke with deep sorrow of her unintentional share in his misfortune. In convincing her of the folly of distressing herself about so purely an accidental occurrence, young Carrington declared that "since it had made him acquainted with her, he felt overjoyed that it had happened, and considered the suffering as a mere trifle in comparison with the reward," and many other speeches of the same nature, very flattering, very complimentary, just such speeches as he had all his life been making to young ladies (for our hero was not perfect, although very much better than many of his

class); but happening to raise his eyes to his listener's face, he there beheld a look never to be forgotten—a look in which surprise, disappointment and pain were plainly expressed.

From that hour, Francis Carrington never dared to whisper a falsehood in the ear of the simple country girl, who, all unused to compliments and flattery, could yet distinguish the false from the true with unerring certainty. But in that cottage, and in the person of that humble maiden, the young aristocrat found what he and thousands like him have in vain looked for in their own circles, and amid the wealthy and high born daughters of fashion. He found a beautiful and innocent girl, light-hearted and amiable, of tender, loving disposition, totally free from worldly cares, and yet possessed of womanly pride and reserve sufficient to render her an object of respect to the most hardened in iniquity.

But our hero was far from deserving such a character. Faultless he was not, but that good heart of his beat responsive to the voice of nature, and his sensitive mind keenly appreciated and enjoyed all that was lovely and worthy of admiration. It would have caused some of his young lady friends to shed tears of envy could they have beheld the object of so many wasted arts, so many ambitious hopes and fruitless plans, gazing with such evident admiration on a "little rustic" gathering roses in a very small garden with a white-washed picket fence; said "rustic" being attired in a very plain muslin dress, a well-worn gipsy hat, badly-made shoes and no gloves.

Our hero had felt himself an object of intense attraction to numberless patrician beauties; he had looked indifferently on the fairest members of the aristocracy, robed in satin, sparkling with gems, and displaying a thousand graces and accomplishments; and yet it was reserved for Lina, the beautiful cottage girl, to teach him that he had a heart. And Francis Carrington knew he loved her, knew that his happiness depended on her love in return; he banished all considerations of rank or fortune, asked her to be his wife, and was refused!

"I have said all I could for you, sir; but Lina is very firm when she once makes up her mind."

"But, Mrs. Myers, your niece has given me no reason for so positive a denial. I do not pretend to say that I am worthy of one as pure and good as she is, but surely my love demands some slight return—at least the cause of her determined refusal."

"It is not that she thinks you are not good

enough, I only fear my poor child has too high an opinion of you; but she will not run the risk of some day feeling that you repent having married an ignorant, nameless girl; one that you would feel ashamed to present to your great relations as your wife. And now since you want to know all the dear child's reasons, I must tell you that she is no connexion of mine, that I do not even know any other name for her than Madeline; and for aught I can say to the contrary, she may be the child of respectable parents, or she may be descended from very wicked ones. A miserable, starving creature brought her to me while she was yet an infant. The woman died without telling us more than her first name, and my husband and I took the little helpless child to be our own. For fourteen years she has shared my humble home, and while I live she shall never want. You have made her a very generous offer, but I think, brought up as she has been, that her chances of happiness are greater if she remains in a humble station. She has no ambition to live in splendor, and were you a poor man, I think your suit would have been more successful."

Most fervently did Francis Carrington wish he was a "poor man," but being unfortunately doomed to the penalty of wealth, and unable to make the least change in the determination of the fair object of his love, he left the scene of so much pain and pleasure, and by easy stages journeyed to the summer residence of his friend, Lady Winterton.

It was not until he had spent several days at her house that he could summon courage to tell her all the changes and chances that had befallen him since their last meeting. But Lady Winterton was very discreet. She treated his story with all due seriousness, and asked many questions, thus evincing a very flattering interest in the little romance. But little did she dream, while affecting to feel an interest she did not in reality experience, that one simple word would render her almost wild with emotion, and fill her mind with a thousand conflicting hopes and fears, until the state of the disappointed lover was bliss compared with her own.

"You have not told me the name of this divinity, this wood-nymph, this fairy queen of yours."

"Madeline." The speaker was not pleased at the manner in which the question was asked, and answered rather shortly.

"Madeline!"

The young man started at the sudden clasp of those delicate hands on his arm, and the death-like hue of the eager countenance.

"For Heaven's sake! tell me what is the matter, Lady Winterton? What have I said, what have I done to affect you so?"

"That name! that name! O, tell me who she is!"

"Pray be calm; it is no one you can possibly have any connection with. A miserable, neglected babe, she was brought by a beggar to her present home. The woman said she was not her child, but refused to give any further information, save that her name was Madeline. But help! help! the lady has fainted!" And with tender care the young man raised the prostrate form from the ground, and assisted in the endeavors to restore her to life.

Slowly the heavy eyes unclosed, gazing from one face to another with bewildered and unmeaning looks; but as some sudden thought flashes across her mind, with a loud scream she springs to her feet, exclaiming, "My child! my Madeline! O, bring her to me!" and again she lies insensible on the floor.

In the beautiful drawing-room of Winterton House, seated on a luxurious couch, were two ladies, one lovely autumn evening; nearly two months after the time we last mentioned. There was very little apparent difference in their ages, so fresh, and young, and joyous was the appearance of the elder of the two; while the languid attitude, and slight shade of care on the brow of the younger made her look older than she was. Both were extremely beautiful, though unlike; the fair golden tresses and deep blue eyes of the mother (for such in reality was the relationship between them), bearing little resemblance to the brown curls and clear, hazel eyes of her child. Both were gazing on the portrait of a handsome young man, in full regimentals; and it needed but a glance to see how strong was the likeness between the picture and the youngest of the ladies.

The occupants of the room were Lady Winterton and her long lost child; the picture, the likeness of the husband and father, hitherto unknown to one, and long mourned by the other. To explain the appearance of this daughter, we must go back some sixteen years in Lady Winterton's life, when, with the thoughtless impetuosity of youth, she had contracted a secret marriage with the then penniless young officer.

Dependent on a miserly and obstinate guardian, her husband suddenly called away with his regiment to a foreign station, the poor girl found herself most unpleasantly situated, and afraid to acknowledge her imprudence. Without a friend to advise or assist her in her difficulties, she was

forced to make a confidant of her maid, and with her contrivance, effectually eluded the vigilance of her guardian. Commending her innocent babe to the care of this woman, the young lady was forced to play her part with the most consummate skill; but her punishment was not long in coming.

The confidant, after corresponding with her mistress for three or four months, and contriving that she should once see the child, suddenly disappeared; and the secret inquiries set on foot by the mother, elicited the facts that she had been deceived. The woman was of bad character, artful, abandoned, and connected with a gang of thieves and strolling players.

When her husband returned, and they were re-married, every exertion was made to recover the lost one; but disappointment was their only reward, and Lord Winterton lived but one short year to mourn the loss of the child he had never seen. The facts were kept secret; but the mother never forgave herself for sacrificing her babe to save herself; and not until the little Madeline was restored to her in the person of young Carrington's "cottage lass," did Lady Winterton realize the meaning of a "mind at peace with itself."

It was touching to behold her joy—quiet, but heart-felt happiness—that manifested itself in a thousand trifling circumstances; that caused her to hover round the couch of her sleeping child, when all was silent and dark, to make sure that her treasure was safe; that prompted her to keep the young girl ever in her sight, and at times to catch her in her arms with a smothered cry of delight, as if fearful that again she had lost her.

Francis Carrington had left England immediately after making it quite certain that his Lina was the daughter of his old friend. Just before his departure he had called on them, and his last words to Lady Winterton were, "I leave her to you for a short time; but remember that I found her first, and some day I mean to make good my claim."

It was useless to blind herself to the fact that, loving and tender as the child was, delightful as the change in her circumstances had been, there was yet something wanting to complete her happiness, to remove the slight shade of sorrow on her fair brow. But the impatient lover returned. There were no scruples now to overcome, as to inequality of birth or fortune; and when Lady Winterton beheld her beautiful child, with smiles and happy blushes, bestow her hand on the son of her once dearly loved friend, she banished a momentary fit of jealousy, and in her daughter's happiness found her own.

Francis Carrington was never afterwards heard to complain that his life was aimless. True, he did not become a member of Parliament, or mix in public life, but in accordance with his wife's wishes, spent the greater part of his time at their several country residences, and that time was not only passed happily but usefully.

Augustus Eaton, after quarrelling with the villain Louis, was by threats of exposure compelled to pay him a sum of money that ruined him, and in poverty and obscurity he spends his miserable existence in some unknown part of the metropolis. He has not come into possession of the "Carrington estates," and from the blooming, beautiful children who surround our old friend Carrington and his lovely wife, we think it unlikely that he ever will.

SOME NOSE.

Deacon C—, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact, it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.—*Hartford (Ct.) Courant.*

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.

Died, 11th inst., at his shop, No. 20 Greenwich Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.—*English paper.*

In private, we must watch our thoughts; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

WHAT, NOT BELIEVE ME?

BY A. BALDWIN.

What, not believe me?—Is the spell then broken?
 The charm of being in thy heart enshrined?
 Have faithless words from lips of mine been spoken,
 To change the hopes that long have round me twined?
 What, not believe me? O, the bitter anguish,
 That must forever haunt my burdened heart;
 Beneath that doubt love's fervent passions languish,
 And blissful hopes and dreams of these depart.

What, not believe me? O, why thus upbraid me,
 However gently, with this slight disguise?
 In error's path e'en love hath not betrayed me,
 Nor would the mists of passion dim mine eyes;
 I feel I've sought thee with a vain endeavor,
 A wish to prove thee—a "forever thine;"
 But scattering falsehoods by the way shall never
 Be a device to consecrate thee mine.

I would be thine—though every phase of error
 Should spread a hindrance in my path to thee;
 Through every form and name of earthly terror,
 My steadfast purpose still is thine to be;
 Thy trustful heart is all the star to guide me,
 To lift my feelings to that home above;
 And though the world may tauntingly deride me,
 My refuge shall be in thy cheering love.

What, not believe me? Sure thy gentle spirit
 Hath to some mystic witchery lent thine ear,
 Or some false echo has been wandering near it,
 To lead thy feelings and thy thoughts from here—
 Here, in this temple, where a true devotion
 For virtues such as ever round thee shine;
 No fitful passion—no mere wild emotion,
 Could blend a doubt with worship such as mine.

AUNT MARY'S STORY.

BY MARIE L'ESTRANGE.

"WHO would have thought it?" said our Isabel, flinging her sun-bonnet into a chair; "who would have thought that Fanny Dean was such a hypocrite? Only think, aunty, of all her professions of attachment to me, and how many, many times she has said that she loved me next best to her own sisters, and now, O dear, dear!"

Here Isabel's sobs fairly checked her utterance. We all gathered around, anxious to hear the secret of her present grief. Little Jamie put up his lips to kiss off her tears, and Mary threw her arms about her neck; but still the great drops kept falling thicker and faster, and the deep sobs caused her breast to heave as if her heart were struggling to get out of its prison.

"Do tell us, Isa, tell us all about it," pleaded little Mary. "Fanny Dean is a naughty, wicked girl to make you cry so. I'll never speak to her when she comes here, and I hope she'll never come again."

Isabel scarcely heeded her sister's sympathy, so completely was she absorbed in some overwhelming sorrow. In the course of an hour, however, her tears having somewhat subsided, she told us, between her sobs, that Jane Atwood told her, that Maria Snow said, that Sarah Brooks said, that Fanny Dean said to some one that Isabel Brown was the most disagreeable girl she ever became acquainted with; that she was never, in all her life, so disappointed in an individual; that Isabel was very proud and conceited, and very selfish, always talking to the disparagement of her friends when away from them, and manifesting a deal of attachment for them when in their presence; and was, in short, the most artful, designing person she ever knew.

"And now, aunty," said Isabel, after she had finished the recital, and given vent to a fresh burst of tears, "I don't see how I can ever love Fanny any more, or treat her with civility even; we have been so intimate for two or three years, and I have thought her so amiable and true, and such a good friend of mine!"

"Take this seat by me, Isabel," said my aunt Mary, kindly, "and dry thy tears, and I will tell thee a little story of my early life."

My aunt Mary was a member of the society of Friends, one of the kindest, gentlest creatures that ever lived, and, withal, so well versed in the windings of the human heart, so quick to comprehend difficulties, so ready to sympathize with the troubles of us children, and so judicious in counsel, that she came to be considered as a sort of family oracle. We hardly knew whether we loved her or our mother better. She was not our own aunt, either, nor indeed any relation to us; we only called her aunt. She was an early playmate and schoolmate of my mother—was nurtured in prosperity, but suddenly bereft of parents and fortune. At my mother's earnest solicitation, she came to make it her home with us. Enough was left of her large fortune to keep her from dependence, and she always insisted upon paying her board, though by her care of us children, and her kindness in sickness, she earned it a dozen times over.

Isabel was only a baby when Aunt Mary came to live with us, and Aunt Mary had tended her and instructed her, until an affection had grown up between them very intimate and very pleasant to behold. Now, Isabel leaned her forehead upon Aunt Mary's shoulder, so as to hide her swollen eyes, and Aunt Mary laid aside her knitting-work, and began. The story, though addressed to Isabel, seemed meant for us all, for Aunt Mary's eyes were directed by turns to each member of the family group.

"I was only a little girl when I first knew Julia Evans, about as large as Mary, perhaps. Her parents were wealthy and highly respectable, and quite intimate at our house; and Julia and I, being much together, early formed for each other a strong attachment. We were, in tastes and dispositions, much alike, though totally different in person—she being very handsome, tall and well formed, while I was plain, and on account of ill health, quite small of my age. Her eyes were large and deep, and very black; and her curls were like thine, Isabel, only thicker, and perhaps a trifle darker, and clustering more closely about her regal forehead. Thou shouldst have seen her hand, so slender and delicate and white, never disfigured with rings, for her parents, like mine, belonged to the sect that did not believe in outward adorning. I hardly know how they came to permit her to wear her hair in ringlets, but it was obstinately inclined to curl, and Julia was quite determined to dress it so, and she was a great favorite with her parents, and so for once I suppose they let her have her own way. No matter.

"We grew up together, till we were both sixteen; we had the same teachers, pursued the same studies, were almost daily together, had all our secrets in common, formed the same acquaintances, and for a year or two dressed exactly alike. Nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony existing between us; we were more than sisters to each other. We were just sixteen, when doomed to separate. Business called Mr. Evans, her father, to a distant city, and thither he soon after removed his family.

"The night before they left our town, we took a last walk together. O, never shall I forget that moonlight stroll beneath the cedars! Eden never saw a lovelier night. Everything above and around us served to tranquillize our spirits; and though we were exceedingly sad at the thought of parting, and talked much of our anticipated loneliness, we were hopeful, and indulged largely in speculations and wild, romantic dreams of the future. We talked over the pleasure that would transpire during our long visits, for, notwithstanding the distance that would soon intervene between us, we promised ourselves to pass at least two months of every year in each other's society. Then we pledged to each other to write such long letters, and to write so frequently! and thought how funny it would seem for us, who never had half-a-dozen letters in our whole lives, to be getting one by every other post that came.

"How long we walked and talked, I cannot say—the time passed so swiftly and so pleas-

antly. Presently we came upon a clump of trees, whose roots, naked and bare in places, swelling up from the soil, had often served us for seats. There we sat down, alas!—though we little thought so then—for the last time!

"And now," said Julia, more thoughtfully and earnestly than I had ever before heard her speak, 'before we part to-night, let us pledge ourselves to be firm and faithful friends, till we die. Let me have one of thy sunny braids, Mary,' said she, opening a small penknife, unbinding my hair, and severing a lock of it.

"And in return," said I, 'I shall choose thy prettiest curl—here, this one upon thy forehead. Yet no, it will disfigure thee to lose that; let me have another—no matter which."

"But before I could seize her hand, the curl was severed and laid on my lap. I still have it, and some time will show it thee, Isabel; somewhat faded it is, but still beautiful, and I cannot tell you how dear to me! Never had my sweet Julia seemed so radiant as then. Through the trees a ray of soft moonlight struggled, till it rested upon her clustering hair, and as she raised her eyes to mine, floated over her face.

"We have pledged ourselves by these locks of hair," she said; 'let us keep them sacred till we die!'

"Then we kissed each other's lips. There was a short pause; Julia broke the silence. Putting her arm about my neck, and resting her fair hand just where thy forehead now is, Isabel, she spoke:

"And now, Mary, I am going among strangers; I shall have no one to love, while thou hast many friends about thee. There is Sarah Drake and Ellen Saunders, and a dozen or two more; thou wilt not be lonely like me. Besides, I am to live in a great city, where are no retired walks, no green, waving meadows, no flowers, and thou knowest how much I love all these.'

"Why, I never thought of that before," said I. 'The city will be no place for thee, Julia; it will seem a prison. But yet thou wilt find friends enough—none to love thee as I do, but many whom thou wilt learn to love.'

"I thought how her beauty and grace would win for her admiration and homage and love, and then, for the first time, God forgive me, I felt a secret yet unacknowledged fear that she would some day love others better than me. Yet I did not cherish the thought; it only flitted through my brain.

"I do not easily form attachments, Mary," she replied, sadly. 'I am inclined, I fear, to distrust; or, rather, I shrink from society in general, and find my happiness in the society of

a very few tried, constant friends. I shall have none such where I go.'

"I spoke cheerfully to her, and drawing her head to my bosom, kissed off the tears which glistened in her eyes. I was about to praise her beauty and tell her of the power it would give her, but suddenly checked myself, for both of us hated everything that seemed like flattery.

"The setting moon reminded us that it was becoming late. We renewed our pledge of fidelity, set the days when we would write each other, and walked slowly homeward. She was to spend the night with me.

"The morrow came and went, and with it Julia Evans, the sunshine of my heart. It was very lonely without her, and for a long time I found my chief happiness in writing to her, and receiving her sweet, simple, artless replies. Six months passed. At the end of that time she was to visit me, but in this we were disappointed, for she was seized with a fever, and consequently detained at home. My father's business prevented him from accompanying me to her, and I was too inexperienced to travel the distance alone. The time of our meeting was therefore postponed. Letters were, however, still very frequently exchanged, and our affection knew as yet no wane. Some day I will read thee some of her letters.

"At the end of a year I visited her, and the interview was truly delightful. Julia looked more delicate than formerly, for the air of the city did not agree with her, but she was not less beautiful. She had grown more affectionate than ever; our conversation was indeed the communion of soul, and I never loved her as when we parted then. In six months, she was to return the visit; but ere that time had elapsed, my father was summoned to England to take possession of an estate which he had very unexpectedly inherited. As my mother was an English woman, and had many relatives there, he resolved to take his family with him, thinking at that time to return in a few months. I wrote a long letter to Julia, telling her where her letters would find me, and earnestly begging her to be prompt in answering mine. Immediately upon our arrival in England, I wrote again. Two months passed, and still I heard nothing from my friend. Thinking her sick, or that my communication or her reply had failed to reach its destination, I wrote again and again, but still received no word of intelligence from Julia. Every possible reason was assigned for her silence, at least so it seemed to me, but when, after being detained a year in England, I heard no word from her or her parents, though I had sev-

eral times written them both, I began to entertain a slight fear that she was estranged from me, or at least had found some one to take my place in her affections. It was a revival of the vague impression which occurred to me upon the night of our walk.

"When, therefore, my father decided to take a tour of Europe, and I wrote her again, with the hope that accident and not unfaithfulness on her part prevented my hearing from her, entreating her to write me at Paris, and still no reply reached me, I began to believe that my fears were true. About this time, a letter from a friend residing near my home assured me that Julia Evans was engaged to a gay, wealthy merchant of the city where she now lived, and would probably be married in a few months. I was then almost sure that new affections and interests had usurped the place formerly consecrated to me, though why she should love me less because she loved her future husband more, I could not see. Bitterly did I weep over the thought that she was so different from what I believed—that the heart I once thought so large and warm, and so true to me, should prove itself quite the reverse. Yet I could not *fully* believe that I had so mistaken her character, so I wrote once more, begging her to tell me if the report of her speedy marriage was true, telling her to direct to Vienna. Our tour was so slow that I thought there would be sufficient time for a letter to reach that city before us. In this I was, however, mistaken. We left Vienna before her reply, had she sent one, could have reached that city.

"We spent the ensuing winter at Florence, and arrived home the following spring, after an absence of two years and a half. We found our quiet village greatly changed. Numbers of those whom we knew best had emigrated to the far West; a railroad had found its way there, and manufacturing interests suddenly started had given a startling impulse to the business of the place. As if by magic new streets had been planned and built up, new buildings substituted for old ones, and so numerous and so various were the improvements, I hardly knew the place of my birth.

"As I said, few who knew us when we left, were there to greet our return. I had been home a little more than a month when a mutual friend of Julia Evans and myself called at my father's. I eagerly inquired for Julia.

"'Have you not seen her?' replied my friend; 'she was in town a week ago. But now I think of it, she made no mention of your arrival. Perhaps she had not heard of it.'

"'Impossible!' exclaimed I. 'Nearly all our friends had called on us; how could she have failed to hear it?'

"My astonishment was certainly great. That Julia Evans had been in the place without deigning to call upon me, awoke, I am sorry to say, not only my grief, but my pride and resentment. Indeed I could scarcely restrain, for a single moment, my feelings of indignation. My friend went on to comment in lively terms upon Julia's appearance—her brilliant beauty, and her pleasant, agreeable manners and so on, alluding to the common report of her expected marriage in terms which led me to think that she was about making at least a very wealthy alliance.

"When my visitor was gone, I rushed to my room, bolted the door, and wept as I never wept before nor since. It was my first serious disappointment. All along I had cherished the rather improbable hope that our letters had been mis-carried or intercepted, and I had, O so many, many things to tell her! I felt almost certain that when I reached home, her silence would in some way be satisfactorily explained. Now all hope of this sort died within me. Julia, I was sure, had ceased to love me. I resolved to write her no more—never, if I could avoid it, to speak of her—and, so far as possible, to banish her from my thoughts.

"Nearly four months passed away, during which time I had come to think of Julia only as a proud, fickle being, whose friendship, even, I scarcely cared to retain. Alas, it seems strange that my own sincere affection could thus be turned into bitterness! yet so it was. I had a proud, unforgiving spirit; indeed, I mentally resolved never to forgive her, should she again seek my favor. I had then, or rather my father had, all the advantages of abundant wealth. He was generally beloved and universally respected, so that we were freely admitted into the best and highest circles of society, though my father was of a quiet disposition and made it a principle to avoid the gaieties of life. Tidings of our present position would, I could scarcely doubt, reach her, and if her character was what I now believed it to be, I thought it possible that she would apologize for the past, and once more seek to establish herself upon terms of intimacy in our family.

"Four months, as I said, passed away, and then I received a letter in the familiar hand of Julia Evans. I was somewhat surprised, but not softened. It contained many professions of regard, though it was rather reserved in tone, and ended by begging me to visit her, or, if that were not practicable, to write her a long letter.

It was a long time, a very long time, since she last heard from me. Why had I not written her since my arrival? Doubtless my large circle of friends engrossed my time; she was aware that society had new claims upon me, but could I not steal one little hour for her?

"I can hardly tell how conflicting were my emotions as I perused this letter. At first, I was disposed to consider it sincere, but further reflection convinced me that it was only a piece of diplomacy upon her part, designed to impose upon my good nature, for I then fancied myself possessing a very liberal, benevolent disposition. The offending sheet was ultimately thrown in the fire, and never answered. Soon another came. Long since I learned it by heart, not by any direct effort, but somehow it stamped itself upon my memory. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR MARY:—Can it be, that thou didst not receive my last letter? Or, in the engrossing demands of a large circle of new acquaintances, hast thou quite forgotten thy old friend and playmate? Being in poor health, I have looked the more anxiously for some word from thee. I long to hear some of the particulars of thy long journey, and much more, Mary, do I long to see thy face, and have a familiar chat about the days 'lang syne.' It is a long time since we last saw each other. Of all the visits planned, when we walked and talked beneath the cedars, only one has transpired. It is four, yes, almost five years since then—eventful years they have been to me, and doubtless to thee also. But I am still too weak to attempt more than a note. May I not hope to hear very soon from thee, if not in a long letter, at least in a note assuring me of thy health and happiness? 'As ever, thy affectionate JULIA.'

"'Strange!' thought I, folding the letter. 'No apology for past neglect—no reason assigned for visiting almost in sight of our dwelling and never calling! Humph! she must be truly anxious to see me!'

"The letter was laid aside. At first, I meditated a haughty, bitter reply; but mature reflection decided me that the matter would sooner end to leave it unanswered. Believing Julia actuated only by selfish motives in writing me and desiring to secure my favor, I felt only a scornful indignation towards her. I made no mention of her letters to any one, not even my parents. Two months more elapsed. During the time, her name had never passed my lips. She was the same to me as though I had never known her.

"One evening a letter from Mary Evans, Julia's mother, surprised me. It was short—containing only the startling intelligence that Julia was in a hopeless decline, a touching account of the progress of her disease, and an ar-

gent invitation to visit them without delay, stating that Julia was very, very anxious to see me.

"This was a thunderbolt to me. I could not resist the appeal of her mother, and yet, at first, I dreaded the meeting. With some misgivings for my past indifference to my former friend, I made immediate preparations for my departure. Already I became aware that I had cherished towards Julia wicked, ungenerous feelings; and as I thought of her as a helpless invalid, soon to die, and recalled her former gentleness and devotion to me, I wept bitterly. Before morning, I had conquered all my late enmity towards her, or rather it had all vanished, and I felt prepared to throw myself upon Julia's neck and embrace her not less tenderly than as if nothing had interrupted our former confidence and affection.

"I found my friend in the last stages of consumption. The meeting with her I will not attempt to describe. She was calm through it all, and only wept when in an agony of grief I clasped her to my bosom, and with many tears and prayers and self-reproaches, besought her to forgive my cruel neglect of answering her letters.

"Had she been in the past my worst enemy, I could hardly have helped loving her, as from day to day I witnessed her uniform sweetness and patience, her confidence in Heaven, and listened to her glowing conversation. How one so beautiful and so young could become so wearied from earth, I could not divine, for then I knew by experience nothing of the sweet fruits of the Spirit.

"She grew daily weaker, but more radiantly beautiful. Her appearance could scarcely be described. Her eyes, though somewhat sunken, were incomparably brighter than formerly—more expressive, for the soul that looked out from them had been purified and spiritualized. With the hectic glow upon her cheek, and the black clustering hair about her forehead, making her complexion appear whiter and clearer than alabaster itself, the brilliancy of her face can scarcely be imagined.

"As yet, no direct allusion had been made to the past. I had, indeed, talked much of my European tour, and all the strange, beautiful things I had witnessed—had seen her eye kindle with enthusiasm as I described the sunny skies and balmy air of Italy and classic Greece, the grand, magnificent, terrible scenery of the Alps, or the noble beauty of the Rhine; but amid it all, no allusion had been made to the fact of her silence. I was already inwardly convinced that she had written me and that her letters had failed to reach their destination, or else that she had never received mine, for her uniform conscientiousness, her constant peace, her look, manner and appearance forbade me to think that there was any act of unkindness in all her life unconfessed and unforgiven. Nor had any allusion been made to the fact of her visiting in our village, so soon after my arrival from the East. There was a mystery here which I felt must be explained before she died. I determined to broach the subject soon. An opportunity presented itself ere I expected, for no sooner had I come to the conclusion, than she called me to sit by her side.

"I am unusually strong, this morning," said she, "and I have a sad tale to tell thee before I leave thee. Thou rememberest, Mary, that I hinted in my note to thee that the four years past had been eventful ones to me?"

"I nodded assent.

"O," said she, "the heartaches that I have had, the strange, wild, bitter, terrible thoughts that have agitated me, and the dreadful struggles of soul, ere I attained the peace I now enjoy!"

"And then she related to me the saddest tale of a young heart's best affections all wasted and thrown away upon a vile, worthless wretch, who came to her in the garb of a member of our society, with the specious appearance of piety and worth, but the heart of a fiend—yes, the saddest story, Isabel, that I ever heard. I cannot tell it thee now, for it would alone fill a long chapter, but at some future time, perhaps I will.

"And the name of this man?" I asked, when she had done.

"Samuel Wolcott."

"Samuel Wolcott!"

"Yes, an Englishman by birth. Surely, thou dost not know him, Mary!"

"Was he tall, with large gray eyes and a scar upon his cheek?"

"Yes; then thou hast seen him—thou knowest him! Tell me quick, Mary."

"He is my mother's cousin. Soon after our arrival in England, he made an unsuccessful attempt to defraud my father of a large amount of money. Upon the failure of the plan, he absconded and was never heard of again in England. Strange he did not change his name, but he hardly expected us to know any one in so remote a city, and probably thought it unnecessary."

"And now I remember," said Julia, "that when, soon after my acquaintance with him, I spoke of you, and of our strong attachment to each other, he acted rather strangely. I observed it then, but soon forgot it."

"The thought at once occurred to me that this

man had borne some part in intercepting the letters that passed between us. He would scarcely desire my parents to know his whereabouts, even though he was beyond the reach of justice. At least, provided he designed to win Julia, as he undoubtedly did, he would wish to keep my family in ignorance of the affair. The close intimacy existing between Julia and myself would warrant a fear on his part that his name should be mentioned in some of her letters. Would it not be policy in him to intercept our correspondence?

"And now, Julia," said I, "I must ask thee some questions. How many letters didst thou receive from me during my absence?"

"Two: one immediately after your arrival, and another some three months after, stating that thou hadst received no answer and begging me to write soon. I did so immediately. I answered thy first letter, but it must have miscarried."

"And I wrote thee no less than six."

"O, Mary, what could have become of them all? How much did I wrong thee by judging thee too much engrossed in the strange people with whom thou wast becoming acquainted, and with the beauties thou wast meeting in thy travels, to think of me! I wondered thou hadst not spoken of thy silence, but as I had forgiven thee, I thought it not best to mention it to thee. Now tell me how many letters thou hadst from me."

"Not one, Julia—not one."

"Not one, when I wrote thee five! What couldst thou have thought? Yes, I wrote thee six during thy stay in England, and afterwards I knew not where to direct. Could Samuel have been guilty of that? No, no, I will not judge him so harshly. He always carried my letters to the office, and used to sympathize so much with me, when I felt so disappointed in not hearing from thee!"

"Each pleaded guilty to having thought the other unkind, though I had much more to confess than Julia, for she learned the lesson of forgiveness years before, while I knew it not."

"There yet remains one thing unexplained," said I. "It is with regard to thy visit in our place. That made me more wretched than anything else. That thou shouldst come so near me, and not even call—"

"O, Mary, how strange—how very strange that no one told me of thy arrival! Can it indeed be that thou wast home then? But I only remained one night there, for most of those I knew had emigrated. I took rooms at the hotel and made very short calls. People must have

supposed me aware of thy return. I should not have visited there had I not been passing through upon a more distant journey. The last that I heard of thee was through an acquaintance, who told me that thou wast to remain another year in Europe."

"Now the matter was clear to me, and years afterward, Samuel Wolcott, when dying in a State's prison, confessed to having intercepted our correspondence, all but my first letters, the two she mentioned, and her first one, which was lost, previous to his acquaintance with Julia. Ah, I had much to reproach myself with! Alas, alas! how bitterly did I repent the past!—how vainly wish to live it o'er! I shed such tears as I hope thou mayest never shed, Isabel."

"And now," said Aunt Mary, wiping her eyes, "my story is done. Some time I will tell thee how, from day to day, Julia grew more like an angel, until one evening she fell asleep in my arms—how, upon that night, the moonlight fell upon her glorious hair, just as it did when we sat beneath the cedars—how her eyes, lit with a glory such as thou mayest have dreamed of, Isabel, but never saw, were raised to mine, till they were diverted (so I always believed) by the angels—how her slender, white, almost transparent hand grew heavy and cold as I held it to my lips, till the glory left her eyes, and, as I said, she fell asleep in my arms."

"O, do tell me now, Aunt Mary," said Isabel.

"Not now, Isabel—do not urge me. I cannot tell thee now, for I wish thee to think why I have told thee this story."

"Yes, yes, aunty," said Isabel, her cheeks all aglow, "I see it—I know what you would have me learn! I shall not hate Fanny; I shall go at once, and seek an explanation. Some one must have spoken falsely!"

"That's right, darling," said Aunt Mary, kissing her cheek; "that's right. I tell thee, Isabel, there would be much less suffering in the world, if everybody would do so."

INTELLIGENT.

The Austrian police officers lately pounced on a volume of Plato in Greek in the trunk of an American traveller.

"There may be something improper here," said the official Dogberry.

"Impossible!" replied the traveller. "It's the work of an ancient philosopher."

"What of that?" exclaimed the ass. "How do I know he didn't write against the Austrian government?"—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humor and respect with himself.

REST.

BY DARK STEEL.

How sweet a word to the weary one—
 What peace to the troubled breast,
 To know his footsteps are nearing home,
 Where he will find a rest!
 Rest from the wearying cares of life—
 Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
 Rest from the grave.

The wanderer o'er life's darksome way,
 Has faint and weary grown,
 And is sinking by the rough wayside,
 Where thorns are thickly sown,
 When with straining eyes he sees afar
 A light—a guide—a glorious star,
 That points to rest.

A rest for the soul, beyond, beyond
 This misty, cheerless vale;
 Where love's bright blossoms in beauty bloom,
 Nor ever droop and pale;
 For no wintry blasts sweep o'er to chill,
 No autumnal frosts to blight and kill,
 For there is rest.

Where the parting tear is never shed,
 And sorrow is unknown—
 There, there is rest for the weary head,
 Rest for the weary soul:
 Rest from the wearying cares of life—
 Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
 Rest from the grave.

GRACE CARROLL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

It was a cold frosty morning in March. All night the stars had hidden themselves from the pale watchers, whom sickness or suffering had forbidden to sleep, and the morning dawned without sunshine, almost without light, for the dark, slate-colored clouds threw shadows over the pathway of the town, and made still darker the streets of the city.

At ten in the morning, a modest, dark-colored, one-horse carriage stopped at the door of a large brick building, in the upper part of the city, and a lady and gentleman alighted.

"Is this the orphan's asylum?" said the gentleman to a lad, passing. The boy explained that there was a special door at the other side of the house, where people who had business must ring; so leading the horse round the corner, and asking the lad to hold it, the gentleman rang vigorously, and was answered by an old woman whose withered face, bent form and sour look did not impress him as being a suitable portress for the bright forms and faces that might sometimes be brought hither. He asked for the mat-

ron, and was ushered into a cold, scantily furnished room, with unpapered walls and uncarpeted floor. A desk and some chairs were the only furniture, and those were of the most meagre description. The matron made her appearance. She was tall and very thin, with harsh gray hair, and harsher gray eyes, and, moreover, she was dressed in gray. Not a trace of warm, human feeling was visible on that cold, stern countenance; no womanly softness, no motherly sweetness. The old apple woman round the corner looked more lovingly after the little ones who did not stop at her stand to buy. She looked as if frozen into stone, and the eye was stony as well as gray; you might have fancied that she was Lot's wife, looking upon the vanished hopes of her youth, and turned into that cold, hard pillar.

Perhaps Miss Cumston never had any hopes to look back upon; surely she could have none in the future, with that hard look. Those thin lips could never have murmured sweet words of love, or sung sweet lullabies to an infant. It was not a face out of which love and music had gone; because they evidently had not been there, to go.

Mr. Carroll thought all this, while he was looking about for some set phrase in which to address her; for his genial nature was chilled, and the benevolent errand on which he came was checked and delayed, by the absence of sympathy in her looks. His wife saved him the trouble of speaking. Already her woman's tongue had found a voice, and she was eagerly inquiring if there were any children in the establishment needing a home.

"Do you wish to take one?" said the thin lips.

"We wish to look at all of them," said Mr. Carroll. "You will please to show us every child in the asylum, and if there is one that suits our purpose, we shall probably take it. But we want, as I said, to see every one of them."

Miss Cumston led the way to a long chamber, where about twenty little ones, of various ages, were assembled, under the care of another person almost a duplicate of herself. The same stony look was distinctly visible, but behind it, there was something a little more human, something that said that the look was acquired by long practice. In the other sister, it was born there. Miss Elinor Cumston appeared to be some few years younger than her sister, and the little ones were more familiar with her. They came around her while they kept aloof from Miss Jane.

"Are these all the children you have?" said Mr. Carroll, for a friend had insinuated to him,

that in these places they do not exhibit the brightest and finest children until some of the rest are disposed of.

"All but one, sir," said Miss Elinor.

"Will you allow me to look at that one?"

The elder sister looked reproachfully at Elinor, probably because she had betrayed the fact; but she had no alternative than to show her charge, and she led the way to another and a smaller room. If the other children had not impressed the visitor favorably, here was one that could not fail to do so. Beside the fire sat a healthy, good-looking Irish woman, and in her arms a beautiful, healthy child of about ten months old. The child was not her own, but she had evidently taken good and sufficient care of it, and it did credit to her kindly keeping.

Miss Cumston seemed unwilling to have this child chosen. It was the healthiest and best fed, the happiest of the whole tribe, and would be taken in preference to any other.

She whispered a while to Elinor, and Mrs. Carroll heard her say, "well, let them have her! nobody will want the others while this one looks so well, and we may as well get her away."

It touched upon Mrs. Carroll's womanly sympathy, this reference to the little pinched and forlorn ones she had seen in the other room; and resolutely closing her eyes to the sweet, laughing, crowing baby, she walked into the long chamber, selected a pale, but intelligent-looking little girl, about two years old, and held her up to her husband for his approval. The child held out her arms to be taken, and Mr. Carroll bent forward and kissed her little violet lips. That kiss sealed the child's fortune. She sprang to his arms, and they enfolded her in a loving clasp.

"Wrap her up well," said he to Miss Cumston. "It is very cold, and I fear she will suffer, otherwise."

There was a hesitation which Mrs. Carroll easily divined. "We will send the clothes all home," she said, and the sisters seemed satisfied. By the time that the books were signed, and all the arrangements entered into on both sides, the child was brought in, dressed in a warm cloak and hood, and clapping her hands with pleasure at the story which nurse had told her of going to ride. For it was kind-hearted Katy, in the little room, who had laid down her own charge, and fitted the little one for her journey, and now stood with a tear falling down her rosy, good humored face, contrasting so strongly with her cold, unmoved mistresses, as to make the Carrolls wish that they might exchange places with her. * * *

At the door of a handsome house in a country

town, about fifteen miles from the city, two bright, noble-looking boys appeared, to welcome their father and mother who had just stopped in the same carriage that stood in the morning at the door of the orphan's home.

It was now four o'clock, and already the bright lights were dancing in the windows, and the reflection of an ample wood-fire was throwing up broad red glances on the white ceiling within.

"What have you brought, father?" said little Fred, the youngest, as his father alighted with a large bundle in his arms.

"For shame, Freddy," said Willie, "to ask father now, when he is so cold!"

Willie gave his hand to his mother to help her up the steps, and Mr. Carroll followed with his bundle.

"Send Patrick after the horse, Willie, and tell him to give him a good supper."

Mr. Carroll never forgot the comfort of any living thing. As he entered the room the child woke from her long sleep, and looked round upon the boys, with a smiling, satisfied air, while they stood in utter amazement, unable to speak, gazing upon the fairy gift which their father had brought them.

"This must be your little sister, my sons," said Mrs. Carroll, "and I hope I need not ask you to be very gentle and tender with her. You see that she is quite small and feeble, and will be unable to play as you great boys of eight and ten years old can."

"Indeed we will, mother! Thank you a thousand times. A dear little sister! Mother, how good you are! What is her name? Where did you get her?"

"Her name? sure enough, she must have a name—not that harsh uncouth name which was hers at the asylum; but some soft, sweet name. What should it be?"

"Let it be Grace," said Mrs. Carroll, after a dozen names had been proposed and rejected. "Grace Carroll! the names sound well together;" and Grace Carroll, the baby was called. That night, as the family sat at their pleasant tea-table, the "one thing wanting" seemed happily supplied, and a spectator might have safely predicted that the little girl would become an important part of the household.

We pass over ten years. Grace is now twelve years old, Fred is twenty, and on his last year in college, and William was quietly settled down as a physician. Fred, who came home only on Saturday evenings, was very particular in his demands upon the attentions of Grace, who waited upon him scrupulously. She prepared for his coming, arranged her music to play to him, put

on her best frock to receive him, and kept the week's news for his special hearing. But after all had been done for his comfort and pleasure, she would draw her low seat beside William, and look up into his face for an hour, without speaking. William would give no other sign of his satisfaction, than a calm smile when she sat down, and an occasional glance from his large volume to her sweet, young face, while Fred would endeavor to draw off her attention in various ways. She would answer him, do whatever he wished, but would relapse into her old habit of watching Willie's face again. Fred would scold or laugh at her for this, and when Fred returned, after four years' travel, during which he had written hundreds of letters to Grace, he came home to find her a beautiful young lady, accomplished, graceful as her own sweet name, and "handsome as a picture," there she was still sitting at William's feet, in the low chair.

"How beautiful you have grown, Grace!" said Fred. "I never expected to see Grace so handsome, did you, William?"

"Is Grace handsome?" said William. "I never observed it; but I suppose she must be, for she is good," and the student relapsed again to his books.

Fred turned impatiently away, and gave a long whistle. Half an hour later, William had gone to see his patients and Fred was teasing Grace to sing.

"Willie does not like that," she said, as he opened to a song which he called beautiful. She would not sing it. Presently he came to one which she called Willie's favorite, and she sang it notwithstanding that Fred declared it hideous.

Mrs. Carroll saw nothing of all this. To her the child was her boys' sister. She never thought of any other feeling coming to either. She must have been blind not to see that they both loved her, and that they never called her sister. Sometimes Grace said "brother" to Fred, but never to William. Mr. Carroll was more observant. He sat by, in his arm-chair, and he made observations occasionally, with which he never troubled his wife. There was no need, "Grace would be our daughter still more truly," he said, and already he saw her as William's wife, as loving, as gentle, as beautiful as now, and bound to their declining days by a new and tender tie.

Mrs. Carroll was not so easy, when she saw that Fred grew jealous of his brother. He showed it now, every time that Grace spoke to William, and he engaged her attention from him on the most trifling pretenses. William missed her from her accustomed seat, but, outwardly, he took no notice. * * *

It was a sweet, moonlight hour, that in which Grace sat by the window alone. The light came in upon her in silvery flecks, between the sprays of honeysuckle and clematis which garlanded the large bay window. Within the room all was darkness. She did not know that some one had come in, and sat there in that darkness, watching the gleams of light as they flitted in the light evening breeze, over her white dress and her beautiful face, made still more beautiful by the sweet serenity that dwelt upon it from the influences of that peaceful hour.

While Grace sat there, Fred came up the long gravel walk. She could not see him, for the honeysuckle lay thickly over the window; but she heard his quick, ringing step, so different to any other, and as he came near, she thought that she heard his hurried breathing.

He dashed into the room, and walked up to that window, where he well knew that he should find Grace.

"You avoid me lately, Grace," he began, "I have not had five minutes' conversation with you for a week. Latterly, you seem to be with William constantly, and I have no opportunity of talking with you at all."

"Don't say that, brother Fred," said Grace; "surely I spend as much time with you as with William. You forget that while he sits here studying, I am often galloping over the hills with you."

"But what chance is there to *talk* on horse-back, Grace? One quiet hour like this, is worth more than twenty such as we spend together every week, because there is no chance for conversation in them."

Grace laughed. "I think we are together as much as most brothers and sisters, Fred, and I do not know what subject we have left untouched. It seems to me that we have gone over everything which comes under the head of conversation, many times over."

"Pshaw! forgive me, Grace, for the word, but surely you must know what I mean. I love you—not as a sister—you shall never call me brother again. You may call William 'brother,' and you may be a sister to him—but never to me. Gracie, you must be my wife!"

Fred's wife! She had never thought of this. Her life had been so peaceful, so beautiful in its relations to them all, that it startled and even terrified her, to have it assume any other shape, even in thought. Loving William as she truly did, watchful as she was of his comfort, she had never dreamed of being anything more to him than she was now. And for Fred, it was still farther from her thoughts; nor could she bring

it near, now that he had presented the idea in words.

Fred's wife! He had to repeat it before she could answer, and when she did, it was with a broken and tearful entreaty that he would not seek to put this barrier between their pleasant intercourse; that he would never again trouble the peaceful current of her calm, sisterly love, with words like these.

There was an hour of stormy grief on his side, and of tearful regret on hers, and then Grace begged him to leave her. He went out into the still moonlight, and tried to still his heart, by walking far and rapidly.

And there, in the shadow, still sat the figure that had staid there through the whole scene. Grace almost fell over it, when she was hurrying to her room, and then she knew who it was.

"William!" she gasped out, "have you been listening to all this? I could not have believed it of you."

"Grace, do not condemn me until I can speak in my defence. I came here, silently, before my brother entered; and Grace, I came for the same purpose for which he came! When he came in so suddenly, I was too much overcome with my own feelings to allow him to witness them. I would wait, I thought, until I could speak to you both, calmly. But you know how he spoke; so suddenly, so impetuously, and after the first words were spoken, I could not have moved for my life. I knew that no one thought of my being here, and had you not fallen, no one would ever have known it. Had you accepted Fred, I must have betrayed myself. As it was, I sat in a quiet happiness, which can only be made deeper and stronger by the thought that sometime I may say to you words which you have heard from another, and that you will answer them differently. Forgive me, Grace! I know how my being here must look to you, how it would look to Fred, but he does not know, and never must know, that I heard it all. He is so proud that it would destroy all love between us as brothers. Will you forgive me, Grace?"

"I do; but this has pained me so much, that I must not talk of it now. Let me go, William, you are cruel to detain me, and hark, Fred is coming back."

She went to her room, but it was to lie waking all night. What had she gained? The knowledge of a love which troubled her heart, and made life, for the first time, seem overshadowed. What had she lost? The life long happiness, up to this time, of that tender, sisterly affection, which she had ever cherished for both. O, if Fred had not spoken! And then this other new

revelation which had come to her from William! It was all inexplicable to her, and she must bear it unshared, too, for there was no one to whom she could give her confidence. How could she meet her father and mother in the morning, with the knowledge of all this pressing upon her? How could she meet any of them, indeed?

It was, for a moment, in her thoughts, to plead illness as an excuse for not joining them at the breakfast table; but she was above any pretext, and she bathed her wet eyes, and went down. Fred was not there! and William was cold and abstracted. Mrs. Carroll noticed the heaviness of her daughter's eyes, and was profuse in her exclamations of regret, begging William to prescribe for them. Every word deepened Grace's confusion, and as she found it impossible to preserve her serenity, she went back to her chamber. Thither Mrs. Carroll followed, after a brief conversation with William, in which he had told her all. It was with a generous disregard of his own happiness that William offered to waive all pretensions to Grace, if she could love his brother; and when Fred returned, pale and careworn, at evening, his brother actually undertook to plead his cause with Grace.

"Loving you as I do, Grace, I would resign you willingly, if you can make it appear that it will be for the happiness of yourself."

"O, no," said she, "let me be your sister again. It is all that I can wish. This is idle, to break up the peace of this happy circle in this way. Only let us be as before."

This could not be, William said; but before he could finish his sentence, his brother came in.

"I see how it is, Grace," he said, mournfully, "William loves you, too, and more than that, you love him. Nay, do not speak. I have long seen it in both. I cannot stay here to see it; but when I am gone away, as I shall soon go, you will be happy together." His eyes filled with tears. They had not known the depth of affection that lay beneath the crust of Fred's careless and apparently reckless disposition. They felt it keenly now. In a few weeks he was gone.

Four years have passed, and Mrs. Carroll sits holding her little grandson, while another climbs on her husband's knee. The gate opens, and up the long gravel walk comes Fred, and by his side a tall, graceful, dignified woman, and she is Fred's wife.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.

TO MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

Dedicated to the Hon. N. T. Rossiter.

BY BLANCHE D'ARFOUR.

Stranger fairy!
 Artless peri!
 Little namesake mine!
 Deign to list me:
 How I'll kiss thee,
 Wert thou truly mine!
 Clasp thee fondly to my breast—
 Guardian of thy gulleless rest—
 Owning meanwhile I am blest—
 Little namesake mine!

Home enchains thee,
 Friendship claims thee—
 Come! this heart's thy shrine!
 "Daughter Mary's"
 Loved more dearly—
 Namesake, thou art mine.
 "Blanche!" I bid thee welcome home!
 Peerless fairy—haste and come—
 Hearts and homes have too much room,
 Little namesake mine.

Sing I—praying—
 Song-conveying—
 All my soul to thee:
 While I'm breathing,
 Fate is wrothing
 Crowns, thy brow to twine.
 Sorrow's toils ne'er tangle round thee,
 Doubt nor darkness e'er confound thee,
 Misery's black waves ne'er surround thee,
 Little namesake mine!

THE OBSTINATE HORSE:

—OR,—

WHO'LL MAKE HIM GO?

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

CRUELTY to animals has well been made the subject of penal legislation, and if horses but knew this, they would grin with gratitude. And when they are ill-treated—as, for instance, when their loads are greater than they should be, or when they are whipped or beaten unjustly by the hand of passionate ignorance—they would neigh aloud to the lookers-on, "*Why don't you take his number down and take him up?*" Coaxing often goes a great way with a horse—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Not long ago an omnibus stopped, against the will of the driver, at the head of Milk Street—cause, an unruly horse. A result was the immediate commencement of one of those Washington Street blockades, or caravans, usual on similar occasions. We will not stop to inquire why the horse refused to propel—whether it was an ailment, indignation at being over-worked,

objection to the character of any or all of the passengers in the vehicle, sheer fatigue, or a vain wish to attract attention; but will merely suggest in this place that some folks account for the obstinacy of horses by supposing that they either stop to think, or see "sperrits" ahead, and are afraid.

The obstinate horse who is the hero of this story did stop, at any rate, from some cause or other, and occasioned a blockade in the street on one side, and a dense and excited and rapidly increasing crowd on both sides of the way. The driver, an exceedingly "hossy" looking chap, after two or three cuts of the whip, remained in his seat inactive, and with great composure lit a cigar and commenced smoking.

"Go on—why don't you?" asked an impatient gentleman through the ticket-hole. "You've stopped forty-four times in this rascally crooked street already!"

"Horse will go when he gets ready," was the answer.

"Baulky?" said the gentleman, noticing the crowd.

"Rayther!" was the dry response of the driver.

This answer induced all to get out of the omnibus, except a large fat woman with a determined expression and a basket of eggs. As the others went out, they heard her mutter something about she wouldn't get out for no horse, "eggs or no eggs."

"Why don't he go on?" said somebody on the sidewalk.

"Better ask the horse!" said a facetious spectator.

"Touch him up!" cried several.

Impatient gestures and not a few highly indelicate expressions were made by drivers of vehicles in the rear, and "Knock him in the head and take the team down Milk Street!" was proposed by one ferocious personage, who had a note to attend to which he feared would be protested.

But most of the throng, as is usual on such occasions, were more sympathetic, and indulged in a display of their horse-knowledge which was more unique than edifying. The sight of obstinacy stirs up the wrath of many, and those present of that class suggested the most violent means to make the horse do his duty; while others proposed coaxing, or a strategic method.

"Lead him and then he'll go," cried a boy, who conceived that nobody else there assembled ever heard of such an ingenious proceeding.

Some who would have tried this plan, and were just stepping into the street to execute it, disdained to accept of any advice from a boy,

and drew back disappointed, for they had flattered themselves upon having a good chance to make a display before a large assembly, with little risk. But the chance was improved by a peaked-looking man, with a silly face, but with no avail.

"*Baa! baa! baa!* Go away, sheep-head! Get out, calf!" were the jeering cries which soon made him hide himself in the peaceful obscurity of the crowd; and even the horse seemed to sneer at him, for he snorted terribly.

The crowd was all the while growing more noisy and excited, while the resolute fat woman, with the basket of precarious eggs, condescended to watch the proceedings through a front window. The driver's coolness seemed to provoke some of the crowd, for they reproached him with indifference to the public interests.

"Don't you see that ere string of teams ahind on yer?" exclaimed they.

"Not very well," said the driver, looking straight ahead.

"What's the matter of that horse?" inquired a simple-hearted by-stander, who had just come.

"Troubled with the *no goes*," said a quiz, seriously.

"Where?" said the other, willing to be instructed.

"In the legs," was the reply.

Here the driver, to save appearances, condescended to give the beast a lash upon his hind furniture, which caused him to show vivacity in the back-stay, for he executed a series of kick-ups with much enterprise.

"He still lives!" said a political spectator, withdrawing a little, to wipe a discharge of mud from his face.

"Beat him—bang him—make him go!" said some. And at this moment an indignant shop-keeper, who felt that the crowd injured his sales, advanced with a window-shutter and spanked the refractory animal a few times, when a brisk young Frenchman stepped forward and interposed with, "*Mon Dieu! mon ami! vous sont un fou!*" and he went to the horse's head to try the coaxing way—the most approved in France.

Patting the foaming beast upon the neck, he endeavored to whisper in his ear; but he was too short, or the horse was too tall, for he could barely reach as high as the animal's ear, and the horse would not allow his head to come down as low as the Frenchman's mouth—perhaps because he did not understand French. But the countryman of Napoleon was not to be easily disheartened, and keeping a tight hold of the reins, when the angry animal reared again, he was carried up with him and managed to get his

mouth to the beast's ear before he came down.—The crowd applauded the Frenchman's tenacity, though they did not all understand what he would be at.

"What's he trying to do?" said many.

"He's kissing his brother!" answered a wag.

"Promising him a feed of oats!" said another.

"No—he is telling him if he don't be still and behave, he will take him up!" said still another.

"Take him up?" laughed another; "he'd better keep him *down* first."

"Why don't the driver use the whip? Driver, pay on, pay on, with your whip!"

This and many other volunteered advices were declined by the phlegmatic driver, with a knowing wink of the eye.

Twice the disinterested Frenchman got his mouth to the horse's ear, but the plunges knocked his hat off, and as he let go to get it, the horse suddenly made a start forward for a rod or two, and amid the derisive shouts of the thankless crowd, the fugitive chapeau was picked up by its owner, all in one grand smash, having been run over by the wheels. With a torrent of *accus*, and a volley of other rather unamiable French, the discomfited Gaul withdrew in the direction of Noah Greely's hat-store.

Innumerable were the suggestions now offered by the magnanimous spectators, not one of whom attempted to put in force his own proposition, though seriously believing in its probable efficacy.

"Rub his nose kindly; that's the way I have always seen it done!" said a positive man, with a very superintending sort of look.

"Rub his granny!" said a scornful fellow, with a turned-up nose. "Stroke his mane wrong ways—that's the only way."

"My father's horse," advanced another, with a persuasive smile and criticising squint of his eyes, "never would go unless you tickled him over his tail. That will set any horse flying! Will any gentleman please to lend me a rattan! Must be done with a rattan!"

As nobody had a rattan, the experiment was not tried.

"Tickle his ribs with a stick!"

"Squeal in his ear!"

"Twist his ear!"

"Blow in it!"

"Twist his tail!"

"Throw some water on him!"

"What a curious driver! He don't seem to mind it at all!"

The nonchalance of the driver so contrasted with the rearing, kicking, snorting, sidling and foaming of his excited horse, as these experi-

ments and others were severally tried, that he began to be an object of admiration. Some inquired what kind of a horse he was, commonly.

"O, he's a pooty bobbin' sort of a horse, sir," was his reply, very complacently.

"I should think he was all of that. What do you do when he acts in this way?"

"Don't do nothing, generally. Let him feel his oats, if he wants to," said the coachee, lighting a fresh cigar.

"But aint there any remedy? You see how the street's blocked up!"

"Sometimes, when he gets steam up, they put a chaw of tobacco between his teeth."

"Chaw of tobacco! Chaw of tobacco! Who's got a chaw of tobacco, to put in his teeth?" exclaimed the shop-keeper aforesaid, who having failed with the shutter at one end of the animal, was now going to try tobacco at the other.

A huge piece was handed him, and after munching it a little to make it soft and taste good, he went up to the chafing cheval, whose bulging eyes and shaking head announced that the fire was not all out of him yet. Determined to make the dose effectual, the shop-keeper, seizing a favorable moment when the horse's mouth was partly open, thrust his hand away in with a fierceness which nearly cost him the loss of it—for the teeth came down upon his fingers, not, however, with full force, but sufficiently hard to make him swear his repentance as he ran with his maimed digits to the neighboring doctor's shop.

"Rather got bit, that time, didn't he?" laughed the driver. "Perhaps that anxious man didn't know how fond the horse is of tobacco. Took two hands that time!"

"Sunthin' must be done, and that speedily!" said a puffy, paunchy little man, with a pink face and wholesale-dealerish air, as he surveyed the motley multitude, whose jostling and density made the prospect of half-a-dozen little fights altogether probable. "It's a pity that one horse should thus disturb the peace and quiet. It injures the interests of the city. I'll give five dollars to anybody who'll make that horse go."

People pricked up their ears, and a few more tried in vain.

"Don't want your money, neighbor Puncheon," said a larger and fatter man at his elbow, "you know I've a plenty myself, for that matter; but here's a man who says that if you walk before a horse in this condition, he will follow your lead. I'll try."

"I'll try it myself!" said the little puffy, paunchy man, with the wholesale air. "It's a sacrifice, but I'll do it for the public good!" and

with patriotic condescension he stepped into the street before the horse, with solemn importance, and pulling his hat on firmly, and telling a policeman who had just arrived authoritatively to stand out of the way and not interfere, he faced the horse, as if to let him know who he was, and then turned to the right-about face, and walked slowly on before.

"What's to pay now?" was the question; "who's that?"

"Puncheon, the wholesale dealer, trying an experiment!"

"He'd better not come too near the horse, or he'll be swallowed, boots and all."

Twelve pompous strides and the little man looked back. The horse took no notice.

"You're so small, perhaps he didn't see you," suggested some; "try it again!"

He did try it, again and again and again, and perhaps would have tried it till the present time, in his fervor for the public good, only that, at the fourth trial, the horse made it very evident that he did see him, for as he approached, he reared, and descending, brought his hoofs in such dangerous proximity with the puffy man's head, as to smash his beaver off, leaving him barely time to gather himself forward and save his body corporal. Dismayed and hatless, he retired to the sidewalk.

"Bob," now said the policeman to the driver, "will you, or shall I try?"

"Come up and take the reins," was the reply.

The policeman did so, and Bob got down and spoke in a low tone to the delinquent animal, patting his flank and neck and manipulating his nose. Not a minute elapsed before the hitherto violent quadruped became as docile as a kitten, and Bob remounting with a grin, the policeman still on the box, cried:

"All right!" and bowing to the spectators, drew the reins and the horses went forward as if nothing had happened.

"Nothing like knowing how to manage a horse!" said everybody, dispersing, and the policeman observed the same to the driver, with the remark that he had made quite a sensation.

"Yes," said the driver, "and I didn't care if I did. I might have got him along at the first stop. I knew all the time they couldn't make him go, but there's some folks so ready to interfere, and so sure they know how to manage a horse better than anybody else, that I thought I'd let 'em try. Nobody can make Jerry move in his tantrums but me, you can bet a pile!"

The only praise that ought to be relied on comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

AGNA.

BY HARRY VERNON.

Fair as the morning when winged it flies
 From crimson-streaked ocean; fair as the rose
 When its petals expand to the dew of the skies;
 Fair as the spheres when Vesper forth hies,
 Brilliant with glittering of heavenly pearls,
 Is she, the chaste Agna, queen among girls!

Agna, this bright one, first I saw on the lawn,
 Fronting the house of the old village school;
 Here was she romping, romped as a fawn,
 Singing as birds sing, gayly at dawn;
 And as the saphyr blue, laughing it played,
 Tossing her ringlets of bright auburn shade.

Fled have years, many too, phantom-like, close,
 Following me ever, the young beauty elings.
 When the morn dawns, when the eve glows,
 When to the dew opens the red rose,
 Forth springs the lovely shade, soft as a dove,
 Singing as birds sing, singling of love!

THE LAWSUIT.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

ISABEL MOORE sat by the window of her richly furnished drawing-room, half hidden by the folds of beautiful lace and damask that draped it. Everything about her showed, indisputably, not only that the owner and occupant possessed the quality of taste in the highest degree, but also that she had the wealth and ability to gratify it to the utmost.

Isabel was an heiress; and of course, she was a beauty in the eyes of the world. She was more than that; she was intellectual, spirited, and with a dash of sentiment about her, that she unwittingly encouraged, when she should have done her utmost to keep it in check. With all her advantages of wealth, station and character, she was apt to fall into a state of ennui, from which it was difficult to rouse her.

No tie of near and dear family affection had ever belonged to Isabel. Her father and mother dying when she was too young to know their loss, she had been transferred to a boarding-school, from whence she emerged at eighteen, and took up her residence with the family in whose care the house had been left at her father's death.

Mr. Winthrop was a clergyman, and had been a friend of Mr. Moore's. The house had been tendered to his free acceptance, by his friend's will, on condition of receiving Isabel, when she should have finished her education, and remaining with her until she should marry.

Here, therefore, she came; and here she had remained for five years, with every appliance for

making life happy, and yet suffering from a restlessness and dissatisfaction, that could only proceed from a life where she had so little, individually, to achieve, and where all incentives to exertion had been taken away. In short, Isabel was suffering for want of a little wholesome discipline.

The truth was, there was a certain incommunicable quality in Isabel's mind, and a self-contained principle about her, which, without making her absolutely selfish, was yet so apparent, that those who failed to enter the sanctuary of her heart, were very apt to baptize it by that name.

But now Isabel was, as we have said, suffering from a lack of discipline. Her ocean had no roughness, her waves were scarcely ripples; and there seemed to be the danger only, of a flat, dead calm. She had read of noble and benevolent people who were always projecting some great good to society; and in books, she admired them; but in real life, such characters had always been repulsive to her, from other elements that had mixed with their goodness, and were distasteful to her love of the æsthetic.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Isabel, restless from having nothing to do, sat by the window and looked out upon the busy throngs that passed by. Not a few cast glances of interest upon the stately house that held the pretty heiress, but no one came in, and hour after hour she sat in listless weariness, longing for some change, something that would throw a little sparkle over the rapid sort of life which she owed to herself that she was leading.

Almost she was tempted to go up stairs to Mr. Winthrop's study, and question him of her future life, and how she might be able to throw off this weariness, and come out into better and more harmonious being; but she remembered his endless discussions with others who had sought his counsel, and how little they had interested her understanding or affected her heart, when she had occasionally heard them, and she dreaded to make herself an object of his prosy generalities, as much as she would have avoided any personal dictation from him. She had only got along with these people, by taking and giving the most perfect freedom. Herself, impatient of control, as she had often manifested at school, she was not, like many of that stamp, ready to dictate to others; but gave to all that which she dared to preserve to herself. The result of her thoughts was, not to seek him, but to try to work out her own problem.

She did not have to work at it; for Fate, who always has some reserved ammunition for everybody who has been shooting in the dark, brought her a letter by the post, that suddenly turned the whole

current of her thoughts, and waked her up to an enthusiasm, which would have perfectly astonished those who were accustomed only to the smooth and severe side of Isabel Moore's character. There was fire beneath the surface, but it required a strong current to make it rise to a flame. The letter ran as follows :

"I am sure that I need only appeal to the candor and good sense of Miss Moore, when I ask her attention to some facts which I wish to state to her. Perhaps you will question the right of a stranger to address you thus ; but believe me, I have adopted this method out of strong respect for yourself, and a feeling that you would, in the end, be thankful that I did so. I will state, *en passant*, that I am in the profession of the law, and have examined all the facts which I shall now present to you.

"You are, of course, aware that your father married your mother in a foreign land, whither he went on a secret expedition for the American government. You are not, perhaps aware—in indeed I am sure that you are not—that he had a wife living at that time, and that there is a daughter now living, who can claim the whole of the large property which has been, nominally, yours so long.

"I see you are roused by this ; you tremble, turn pale, and would throw this true statement indignantly into the fire. But do not ! Wait and see how best you can escape this misfortune. *Claiming* is not *possessing*, and it will be difficult to substantiate a claim on the part of this young lady (who is but a few years older than yourself), unless she has stronger proofs than I have yet seen. If you please, I will communicate with you, privately, on this subject, whenever you desire. Forgive me for causing you pain, and believe me yours with respect.

WALTER HAYDEN."

The address was appended to this, showing how she might communicate with him by letter. Isabel's first thought was almost of gladness. Her innocent mind hardly took in the consciousness of her father's guilt in any way ; and the prospect of a sister was somehow, to her lonely situation, rather a pleasant one. Her idea was of a *relation*, coming to live with her, sharing with her the wealth and comforts from which she had perhaps been unjustly shut out for so many years.

She turned it over in her mind, and her idea soon gave place to another, not quite so pleasant. She looked over the letter again, and the words, "the whole of the property which has been yours nominally, so long," looked larger and stronger every time she glanced at them. She began to tremble, but as she read down the page, she assumed more firmness, as the lawyer's implied doubts met her eye.

Should she seek Mr. Winthrop ? No—he was weak and feeble, physically and mentally. She would act, for once, for herself, at least until she

should understand more of the case ; and her father's character was at least too precious to be entrusted to indifferent hands now.

She wrote a hasty note, and appointed an hour in which to meet the lawyer ; a time when she knew that Mr. Winthrop would be in his study and his wife asleep on her sofa. He came punctually, and was shown to her drawing-room, and orders were given to admit no one else.

Walter Hayden entered the room with a start of surprise and almost embarrassment. He had not counted upon anything so imposing as the appearance of the apartments, or the graceful dignity of the occupant. Disdaining the accessories of ornament, Isabel appeared before him in a plain white dress, with her fine hair folded simply in one rich braid around her head. The simplicity of the style was well suited to her face and figure, and no exuberance of ornament or finish could have given such effect to her beauty. She received him with calm and easy politeness, and went immediately into the subject. Her visitor noted every word she uttered, and seemed greatly impressed with the perfect absence of all haste or indignation in her manner.

On her part, she was pleased and interested. He had been so kind and gentlemanly in his statements, and had explained so patiently the various matters which it concerned her to know, that, after their long and exciting interview, Isabel could hardly regret the cause that brought her into contact with such a mind.

Walter Hayden went away with no very distinct idea of his own feelings ; but he knew that Isabel Moore, stripped of all the splendor that surrounded her, would be a greater object of interest to him, a poor and almost unknown lawyer, than the English woman who had come over to take possession, or at least to claim all that Isabel now enjoyed. He had seen her ; and the impression on his mind was that of unmitigated aversion towards her.

It was, therefore, with pain, that the young lawyer turned his steps towards the hotel where the person calling herself Annabella Moore was awaiting him, with her mother. Coming from the refined atmosphere of Isabel's presence, he shrank from seeing the coarse and loud spoken woman who was, he now believed, usurping or trying to usurp her privileges ; and his heart swelled with anger at himself, that he had undertaken her cause at all.

He questioned the mother, and her statement seemed true, although there were one or two points on which she resisted pressing, evidently trying to get away from them as speedily as possible. He then stated to them his conviction that

he should not be able to manage the case on their side, and begged to be set aside; resolving inwardly that his influence should operate on the other side, if he were allowed the opportunity.

Something in his manner decided them to give him up, and he then felt a freedom to advise and assist Isabel, which he did not previously feel. He lost no time in preparing for another interview, and offering his services in all things except by appearing as her counsel.

Day after day he saw Isabel, and having chosen for her the very best counsel, and laid matters in train, they only waited for the case to come on, which, as the English women complained of detention and expense, was done immediately.

The main evidence of the woman rested on the production of her marriage certificate, which certainly seemed genuine enough, and was sworn to by a person who said he was present at the ceremony. Indeed, on this certificate turned the whole point of the case, and on both sides it was justly considered of immense importance.

During the day of trial, Hayden had sent repeated notes to Isabel, to inform her how things were progressing. She would not be present, although he solicited her to appear. His last note merely said, "a little light." He had requested Isabel's counsel to allow him to take the marriage certificate into his hands for a brief examination. He looked at it carefully, whispered to the counsel, and sat down.

Joseph Myrick, "curate of St. Gregory's Church, Leedsfield," was sworn. He deposed that on the night of the twenty-first of April, 1821, he joined in marriage, Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield; that he had christened a child for them in the course of the following year; that this young woman was the child; that the father of the child came to America, and was well known as the husband of Annabella Stanfield, whom he had deserted, being traced hither by her brother, who was now unfortunately dead; and that she had hitherto no means of getting to America, or making her claim until recently.

The counsel for Isabel rose. "May it please your honors, there is only one evidence which can be brought against this. It is short, simple, and to the point. The marriage of Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield, as sworn to by the reverend gentleman, was in April, 1821. Unfortunately for his cause, or that rather of his fair friends, I have to state that the paper on which this certificate was written, is of American manufacture, and bears distinctly the date of 1840, traced in water lines upon its surface." A murmur of mingled delight and indignation arose in the court. The "reverend gentleman" tried to

escape, but was secured, and his fair friends with him, to answer to the crime of forgery.

Walter Hayden's face was perfectly radiant. It was he who had discovered the mark on the paper, and suggested it to the counsel, and it was he, also, who was to bear the tidings to Isabel.

She was awaiting him, and his beaming face told the story before his lips could utter a word. Isabel was speechless with emotion, but drawing from her bosom a paper, she handed it to Mr. Hayden. His face was scarlet in a moment. He had missed it soon after their morning interview. It contained words of love to Isabel, which, had the case ended in her poverty, he intended to place in her hands, when he returned to tell her. Should it result in her favor, he was not to offer them to her consideration. Walter was too proud to win a rich bride—but were Isabel poor, impoverished by this trial—he would ask her to share his lot, and trust to brighter times.

"I wrote this to be given in case of your failure to gain your cause, Isabel," said he; "let me call you so this once. I do not dare to press my cause now."

Isabel's heart was beating so loud that she could hear every pulsation. She wondered if the new emotion was genuine or not. She had never known it before, and was doubtful whether it would pass current in the present inflated state of society. She only knew that she would be willing to share her fortune with and devote her whole life to Walter Hayden; that henceforth, his name would be the watch-word to her soul, rousing up all good and generous emotions within her. When she attained voice to speak, she told him this, and, also, that her only grief was, that she could bring him nothing but her worthless fortune, instead of a life full, as it should have been, of good deeds.

Of the English women and their accomplices, they lost all trace. It was supposed that they had friends who assisted their escape from the country, for the three had all fled from the jail in one night, during an alarm of fire.

Mr. Winthrop rallied sufficiently to unite Walter and Isabel, but he was fast sinking into unconsciousness, and his wife, unwilling to burden Isabel longer, had him removed to a pleasant country home, where he was often visited by the newly married pair, over whose home a beautiful halo rests, and around its hearth two beautiful human blossoms nestle at their feet, bearing anew the names of Walter and Isabel.

Honors and great employments are great burdens, and must require an Atlas to support them. He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

BID GOD SPEED.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Jealousies are wicked spirits,
 Escanting breasts that give them room;
 Wishes bearing ill to others
 Bring the wisher self-same doom.
 Earth is wide, and life is scanty,
 What of love ye may, O, grant ye;
 Here a man and there his brother—
 Bid God speed to one another!

Does one climb the mount before thee?
 Make him serve thy guiding star:
 Does one weaker struggle after?
 Cheer him with thy tones afar.
 Every path enough is thorny,
 Neither envy, neither scorn ye,
 But let brother and his brother
 Freely "God speed" one another.

THE LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

THE United States frigate *Pawnee* lay at Port Mahon. I call her the *Pawnee*, because there is no such frigate in our navy, and because I am not at liberty to use real names in relating the following little actual occurrence.

Our Lieutenant of marines was named John Peabody, or, at least, so I name him. He was a noble-hearted fellow, and one of the very few of our naval officers who have sprung from poor parentage and groped their own way up through hard work to manhood. He was a tall, straight man, and looked every inch the soldier. He had black eyes and his beard and moustache were so beautifully black and neat that the captain allowed him to wear them. The soldier looked at home in them, but our old captain (Bolton—he's dead now, poor fellow,) would not let a sailor come on deck with such appendages. The whippers for them must be bounded by a line from the bottom of the ear.

Peabody was a jolly fellow, but always a gentleman. In his dress, especially when on shore, he was most fastidious, and his handsome uniform was of the nicest cut, fit and finish.

"Mr. Peabody," said old Joe, the landlord of about the only decent hotel in Mahon, as a party of our officers were collected in the saloon, "you don't forget that you owe me a little sum."

"Owe—owe you?" uttered the lieutenant of marines, opening his eyes in surprise.

"O, I didn't mean to ask you for it. No, no. Take your time, Mr. Peabody, I only mentioned it."

"Only mentioned it? But what do you mean?" persisted Peabody.

"Nothing, nothing," returned Joe, somewhat perplexed, for he evidently thought the officer only objected to having been dunned in the presence of his companions.

"But you must mean something. What is it? Out with it old fellow. Do I owe you anything?"

"Don't you owe me?" the host asked, now puzzled in turn.

"Not to my knowledge."

"But," stammered old Joe, "you have had nearly twenty dollars charged here."

"Well, go on. What was it for?"

"Why, for drink, mostly; for wine, opera tickets, and suppers."

"W-h-e-w! Well, that goes a little ahead of my time, old chap," the lieutenant uttered. "For the love of mercy, when did I have all this?"

Joe opened his book and pointed to the account. There it was, in black and white:

MR. JOHN PEABODY—Lieutenant,	Dr.
To 5 glasses and four bottles,	\$4.50
" 4 opera tickets and 4 bottles,	6.00
" 14 glasses and 7 bottles,	9.00

And so the account went on. Peabody read it over. He could not swear that he had not been on shore on those days, though he could swear that he had not had those things there set down.

"My dear pitcher of brass," he at length uttered, "do you mean to say that I have had those things?"

"But do you mean to say that you have not?"

"Of course I have not."

Old Joe was posed. He dared not get angry with such customers, and yet he hated to be thus imposed upon. At length he got a chance to speak with our first lieutenant (Charles Gordon Hunter. He died only a short time since, in New York. He was a good sailor; a noble-hearted man; beloved by all the good men of his ship; but his own worst enemy. God rest his soul now).

"Mr. Hunter, what does the lieutenant of marines mean?" the host asked.

"But did he really have those things?" Hunter asked.

"Why, most surely he did. But," and here Joe lowered his voice to a whisper, "he was pretty well done up when he did it. He always pays when he's sober."

"Ah," uttered Charley, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "then he does tip a little too much when we ain't here, eh?"

"Why, yes. He has been here pretty badly off. Twice I have had to put him to bed, but I have never charged him for that."

"Ho, ho; now I understand. Keep mum, Joe, and I'll bring him around. He's good when he knows the truth. I'll break it to him."

As soon as possible, Hunter communicated to the rest of the officers what he had learned touching Peabody's habits when on shore alone. It was "nuts" for them. The lieutenant of marines was very severe in his strictures upon the habits of those officers who got a little "over the bay" sometimes, and now they had a chance to pay him off; but they said nothing until after they had gone on board.

The table was set in the ward-room, and the lieutenants had set down to supper. Hunter led off by a remark about the strange account which old Joe had found upon his book.

"Why, perdition seize his old cabin, where did he get those reckonings?" Peabody uttered, earnestly. "Do you believe the old rat would really try to fleece a fellow like that?"

"I guess not," returned Hunter. "Don't you think it possible that you might have had those things set down when you have been a little over?"

"Over? over what?"

"Why, over the bay; a little the worse for inward dampness."

"Do you mean drunk?"

"Why, it's what some folks vulgarly call drunk."

Peabody thought at first that they were only joking him; but ere long he was sure they were in earnest.

"Ho, ho—'twont go down, Peabody. Now own up. Haven't you done it when you've been alone, eh?"

"No, I have not."

But the others wouldn't believe him; and from that time the officers only shook their head mysteriously when the lieutenant of marines said anything against drunkenness.

When he next went on shore he steered for Old Joe's at once, and he was charged with indignation to the muzzle.

"It's all right; it's all right," the host said, clapping his hand upon Peabody's back. "I made the mistake, so say no more about it."

Peabody turned triumphantly to Hunter and Dod, who accompanied him, and asked them if they were satisfied. They shook their heads, laughed, and said, "O, yea."

"Say, Joe, how is this?" asked Hunter, as soon as he could get an opportunity to speak with the host aside.

"Why," returned Joe, "he came back here the other night and explained it all when I opened the subject. He told me never to speak of

the subject again in the presence of others. That is all he objected to, then."

After this matters passed on for a month, and the only notice taken of the curious incident above set down, was an occasional joke from some of the officers. At length the ship was to sail for Toulon, and the prospect was that she would make a long cruise before she returned again to Port Mahon. On the afternoon before sailing, some of the lieutenants went on shore to have a social game of billiards at old Joe's. The games had been played, and the officers had settled up. Old Joe had been watching our lieutenant of marines, eagerly and anxiously, and as the latter turned to go away the old Dago caught him by the button-hole.

"Mr. Peabody," he whispered, "wont you settle that account now?"

"Account?"

"Yes, sir. You know you told me you would. I have kept still so far; but you are going away in the morning, and I want my money."

"Want your money?" cried the excited officer. "What do you mean?"

"Why," returned Joe, speaking loudly, too, while the rest of the officers gathered round the spot, "here's your account, run up now to over fifty dollars; and you said if I wouldn't say anything mere about it you'd—"

"Hold! Why, you lying, thieving, cheating, rascally old land-shark! Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, no. But, Mr. Peabody, you wont cheat me so."

The lieutenant of marines made a spring at Joe's throat, and would have throttled him had not his companions held him back.

"Does he mean to accuse me of cheating him?" gasped Peabody, struggling in the arms of those who held him.

But Hunter soon contrived to restore quiet. He assured old Joe that all should be settled to his satisfaction.

"We'll watch him narrowly," he said to the host, "and when we catch him drunk, we'll explain the whole matter to him."

"That'll do," Joe returned, "I s'pose he don't remember what he does when he's drunk."

It was nearly dusk when the officers went off, and Peabody supposed all was settled. On the following morning all hands were called to get under weigh. Just as the capstan bars had been shipped a shore-boat came alongside, containing a man and a woman. The first lieutenant asked them what they wanted, and the female returned that she wanted to see the "lieutenant of mar-ees." She was allowed to come on board.

She was a pretty girl, stout, fair, and florid, and was recognized as the daughter of an old shoemaker who did the making and cobbling for the officers. She gazed around the deck a moment, and at length her eyes rested upon the poor lieutenant of marines, and with a very energetic step, she reached his side.

"Ah, Mistare Peabodee, you run off, eh? You no marry me! What for you leave me so, eh?"

"Fool!" uttered the lieutenant, starting back. "What do you mean by this?"

"Oho, what I mean, eh? You make love—you say me be your wife—you will marry me right away—very quick—you eat, and drink, and you sleep in our house—you drink all our best wine, and you no pay 'cause you will make me your wife, eh?"

"Why, you miserable she satan, get out of this!"

"Oho! You tell me get out, eh? You tell once—great many times—I be your wife—I be wife of the lieutenant of mar-eers, eh? Now you marry me, else you pay for everything you eat, and for all ze wine you drink."

"Good heavens, Hunter!" cried poor Peabody, turning to where stood the lieutenant convulsed with laughter, "will you turn this crazy thing out of the ship?"

"Oho!" exclaimed the wrathful maiden, while her great black eyes snapped, "you very easy say, turn me out—but what you mean when you say you marry me, eh?"

"Marry you, you she devil! Get out of this before I throw you overboard!"

"O-ho-o-o-o," sobbed the girl, spasmodically, "you break my heart. You lie now to me. You did swear you marry me—I should be ze wife of lieutenant of mar-eens. You lay down when you get very drunk, and I hide you away—and now you—O-ho-o-o-o!"

At this juncture old Bolton came out of his cabin, and Hunter cleared the girl out. She was indignant, and swore terribly; but she had to go.

Poor Peabody looked like one sent for. But he swore that 'twas all moonshine. He said there was a conspiracy somewhere to fleece him. The officers did not directly dispute him, but their looks plainly showed that they had their doubts.

The old frigate went to Toulon, where she remained three weeks; from thence to Marseilles, where she stopped two weeks; then to Genoa, and then back to Port Mahon. During all this time, the other officers had watched the lieutenant of marines carefully, but they had not seen him out of the way. There was something strange. But they resolved still to watch him.

The old ship cast anchor once more in the noble harbor of Mahon, and one pleasant afternoon some of the officers went on shore, and the lieutenant of marines was with them. The first place they visited was old Joe's.

"Ah, Mister Peabody," cried old Joe, regarding that officer with surprise, "where you come from?"

"Where?" returned the devoted man. "Why, where should I come from but from the ship?"

"But not just now?"

"Yes, just now. I left the ship not half an hour ago."

"You say you no been here before to-day?" the host exclaimed.

"Ask these men," said Peabody.

"He has not been on shore before since we came in," said Mr. Hunter, assuredly.

"Not yesterday?" asked the host, growing more and more puzzled.

"Of course not."

"But the lieutenant of marines is eating dinner now," said old Joe. "My conscience!"

"Where?" asked Peabody and Hunter in one breath.

"In there," answered Joe, pointing to the door of the eating-room.

And towards that door the officers started. They threw it open, and—sure as the world—there sat the exact counterpart of our lieutenant of marines! The same uniform—the same tall, straight frame—the same black hair, and the same beautiful black beard and moustache!

"Well, my dear friend," uttered Peabody, after he had gazed into the fellow's face a few moments, "may I ask, *who—you—are?*"

But the fellow did not speak. He stood there, trembling from head to foot.

"Ah!" cried Hunter, in an enlightened tone, "I think I see it now. My dear son of a gun, allow me to relieve you of your false colors!"

As Hunter thus spoke he placed his hand upon the fellow's fine beard, and with a quick pull he tore away whiskers and moustache, leaving revealed the well-known features of Mister Dick Lanepor, one of the crew of our captain's gig!

And so the mystery was solved. In New York, Dick had got possession of the uniform of a lieutenant of marines, and taking advantage of his close resemblance to Peabody, he had obtained the false beard, and had thus been enabled to pass himself off for the veritable lieutenant, by which means he had thus far gained good credit, and literally lived in clover, as he was on shore most of the time, always going when the captain went, and generally staying while he stayed.

"Well," uttered Hunter, after they had taken a

good look at the culprit, "you do look very much like the man whose name you have so freely used; but we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of clipping your wings a mite. Your ambition overruns your pocket."

Of course, old Joe understood the whole matter now, and in order that the shoemaker's family might receive the benefit of the same intelligence, they caused Mr. Dick Lanepor to put on his beard again, and then they took him to the house where lived the afflicted maiden. Miss Shoemaker recognised her recreant swain at once, and while the real lieutenant stepped honorably out of the scrape, the false lieutenant received a broadside such as can only come from the tongue of an indignant woman.

Mr. Dick Lanepor was caused to pay up all bills he had contracted under his assumed title; then he was removed from the captain's gig; and finally, he was kept on board the ship, thereafter, until his term of service expired. And, furthermore, the officers had no more occasion to doubt the social integrity of our LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Shon, mine shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language; "Shon, mine schon, come here, and I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine shon, shall it be a *drus* story, or a makes believe?"

"O, a true story, of course," answered John. "Ferry vell den. Dere vas once a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me), and he had von dirty liddle poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him schwear like a young fillian, as he vas. So he went to der winkle (corner) and took out a cowhides (shoost as I am toing now), and he took der dirty liddle plackguard py de collar (dis way, you see), and volloped him shoost so! And den, mine tear shon, he ball his ears dis way, and smack his face dat way, and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do dis efening."—*German town Eagle*.

STUDYING LATIN.

The New Era relates the story of a farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being satisfied with the course of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus et manuribus" said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

"THAT BLESSED BABY."

BY CARRIE B. EMERSON.

It was a great day in Benchley—that on which Mrs. Lieutenant Crossman's baby saw the light. All Crossman's naval friends spoke of firing guns in honor of the occasion; but as there was no precedent for the thing, the project died a natural death before night. Not so the baby. It lived, cried, struggled manfully with old Mrs. Tarr, the head nurse, and wrinkled its tiny brow when the lieutenant handled it too roughly.

That baby was a godsend to the house of Crossman, where, heretofore, the fly-trap, as Mary Howitt expresses it, had "hung motionless on the wall," and all was in prim, precise order, emulating the holy-stoned decks of the sloop-of-war in which the lieutenant had passed so much of his life.

Now, what to name that baby, was the first inquiry. Every name in the directory was examined—names that did well enough for ordinary cases—but none that seemed suitable for a genuine lieutenant's baby; a child whose name was to be immortalised, probably, by deeds of valor and courage unheard of before. Old Mrs. Tarr suggested Washington as a dernier resort. The idea was new! and Crossman admitted it for a moment; but recalling to his mind a poor idiot so named, who went by the name of "Washy," he rejected it with disgust. Mrs. Crossman proposed calling it Madison Jefferson; but her husband said the time had gone by for naming after *old* presidents, and more than that, it sounded too *rhyming*—too much like old Mr. Robinson's family names, given on purpose to rhyme:

"William and Mary,
Becky and Bary,
John, Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry."

Everything was suggested, but nothing fixed on. It was too important a matter—so that "blessed" child remained for weeks without even a "*nomini umbra*."

But the christening was too important an occasion not to be soon observed, and as the christening waited upon the name, and could not go on without it, something must be decided on; and as we often go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last, the all-important name degenerated, after all, into plain Peter. Mrs. Crossman happened to tell her husband that she had a rich uncle who rejoiced in that simple appellation. Peter, henceforth, was exalted in the lieutenant's ideas, and intertwined

with pleasant associations of future wealth and grandeur, which, as he was only a poor man, looked very bright in the distance. And this is suggestive of the fact, that many people are condemned to go through life with a miserable sort of name attached to them, offending their own sensitive feelings and the good taste of the community, merely because there is some hoped-for Danzaan shower to fall upon it. It is positively cruel thus to entail the misery of such names upon the Hezekiahs, Jedidiahs and Palatias, who try in vain to avoid it by writing the obnoxious initial only, and taking the convenient middle name, which, after all, does not effect the purpose intended.

But we are running away from "that blessed baby," who grew and flourished in spite of his name, and arrived at the very respectable age of thirteen months, went through the orthodox diseases—teething, whooping-cough and measles—and exhibited occasional fits of ill temper and obstinacy worthy of the first Peter whose history was ever recorded, and in all respects was like other blessed babies.

The lieutenant had a great idea of instructing the boy, even at this early age, in naval tactics—which attempt of course failed; as, notwithstanding little Peter was the son of a naval officer, his tender age might seem to preclude him from having any very definite conception of the duties demanded of him.

People do seem to act differently with an only child from those who have many—and Mrs. Crossman herself did not always exhibit that tact and good sense in regard to the child that one might have expected from her usual habits. Peter, being the sole representative of the family, was suffered to be also the sole recipient of all the cakes, candy and sweetmeats which generally suffice for a whole family.

Neighbors and friends shook their heads over little Peter's future, as visions of the disastrous fate of "only children" came up to their recollection. Peter was destined to disappoint all their predictions. He grew up gentle, manly, handsome and intelligent. What more could he be? good? yes, and good too. He was good to his parents, good to the poor, and good to the unhappy wherever he found them.

At the age of twenty-one he actually did come into possession of the estate belonging to his uncle, so long coveted for Peter, and his first act was to buy for his parents what they never had before—a permanent, comfortable home. Everything which the truly English word *comfort* embraces in its wide arms, he gathered for them in that pleasant abode. And better still, he lived

with them himself. It was beautiful to see the love which Peter showed for the two beings who made his little world.

Choosing the profession of a physician, rather than that which his father had marked out for him—for the lieutenant thought that everything good or great must centre in the navy—the old officer consoled himself that Peter might yet become a naval surgeon.

"Dr. Peter Crossman does not sound very bad," the mother thought; "and then, O, Peter," she said, "how beautiful to think that your homely name procured for us this delightful home!" And the good lady wept tears of gratified pride and love.

And surely Doctor Crossman was a son, of whom any mother might be proud. Contrasted with the shrunken form of the lieutenant, who was small and spare, his son seemed to expand into such generous proportions, that they who loved him felt a sort of protection in his physical strength and overshadowing presence. The sick felt that he was powerful enough to raise them—so much more powerful than little Doctor Dennet, who bustled about in a sick room, skipping here and there with his little dancing-master's feet!

Yes, Peter's physique did wonders for him; and his inner qualities were worthy of the casket. He could draw the most timid children to him by just showing one of his magnificent smiles; and old, gouty men, who had "pshawed" and "pished" at little Doctor Dennet for years, were quite respectful to the noble figure that walked in with such a majesty, and gave his orders with a sort of commanding gentleness that the most choleric patient dared not disobey.

"Dr. Peter Crossman," said his mother one day, as she laid her hand caressingly on the wealth of wavy brown hair that shadowed without concealing his fine forehead; "I think—"

"Call me Peter, dear mother! The name does not repulse me from your lips."

"Peter, then—my own darling Peter, as I used to call you, I have been thinking lately how selfish—how unutterably selfish we are, to live on with you after this fashion and never seem to think that at your age, and with your advantages, you need different society and a more cheerful and younger set about you than your old father and mother! I do believe that you will not get married just because you think we should feel hurt, or that we should feel lonely without you. And indeed we should be lonely, dearest, but that should not hinder you from making a pleasant home for yourself; and the nearer to us, the better." ogle

"Well, dear mother, have you fixed upon any one to share this pleasant home which you have contrived for me?"

"Whoever you may love, Peter, will be loved by me. I shall make no choice for you. I should be very fastidious in a wife for you. I am afraid I should hardly think any one good enough."

"Now, mother, you do set me high. I am glad that the young ladies do not hear your exaggerated praises of me. Well, if you cannot choose me a wife, I must wait until I can find one whom I think good enough. I am going to Mrs. Thornton's, mother; the little girl is sick, and I promised to look in this afternoon."

"Afternoon! why, is she so ill as that, my son? I thought you never called on patients except in the morning, unless in dangerous cases."

"No—that is—well, she has had a bad cold, and—feverish—yes—decidedly there was a feverish tendency last night, I am sure."

Mrs. Crossman looked up to the large, healthful-looking being who stood there, seeming to fill the room with his life-giving presence, and wondered what made him stammer so about a child's illness. He was usually quite clear and decided, she thought, in regard to his patients; and she began to think that little Fannie Thornton must be dangerously sick indeed. She saw, as he dropped his gloved hand from his face that there was a deeper glow than usual on that clear, calm face. She could not make it out, but she feared that he had a difficult case, and that for once, he did not quite understand it. He would not call in Dr. Dennet, she was quite sure, for she did not believe that the little mincing, ambling, bowing doctor could "hold a candle" to the man who stood before her. She knew, too, that a belief in Dr. Dennet's skill was not written in her son's creed. A little baffled by his manner, she allowed him to depart without questioning.

And how do you think the doctor sped on his errand to the sick child's bed? As he entered Mrs. Thornton's parlor, little Fannie called playfully to him from the sofa, where she lay wrapped in a shawl:

"I am all well, doctor! I sha'n't take any of your medicine again. Mother says I need not."

"Where is your mother, butterfly? What does she know about medicine? You shall lie there a week longer. I won't have any interference with my practice. Where is your abominable mother?"

"Gone out. I am well enough, you see, and I made her go out for me. I wanted something

nice. You need not shake your head, Dr. Crossman; you are not going to keep me on water gruel any longer. Fannie Thornton is going to have supper to-night—*real* supper. If you don't believe it, you may stay and see her."

"You shall not have a morsel, little owl!"

"Owl, yourself! Come, Dr. Crossman, you are not going to treat me like a little child. I am ten years old to-morrow, and mother says I am getting to be a great girl; and you need not think I am going to be starved!"

The child by this time had crept from the sofa to the doctor's arms, in which he enclosed her little figure, shawl and all, and sat rocking her, with her head on his shoulder, when Mrs. Thornton came back.

"A very pretty tableau!" she said, as she saw Fannie perched up with the doctor.

"A pretty nurse you are!" said he. "Is this the way you take care of my patients? This child has been raving ever since I have been here. She demands food, and is decidedly in a state of high and unmanageable—"

"Don't believe him, mother! He has been abusing me, on account of the water gruel."

Soon, however, the child, weak and weary from illness, fell into a deep sleep, and the doctor laid her again on the couch.

"Mrs. Thornton," said he—it was quite dusk in the room now, for the windows had been shaded for Fannie's eyes—"Mrs. Thornton, my good mother suggested to me this very day that I ought to think of giving her a daughter. I invited her to select one for me, to suit herself, but she declined the task. I wish you would be more obliging, and tell me if you know any one who would accept a man like myself."

Mrs. Thornton blushed. "Indeed, I do not know any one whom I think would be good enough for you, Dr. Crossman. I am unacquainted with many young ladies here, and those whom I know are scarcely competent to take charge of a physician's house."

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Thornton, what you would consider would be required in a lady, to take charge of such a house as I should probably have?"

"That is a question that requires a good deal of consideration. Besides, I do not think myself competent to judge of all that you would require."

Duskier grew the room, and sounder slept little Fannie; and before Mrs. Thornton was aware, her hand was enclosed in another, and a voice whispered:

"Then you must take me yourself, for I must obey my mother, you know."

The imprisoned hand trembled, and then a low, sweet voice said, "I will," and that was the way in which Dr. Peter Crossman won his bride.

"Well, mother, I have obeyed you. I am going to bring you a daughter very soon."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"Just what I say, mother. I told you I would, and I did as I said I would—asked some one to marry me."

"But who—who?"

"Ah, mother, there is the point! I am almost afraid to tell you. You need not guess any of the young girls whom you know. I would not have them."

"Well, my son, I will wait just five minutes for you to tell me who she is. If you don't tell me then, I will not take any notice of her for a month."

"Wicked mother-in-law! Well, I will tell you. It is the widow of my dear friend, James Thornton."

"Mrs. Thornton! Why, Peter, she must be too old for you!"

"Three years and eleven months old when I was born, mother, and I have made up my mind to offer those years and months to her acceptance. She is welcome to them, if she will but have me. Don't you like her, mother?"

"As I have never looked at her in the light of your wife, Peter, I cannot give you an answer. Had you asked me before I knew this, I should have said that she was 'altogether lovely.' Her character, her sufferings, her manners, and the beautiful soul that looks out from her eyes, have all had their influence upon me. Seen as your wife, I shall have to take another view before I decide."

"No, mother, look at her straight with your own honest eyes. Do not borrow spectacles—they will deceive you. She is most truly a woman! not an angel; and I don't want an angel, mother. It will be enough for me that she is a woman—'not too bright or good' for me, but true, affectionate, and loving me in spite of those faults which my indulgent mother never sees, but which she, as my wife, will see and forgive."

"Well, my son—"

"Well, mother, you are not yet reconciled, I fear. Speak out, and let me know all your doubts."

"Her child—"

"Her child is an additional inducement. A pretty, sprightly, interesting child, like little Fan Thornton, cannot be any bar to the happiness of a man like Peter Crossman, who loves children,

and who has passed his fortieth year without linking to himself any of the sweet ties of life, except those which nature kindly gave him. Why, mother, you do not reflect that your son is already falling into the sere and yellow leaf. Getting to be an old man, mother! If you did not look so young and pretty and delicate, I should not stand any chance to be thought a young man; but you know that in company, I take every opportunity of calling you *mother*, at the top of my voice. Didn't I see Miss Araminta Johnson smile behind her fan the other evening at the Halletts, when I waited on you? Your Mechlin lace and gray satin made you look young enough to be my wife."

"Foolish Peter! trying by flattery to get his mama's consent to be married to another old lady. Well, as you are of age, I think you must even suit yourself. Do you bring her here?"

"Assuredly. I shall have then only four beings whom I wish to live with, and they must all be under one roof. Besides, mother, you and I could not do without each other, and it will not be long before you will say that you cannot live without my wife. Hard word to learn at forty, mother!"

The old lieutenant put on his most polite manner to the widow, and welcomed little Fan as his playfellow. History does not record any of the usual difficulties which attend the bringing together of two families into one house, in the case of Dr. Crossman's. On the contrary, it is pleasant to state that life seems passing away for them in a very serene and peaceful way. As the two old people are descending gently into the valley, their way is cheered and lighted by the beautiful attentions of her who came to them in the place of the daughter who, like Betsey Trotwood's niece, never was born; and in the lovely boy whose golden curls mingle with their silver locks, and whom they loved with all the proverbial affection of grandparents, they found anew their "blessed baby."

A GOOD STORY.

It is said of a gentleman in this city, that he has a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auction, and that in making "good bargains" he has filled the house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion, his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or appraising her husband, to have a portion of the least useful truck removed to an auction room. Great was her dismay, and extreme her astonishment, when on the evening of the day of sale, a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at the first.—*Boston Transcript*.

WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM ROWLAND, JR.

Be gentle with woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs;
O, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain,
O, touch not so tender a heart with pain.

What woman, the treasure, the gem, the flower,
The star that is bright in the wildest hour,
The bird that comes singing to our stern breast,
O, should we not teach it to love its nest.

Come, then, let us vow that they all are fair,
Let us shout of their virtues to earth and air;
Let us soothe them and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darkest day.

O, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and coarser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the spirit that calmeth and quieteth life.

A NIGHT UP COUNTRY IN CHINA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

THE natural strength and elasticity of my constitution having enabled me to triumph over and rise superior to the combined attack of a typhus fever and two physicians, I decided to leave my comfortable quarters on shore and once more "pitch my moving tent" on board the ship. We had been laying at the anchorage below Canton, waiting for our cargo, something more than four months, during which time everything that it was possible to do in port, in the way of repairs, had been completed. The greater part of the crew forward, having become tired of inactivity, had deserted; and at the time of my return to the ship, there were, besides the three or four hands in the fore-castle, only the first and second mates on board, the captain only making a flying visit to his ship at intervals of from four to six days.

Our "after guard" consisted of the chief mate, a great Dutchman from Hamburg, with rousing yellow whiskers and an ever present laugh of the most surprising dimensions. He had sailed for many years in the American service, so that his English was unexceptionable—that is to say, he could master everything but the letter "j," which no Dutchman ever can pronounce, always using "y" in its place; as, for instance, his name being John Johnson, he would inform you that it was Yohn Yohnson, whereupon our second mate—a jolly son of Erin, with no end of mischief—would with a sly look finish out the sentence by saying something to the effect that "Yohnny Yohnson, mit ter

yaller yacket, yumped over the yibboom into the yolly boat"—a proceeding which always resulted in a vigorous scuffle. These two, together with myself—a slab-sided Yankee—formed a group which Rory, our second mate, would have described to you as "a bunch of curus divvuls."

It was late in the afternoon when I came on board, and having finished our supper, we seated ourselves comfortably under the quarter-deck awning, to enjoy the cool breeze and the beautiful sunset. Around us lay moored a hundred ships of all nations, English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, American, Siamese—in fact, a representative of every nation that boasts any commerce whatever. On one side, were vast rice swamps of waving green; on the other, the village of Whampoa with its frail-looking bamboo houses, its swarms of boats with their screaming, chattering population, forming an aquatic city. In front, towards Canton, vast lumbering hulks of war junks encumbered the stream, while in and out among them, gay-looking mandarin barges, with sounding gongs and volleys of India crackers, swept swiftly on, impelled by their multitudinous oars. In the distance was a sombre-looking brown fort, and still further, a tall and graceful pagoda rising up against the clear sky. Behind us stretched the broad river, looking warm and rosy in the level rays of the setting sun, while the peculiar-looking eastern trees—a great deal of trunk and a scarcity of foliage—such as I had seen in pictures of tropical scenery in my boyhood, gave me a *far away* feeling, such as I had not experienced for years.

We were all somewhat affected by the beauty of the scene, and remained quietly smoking our cigars until the sun descended below the horizon and the full-orbed moon arose to flood the landscape with her silvery light.

"A delightful evening this!" said Rory, tossing his cigar over the rail and supplying its place with a corpulent "cad" of tobacco.

"Yes, yust such as I have seen hundreds of, on the Elbe," responded Johnson, who had evidently been thinking of home.

"O, get out of that, now," responded Rory, petulantly; "there's no such scenery in Holland—it bates the Lippy, aven. But I say, sailors, what are we going to do for amusement? There's no use of sticking so close to the old boat—for all the world like a sick monkey to a lee back-stay. What do you say to taking a tramp up the country to-morrow—just to see what it's like?"

"'Tis a go; the undersigned agrees to that in a minute," replied Johnson, who had somehow got into a way of speaking of himself as though

he were drawing up a memorial. "What do you say to it, Yohnathan?" he continued, addressing himself to me.

"O, I'm resigned to anything."

"Talk enough for the boarders!" ejaculated Rory, as he "executed" a sailor's hornpipe on the top of the hen-coop. "Let's turn in, then, and get some sleep ahead, so as to be ready for an early start."

This latter proposition struck us favorably, as had the former; so selecting a soft spot on the deck, we severally kept a bright look-out for the drowsy god. Now any one who has lain any time at Whampoa anchorage, knows very well why we chose the deck for our couch, in preference to our snug state-rooms below; but as it is very possible there may be one, or even more of my readers, who have not passed a summer at that popular resort, I may as well mention for their especial benefit that, aside from the suffocating heat, which is *some*, the place abounds with the biggest, ugliest, noisiest, striped-legged-est and venomosest skeeters, that can be found anywhere between your own residence and fourth of July. I do not wish to be understood as saying that we escaped them altogether by sleeping on deck—far from it; they were plentiful enough anywhere, in all conscience—but upon repeated trials, we had found that by passing the night in that position, we came off with some thirteen or fourteen less bites in the morning than if we had slept below.

Being much fatigued with the exertions of the day, I speedily fell into a dose, and had just arrived at that state in which a multitude of ideas get mixed up in inextricable confusion, without the proprietor of the sforesaid ideas caring a snap whether they get disentangled or not, when I was aroused by a kicking, snorting, slapping, and a sound of muffled cursing from Rory, who was engaged in a skirmish with his tormentors.

"Say, Jack—did they have any skeeters up where you've been?" he exclaimed, with a sounding slap at an invisible foe.

"M—m—m," I granted in reply, not being a mite too well pleased at being roused; and in a moment more I was in a pleasant dream of home.

"And didn't you suffer a sight wid 'em, being sick?" he inquired in a strong voice, again interrupting my slumbers and knocking my pleasant dream all to pieces.

I was a good deal provoked at being thus unceremoniously deprived of my rest, but as the question was a kind one, I could not well avoid answering; so I growled in no very pleasant tone, "No, no, we had mosquito nets."

"Nets! nets for skeeters! holy sailor! nets!"

I heard him mutter to himself, in a tone betokening intense amazement, and again I dropped off to the land of nod; but my sojourn in that delightful clime was to be of short duration, for another volley of slaps roused me sufficiently to hear his melodious voice asking in a more than doubtful tone: "D'y'e mane to tell me, that up there away, where you've been, they have nets to scoop up skeeters like you would minims?"

"Where've you been to all your life, you double-headed paddy, not to know what a skeeter net is?" interposed Johnson from behind his yellow whiskers; and the last I remember hearing, he was describing the use of a mosquito bar to our wakeful and inquiring friend.

I might have slept a minute and a quarter, possibly a minute and three eights, ere I was again rendered half frantic with anger by Rory's bawling out:

"Jack, Jack, do you think them skeeter net consarns would work here?"

"Yes, yes, yes, of course they would," I returned fiercely, in my most terrific tone.

"Wal, I'm saying, Jack, wouldn't it be a worrald of comfort and convanience to have 'em aboard this boat, just now?"

"Why the deuce, Rory, can't you hold your tongue and let people sleep?" I exclaimed, now thoroughly out of temper.

"Sleep, is it? Can you sleep?"

"Yes, of course I can sleep, if you ever give me a chance with your eternal gabble!"

"Well, well," returned Rory, with an air of injured innocency, "if you can sleep with them murdering, singing, blood thirsty heathen a-screaching about your ears, I don't see why the amusing and enlightened conversation of an intelligent Christian gentleman should break ye of yer rest; it's mighty quare intirely—" and much more to the same effect; but his eloquence was lost upon me, for when I came to my senses again, day was breaking, and the steward was setting the table for an early breakfast.

It would occupy too much space to describe how, after despatching our breakfast, we fortified ourselves with something good to take, and armed our pockets with sundry silver dollars and other smaller twigs of the evil root, in the shape of China cash—eight hundred to the dollar. It would take too much time to narrate how we passed that day—how we wandered through orange groves and gorged ourselves on bananas fresh from the tree, or shrub, or whatever else you may please to call a stout plant a dozen feet in height—how we bargained with, and teased the Chinamen—how we tickled the pretty China girls and complimented them upon their good

looks—and how they replied to us at great length, and with great propriety, no doubt, only neither party could understand a word the other said.

Let the disappointed reader, then, suppose that it is within an hour of sunset—that we, although homeward bound, are twenty miles from the ship, in a somewhat wild and thinly inhabited region, rather tired, very hungry, awful thirsty, and in a particular hurry to get *somewhere*, right off. It was rather queer, certainly; it must have been the bananas and other fruit we had eaten, or possibly the “something good to take,” that induced us to prolong our walk to such a distance, and to such a late hour. But we didn’t mind it much; there had been a good big moon the night before, and there was every reason to suppose there would be one that night—so we trudged along merrily enough, except that hunger and thirst would insist upon keeping us company.

“By the powers, sailors!” said Rory, stopping to take a good look about him; “I wish to Moses we could clap an eye on some sort of a shanty, in this hithen country, where a chap could get a nibble of salt horse, or so, and a gallon or two of beer.”

“The undersigned entertains the opinion that he could make short work of a fried Chinaman, with plenty of beer and an onion, at this present juncture,” responded Johnson, with a hungry look.

“Faith, you’re right, boy; there’s something about this pagan land that makes a chap feel mighty like a cannibal. For my part, I’m that peckish, I could cheerfully make a lunch of my respected grandmother, and think nothing of it. But what in the name of Saint Troublesome is going to come to us now?” he ejaculated, looking anxiously to windward.

Turning our eyes in the direction indicated, we saw to our dismay that a thick bank of black clouds had rolled up above the horizon; and even as we looked, ominous looking scud, of the same sable hue, was drifting rapidly across the heavens.

“Here’s a go!” muttered Johnson, uneasily.

“Here’s another go; I’m off hot fut, to get in sight of somewhere before we get the worst of it. It will be dark as a stock of black cats afore long—then we’ll be lost intirely;” and suiting the action to the word, Rory started, into a brisk trot, which we were not slow to imitate, for the chance of being compelled to wander about in a dark, wet night, was no joke.

But although we made pretty good time, and got over the ground at a very respectable rate,

we were no match for the storm king. The dense black clouds slowly but steadily extended, until they completely covered the sky, and the great drops began to patter heavily around us, rapidly increasing to a perfect deluge—raining as it only can rain in a tropical climate. It was as if some one had pulled the spile completely out of the reservoir up aloft, and let a continuous torrent upon our devoted heads, instead of straining it through a sieve, after the usual fashion. It reminded me of what I had read of water spouts; and Rory expressed serious fears that, in the promise there should be no more any flood to destroy the world, all pagan countries, and this one in particular, had been excepted. By this time, it had become intensely dark; but we still kept on in what we judged to be the right direction, until we could no longer distinguish each others’ forms, when we came to a halt.

The reader is probably aware that in the Celestial Empire, and especially in that portion of the “central flowery nation” which we chose for our ramble, there are no well-ordered and commodious turnpikes for the accommodation of travellers; neither are there railroads, with lightning trains of cars, to annihilate time, space, passengers, and the stockholders’ money. Consequently, it was folly for us to keep on, when, without anything to guide us, we might be fruitlessly wandering round and round in the dark, or worse still, directly in an opposite direction from the one we would take; there was nothing for it but to stop where we were.

“Well, now we have done it,” muttered Johnson; “we’re in for an all night job, anyhow.”

“And the shakes and ague,” said Rory.

“The typhus,” I grumbled, thinking of my late illness.

“And the yungle fever,” chimed in Johnson.

“Well, sailors,” said Rory, with a miserable failure of an attempt at cheerfulness, “there are just two ways we can manage; either coil right down here in our native mud, and take it aisy, or stand on our pins and growl about it. But hello! what’s that, aint it? If there aint a light, I’m a Dutchman! Better be born lucky than rich! Come along, sailors; darkest time of night is just when you can’t see anything, as the old adverb says;” and he rattled away with any amount of nonsense in his satisfaction at a chance of escape from our predicament.

The light which he had seen was a feeble glimmer, apparently at a considerable distance and not steady at that, sometimes disappearing for several minutes and shining out again when we began to fear we had lost it altogether; but

we stumbled along towards it as fast as possible, now tumbling head first into a hole full of water, now breaking our shins against a rock, while the almost smothering rain came down as hard—no, not hard, as easy as ever; it wasn't hard for it, to rain that night. Having followed the light to its source, we found it to proceed from the half-open door of a small bamboo house, such as are usually occupied by the poorer classes of the Chinese. We were too tired and wet and hungry to stand upon ceremony; so kicking open the door, we entered.

"Hello, heathen! how's yer health and how are your folks?" said Rory, advancing into the room and familiarly slapping on the shoulder a solitary Chinaman, who was seated at a little table sipping a dish of weak tea.

The "heathen" sprang from his seat as though it had been red hot, and with a countenance expressive of surprise and alarm, he faced our dripping party and ejaculated the national exclamation, "hi-ya-ah," with that peculiar hesitating drawl which in the mouth of one of his nation so well expresses surprise and doubt.

"Well, I reckon they're all in pretty good case; you seem to talk up like it," continued Rory. "But that aint the question; the point we want to settle is an all-fired sharp-pointed appetite. We want something to eat; savey? all the same as chow-chow."

"Hi-yah!" faltered the Chinaman, making an uneasy movement towards the door.

"No you don't, my yolly pagan!" said Johnson, closing the door and placing his back against it; "you don't quit this mansion till we've had supper for three, and champagne for fifty."

"Yes, chow-chow, grub, feed, victuals—pray, anything you're a mind to call it," said Rory, raising his voice higher and higher at every word, as though it only required strength of lungs to cure the unfortunate celestial of his ignorance of the English language.

The poor fellow's eyes, which were naturally set at an angle of forty-five, now became absolutely vertical from fright, and he made another attempt to escape.

"Come, give us something to eat, or we'll eat you!" roared Johnson, grabbing him by the shoulder and making as if he would bite him, snapping his teeth in a particularly ferocious manner. "We are cannibals, we are; or anthropophagi, to simplify the word to your benighted intellect."

Whether it was that he understood the formidable word, or whether Johnson's expressive pantomime let him into the secret of our wishes,

is a question; but without further words, he opened a sort of trap in the floor, and fishing out a large dish of boiled rice and several smaller dishes of meat, placed them on the table before us. It wasn't easy to discover of what species of flesh the meat dishes were composed, but we were too hungry to be critical. Had we been sure of its being dog, cat, rat or any other animal, it would have been all the same at that moment, and we fell to eating with a vengeance. Watching a favorable opportunity, the Chinaman sprang to the door, opened it and darted out like a shot.

"You might have gone before, if you'd only thought to mention it," spluttered Johnson, with his mouth full of supper, as he looked after the flying form of our host. "I only wish we had thought to make the old scoundrel give us the keys of his wine cellar, if he happens to have such an apartment; however, we've done better now than we'd any right to expect. It's a wonder he didn't stop to get his pay; we'll have to leave the money on the table. I s'pose it will be all the same to him." And addressing himself once more to his supper, nothing was heard for some minutes save the splashing of the rain outside, and the energetic working of our jaws within.

We had not more than half completed our meal—that is to say, we had not devoured supper enough for more than a dozen men, when we were startled by what appeared to be the hurried tramp of a multitude of men, mingled with an indescribable chattering and gabbling of voices.

"What the djeuce is that?" said Rory, starting to his feet; but before any one could get an opportunity to answer his question, a little million of stalwort Chinamen, armed with stout bamboo clubs, rushed tumultuously into the house and commenced a vigorous onslaught upon us.

For several minutes we defended ourselves valiantly with whatever articles of furniture we could lay our claws on; after that, I have only a confused recollection of receiving a tremendous whack from a heavy club on one side of my head, which sent me to the floor, quickly followed by a rousing kick on the other side of my knowledge-box which sent me to my feet again, then a vigorous punch in front which staggered me up against the wall, and an able seaman's kick that sent me flying through the air like a ball. Upon coming to the floor again, I found myself near the open door, through which I shot, without stopping to shake hands or even so much as to say good-by to our hospi-

able entertainer. Rory, who had been served in very much the same style as myself, was close at my heels, and together we rushed out into the storm and darkness, with no end of infuriated celestials shouting, screaming and yelling, close in our wake. The last we saw of Johnson, he was vigorously defending himself with a table leg, with which he was breaking a head at every blow, and replying to the execrations of his foes with a long string of maledictions in choice Dutch, of which he delivered himself with remarkable fluency.

I thought at the time, and I still think, that it was very cowardly of Rory to run and leave our shipmate in such a predicament. With me, the case was entirely different; although I am naturally as bold and valiant as a lion, and could without doubt have annihilated as many Chinamen as could be brought against me, yet what I had seen of the row had thoroughly disgusted me with such a mode of warfare, and as I have constitutional scruples about fighting where there is no honor to be gained, it was but natural that I should leave just as soon as I could make the necessary preparations for travelling. With Rory, it was different; having no such scruples, there was no excuse for him—he should have stayed and seen it out. I, however, abstained from mentioning anything of the kind to Rory, for not being accustomed to logical arguments, I might have failed to convince him of the true state of the case, or even my motives for stepping out as I did.

We must have run at a break-neck pace something more than three miles, before we dodged our last pursuer and breathless and panting, came to a halt. It had rained as fast as it is possible for rain to descend, and been as dark as darkness can be, before we entered the Chinaman's house; but now it was twice as dark and twice as rainy as before. It was utterly impossible to distinguish any object whatever, and I am confident a fish might have swam about in the rain, or even gone up to the clouds, had he felt so disposed.

"I'd give a shilling to know where Johnson is," said I, when I had recovered sufficient breath to enable me to speak.

"I'd give two and sixpence to know where I am myself," said Rory. "This comes of tramping up the country. If I'd had my way, we'd never started on such a foolish expedition."

"Why, it was yourself that proposed it!" I returned, in astonishment.

"Well, well, s'pose it was; do give a chap something to growl about, can't ye? Here are my two boots just like a pair of force pumps;

they are full of water, and every step I take, it squirts clear up to my ears. But hark a bit; we must be near the river, by the sound."

By listening attentively, we could clearly distinguish the light ringing sound which every one must have observed to be produced by the falling rain on the smooth surface of any large sheet of water, particularly in a calm night—and it was powerfully calm that night.

"Well, this is lucky! We begin to know something about our latitude and longitude now," said Rory. "Look sharp, we're in a jetty, to my thinking."

At that instant, I felt myself falling, and only stopped to bring up at some considerable distance under the surface of the river. Struggling to the top, I relieved myself as speedily as possible from the feeling of strangulation occasioned by the unexpected plunge, and called out:

"Rory, where are you, my boy?"

"Where am I, is it? In the drink, to be sure; where d'ye s'pose? and by the powers of mud, I'm not so clear but we've made a good exchange of it, barring that it came a little sudden like. We are sartainly drier here, than we should be on shore in the confounded rain. But we can't stay here all night. So let's put for the shore, if we can find it. Can you lay hold of anything solid, convenient to ye?"

I had been unsuccessfully pawing about, since I came to the surface, in hope of getting hold of some of the piles of the jetty from which we had fallen, and I replied: "I can't feel anything. What the deuce are we to do, Rory?"

"That's a question of your own asking, my boy. If we had the tools to navigate with, I should advise to crowd sail for Boston; we are as likely to fetch there, as any other port. But mayhap that would be too long a swim for ye, as you are in a feeble state of health, so let's try another way; swim straight ahead from where you are now, and keep jabbering all the time, so that I can take just the opposite direction, by the sound of your voice, and if we aint swimming up and down stream, we must fetch up somewhere between now and morning."

This plan was adopted and followed, until the distance between us became so great that I could scarcely distinguish Rory's voice. Suddenly he ceased his jabbering, and a splashing ensued.

"Have you found anything, Rory?"

"Yes," was the welcome reply.

"What is it like?" I asked, swimming in the direction of his voice.

"I dunno—boat, I reckon. Yes, it is a boat, and I'm aboard of it. Come on."

"Are there any Chinamen in it?" I asked,

feeling a strong distaste for making any new acquaintances just at that time.

"Hold on till I claw round a bit and I can tell you better;" and an interval of silence ensued.

"What say, are there any Chinamen aboard?" I screamed again, impatient of the delay.

"No, come along, don't be frightened."

I was shortly alongside, and clambering over the gunwale, found myself in one of the ordinary, open Chinese lighter boats, over the after end of which was a small bamboo roof, where I found Rory snugly coiled away, and where I soon seated myself beside him. The pouring rain, which still continued with unabated violence, had filled the boat something more than half full, so that in sitting down under the roof, although sheltered from the rain, we were up to our waists in water.

It would have been a comical sight—had a sight been possible in that Egyptian darkness—to have seen us sitting there, soaked through, bareheaded and barefooted and half submerged, as we filled and emptied boots full of water through the long, dark hours. While thus occupied, we heard a sound from the shore.

"Chinamen, by thunder!" cried Rory, and we listened anxiously; but our fears were speedily dissipated by a volley of Dutch oaths.

It was Johnson, undoubtedly, but whether alone, or a prisoner to the Chinamen, we of course had no means of knowing. In the event of the latter being the case, it was better to remain silent; but compassion for our shipmate induced us to venture a low whistle. It was immediately returned.

"Is that you, Johnson?" hailed Rory.

"The undersigned entertains the opinion that it isn't anybody else, only there's less of him by about forty or fifty teeth than there was a while ago. Where have ye stowed yourselves?"

I was about to caution Johnson about the river, when Rory, enjoining silence, called out:

"Only out here a few steps, come right along."

A few steps, a heavy scuffle, and an angry spluttering and swearing soon followed.

"You don't mean to say you are overboard?" said Rory, with feigned surprise; "what a pity to wet your clothes, to be sure!"

"Pretty fellows, aint you, to step out and leave a chump? You should have stayed and seen it out," said Johnson, as he climbed over the side.

"How the deuce did you manage to get away from the cutthroats?" I asked.

"How did I get away? I made them run, every mother's son of 'em."

"Did you indeed, now? do tell us; which way did they run?" asked Rory.

"O, never mind which way; I made 'em run, and that's enough. Have either of you any idea what time of night it is? If it's before twelve, the tide is running out, and would take us away from the ship; but if it's past midnight, the current would set us right up towards Whampoa, if we were to cut the painter."

"My chronometer has run down," said Rory. "It may be ten at night, or three in the morning, for me. All I know is, that it has been a full month since I left the ship."

Another half hour removed our doubts upon the point, for a faint light began to show in the east; so slipping the painter, we made such good use of our oars, that by sunrise we were alongside our vessel. It was lucky for us that we had nothing to do but sleep that day.

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

There is gold enough in California to employ the labor of centuries, but it can no longer be obtained as formerly. The time has gone past in that country for making fortunes by the simple pick-axe, spade and pan—by hard labor. Machinery and capital are now required for obtaining the royal metal. The character of California mining is entirely changed since 1850. Shafts have now to be sunk to an immense depth, tunnels run far into the mountains, extensive dams erected, and flumes carried from rock to rock, over deep valleys and extensive ravines. All this requires capital and combined labor. In Nevada County—an extensive field for quartz mining operations—there are sixteen quartz mills in successful operation; five are run by water, and the others by steam and horse power. About \$2,000,000 are invested in this kind of mining. This amount will be doubled in a few years, for it is proved beyond dispute, that quartz veins are not only remunerative but inexhaustible. There is, before our country now, fields of gold mining of boundless extent, and exhaustless produce; therefore, the gold interests of the United States are the greatest in the world, with perhaps but one exception, those of Australia.—*Mining Magazine.*

SECRET OF WEALTH.

Amos and Abbott Lawrence began life poor. They determined that the strictest integrity should pervade every business transaction until their dying hour—and it was so. Among the results are the accumulation of millions of money, the possession of a name for mercantile integrity worth more to them, to their children, to their age and nation, than a title to a dukedom; while they did, during life, and at death, institute charities, which will heap sweet blessings on their name and memory for ages yet to come.—*Transcript.*

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger; and a slight illness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

INSPIRATION.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Ye pretty, twin chamois-skin loves,
I purchased at Stewart's last week!
Command ye my muse, pretty gloves,
With digits expressive and meek.
O say, did ye ken, pretty gloves,
On amateur's hands ye would go?
To canter a steed on the roads,
Or trot a muse balky and slow?

Ye pretty, twin chamois-skin loves!
I christen with ink spots your digits;
Just hear, O equestrians, how gloves
Are magic to banish the fidgets.
I roamed away off—for they said,
J'étais très mécontent here at home;
And the while I was absent—muse fled!
And still she continues to roam.

Ye pretty, twin chamois skin loves,
Entice ye the truant jade back!
She'll curvette and dance, but these gloves
Will soon curb her down to the track.
Aujourd'hui, je pense que la terre;
Is paradise fit for the loves;
Dull *ennui* can't make me despair,
While dreaming o'er you, pretty gloves.

Old Sol has just burst from a cloud,
The birds sing melodious strain;
Bliethe hope is ourrsetting so proud,
My spirits are mounting again!
Like rustle of banner unfurling,
Or rippling of waves on the sea,
Young leaflets to breezes uncurling,
Floats music of motion o'er me!

O, give to me wings! I would sail
In a spirit-shalp over the foam!
Mon Dieu! If it blows up a gale,
I pray to be somewhere near home!
No, no! 'tis a courser, I mean!
My riding-cap, whip, and my gloves!
I've not had a race yet this spring,
Ye pretty, twin chamois-skin loves!

THE BLACK CHARGER.

BY HARRIET A. DAIVISON.

THE incidents I am about to relate happened many years ago in the south of England, in Hampshire county. Not many of the inhabitants remember the story; but there are one or two aged women, who, if questioned, will give an account like this. The country is so much more thickly populated that I cannot now tell you the exact spot where stood the house of Lord Heatherton, but it was a plain, gray, stone house, built in the Elizabethan style which we who live in the times of the revival of gothic and Italian architecture

would scarcely have called handsome, though in those days it was considered very elegant. The house stood upon a hill which sloping very gradually to the south, formed a beautiful lawn belted with large trees. A few days before the commencement of my story, the household of Lord Heatherton had been thrown into great terror and trouble, for he had started upon a favorite black horse, Gaylad, to go to visit a friend who lived two days' ride distant, and at the end of the third day his steed had galloped riderless to the door of the stable. The horse was reeking with sweat, covered with dust and foam, and the very darkest suspicions were entertained that some foul deed had been perpetrated, for there was the mark of a bloody hand upon the saddle, and deep stains upon the bridle. The old gray-headed Scotch hostler, when Lady Mary, Lord Heatherton's wife, expressed her fears that her lord had been thrown, shook his head as he replied:

"It couldna ha' been his ain black, lady. Na, na, I ken him fu' weel. He wadna do it. O, waur, waur ha' happened my ain lord," and with tears in his eyes he re-entered the stable.

Every inquiry was made. The friend whom Lord Heatherton had gone to see, stated that the second day, late in the afternoon, Lord Heatherton had reached his house, where he spent the night, and early the next day he had started upon his return, apparently in good health and excellent spirits. No; all was mystery. Search where they might, no tidings of the missing lord could be found, and his wife and son mourned for him as one dead. About a week after the sudden disappearance of Lord Heatherton, his son William, mounted upon Gaylad, the black horse, started to go and see the same friend his father had visited at the time of his death. It was early morning when William started, and he travelled slowly along, stopping once to rest himself and beast, and wait until a heavy shower passed over. It was towards the close of the afternoon that he came to a fork in the road, one leading to a small straggling hamlet and the other diverging through a piece of forest. The October sun just then shone bright and warm through the clouds, and William decided upon the wooded road. When once beneath the trees, he loosed his rein and allowed his steed to walk. Becoming wholly absorbed in his thoughts, he was suddenly aroused by the stopping of his horse, and upon looking round was surprised to find that Gaylad, usually so trusty and true, had struck into the woods and was standing at the foot of a tree. He had hardly time to recover from his surprise, when he was yet more astonished by the

strange behaviour of his horse who began to whinny faintly and tear up the turf with his hoofs. For a moment, William Heatherton was undecided what course to pursue. Feeling sure that some mystery was connected with that spot and the horse, he rode back to the road and took a side path leading both away from the road and the spot, and when once well away from the spot he again gave his horse his head, who immediately dashed through the trees and with unerring instinct, reached the same spot at the foot of the great tree and began to tear up the ground with his hoofs. Determined to solve the mystery, William regained the road, and retraced his steps until he reached a little cottage which he had remarked standing at the entrance of the wood, where he obtained the assistance of an old man and his son, and allowing Gaylad to be the guide, they reached the spot, where his horse repeated his strange behaviour.

"Please your honor," said the oldest man, "yer horse knows more than us. There is something underneath the sod the beast wants to get at. Shall we dig, sir?"

William directed them to proceed, and with feverish impatience watched their labors. Not a great while had they dug, when they simultaneously uttered a cry of horror, and looking, William Heatherton saw the body of his father lying in the cavity, with his clothes torn, and a ghastly wound in his throat. Sadly they raised him from the earth and placed him upon their shoulders, the black horse following, perfectly quiet, with drooping tail and head.

"Sure," exclaimed the oldest man, "it's the same gentleman who stopped at my house a week or more ago and asked for a glass of water, and gave my little Molly a bright gold piece; and he seemed very much pleased with the child, and said he would come back in a day or two, and he never did; for little Molly, who is lame, sir, often asks when the kind gentleman is coming back."

William said nothing, though he heard all the man said, for he was busy with his own thoughts. They had reached the cottage, and the remains of Lord Heatherton were borne in and laid on a rude pallet. Night was already closing in, and, resisting their urgent offers to stay, William, after putting a considerable sum of money into the old man's hand, and enjoining upon them perfect secrecy, mounted his horse and rode away. He had come to the outskirts of the hamlet, and began to think he had better have taken up with the farmer's offer, when he came to an inn, before which creaked and hung an old sign. Riding up to the door, William dismount-

ed, and throwing the reins upon the neck of his horse, entered the house. The outside door opened directly into a large square room, which seemed to answer the treble purposes of parlor, kitchen and bar-room. Behind the bar stood a dark-browed, middle-aged man, who was mixing drinks for a few hard-featured, forlorn-looking men, who made off as soon as served. Stepping up to the bar, William asked for somebody to take his horse, for he intended to stay there that night. The bar-keeper apologized for making the gentleman wait, but his hostler was gone, and if the gentleman would be so kind as to wait until he had finished serving his customers, he would take his horse. William went out and led the horse into the stable, then returned to the bar-room to wait till the man was at leisure. The man went out, and after a few minutes returned, looking somewhat pale and excited.

"Please, sir," he said, "your horse seems very vicious, and I dare not touch him. Will you please come and see to him?"

William rose, rather wondering what freak now Gaylad had got into, for he was usually perfectly gentle to handle. He entered the stable and found the horse perfectly quiet, and he called to the inn-keeper, who loitered outside, to come in. No sooner did he enter than Gaylad began to show signs of the greatest rage and fear; he crouched against the side of the stall, trembling violently; his eyes dilated and wild, ears back and nostrils widely distended. In a peremptory tone, William ordered the man to approach and take hold of the horse, but upon his doing so the horse struck at him furiously with his fore feet, and he fell back. In a quiet tone, William spoke of the horse as having vicious fits sometimes, gave the man permission to go into the house, and attended to Gaylad himself. In a few minutes he returned to the inn and ordered supper, which was served by a slat-ternely servant girl.

When he had finished, he stepped up to the bar to pay his bill, and saying that he must go farther to-night, handed the man a crown to change. In the till there was barely two shillings, so the man drew from under the counter a heavy iron box, which he opened, and William, who was watching every movement, bent forward and saw in the box his father's watch and seals.

"Villain!" he exclaimed; and before the man could recover himself, he had sprung over the counter and knocked him down. The wretch swore violently and struggled to get free; but William was agile and very strong, and he held him there. Finding his efforts all in vain, he ceased swearing and prayed for mercy. Hear-

ing the cries, two stragglers stepped in and helped William to secure the man.

"It's all come of that cursed hesse," groaned the man. "I knowed the devil was in him when I tried to catch him in the wood, and he sprang away from me like such a wild thing. If I could have killed him I'd not have been here."

Sadly William returned home with the remains of his father; but with the bitter pain was mingled a feeling of relief that the sad end had been discovered. Before the time of trial, the inn-keeper was found dead, having strangled himself. In after years, when William had won for himself a gentle wife, and merry children played through the halls, there a fond caress was daily given to THE BLACK CHARGER.

I DON'T DANCE.

A plain unlettered man came from the back country, in the State of Alabama, to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school-houses and private dwellings, where each one appropriated to himself the first seat which he found unoccupied. He selected there a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned for the countryman to come out, in order to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend; and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that cotillon, or French contra dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentleman, who was still beckoning to him: "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please—I don't dance!" —*Tuscaloosa Herald.*

HABIT OF COMPLAINING.

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel?"

"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, anyhow, I'm not going to be any better; and for the future you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions; for the question makes me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks." —*Charcoal Sketches.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A merchant appeared in the commercial walks of Liverpool, where, deep in the mysteries of cotton and corn, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he was much respected. The hospitalities of the house were gracefully dispensed by his niece. But at length it became whispered that his speculations were not successful; and it was necessary for him to borrow money. This he did upon the security of property belonging to his niece. A certain amount of secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and the Liverpool underwriters readily assented. He insured her life with at least ten different merchants or underwriters for £2000 each; and the same game was again played over. The lady was taken ill, the doctor was sent for, and found her in convulsions. A specific was administered, but in the course of the night he was again summoned, but arrived too late. Next morning it was known all over Liverpool that she had died suddenly. The body lay in state, and the merchant retained his position, and bore himself with decent dignity under his affliction. He made no immediate application for the money and scarcely alluded to it; but he had selected his victims with skill. They were safe and honorable men, and he duly received his £20,000. From this period he appeared to decline in health, and was recommended a change of climate. He went abroad, and with him his clever partner, who possessed the wonderful power of simulating death, and deceiving the medical men.—*Anecdotes of Insurance.*

THE LEOPARD'S ATTACK.

The power of a leopard is wonderful in proportion to his weight. I have seen a full-grown bull with his neck broken by the leopard who attacked it. It is the popular belief that the effect is produced by a blow of the paw. This is not the case; it is not simply the blow, but it is the combination of the weight, the power, and the momentum of the spring which renders the effect of a leopard's attack so surprising. Few leopards rush boldly to the attack like a dog; they stalk their game and advance crouchingly, making use of every object that will cover them, until they are within a few bounds of their prey. Then the immense power of muscle is displayed in the concentrated energy of the spring; he flies through the air and settles on the throat, usually throwing his own body over the animal, while his teeth and claws are fixed on the neck; this is the manner in which the spine of the animal is broken, by a sudden spring, and not by a blow. The blow from the paw is, nevertheless, immensely powerful, and at one stroke will rip open a bullock like a knife; but the after effects of the wound are still more to be dreaded than the force of the blow. There is a peculiar poison in the claw, which is highly dangerous. This is caused by the putrid flesh which they are constantly tearing, and which is apt to cause gangrene by inoculation.—*Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon.*

It is useless to recommend to people a course which they have not judgment to pursue.

THE MAGNOLIA.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Lovely flower, whose beauteous bloom
Fills the air with sweet perfume,
Dreams of beauty thou hast shed,
From thy grassy, verdant bed,
Ere of leaves bereft and bare,
Rising from cold winter's bier,
From the snows and frozen rain—
Mantling all the dreary plain.

Spring time gave to thee new life,
With bright hues and fragrance rife;
Leaves and heaven-tinted flowers
Sweetly gild the fleeting hours.
Thou wilt fade—the fadeless never:
Flowers immortal bloom forever;
These are found where angels dwell,
And all the flowers of earth excel.

If our earth is lovely here,
How must brighter worlds appear?
In immortal verdure drest—
By no mortal footstep pressed.
There, all-healing leaflets grow,
And pure crystal waters flow;
There, celestial flowerets fair
With their fragrance fill the air.

There, no chilling grasp of death
Stills the heart or clogs the breath;
Change may not come in that bright land
By the life-giving zephyr fanned;
There, cherished hopes are realised,
With the dear ones so fondly prized;
Yet, brightest dreams of life can ne'er
Picture that world so wondrous fair.

SIM LANGFORD'S CHOICE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"How on airth Sim Langford came to like me is more than I ever could tell," said Mrs. Langford, pausing a moment from her work, and giving, as it were, a searching glance into the past.

It was an unsatisfactory one; the great secret remained unpenetrated; and her eyes turned again to the meadow, back of the house, where her husband was busy with the mowers. He had just passed the window, and my involuntary expression of admiration—for Simon Langford was as fine a specimen of manhood in its vigorous prime as any one would like to see, and be the better afterward for seeing—had aroused the old inquiry in her mind to be as yet unanswered. In truth, she was not the only one who wondered when Simon Langford took for a wife one of the smallest and plainest girls in Weston—and Weston was famous for its pretty girls—who, besides

the happy consciousness of being cherished by him, as only a noble heart knows how to cherish an affectionate and faithful wife, had the pleasing gratification of being mistress of the finest farm in Norfolk county.

"If I have not a talent for investigation, Mrs. Langford," said I, "I confess a weakness for anything mysterious. Let me hear all about the courtship, and we may arrive at some conclusion. Two heads are better than one, they say."

"The courtship! Bless your heart, child, there was no courtship at all. Or if there was, it wasn't like all other ones. I don't mind telling you if you don't let Sal know it; for it was an awful disappointment to her when Sim married me."

Sal was a maiden sister of Mrs. Langford, a tall, bony woman, with a sour, sallow, discontented looking visage.

"You see," she continued, "when Sal was a young gal, she was a rale beauty. Tall and straight, with as bright an eye and red a cheek as you'd see anywhere. There were five sisters of us, and all were pretty excepting me; and mother used to say how I was the very picture of Aunt Jerushy, who lived and died without ever having a feller arter her. Well, Sim came down to his uncle's, when their boy, Nathan Standish, went to Bosting, and the first night he came to singing-school he began to make up to Sal. She was e'en a-most tickled to deth at the notice he took on her, and when her old feller, Silas Green, came to go home with her, she tossed her head with sich a look, and 'I'm engaged, air,' sez she, and taking hold on Sim's arm, off she walked. Poor Silas looked as if all the blood in his body dashed right up in his face; and there he stood staring arter them, while the gals and the fellers snickered right out. Arter that, nothing was talked of but Sim and Sal; and the gals, as they always are, were mighty jealous; for Sim took the shine out of every feller completely, and even my sisters, that were allers good-natured, turned agin her, and there was nothing but snapping and scolding in the house from morning till night. I can't tell how it was, but there was such a way about that Sim you could not help loving him, and wishing that he cared for you. He was sich a han'sum feller; and then his voice went through your heart like music. Lawr! I used to be all over in a tremble whenever he spoke to me. I was no more than sixteen when he first came, and if my heart did not go right out to meet him, and if he hasn't got it yet, my name aint Mirandy. Whenever Sim was at the house, our gals, to plague Sal, would never go out of the room, but would sit

there all dressed out, and hardly let Sim have a chance to talk to her. One night ma'am came in, and says Sim, to please her:

"Mrs. Cole," says he, "I don't wonder that your gals are so han'sum when I look at you."

"Wall," says ma'am, tickled of course at his fine speech, 'that's mighty kind of you, Mr. Langford. The gals are purty good to look at, excepting Mirandy. She's the perfect picture of Aunt Jerushy, who never had a feller in the world.'

"How unkind in your mother, Mrs. Langford," I exclaimed. "Were you not greatly mortified? And before him, too."

"Well," answered the good woman, with that charming simplicity that I am certain won for her the love of Simon Langford, "ma'am was used to saying it; it came kind of natural to her. The gals burst out a-laffing, and Sal the loudest. Sim colored up. I could see that he felt for me, but he didn't know what to say. So sez I:

"Laugh away, gals; 'tis well for ye to have me."

"And why so?" sez Sal, her quick temper firing up.

"For the same reason, Sal," says I, "that makes dad, when he wants to show off his best cows, put that ugly, crooked-backed Millie among them—to make them look better for the contrast."

"And you are not ugly or crooked-backed, Mirandy," sez Sim, springing up and catching my hand in both of his. "And if I was a woman, I'd ten thousand times sooner be ugly and crooked-backed with a disposition as good as yourn, than a beauty with a bad temper."

"Lawr! he didn't mean Sal, but she took it to herself, for she was rale passionate; and bursting right out crying, she flounced out of the room. If crooked-backed Millie had broke in through the winder, pitched Sim over her head and cleared out agin the way she came, he couldn't have looked more surprised."

"She thought you meant herself," sez Becky, giggling; and it was rale mean of her to say so, because it let Sim know what a pesky cross thing Sal was.

"But lawr! Sim didn't care, and the next day they were as loving as ever."

"Who should come down but Uncle Thaxter soon arter this, and when he was going home to Bosting, he said he'd carry Sal with him to see the sights. If Sal wasn't tickled! and off she went, promising to be allers thinking of Sim, and all that kind of nonsense—cos it is rale nonsense when folks don't mean it, and Sal, for one,

didn't. Somehow, Sim never liked the other gals; he seed they were all jealous of Sal, and whenever he came to the house to hear about her, he allers asked for me. Now when a gal cares for a feller, and he likes some one else, she can't close her heart agin him on that account. She keeps on loving him, without any hope to be sure, but still loving him, and I aint the only one that can tell you that. "Twaz just the way with me. I knew as well as I knew my A B C's that Sim didn't care the pod of a pea for me, but still I couldn't help a-loving him. One night, sez he, 'I'm a-going to Bosting to-morrow, Mirandy.'

"What on airth is carrying you there?" says I. "To see, Sal?" And if the words didn't stick in my throat, and all I could do couldn't keep the tears from rushing into my eyes. We were standing at the gate, for he came from the singing school with me. The moonlight was shining full on my face, and when I looked up Sim was staring pretty sharp at me.

"Here are the gals," says he.

"And sure enough, Becky and the rest of the gals were coming down the road."

"Yes," sez I, "and their fellers with them."

"Never mind, Mirandy," sez he, "you are worth the hull on 'em." And afore I could say a word, he caught me in his arms, gim me a hearty kiss and cleared off across the fields.

"He meant that for Sal," sez I to myself, but somehow, that night, my heart wasn't a sad one.

"About four days arter that, dad was going to Bosting with some prime butter that ma'am made, and he allers was 'fondest of me, so he took me along with him in the wagon. We started early in the morning, and got to Bosting in the arfternoon. We were driving along one of the streets when, all on a sudden, dad catches my arm and busts out a-laffing."

"Look, Mirandy," sez he; 'if that gal aint for all the world like a peacock with its tail spread out!'

"On the sidewalk in front of us were a fellow and a gal. He was like the rest of the city fellers, rigged out like them every day in go-to-meeting clothes, and swinging a little painted twig in his hand for a cane. But the gal. O lawr! I'd thought I'd die looking at her. She had on a red and yaller striped muslin dress, that swept the walk as clean as a broom, a blue and yaller shawl, and a white bonnet stuck all over with flowers. Lawr! it was not the way she was dressed so much as the way she walked that made me laff. "Twasn't walking; 'twas a kind of wriggling along, as if all the conceit in

creation was packed up in her individual body, and it was a trying to get out. Dad made Andrew Jackson—our horse—walk slow, so as to keep up with them, and suddenly dad sez, 'If there aint Sim Langford!'

"I saw Sim coming agin as a few minutes afore dad spoke; but my heart got into such a beating spell at the sight of him, I couldn't say a word.

"He'll be sarting to know the wagon,' sez dad.

"The wagon was a green kivered one, with red wheels, so 'twass easy for him to know it; but he never looked at the wagon, but walked past the feller and the gal, stepping out as he went by 'em as straight and as stiff as a militia man on a training day.

"Something aint right with that feller,' sez dad. 'He's got a heavy heart, and is trying to hide it. Look here, Mirandy, if ever you see a feller walking along as if his backbone was converted into a poker, and a look in his face as if he thought that this ere round world was a football made on purpose for him to kick at, you may be sure to know, gal, that 'tis all for show, gal. And if, that aint rhyme!' sez dad, chuckling and rubbing his hands. 'But lawr!' sez he, stopping and getting downright mad, 'if that ere peacock and her feller aren't a making fun of Sim!'

"There was the feller pinting his cane arter Sim, and laffing; and the gal turned round laffing too—and if she wasn't Sal!

"'Tis Sal!' sez dad. 'No it aint,' then sez he. 'My gal wouldn't make a walking show of herself,—and going with that feller! Look at him! Lawr, he's a slander on human natur!'

"Never mind 'em, dad,' sez I; for it was Sal. And as we were passing, I kind of moved between him and them. Now dad was allers as kewrious as any old woman, and when we were a-going past, he peaked over my shoulder; and the yell he let out when he seed Sal! If it didn't make Andrew Jackson stop right up, and the folks in the street run around the wagon, as if there was some orful work a-going on in it. Afore I could stop him, dad jumped clean out of the wagon on to the sidewalk, and grabbed Sal by the arm.

"Who is that feller?' sez he, pinting at the feller, who kind o' slunk back agin the railing of the Common.

"O, Mr. Cole, don't you know me?' sez he. 'I'm Nathan Standish!'

"You Joshua Standish's son?' sez dad. 'Lawr! you're the feller that came to Bosting and went a-doing wimmin's work, selling yards

of ribbon and spools of thread behind a koun-ter, because you were too lazy to work like a man. And you, you tarnal, conceited, stuck up critter, you had the impudence to laff at your cousin, whose old clothes are too good for you. Git out!' sez he, 'do they starve you here, you yaller-looking skeleton? And now for you,' sez he, a turning to Sal, who looked as if she was ready to drop intew the ground, she was so ashamed of Nathan Standish and the folks, and so afeard of dad. 'Was it for this,' sez he, a taking hold on her gown and holding it out, so as tew git a better view of it; 'was it for this I give you money to spend in Bosting? Lawr! if the colors aint like fire and brimstone; and there's a meaning in that, considering your bringing up you ought tew understand. Git inter the wagon, and sit behind Mirandy.'

"Sal began to cry, but she got in, and dad arter her; and while the men laffed and the little boys hollered, he turned Andrew Jackson's heed toward home. And home, sure enough, we went, without even going to Uncle Thaxter's arter Sal's clothes. We hadn't been home more than a week when Sim comes back, and though they went to the singing-school, and used to meet rale often at quilting frolics, and apple bees, they didn't take the smallest kind of notice of each other; though I guess Sal would like to make up if she could. But taint for a gal to make the first advances any more than it is for a soldier to be the first to retreat.

"Things went on this way for all that winter, and somehow Sal, with all her good looks, could not raise another feller. They all kept shy of her. Mother used to keep me at home to help her, and it made dad allers mad when he seed them going off to have a good time, and me a staying behind.

"Come gals,' he'd say, 'taint fair in ye to have Mirandy staying at home allers.'

"Mr. Cole, ma'am would say, 'never you mind. Mirandy isn't taken any notice on wher-ever she goes. Nobody knows whether she goes or no.'

"It was more than a month since I seed Sim, and one day I asked Becky if Sim Langford was a making up to any gal yet.'

"Did Sal tell you to ask that?' sez she.

"No, she didn't,' sez I.

"Lawr! he's gone off, no one knows wher or no one cares!' sez she. 'There's ma'am a calling you.'

"I was glad to get out of the reach of Becky's sharp eyes, for I felt just like crying, and I did cry that night, when no one saw me, to think that Sim went off without caring to say good-by

to me. A few nights arter that, the hull on us went to Marthy Standish's wedding. Sal was going to stand up with her.

"Nathan aint a coming," sez Marthy. 'He can't git away from Bosting, so Enoch (that was Martha's feller) has got some one else to stand up with him.'

"Lawr! who is he?" sez Sal.

"O, some one who likes you jest as well as you like him," sez Marthy, laffing. And then her mother kem up to say that the minster was come and the folks were all a-waiting.

"So we went down stairs, and who should be below to stand up with Sal but Sim Langford. And if he wasn't dressed to kill; and if he didn't look rale splendid.

"Somehow, Marthy was married afore I knew it—I was so taken up a watching Sim. And I never had sich bad feelings in my heart, and never want ter agin, as when I saw Sal all the rest of that night a-hanging on Sim's arm, jest as if he belonged to her; for they made up right off. Lawr! if I didn't feel then how it went agin a gal to have an ugly face! And it is an orful hard thing when a gal is homely to have her be sarting of it. I never could git over feeling that. I never talked to a feller but I allers felt that he was a thinking how ugly I was.

"Sal has cotched Sim agin," sez ma'am, coming over where dad and I were sitting.

"I don't believe that," sez dad. 'That feller's brains are not made of soft soap, Mrs. Cole. He knows that a gal who was ashamed to own him when he wasn't rigged out in his go-to-meetings, don't deserre to be his wife. And she wont be—mark my words for that.'

"Lawr!" sez ma'am, 'they ought to send ye to Congress.' And off she went in a huff; but afore tew minutes she kem a running back, her hull face as red as a beet. 'Squire Libbey's sold his farm, and got fifteen thousand dollars for it! And who d'ye think bought it?'

"I haint an idear," sez dad.

"Guess," sez she.

"I haint an idear," again sez dad.

"Sim Langford," sez she; 'and he's got ten thousand more in the bank!'

"Fudge!" sez dad; 'where could he get so much money?'

"He's had it for months," sez she; 'and he never let on about it to any one. When he went tew Bosting last fall, his cousin, a rale rich man, died, and left Sim twenty-five thousand dollars. But what puzzles me is, why the feller didn't at once make a show with it.'

"Coz the feller aint the fool you take him to be," sez he. 'There's sich a thing as loving a

man for his money, Mrs. Cole. And I recken as how Sim is cute and knows what's what,' sez dad.

"Wall, I'm rale glad," sez ma'am, 'that Sal made up with him afore he told about the farm.'

"Sim went home with Sal that night, and I was the only one of our gals that hadn't a feller going home with her. Next day Sim comes to our house dressed out in a complete new suit, and told ma'am that he was going to give a house-warming, and he would be very much obleeged to her if she would see to all the fixings. Ma'am said to be sure she would, and then Sim asked the gals to go with him to a circus that was exhibiting in the village; and as they worgoing out, he turns round and sez to me:

"Aint you a-coming, Miss Cole?" He allers called me Mirandy afore.

"I can't spare her," sez ma'am.

"And without another word, he goes off with the gals.

"Mirandy Cole," sez I tew myself, when I went up-stairs and stared straight intew the looking-glass, 'are you a natural fool to think that Sim Langford ever cared for the owner of that ugly face, with a mouth big enough to swallow him? O dear! O dear!' And I burst out a-crying.

"Every day, three or four times, Sim came to our house, and at last everything was ready for the house-warming. Ma'am said there wasn't a more comfortable house in the hull State.

"Lawr, Sal!" sez ma'am, when Sal came down all dressed out to go, 'that ere conceit of yours came a near taking Sim from you.'

"She aint got him yet," sez dad.

"Ma'am gin him a look, and jest then the rest of the gals came in in their new dresses.

"Wall," sez ma'am, 'I reckon we'd a better be on the start.'

"Hurry up, Mirandy," sez dad.

"Me, sir?" sez I; 'I aint a-going.'

"You aint?" sez he; 'maybe you aint!' and swaring right out. 'Then I be skinned,' sez he, 'if one of those ere winnamin stirs a foot out of this house unless you go tew! Go and put on your new fixings.'

"I haint any, dad," sez I.

"Mrs. Cole," sez dad, turning round to mother, 'if I warn't a church-member, I'd swar!' sez he; 'I'd swar all night—I would! I'm so riled up! Never mind, Mirandy, gal; come in your go-to-meetings.'

"I didn't want to go, but I darsn't refuse dad, coz when his temper was riz, 'twas no use going contrary to him; so I went up-stairs, and in less than no time came down ready to go.

"When we got tew the house, Sim was at the door tew meet us; and I thought how he had a smile and a welcome word for all but me; and he even took my hand to shake jest for all the world as if it was a stick-without any feeling in it. Every bit of the house, from top to cellar, had all new furniture, and we went over it; and though the gals had seen it all afore, they examined it as much as ever. Soon the company began to come, and soon the house was full. And then if Sal didn't put on the airs—set on to do it of course by ma'am. And lawr! if the hull of the gals warn't furious agin her; and the way the Green gals, the Tappan gals, and a score of others, turned up their noses at her when she wasn't looking! I saw it all. Then there were plays and dances; but I sat by myself in a corner, no one caring to notice me; and come to think of it now, it was perty much my own fault that I was treated so. There were gals there as homely as I was any day who had fellers around 'em all night; but lawr! I'd a cut off my head afore I'd try as hard as they did to get 'em.

"When it got about nine o'clock they all went intew the dining-room tew supper—for Sim did the thing rale fashionable—and I of cotrue was left without any one to take me in. There I sat all alone, a-hearing them a-carrying on in the next room, until I could stand it no longer. I went up-stairs, put on my things and left that house, determining never agin to enter it—even if Sal was its mistress. When I got out, I thought I was smothering, I felt so. I walked as fast as I could until I got out on the road, and then I stopped and turned round. From where I stood I could hear 'em laffing; and I thought 'twas Sim I saw standing by the window, and Sal side of him. That was too much! I threw myself down beside the fence and cried, I don't know how long. I thought my heart was breaking. Lawr! you may think me silly; but I was only a young gal, without any eddication, or any one to show me how foolish it was to be repining, or wishing for what I never could hope to get; and there I remained crying till the rale passion of my grief had kind of passed away. It was like a stream whose course you'd want tew stop. The waters keep a gathering till at last they burst over their barrier and sweep everything afore 'em. So it was with the grief that had been a-swelling in my heart all night.

"When I got quiet, I rose up and leaned agin the fence. It was a lovely night, and somehow, as I stood there, with the beautiful moonlight a-falling over me, I thought of the night afore Sim went tew Boasting, when we were a-standing

together in the moonlight, and he left a blessing upon my cheek. And it was a blessing to me; for I felt better and kinder toward every one whenever I thought of it. All on a sudden something kin atween me and the moonlight. I looked up, and screamed out, for there was a tall man standing side of me. But afore the scream was out of my lips, I knowed Sim; and that minnit he ketched my hands, and sez he:

"It's me, Mirandy."

"I snatched my hands away from him afore he knowed I was a-going to, and moved back—jest for all the world as if he wos a sarpint; while all the time I'd ha' g'in everything else I knowed or keered for if I could only ha' throwa myself intew his arms and cried on his breast.

"Mirandy," sez he, agin, moving a leetle closer to me; "Mirandy," sez he.

"And it wasn't the way he ever said it afore, or the light, laffing tone he used to have a talking to Sal. I kind of felt him a saying it, more than I heerd him, and somehow I began crying agin.

"Where be you a-going?" sez he.

"Lawr! if wimmin aren't queer critters! I stopped crying; and though I couldn't keep the trembling out of my voice, I said mighty cold and proud-like:

"I'm going home, Mr. Langford."

"But what made ye be a-crying, Mirandy?" sez he.

"Because I wanted tew," sez I. "And good night; I'm thinking your compasy will be a looking arter you."

"And I hope they'll be as long looking arter me as I was looking arter you, Mirandy," sez he.

"And why did you look arter me?" sez I, arter a little while.

"Because I wanted tew," sez he, smiling, as he repeated my words; "and I looked arter you for the same reason that you cried, Mirandy. I looked arter you because I couldn't help it; and now come back with me."

"No, Sim," sez I, bursting right out crying agin; "I aint a-going back there."

"And why not?" sez he.

"Coz I aint wanted there," sez I.

"And who don't want you there?" sez he.

"You, Sim Langford!" sez I, all the pride I had been freezing my heart wih melting away afore my love for him and the orful thought I was a-going to love him forever.

"O, what a thundering lie!" sez Sim, a-ketching me in his arms. "You aint wanted there? You aint wanted in the house I bought on purpose for you, and so you could live near your

father, who is the only other one of your family I'd keer to own!" sez he.

"O, Sim!" sez I, 'you aint in earnest, be you though?'

"Aint I?" sez he. 'And there if you aren't a-crying agin.'

"Cos I'm so glad," sez I, 'and so sorry to think I aint good enough for you.'

"You're a thundering sight too good for me," sez he; 'and it was a-knowing it made me love you. And now maybe you'll come back?' sez he.

"You may calculate I didn't refuse to then. We went back to the house, and when we got to the door, says Sim:

"Mirandy, do you remember the night afore I went to Bosting? Wall, I took something from you that night, and as there is a law agin stealing, I have been rale uneasy, and wishing ever since for a chance to return it. Though aint it strange, Mirandy, I never once regretted taking it?"

"A taking what?" sez dad, opening the door, and laffing. 'Mirandy Cole!' sez he, 'aint you ashamed of sich actions? And Mr. Langford, your company are a wondering where you are,' sez he.

'Sim went intew the parlor, and dad gin me a kiss and a hug, saying he knowed all about it, and I had better go up-stairs and get the sign of crying off my face afore I came into the room. I wasn't long up-stairs afore Almiry Tappan came to fix her hair.

"You here, Mirandy," sez she? 'I didn't see you afore to-night. Come and fix my hair; cos you're first-rate at it.'

"Aint you a-coming down?" sez she. 'O, new do, Mirandy. 'Tis orful hard to go intew a room alone, and have 'em all a staring at you.'

"So I went down with her; and who should be standing at the door but Sim and Sal? I didn't dare tew look at him while I was passing, but he stretched out his hand and stopped me; and he sez to Sal:

"Mirandy's a purty good girl, aint she?"

"Sal could afford to be generous where I was consarned, so sez she:

"Yes."

"She'll make some one happy one of these days, I guess," sez he.

"Sal laffed, and when I was moving away I heard her saying:

"O, lawr! no, Mr. Langford; we never expected tew see her married."

"You don't? Now aint that tew bad!" sez Sim.

"That night, when we were a-going home, if

dad didn't act as if he left his senses behind him; and none of 'em knew the reason but me. I sat on the front seat of the wagon with him, and every minnit he'd be giving me a hug and a kiss; and he'd whistle Yankee Doodle, and gin me a poke in the side, and say, 'Mirandy Cole, aint you ashamed of yourself?' And then he'd laff. And ma'am, sez she:

"Lawr! what's 'got intew the man?"

"And dad sez, 'Find out, Mrs. Cole. Maybe you'll know in the morning.'

"Next morning at breakfast, sez dad to ma'am, 'Some one asked me last night for one of my gals.'

"You don't say!" sez ma'am, looking so tickled. "Wasn't it Sim Langford?"

"Nobody else," sez dad.

"Lawr, Sal!" said Becky, who was almost bursting with rage and envy, 'you needn't put on sich airs all at once. I wish he only knowed what a wild cat you are.'

"Sal turned up her nose, and sez she, 'Don't you wish you had him?'

"Look here, Sal," sez Martha Ann, 'when you're married, you've got to bay me a breast-pin for that one of mine you lost.'

"Yes, and my sash she stole out of my trunk and carried to Bosting along with her," sez Miss Laviny.

"And what do you want, Mirandy?" sez Sal, turning round tew me.

"Aint you a-counting the chickens afore they are hatched, Sal?" sez I.

"Good!" sez dad, giving me a slap on the shoulder. Lawr! it was kind of bad in me, but I couldn't a-help saying it.

"Lawr! if she toe aint mad cos she couldn't get him!" sez Sal. 'The beauty!'

"Look here, Sal," sez dad, 'don't you call Mirandy names.'

"Beauty aint a name," sez Sal.

"Wall then," sez he, 'with all your beauty and your fine airs you couldn't ketch Sim Langford. What do you say to that?' sez he.

"O lawr!" sez ma'am and the gals, while Sal turned as white as a sheet.

"Mr. Cole," sez ma'am, facing dad, 'didn't you say Sim Langford asked you for Sal?'

"I didn't say Sal," sez dad.

"Lawr!" sez she agin, while the gals stared at each other; 'and who was it then?'

"Find out, Mrs. Cole!" sez dad, getting up and walking out of the room, and then thrusting his head in at the door, and laffing and pinting at me. 'Ask Mirandy,' sez he; 'maybe she can tell ye.—He's a-coming, he's a coming, Mirandy, gal! Here is he,' sez he.

"I saw Sim coming to the house, and ran out to meet him, leaving dad to git out of the trouble as well as he could. But here is Sim himself."

"Please, Mr. Langford," said I, as he cordially welcomed me, "excuse an impertinent question: Why did you marry Mirandy?"

"Because I loved her, to be sure," was the laughing reply.

"But she has never found out why you loved her."

"Haint she though?" said he, still laughing and rubbing his hands; then folding his arms and regarding the little woman with an expression of tenderness pleasing to see, he heartily exclaimed: "Law! she was sich a good critter, I couldn't help it."

An imaginary object at that particular moment riveted my attention on the meadow, and through the stillness I heard a familiar sound. It was not the rustle of the oak leaves, as the branch swayed before the window, or the chirp of the robin flitting through the labyrinth; but what it was, in the language of Samuel Lover, "I leave you to guess."

THE OBSTINACY OF WOMAN.

A tailor having amassed a fortune by trade, cut the shop, and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as all wives, to find out her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarring string until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touch-word, "scissors," spoiled his finest bon mots, and embittered his grandest entertainments; it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was constantly brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds: "You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river; its beauty decided me to close the contract."

"Very probable, my dear—it reminds one so much of an open pair of scissors!"

One push, and she was in the water.

"I will pull you out, if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband.

"Scissors," shrieked she, and down she went.

"Scissors," as she rose again. The third time she came to the surface, too far gone to speak—but as the waters closed over her, she threw up her arms, crossed her forefingers, and disappeared!—*Boston Post.*

"I live according to right reason," says the Stoic; "I live to seize the pleasures of the passing days," says the Epicurean; "I live to contemplate the unchangeable truth," says the Platonist; and all three live but in a vain squirrel cage round of vanity.

TO MAGGIE.

BY S. E. ACHESON.

I'll not leave thee yet, love, too fondly I prize
The bright, sparkling glance of thy love beaming eyes;
Too fondly, too dearly, I love thee, to part
From the bright one whose image is fixed in my heart.

I'll not leave thee yet, love, too great is the bliss
To press thy warm hand and to feel thy warm kiss;
To sit in the sunshine thy presence has given,
And feel in my soul 'tis a foresta of heaven.

I'll not leave thee yet, while my arms can enfold
The only loved being they e'er wished to hold;
While thy faith and thy truth are still pledged to me,
O whither, dear maid, should I wander from thee?

I'll not leave thee yet, while the fair moon shines bright
In the high arch of heaven, as she marshals the night;
While the stars sparkle out mid the firmament blue,
So long are my thoughts and affections with you.

I'll not leave thee yet; while the ocean's waves roll,
So long is your image impressed on my soul;
So long as the tide bears the bark to the shore,
So long will I love thee, "Acushla Makore."

Yes, dear as the shrine to the pilgrim band,
Or water to him who lies parched on the sand,
Are the light of thy eyes and soft accents to me—
O, why should I wander, my loved one, from thee?

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

BY S. E. WOOD.

"Sarah, who's that?" said I, as a young lady who was passing, looked up to the window and bowed. There was something very attractive about her; not that she was regularly beautiful, but there was an airiness and grace in her little figure, a freshness and archness to her fair bright face, as it was upturned to the window, with its large, dark, laughing eyes, waving hair, and ripe, full lips, that was very charming. "Who is it, Sarah?" I repeated, "she's a perfect little fairy."

"It's Mrs. Robertson," said Sarah, "Nellie Bird, that was, she's the most charming little creature! and by the way, Sue, did I ever tell you about the way she came to be married to Mr. Robertson? It was the oddest thing! so romantic!"

"Delightful! do tell me about it. There's nothing like these romances in real life, and people generally go and get married in such stupid, hum-drum ways. So, Sarah, my dear, suppose you should make yourself agreeable, now, and tell me about it. I'm all attention."

So I poked the fire vigorously to make it look bright and cheerful, folded up my work, settled

myself in a most delightfully lazy attitude on the lounge, and in short gave Sarah to understand that I was preparing for what she knows I like better than anything else, one of her long stories.

"Really want to hear it?" said the provoking creature, as though she didn't know that I was waiting for her to begin.

"Of course I do."

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

So she went through divers performances by way of "fixing herself" comfortably, and fidgeted round, putting up her work, setting back the work-table and putting the poker in its place, which I had left on the floor, and was so long getting ready to begin, that my patience was quite exhausted. At last, however, seating herself in the large rocking-chair, she began:

"This was the way of it, Sue. Nellie Bird and I went together in New York to Mrs. Lowell's boarding-school, and we roomed together and Nellie always told me all her secrets, so I knew all about the affair."

"What affair?" said I.

"Why, her marriage, of course! I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Sue, it puts me all out. Nellie was forever getting into some scrape, but she was such a merry, artless, bewitching little creature, that I took a wonderful fancy to her. One day—you've seen those matrimonial advertisements in the New York Herald, Sue?"

"Yes," I replied, thinking the question very inappropos.

"One day we were sitting in our room, Nellie and I, Nellie reading the Herald, when all at once she broke out with:

"Sarah, lend me a pen and sheet of Bath post, will you? I'm going to answer this 'Matrimonial,' in the paper."

"What do you mean, Nellie," I exclaimed, 'you're not in earnest?'

"To be sure I am, 'twill be such sport. Let me read it to you."

"I am not sure I remember it exactly, Sue, but I believe this was about the way it ran: 'A young man of twenty-five, of good family, moderate fortune and fine education, wishes to enter into a correspondence with a young lady not more than twenty years old, with a view to matrimony. She must be attractive in appearance, amiable, intelligent and refined. Address A. R. CLIFFORD, Philadelphia, Pa.'

"There, Sarah," said Nellie, 'I'm going to answer that, just for the fun of the thing, and see what he'll write back. I shall come near enough to his description of what Mrs. Clifford ought to be, shan't I? I'm only eighteen, and I'm sure I'm attractive in appearance, now ain't I, Sarah?'

"And the little creature put on such a fierce expression, by way of looking attractive, that I laughed in spite of myself. Well, of course, Sue, I said what a proper young lady like myself would be expected to say on such an occasion. I didn't think it would be right, as she wasn't fit earnest, but she only laughed at me, and took her own way, as she always did. So she wrote the letter, signed it ELLEN VOGEL (the German for bird, you know), and directed it according to the advertisement."

"I wonder what she said in it?"

"O, she described herself in it, and very wittily too. 'Twasn't more than a week after that, that Nellie danced into the room, all out of breath, holding up a letter in a bold, gentleman's hand. After capering round with it in her hand, teasing me with it, and finally singing what she was pleased to call a 'triumphal chant,' over it, she tossed it into my lap for me to read. It was really a capital letter. He told her that he liked her answer exceedingly, and proposed that they should keep up the correspondence till they could appoint a place of meeting. And so they did, and Mr. Clifford seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and I'm sure Nellie did, 'it's so piquant and funny,' she said.

"After it had gone on in this way about three months, he wrote that he should probably be in New York in about six weeks, and requested her to name a time and place for an interview. In the meantime he was sorry to say their correspondence must be suspended, as he should be absent from Philadelphia, and could not tell her where to direct her letters. Nellie demurred at first, but finally curiosity got the better of her scruples, and she wrote to him to meet her on the thirteenth of the next month (December), on Fifth Avenue, opposite—I forget the place now, Sue, it's so long since I was in New York, but no matter—he was to be at the place she mentioned just as the clock struck three. She would wear a blue silk dress, and throw up her veil (which should be blue), and bow just as the clock struck. He was to wear a narrow blue ribbon in his button hole, and raise his hat, which should be a white one, just as she threw up her veil."

"Very boarding-school-girlish, wasn't it?"

"Yes indeed! I teased Nellie unmercifully about it, but she didn't care a fig. She meant to go the whole figure, she said. The first three weeks of the time she was all impatience for the day to come, but the last three were vacation, and she spent them at her aunt's and saw a great deal of company, so her mind was taken up with other things. I asked her one day if she really meant to meet that Mr. Clifford?"

"To be sure; why shouldn't I? If I don't like him, I shall just tell him so, and there will be an end of it."

"But if you do like him, what then? do you mean to marry him?"

"I really don't believe she had seriously thought of that question before. She colored and didn't answer for a moment, and then turned it off with a toss of her little head."

"Pooh! she shouldn't like him, dare say he was a fright, had red hair likely as not, and she wasn't going to throw herself away on a man with red hair, no indeed!"

"One day, the first part of vacation, she came to Cousin Mary's where I was staying, to see me. She had been to a party the night before, and such a magnificent time as she had, 'and was introduced to such a splendid person; he was all the rage, they said, and the most fascinating man that ever was, Sarah, so handsome and talented, and the most perfect gentleman,' and he had asked permission to call on her next day, 'just think, Sarah! and his name was Mr. Robertson!'"

"And so she ran on, going into such raptures over him, that my curiosity was wrought to the highest pitch to see him."

"I think it was about time for Mr. Robertson to make his appearance," I remarked.

"For the next three weeks," continued Sarah, without noticing my interruption, "I heard of nothing but this Mr. Robertson all the time. Their acquaintance certainly did get on famously. He called on Nellie, I couldn't tell you how many times, lent her books, and took her to ride. I began to think that the matter was getting to be very serious; more than a mere flirtation. One night we both were going to a party where he was to be, and I was in such a state of anxiety to see him, for I felt, though she herself had never breathed it to me, that Nellie's feeling towards him was one far stronger than mere liking."

"Was he really so fascinating?" I asked.

"Yes, I was very much pleased with him. And after observing him narrowly during the evening, I felt sure that he was truly passionately in love with Nellie. And no wonder. She did look so charming that evening, all in white, her dark eyes all full of expression, the most delicate flush on her cheeks, and an unwonted gentleness and thoughtfulness in her air, for which I could readily account, and which gave an additional charm to her face. A beautiful girl is never so beautiful as when truly in love, Susan."

I assented, and Sarah went on with her story.

"All this time Nellie seemed to have forgotten about Mr. Clifford, till one day, I reminded her

that the next day was the thirteenth, and by way of drawing her out, observed that she must be very glad. She changed color.

"O, what should she do? she had entirely forgotten it, she couldn't bear the thought of meeting that hateful Mr. Clifford, and what would Mr. Robertson think if he knew of her folly? 'Why, Sarah, the other day some one was speaking of a matrimonial advertisement she had seen, before him, and you have no idea how disgusted he looked at the mention of such a thing.'"

"At first she almost determined not to keep the appointment, but afterwards came to the conclusion that she was bound in honor to do so, and that it was only just punishment for her imprudence. If that Mr. Clifford was at all what he seemed in his letters, she should tell him how displeased with herself she was for her insincerity in writing to him, tell him her wish that the affair should end at once, and they should exchange letters and forget that either of them had been so foolish."

"I was amused with her plan, but said nothing, for I knew it would be of no use."

"If I thought there was any chance of my meeting Mr. Robertson at the time I appointed to meet that Clifford," said Nellie, disconsolately, "I should almost die, but I know I shan't, for I heard him tell aunt to-day he had an engagement to-morrow at three, and I think it's so lucky."

"Late in the afternoon of the next day, Nellie came to see me in such a state of excitement."

"O, Sarah," she exclaimed, "it was Mr. Robertson!"

"Who was Mr. Robertson?" said I, all in the dark as to what she meant.

"Why, that Mr. Clifford I went to meet, and that I've been writing to so long. Clifford is his middle name. I was so surprised; and O, Sarah—!" and here she stopped, blushing as red as a peony."

"I suspected it was going to turn out so," I exclaimed, "wasn't it nice? so romantic!"

"Of course you knew how it would come out," said Sarah, looking provoked. "I never told you a story yet, but you always said so, but I haven't finished yet."

"After awhile Miss Nellie made out to tell me, with many blushes and much stammering, that Mr. Robertson had offered himself and she had accepted him; both of which highly interesting events I was of course prepared for, as soon as she told me of Mr. Clifford's metamorphosis into Mr. Robertson. Her account of their meeting amused me very much. She was walking slowly up Fifth Avenue, having nearly reached the

place agreed upon, and the clock only wanting just a minute of three, when she saw Mr Robertson coming as slowly down the street. Not another white hat could she see anywhere; and her consternation at seeing him was only equalled by her fear lest she should have to wait for that Mr. Clifford.

"Before she had quite made up her mind to turn back, and give up the interview, for fear Mr. Robertson should see and recognize her, they both met and the clock struck. Just imagine her surprise, her utter amazement, Sue, on seeing the blue ribbon in his button hole! She had just presence of mind enough to throw up her veil and then he saw who it was.

"Sarah," said Nellie to me, "you never saw such a look of bewilderment in your life, as he gave me at first, and then all at once his face lighted up so. He didn't say one word except 'Miss Bird!' as though he was too astonished to say anything more, and then he saw how pale I was—I was trembling all over, Sarah—and felt pale as death, and he gave me his arm, and we walked on a little way without either of us speaking and then—he said—you know the rest, Sarah," Nellie said, turning her face away from me so that I shouldn't see her blushes. 'And O, Sarah, I'm so glad;' and so, by way of showing how glad, I suppose, she burst out crying."

"I'm sure that was natural enough," said I, "but I don't understand how Mr. Robertson came to put that advertisement in the paper, it was very queer, certainly."

"He put it in for the same reason that Nellie answered it, for the oddity of the thing, and to see what would come of it. He came to New York in hopes of getting some clue as to who his fair correspondent might be, but had been disappointed. As his interest in Nellie increased, so did his vexation with himself for doing anything so foolish, and his desire of getting honorably out of the scrape, but, like Nellie, he saw no other way but to go and have the dreaded interview. They have had many a laugh over it since. Nellie says she is glad that he did one foolish thing in his life, she wouldn't like him to be quite perfect. While he asks her occasionally, if she ever knew a Miss Vogel that carried on a correspondence once with a gentleman she didn't know anything about, even whether his hair wasn't red."

Here Sarah stopped, leaned back in her chair, and looked as if she had an idea of representing the picture of "finis" in old fashioned books.

"Well, but Sarah," said I, "how about the wedding? who ever heard of a story's ending without an account of the wedding?"

"O, in six months, as soon as Nellie was out of school, I had the honor of standing up with her as bridesmaid, and she did make the prettiest little bride I ever saw. As for Mr. Robertson he looked, as of course bridegrooms are always expected to look, "like an embodied joy." They live in Philadelphia, and seem to be very happy in each other, as I have no doubt they are. The last time I was there, Sue, Nellie showed me among her treasures, a narrow piece of blue ribbon and a blue veil, which she said she wouldn't lose for anything."

And Sarah got up and went to bring in the lamps, leaving me to indulge in delicious reveries in the twilight.

VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, like an after dinner speech, at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room; "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an allegator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven! a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant headed monster will be overturned. Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff a vice?" we asked, innocently. "If it is," she replied with the same old argument, "it is so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it, and besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, the drunkard's argument! and he who casts stones at his frail brother must first see if there be not something at home to correct before he presumes upon his own infallibility. Like all the while was watching Lion, as he lay growling in his sleep, and wondering if he was dreaming about him.—*Evening Gazette.*

NONSENSE FOR NONSENSE.

Suvaroff, the half-mad, half-savage Russian general, used frequently to ask the young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things "I don't know" as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and, as the man presented arms, Suvaroff said, "Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of fifty thousand men?" "I can't say," replied the soldier, very naturally; upon which the marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him and rate him for his stupidity. The soldier, however, knowing Suvaroff's character, took courage, and said, "Well, sir, perhaps it's not every question your excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two aunts—would you please to tell me their names?" The man's quickness atoned for his impudence in the eyes of the general, and the soldier was made a corporal the next morning.—*Records of the War.*

A FOURTH OF JULY FAILURE.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

It once chanced to be my miserable fortune to be in a lively, half-country, half-city town on one of those luckless anniversaries of rowdies' freedom to act as they please and everybody's else bondage in discomfort. At precisely twelve at night, six meeting-house bells sent out a terrific peal by means of six ragged little boys who, for the sum of "nimepumpse," dangled at the bell-ropes, frightened to death, till that moment when all other people. After one or two faint cries of "Fire!" by certain barbarous Benedict Arnolds, they might scare the ghosts, as I am sure they did who had forgotten the approaching date, the ringing gave over just to allow one time to drop off and be suddenly pulled up by another tug at the bell-rope, which I have no doubt was many times wished to be round the ringers' throats, instead of the bells.

At last grown accustomed to the bells, with my head securely wrapped in impenetrable folds, I had entered Elysian realms, where Horatio Augustus Miffin, the slender swain with light hair and no eyes in particular, was gracefully kneeling in nankeens and pledging eternal faith to his pocket-handkerchief, though he meant it for me, when a great cannon, with a noise like thunder, threw its wad into my chamber through the open window. Thinking perhaps the Turks had come, or the Millerites had made a mistake in their calculations, I got up and dressed myself. This act being accomplished in a state of profound silence meanwhile, suddenly, as if in honor of the event, not one, but twenty simultaneous cannon went off as though they never intended to come back; but return they did, with redoubled vigor.

I took an arm-chair by the window, and soon, by a flash from another powder-mill explosion, perceived it was exactly ten minutes past twelve. The bells had rung, I had had five or six naps, Horatio had almost proposed, the cannon been fired, my toilet completed, the Fourth inaugurated, and all in ten minutes.

After endeavoring to be patriotic, by putting my head out of the window and hallooing "hurrah!" I put it in again and endeavored to be vigilant for the nation's welfare by picking my eyes open and trying to hold them so. But I think I scarcely succeeded, for I have faint ideas of dreaming about falling into Horatio's arms at the end of his declaration (which he probably resumed) when I was conscious of Horatio's be-

coming a variety of objects at once: now a glass of foaming beer, which I was eagerly trying to drink, now a fine sputtering and broiling egg, then, with a thousand blushes, metamorphosing himself into any innumerable quantity of bad fire-crackers, with which I burned my fingers to blisters; and finally, through a raw, dull twilight, in a half-driizzling rain, two young men under my window, with muskets that fizzed and hissed alternately, without any violent noise in the damp air; this was a Fourth of July serenade.

As burnt powder was not too delightful a scent, I opened the door, and from among a number of boots set out for the morning operations in Day & Martin, at Mr. Smith's Vulture Hotel, selected the heaviest pair, and stealing back to my window, threw them with all my force at the heroic serenaders, one of whom happened to be the veritable Horatio Augustus Miffin. I followed up this charge of *foot-soldiery* by the contents of my water-pitcher. At this, the young gentlemen, after a short consultation, thinking they had found the wrong window, withdrew to some yards distant, occupied by a testy old bachelor. In a very short time I heard the possessor of single-blessedness blundering around, and saw the dodging young gentlemen withdraw to another, where I presume they met with equal success in archery, for after one or two more efforts, they went off dispiritedly, to return their fowling pieces, which had met nothing but *foul* play.

By this time, the rising sun had dispelled rain and sleep, and ushered in the Calathumpians—a band of male individuals dressed as absurdly as possible and designed to bring together ridiculous scenes which only succeeded in being ridiculous failures; I noticed a great many young men endeavoring to represent his satanic majesty, by means of hoops, tails and horns of black leather, who would have been much better representations probably, entirely undisguised. After this the dressing bells, and breakfast bells rang, and all the meeting-house bells as well, and all the cannons and muskets popped prodigiously, and breakfast was ready.

Breakfast consisted mostly of a clean tablecloth (in honor of the day), and some of the water with which the dinner dishes had been washed yesterday, warmed up, sweetened, and called coffee. After this a variety of floral processions, where patient young ladies displayed, their broiling beauty, and sons of temperance, walking savagely straight, took place; and then I concluded to visit a fair. Dear male reader, do not fancy I was contemplating an invasion of your monopoly of visiting—no fair

young seraphs with languishing ringlets was my fair; but a place where quarrels are given away, and whited-sepulchral impostures, in the shape of pincushions and embroidery, are readed; so toying on my bonnet, I went out. After running a gauntlet of saucy little boys with matches and fire-crackers, and escaping miraculously unhurt though I twice lost my slippers and had to go back for them, I reached the hall door. The Babel within was deafening, the shrill voices of females in division and derision rising like clarions above the tumult. Nevertheless I was assured that as the noise is in proportion to the good will and merriment, there would have been considerably more clamor if the ladies of the parish had not fallen out about whether the price of admission should be a dime or ten cents. The first object that struck my eye on entering, was Mr. Miffin ogling a young damsel behind a stall, and sucking his cane in the intervals. I must say I was rejoiced when he went off, the purchaser of a smoking cap that dropped its tassel on the floor and ripped off its embroidery on the button of his coat pocket as he thrust it therein; and was equally so, when the minx, who had extorted the sacrifice from Horatio, let fall the pieces of silver on the floor. Part of them she recovered, but I saw one young Autolycus pocket the balance, and spend it at a soda fountain, and I only wish he had got the rest.

Meantime Horatio was negotiating for a pin-ball stuffed with Indian meal, as I was led to infer from the fact, that having placed it in his hat, his head soon presented the appearance of a fat leg of veal dredged with flour and ready for baking (indeed malicious gossips were always in the habit of declaring Horatio was only half-baked). I now devoted myself to a limited course of gastronomy, and was there again finished by beholding Horatio in the clutches of a female raven who gouged both him and herself in a way frightful to behold. I now bought a doll for a juvenile acquaintance, and was not at all surprised to see her a few moments afterwards, dangling by one disjunct arm, a small heap of rags, and leaving a track of bran behind her as she walked. Just as I was leaving I obtained one last glimpse of Horatio, who seemed distracted to spend his money, and having paid two bits for a turn at the grab-bag, had fished up a Gibraltar, with which last expression of despair he disappeared. On my way home I was twice knocked down (in one of which evolutions, somebody's kind feelings prompted them to relieve me of the load of my purse), once run over, three times addressed with a "stop thief!" and had four spaces extracted from my shawl.

Sitting down by a window to read in the lull of the noise, I was awakened from the sorrows of Werther, by those more tangible, feeling rather warm; in fact, a roguish boarder underneath, had fixed a lighted bunch of crackers to a broomstick and thrust them up to my window till my dress had caught, and I had a prospect of flames far more ardent than those of Horatio. Throwing myself on a Turkey rug, I succeeded in succoring myself; but a bath, a fresh toilet and a new frock was necessary. Before I was entirely ready, the bells rung for dinner, whose chief entertainment was announced to be young lamb, green peas, strawberries and ice-cream. The vegetable dishes, when I reached the table, were slightly colored, but there was nothing in them.

I was indeed helped to young lamb, but unless judging from the vertebrae, I should be unable to declare it fish or flesh, since there was so little on the bone. Strawberries looked much more like lightning than themselves, and ice-creams were decidedly milky enough to be placed among the constellations in the galaxy. The dessert was further enlivened by a cart passing, full of men who had been killed and maimed at the cannon during the morning. After this apparition of dinner, as all nature seemed to be taking a nap, except of course, the little fire-cracker gnomes, I would have followed their example, but was forestalled by loud murmurs growing nearer and nearer till they finally developed into a row, a successor of the morning's entertainment at the fair; Yankees Germans, Irish, Scotch, "Eye-mags" and Indians, all uniting their exertions. This, resulting in the police and some talk, at last gave way to dark and fireworks, which did the usual amount of damage, and the Fourth of July was over. I believe I make a mistake though, when I say so, for the grandest fire-work came off a few hours later, when as every one was audibly snoring their "Horatios," the house was found to be on fire, and continued so, though the inmates, if I remember rightly, escaped with life and the property of a few burns.

Since this Fourth of July, I have regularly made a practice of going, three weeks before the day, among North American savages, or to the most distant corners of the earth, to avoid patriotic celebrations, rows, fairs, fire-works and civilization.

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn.

THE HOMESICK CHILD.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

O, take me hence: the flowers that blossom here
Are not so fair as those my mother loved;
No other spot can ever seem so dear,
And when I turn my longing eyes above,
When the fair blue sky seems not so bright and clear.
O, take me home!

O, take me home! the dew gems on the flowers
All look like little tear-drops, trembling there;
I yearn to see my own dear, favorite bowers,
Where opening flower-buds scent the morning air;
Where wild birds sing through the bright summer hours.
O, take me home!

O, take me home! where my dear mother's sleeping,
In the old churchyard 'neath the willow-tree;
A cold sensation through my heart is creeping,
O, how I wish my spirit could be free.
My heart is sick, and I'm tired of weeping,
O, take me home!

O, take me home! where my sweet mother died;
I feel I know I shall be happier there;
She'll linger near me when my heart is tried,
The flowers she loved will seem more bright and fair;
My heart will break—I must not be denied—
O, take me home!

KATY DARLING.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"WELL, Katy, the cold word *must* be spoken, and maybe it's better now, than waitin' till the mornin' and only givin' fresh sorrow to our hearts. I'll say good-night and good-by; and may all the guardians of the innocent protect my Katy, till I return and claim her for my own true wife. God bless you, Katy! God keep and watch over ye!"

And as he spoke, Dermot O'Neill took the half-fainting girl in his arms, and pressed her gently again and again to his heart.

"It may be long years will rowl over both our heads, before the time arrives when I return, with joy in my heart, and gold in my pocket, to wed the girl I've pledged my truth to; but, Katy, dear, be sure of one thing, my love for you can never change, or grow cold; and while that bright, winkin' star above our heads looks down upon the earth as it does now, so long will Dermot O'Neill be true to the girl of his heart. Kiss me once again, darling, and then unloose your own dear arms from about my neck, while my manhood holds its strength, and before I become little better than a child."

Summoning all her fortitude, she released him, and stood erect by his side, only continuing to rest one hand upon his shoulder, as she gazed up into his honest face.

"Go, Dermot, dear, go! You say thrue, it is better that we part now. You've a stout heart and a ready hand, and wish these in the new land where you're goin', thousands have succeeded before, and why not you? Go, thin, Dermot, and remember there's a fond prayer from a lovin' heart goin' up to Heaven for you every night you are away; and while I sit in solitude and silence, and watch that same bright star, be sure I'm thinkin' of you, and of the last time we gazed on it together and pledged again the vows never to be broken only by death."

"That's my own Katy; you give me new strength seein' the hope that's bearin' you up in this way. Partin's not quite so hard now. There, once more good-by, and once more, God in Heaven keep you till I clasp you again within these arms!"

And so parted the lovers, he to toil in a strange land for the bread he could not earn upon the soil of his birth, and she to count the days and hours when once more his footsteps should be heard, and the sound of his voice send a thrill of joy to her now so sadly desolate heart, more desolate still from the fact of her being both fatherless and motherless, living among strangers, and dependent almost upon the hand of charity for the shelter of a roof.

James Carrol, a young man filling the situation of lodge-keeper or porter on the estate of a gentleman whose mansion overlooked the village of Dunmeary, was at one time one of Kate Clennon's most assiduous suitors, but as the affection existing between her and Dermot O'Neill manifested itself, he appeared gradually to withdraw his pretensions, and now treated her no more than as a friend, appearing to be satisfied that she never could, towards himself, show any other feeling than that of friendship. She saw him but rarely, and then it was but to exchange a passing remark and each pursue their own way.

The days and hours flew by, and now nearly two years had elapsed since the departure of Dermot O'Neill for a foreign land. His betrothed heard from him with the greatest regularity, and his letters breathed everything of increasing fondness and remembrance. He was doing well, he wrote, and had even begun to turn his thoughts towards returning to the land of his birth, and upon his re-embarkation taking her back with him to his pleasant home in the new world. It was James Carrol that brought these letters over with him from the post-office in the market town, and considering that he was himself a disappointed wooer, she thought this very kind and considerate of him, and proceeding from the most disinterested of motives.

After these letters had been received with the greatest punctuality for all this length of time, they now, strange to say, began to arrive somewhat more tardily. The delay between each became more lengthy still, and finally, to her terror, they ceased altogether. She would sit as she had been used to do, and watch at the cottage window for the sound of James Carrol's cart rattling along the road, and then, upon its appearance, unable to control her anxiety, would rush out and demand of him whether he yet brought the long-wished-for letter. The usual reply, accompanied by a sorrowful shake of the head :

"No, Katy, there's no letter this time for ye; but never mind, there'll be one to-morrow without fail. Keep up your heart, Katy—keep up your heart!"

She was seated in the same, green spot where she had parted from him now two years ago, and as she sat there she thought of that interview, and of the holy promise he had made to her, that while the star she gazed on should shed its light upon the earth, so long would he be the same true and faithful lover to her that he ever had been. She would believe him—she could not make her mind up to do otherwise. He might be ill—dying!—who knew what might be the matter? But untrue to her after that solemn assurance? never! A step by her side startled her from her meditations, and looking up she beheld the figure of James Carrol.

"Good evening, Kate, a kind good evening." She thought his voice trembled as he spoke.

"I did not see you pass by the cottage to-day, James. I suppose you had not time to go up to town to-day?"

He hesitated a moment before replying.

"Yes, I did go, but—"

"O, don't say the word that I dread to hear. Another day and still no word."

"I don't know, Katy, dear, what to say;" he took her hand gently as he spoke; "I wint, an—an I *did* get a letter!"

"O, give it to me—don't keep me a moment longer in suspense! I'll die if you keep it from me, James Carrol!"

Still he hesitated, as though he had some information to impart, but scarcely knew how to break it to her.

"Why do you hesitate, James Carrol? Sure it's cruel to torture me in this way. Be the news what it may, I can bear it better than this delay."

"The letter, Katy, is from Dermot O'Neil, but it is not directed to you."

"Not to me! why, how—what do you mean? O, I know, it's ill he is, an' he thought to break it more gently to me by sendin' to another first,

an' tellin' him to break it to me by gentle degrees. Dear Dermot, he would not give me one pain that he could avoid."

"No, Katy, it's not that—"

"Then speak, James Carrol!" said she, starting up vehemently; "tell me at once all you have to say, or you'll see me mad before you. My heart and my brain have been already taxed beyond their strength. Be it what it may that ye have to tell me, I must hear it now!"

"Katy, the man you place so much confidence in, is not worthy of your love. He is no longer true to you."

"How dare you say that to me? You stand before me with your pretended honesty, and tell me what you know to be false as your own evil heart! It is useless. I'll not believe Dermot O'Neil to be untrue, any more than I'll doubt that grass grows or water runs!"

"But av I show you the proofs, Kate Clennon, of what I've tould you, you *must* believe. I know it's hard, and why Dermot gave it into my hands to break the news to you, I know not. But av you know his handwriting, just look at that letter, and you'll maybe own that you've done me wrong."

As he spoke he handed her from his breast a letter directed to himself, and in the handwriting that she knew so well. The beams of the moon gave just enough light to allow of its being read, but she essayed in vain to make anything of the characters; for there was a swimming within the brain, and an indistinct mist before her eyes, that rendered it impossible for her to read. In a husky voice she murmured forth :

"Tell me what it is he says there; read me the letter, and as you hope for peace on earth and rest in heaven, don't deceive me in a line."

"He says here, that he could not summon the courage to break to you the news that he felt he ought to tell; but that he hopes I'll do him the friendly service, and as well as I know how to inform you of all, and break to you the news as gently as I can. When I should get the letter he would be already—calm yourself, Katy—already tied to another, a young woman, the daughter of the man in whose employment he is, and right well to do in the world. He hopes you'll soon forget him, and take from those left at home a husband who will thrait you kindly, and in whose arms you'll forget him; and that he'll ever think kindly of you as long as he lives. And so he finishes."

He looked down towards her as he finished reading, and wondered that she sat there so calm and motionless. The light of the full moon fell down upon her face, and he saw that it was

quite white and death-like, and that her eyes were staring straight out before her, fixed upon vacancy. He felt alarmed and touched her upon the arm.

"Katy! Katy!"

Still she moved not, nor looked towards him.

"Katy! Why don't you answer? Shall I take you home?"

She slowly lifted her eyes towards the stars, and fixing her gaze upon one, pointed with her finger towards it.

"Look, it's there to-night as it always is, it's waiting with me for Dermot's return. "O, it's the beautiful little star, and smiles and winks at me as I look up at it in the still and quiet of the night, as much as to say, 'wait only a little longer, he'll be here soon, and keep the oath that he took upon that night, when he called upon me to bear witness to his words, keep waitin' patient-ly, Katy, but a little while longer!'"

James Carrol lifted her face towards his own, and as he caught the full gaze of her eye, he saw that the heavily taxed brain had at length lost its power, and that sweet "Katy Darling" was a smiling, harmlessly gentle idiot, idly plucking the wild-flowers and the grass at her feet, and tossing them listlessly away to be borne off upon the soft breath of the summer's breeze.

Close by the outskirts of the village ran a rapid stream, beside whose banks, many a time had the former lovers wandered hand in hand, or seating themselves beside it, planned bright pictures for the future in store for them. Scarcely a week had passed, when some of the villagers discovered, lying upon its banks, the well known hood and scarf that Katy Darling was always seen to wear. Nothing had been seen of her for some hours, and the sad conclusion presented itself to all, that poor Katy had either by accident or intention precipitated herself into the stream.

They noticed, too, that the brow of James Carrol had become lined and his cheeks hollow and thin, and though he had never before been much of a favorite with the people of the country round, yet now, as they saw him pass slowly by and saw these traces of feeling upon his countenance they looked one towards the other, and said in low tones, "poor fellow, he takes it much to heart. James Carrol was a better man than we ever gave him credit for."

The dead body of a woman was found soon after, floating in the river at the distance of some miles from the village of Dunmeary, and after an inquest at the spot where it was picked up, it was claimed by the inhabitants of the village and by them decently interred.

The kind-hearted neighbors, not content with

merely providing it with a resting place, put together their small means and over the mound of grass-grown earth raised a little white stone bearing the simple inscription of "KATY DARLING;" and as the stranger passing by inquired the history of it, they told him the affecting tale, and it rarely happened that both narrator and listener had not tears in their eyes ere it was concluded. One evening a stranger alighted at the village tavern, and leaving his horse to the care of the hostler, took a stroll in the direction of the little grave-yard wherein stood the grave of poor Kate Cleunnon. As he walked slowly along, he began speaking low to himself and the subject of his communings was somewhat in this wise:

"I could not help coming once again to visit the old spot, though it is painful to look upon the scenes of once happy hours. Had *she* but remained constant, how different might it have been."

He had by this time reached the little grave-yard, and undoing the simple wicket-gate, he entered and began glancing over the inscriptions. He paused before several, and as he read them, murmured forth:

"What! another gone? Well, well, we shall all lay thus one-day, and what matter that one is gone a little while before the other?"

The new white stone next caught his eye, and he glanced toward it. As though a bullet had been suddenly fired from an unseen quarter and had struck him to the heart, he could not have received a greater shock.

"*She dead! she dead!*"

This was all that his trembling lips could utter, and he repeated the words again and again. A footstep by his side startled him not, and it was not until a voice addressed him that he turned and found a lad standing by him.

"You'll maybe be luckin' at the ground that covers Katy Darling, sir?"

"Yes—can you tell me anything of her death? Speak!"

The boy at once entered into the story of the unfortunate girl's death, and as he proceeded, could not but perceive the palor that overspread the stranger's face, nor the trembling that had seized his limbs as he told him all he knew.

"And so, sir, she was buried there as you see, and all of us as we go by her grave dhrop an Ave Maria to the rest of her poor sowl. But you're ill, sir—will I see you to the tavern?"

"No, no; go—leave me. I would be alone—alone with the dead. There, go."

And placing a piece of money in the boy's hand, he was soon left to himself.

"And so you're dead, Katy, and 'twas I that killed you! I, that would have given my life—

O, how willingly!—to save yours, darling! But"—and as he spoke his teeth were set hard together—"the earth shall not hide that viper from me! If James Carrol is above ground, he shall feel my vengeance! O, Katy! Katy!"

And the tears gushed forth from his eyes, and fell on the sod beside which he now was kneeling.

"To think that I should have been such a vile fool as to believe the words that that scoundrel wrote to me—that I should have ever dared to doubt the truth of her who was truth itself! O, Katy! Katy!"

And he fell upon the turf and buried his face in the rich grass that flourished upon its surface. A gentle voice aroused him.

"Who is it that calls upon the name of Katy? See, she is here. Who are you that asks for her?"

He looked up in fearful agitation, for the voice was a well-remembered one—O, *how* well-remembered!

A female figure stood by his side, gazing vacantly upon his face. Her hair hung in dishevelled masses upon her scarce covered bosom, and her feet were shoeless and bleeding. The face was fearfully emaciated and pale as the snow upon the mountain's top. Was this some dream of his excited imagination? or was there really truth in the old superstition of spirits revisiting the scenes of their earthly sojourn? This face was that of—he could not be mistaken—that of Kate Clennon!

"I am tired of waiting for his return. From my cave upon the mountain, I look out at night and see the star that's watching with me. But it seems to be growing weary too, and its light is ever becoming still paler as I look towards it."

He sprang to his feet and seized her in his arms.

"Katy! Katy! O, what is this? Don't you know me? 'Tis I—Dermot O'Neil—that thus clasps you in his arms! Speak to me—let me once more hear your voice! O, what fearful mystery is hidden here?"

She looked at him still listlessly, while he went on rapidly.

"I never was untrue to you, Katy, but I have kept my oath, and it is you, my darling, that are the victim of a vile deception from one you took to be a friend. Don't you know me yet? Don't you know your Dermot?"

He paused, and gazed with fearful earnestness into her face. Was he right? Yes—there was a ray of intellect beaming forth from her eyes.

"Look, Katy. There above is the same star that looked down upon us on that night when we parted. See! it is shining brighter than ever! It knows full well that I am here the same as when I left you. It's smiling upon me now, and

sure the star could not do that and me telling you a black lie before it."

The ray of intelligence grew brighter. Her eye expanded, her cheek glowed as she listened.

"James Carrol told you all that a villain could conceive, and I heard it all to-night for the first time from the lips of a village boy. He wrote letters to me purporting to come from you, and to you he read one that he said was from my hand. Katy, *he lied!* And only let me see you look into my face with one of your own old glances, and if the wretch is to be found, he shall suffer the fate he so richly deserves. Don't you know me yet, Katy Darling? Don't you hear my voice? and doesn't it remind you of the happy times of old?"

The bright ray of soul had grown still brighter, and as he ended, her white lips parted to murmur forth in natural tones the well-remembered name of "Dermot!" as she sank into his arms and gave full vent to a flood of gushing tears.

He bore her tenderly forth, and in a very short time she was in the hands of those who would watch over her with tenderest care; and in the meantime the news had flown like wild-fire through the country-side that Katy Darling was not dead, or drowned, and that Dermot O'Neil was not the black-hearted villain that they had for so long a time supposed him.

And James Carrol? A few fearful sentences tell the remainder of his history. A band of resolute-looking men had collected together and formed the determination of securing him before the opportunity should present itself of his escape. Their fiercely-knit brows and compressed lips augured but little for their moderation should he show the least resistance. But their labor was in vain, and they were spared, perhaps, the crime which might have hung upon their consciences. Arrived at his house, he was not to be found; and a strict search ended in the discovery of his body suspended from the limb of a tree hard by his dwelling. The news had reached him somehow, and driven to despair, he had committed suicide by hanging himself.

From such fearful thoughts we turn away in horror, and seek once more the gentle Katy's side.

Did he not watch over her with the loving kindness of a mother? And was it not in his arms that the tender and bruised flower found a resting-place, after all the storms that had swept so fiercely over it? It is blooming once again as fresh as ever, and around the parent stem a cluster of little gentle buds are putting forth the first delicate hues of their young presence, one by one, and adding still further joys to the overflowing cup of their parent flower.

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

BY EDGAR R. TALBOT.

Sweet Nelly was a merry sprite,
A blithesome, happy creature;
Her laughing eye was full of light,
And joy lit every feature.

Her hair was of an auburn hue,
Though many called it red;
She wore it twined in graceful braids,
Around her pretty head.

Her rosy cheeks were full and fair,
Where dimples loved to dwell;
Her step was light and free as air—
Such was our laughing Nell.

Alas, for Nelly, she was poor!
Though many called her fair,
They said not for her pretty hand,
Because she had red hair!

Dame Fortune smiled on her one day—
Her purse, which had been empty,
Was filled with bright and shining coin,
Which brought her beaux in plenty.

That fancied whim about her hair,
Now vanished like the dew;
'Twas of the softest, fairest brown,
Just tinged with auburn hue.

Her lovers knelt and sued in vain;
She frowned, and they grew bolder;
Ely, roguish Nell smiled at their pain,
Her looks grew sterner, colder.

"What power wealth has," exclaimed fair Nell;
" 'Twill even shield a frown;
'Twill make the face look doubly fair,
And change red hair to brown."

When Nelly breathed these cruel words,
Each in a passion started;
They all are fortune-hunters now—
Not one died broken-hearted.

THE VILLAGE ATTORNEY.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

SHUTTING himself up in his office, and waiting patiently and alone for customers to come in, Mr. Mark Holden thought to be a very wretched way of earning his bread and butter, and hardly less wretched a means of liquidating the relentless bills of his honest but needy washerwoman. He had read his books pretty thoroughly on that day, and tried in a measure to fortify himself against the insidious assaults of impatience and peevishness. One foot was up against the table, and the other rested on a vacant chair. His eyes ran over the handful of books that comprised his library, while within his heart some dissuasive

being seemed to ask him if he believed he should ever have much, if any, need of them. Among nearly all the probabilities and possibilities of the future he had sought to explore, if by some means a new hope might turn up somewhere in the rubbish of his plodding life, and brighter days might be found approaching.

As yet, his business had amounted to little or nothing since he opened his office door in the village; and he began seriously to ask himself if it was possible, by remaining longer, to attract that to him which in reality did not exist. A quieter people no young lawyer could have settled amongst—sedulously employed about their own business, and, even if engaged in interference with others, taking care to transgress no statutes in a way to become related to indictable offences. They were outwardly too peaceable to furnish a limb of the law with the salt for his porridge. Not that they were not fond enough of attending court in the innocent capacity of spectators—but they were a thousand times averse to being called in as litigating parties.

The morning was pleasant and fresh, and the sun shone out bright and clear. Coming down the grassy street was a female of middle age, dressed with exceeding plainness and care, who bent her course in the direction of Mr. Mark Holden's little law office. She climbed the stoop before the door, and threw across the office floor a shadow that startled our legal friend from his dumpy dreams in a moment. He took down his feet and sat bolt upright in his chair.

The woman offered him a hasty but somewhat timid salutation, and immediately took the seat he politely handed her. Each sat silent for a few moments, apparently anxious that the other should begin.

"I've come to engage you," finally observed the visitor, impatient of this delay; "I have some business that I wish you would do for me—and 'tisn't for me, either, but for a person that I'm particularly interested in." And here she paused to collect her thoughts previous to setting out on her statement.

"What is the character of the business?" inquired the lawyer, eager to get at the heart of this godsend.

The woman still hesitated.

"My niece, Miss Mary Pease, wishes to bring an action for a breach of promise of marriage," finally answered she.

"Against whom, then?" he inquired, his eyes betraying his astonishment.

"Mr. John P. Martin, of ——," said she, naming a particular city not a hundred miles away.

The attorney was still more astonished. He knew Mr. John P. Martin, and knew him to be a wealthy young man, who had already passed some idle time in that particular neighborhood, and of whom report began to predicate several sorts of stories in connection with Miss Mary Pease. And to learn that this was the upshot of them all!—well might another person than Mark Holden, Esq., have been astonished.

But in view of the nature of the business and his professional connection with the same, Mr. Holden proceeded to put away wonder, and to solicit from his visitor a plain and candid narration of the whole affair. She thereupon began her story, and he sat and listened with an interest and a sympathy that was, on the whole, quite extra-professional.

"I will undertake this suit for her," said he at length, rising from his chair. "There is good ground for it, and I believe it is possible to recover large damages. I will engage to do the best I can for her, madam."

"She could ask no more," replied his visitor. And shortly after, she left the young attorney to himself.

This, for Mr. Mark Holden, was going to be no ordinary case. It came to a man whose ambition was high, and whose business energies were yet to make themselves understood before the world. Heretofore his clients had been few indeed—you could count them on your fingers. But as soon as these things changed, it was not going to be so easy to tell what sort of a man he would be likely to make.

To the study and preparation of this important case, therefore, Mr. Mark Holden addressed himself with all imaginable assiduity. He held frequent and protracted conferences with Mary Pease, coming in a short time to form a close acquaintance with her, and persuading himself that she was a girl of downright solid qualities. It is a fact that the deeper he got in his lawsuit, the more he was enamored with its fair projector.

Mary Pease was a poor girl, but not the less to be considered for that, though; and if any one in all the village was entitled to the palm for simple, fresh beauty, it would be hard to tell who could fairly bear it away before her. In an unguarded hour, she had yielded her rich affections to this dashing young stranger, believing that he loved her in return; but it was a frail reed on which her hope had leaned, and she discovered it when it was too late. She was deceived, and most cruelly. Her heart was wrung with grief and mortification. It was an instance of confidence such as passes before the notice of the world every day.

It was not from any desire of her own that she brought this suit, but only at the instance and after the repeated urging of her aunt, whose indignation would not permit her to let the matter rest until some proper steps had been taken to testify to her awakened feelings. That Mary had been cruelly wronged, they both believed. They felt the sting of the recollection every day. When they passed the neighbors and looked them full in the face, it was with a dark suspicion, flitting like a bird of ill omen across their minds, that the terrible story was known to them all, and that they were ready to make a mock and a derision of it at every opportunity. This was anything but happiness. It was anything but comfort, or ease, or quiet for their feelings. To go about branded like felons, was more than true female hearts were willing to submit to.

After a most industrious and protracted preparation, the case at length came on for trial. The court was held in a distant town, where already a gathering had signaled the approach of that and other related events. Mary was there with her aunt; but Mr. Martin was thoughtful enough to stay away. His counsel took care of him, and with that he was fully satisfied.

Mr. Mark Holden introduced his case to the attention of the court and jury with a deliberateness of statement, and a clearness of narration, that appealed instantly to the feelings of all. Nor indeed did the spectators seem less interested, either. All voices were hushed into silence, as he laid before the court the matter that he stood up there to represent. First, the great injury done his client; secondly, the enormous wrong of which the unprincipled defendant had been guilty. And he wound up his statement by asking that, after listening to his testimony, the jury should consent to award his injured client such damages as should be exemplary in the minds of the community.

The testimony was offered, piece by piece. On the other side, it was adroitly met by such rebutting circumstances, colored to suit the special purpose in hand, as could be gathered together for the occasion. The defence had little enough to offer, every one could see; and the most was made of the whole of it. It amounted to nothing more than a slurring over of what the prosecution had already established, and a persistent endeavor to alight and render it ridiculous. The spectators were convinced that the lady's was the strong case, and made up their verdict for her long before the jury had thought of such a thing.

Young lawyers are not apt to slight good op-

partanities, to bring themselves out, and Mr. Mark Holden did not. When he arose to address the jury, after the evidence was all in, it was with the weight of a great responsibility upon his heart. Yet he was perfectly self-possessed and calm.

He began by calling attention to the statement he had originally made, and by averring his determination to convince the jury, on a review of the testimony just offered, that his pledge to make his case a good one in their eyes had been amply redeemed. Next he descanted with minuteness and rigor on the several parts of the evidence, commenting freely and at all times with a great deal of feeling. Then he branched out into an expression of such sentiments as moved the hearts of every one who listened, and as he said, belonged peculiarly to his own.

Rising gradually with his theme, and warming with the manly emotions that endeavored to find expression at the door of his lips, he struck off in a strain of true and unaffected eloquence, that both surprised and delighted the whole auditory. Not an eye but was fixed on him—not an ear that did not drink in eagerly his glowing words—not a heart that failed to respond to his passionate sentences. Once launched on this swelling tide, and he drove swiftly on. Once exalted to this lofty height, and he soared away almost unconsciously. His form erected itself to that of proud manliness. His countenance was lighted by a strange expression, as he depicted this poor girl's wrongs. His eyes fairly burned in his head. His gestures were most strikingly earnest and impassioned.

It is enough to say, in conclusion, that his effort proved eminently successful in all points; for the jury were not out long in consultation, before they made up their verdict for five thousand dollars damages for the injured plaintiff. The result was hailed with applause by the spectators, whose sympathies had been with the young lady from the beginning.

As for Mr. Mark Holden himself, it was a day of triumph for him. He made an impression that was not so readily to be effaced. From that day his professional success was established.

Time brought about its usual changes. Mr. Martin married a fashionable lady before long, and they devoted themselves to the ordinary pursuits of fashionable folly. In this vortex of excitement they were swallowed up. Life in its true intent and meaning—life in its large and broad relations, they knew and cared nothing about. The whole of their existence consisted in the labor of trying to hurry through with it as fast as they could.

Mr. Holden, finding business inclined to grow upon him, not long after removed his office to the same city where Mr. Martin lived with his lady. Clients came thick and fast. Funds poured into his treasury. His labors were doubled and trebled in a short time, and friends accumulated as rapidly as his funds.

It was said very commonly of Mark Holden that he would become, if he lived, one of the foremost men at the bar. Already he had won universal respect and esteem, both by his talents and his conduct. He bore the character of an honorable, high-minded gentleman, whose promise at that time very much outran all his past performance.

But though some men may be once wealthy, whether by inheritance or not, there is no reason known why they are certain always to remain so. You cannot say that the rich man of to-day, is to be the rich man of to-morrow too. Circumstances change. Risks intervene. Temptations often destroy the fairest hopes, and overturn the most stable calculations.

By a course of living such as almost any reader can easily imagine, Mr. Martin suddenly found himself standing, with his eyes open, staring poverty and ruin in the face. His wealth had all been fast slipping between his fingers. Fast living, gambling debts, ventures in fancy stocks, fleet horses and reckless companions, had in a few years made a wreck of Mr. John P. Martin's handsome estate, and left him, like a splendid ship stranded high and dry on the sand. He saw his fate, but he showed himself a coward in meeting it. For, unable to hold up under the accumulated weight of his calamities, he foolishly used the name of one of his acquaintances to a piece of paper, obtained the money on the same, and resolved to make one desperate venture in the way of retrieving his fortune. He was certain that he should be able again to take up the note before its maturity, and so avoid the consequences of exposure. Nothing to his view seemed easier.

But fate stood in his way. His last hazard failed him utterly. He staked all, and all was lost. There was nothing left him now but immediate exposure and lasting infamy. He thought of his former self, of what he might once have been, of his present reduction, and of the anguish of his trusting wife when she should be made acquainted with the truth, and he knew that it was more than his spirit was able to bear. So he resolved on a hasty flight, and on keeping his purpose a secret from every one.

But his resolution was taken too late. His guilt was discovered before he seriously thought

of the possibility of it. An officer paid him a most unwelcome and unexpected visit one evening, while he was fondly dreaming of nothing but present security in his own house, and the former gentleman and man of fashion was escorted to a felon's cell to pass the night alone. A more terrible blow could not have fallen on the head of his wife, because the matter was still involved in a mystery that she was not able to explain.

When, however, the appalling fact became known to her, it seemed as if her reason must be dethroned. Such extreme suffering it was a very rare thing to witness. She raved like a maniac, shrieked and tore her hair, called on God to take her life at once, and wished a thousand times that she had never been born. It was pitiful to witness this overwhelming change in the poor woman's feelings. Could her husband have seen her, he would have cursed the hour that drew him into his last and fatal crime, and prayed to die. No man of a manly nature could have passed through such a terrible ordeal.

She went frequently to his cell to see him, but came away always less reconciled than before. Now she saw him poor, desolate and friendless. Every one forsook him. None of his old acquaintances cared where he was, how he fared, or whether he lived or died. She alone remained to him, devoted to the last.

Wild with excitement, she scarcely knew what to do with herself. She walked her apartments by the hour, and finally ended by walking the streets. By the way she traversed the stony walks, one would have thought her almost insane. That flushed cheek, that pale forehead and those white lips, the strangeness of that eye—these told sad tales of what had already been suffered, and what might soon be to come!

She overtook a little girl in the street one day, whose appearance at first sight interested her exceedingly. Stopping to look round in her face, she was struck with its expression; there was something there which she had not been looking to see.

So absorbed became she in the child, who could not have been more than eight or nine years old, that she asked her name, took her gently by the hand, and suffered herself to be led along wherever the child seemed disposed to go. A few steps took them to the door of a modest and humble residence, where the girl went in. Totally without purpose or wish, the despairing lady followed her.

Arrived in the inner room, she found a young looking woman seated at a table engaged in sewing. She was still handsome in her face, but

her features betrayed too plainly the lines of deep and silent suffering. She half rose at the unexpected entrance of a stranger, but the latter lifted her hand in protest, and she kept her seat.

"Whose child is that?" said the lady. "Is it yours?"

"Yes," replied the mother, her mind swiftly revolving thoughts of abduction that made her restless in her chair.

"And your name, then, if you please, is—" she went on.

The mother hesitated. But the look of anguish that settled on her visitor's face hastened her determination.

"Mary Pease," was her frank answer.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the stranger; and raising both arms above her, knelt at the astonished mother's feet.

When both found themselves in a measure composed, after this sudden excess of emotion, the wife narrated her story. Mary listened, and the tears trickled down her cheeks; for the guilty husband, the father of her own child, was still dear to her heart, from which he had never yet been a complete exile. When, therefore, she came to hear the distracted wife tell of her despair for her husband, and brought herself to think that he might yet be consigned to the state prison for a term of years, her heart refused the prudent counsels offered it by her head, and she declared that whatever she had should be contributed freely to the purposes of his defence against the crime charged upon him. She had not much money, but she begrudged none of it at a time like that.

"O, you are too kind!—you are too generous!" exclaimed the wife. "I cannot repay you!"

"It was once his," was the answer. "I took it from him for—for—you know what. He shall not want for any part of it now."

The interview between these two women was protracted and exciting. When it drew to a close, the wife embraced the unhappy mother with great tenderness, kissed the child, and promised to call again on the ensuing day.

Next day they went together to the prisoner's place of confinement. On entering the room, the overpowered man grew suddenly blind with what he saw, staggered and fell to the floor at their feet. No description of his wretchedness would be at all adequate. He beat his temples with his open hands, tore his hair, begged and begged again to be forgiven of the poor girl he had wronged, and upon whose life had always since rested that dark shadow, and wondered if Heaven had any more of its judgments in store for him. The three were together an hour. It

was a strange meeting, fraught with a deep experience to each one of them.

Mary Pease shortly after found her way to the office of her old friend, Mark Holden, and there laid the whole matter before him. She was not willing to believe the prisoner a downright criminal, and asked to engage the lawyer's services. Well known as a criminal lawyer in the city, he did not hesitate to undertake the poor man's defence; for which services Mary promised to see that he was abundantly paid.

The case was called on. The court-room was filled. Among the rest was the prisoner's wife; she believed in him to the last. Mr. Mark Holden made an effort that was fully worthy of his reputation; and so successful was he in setting forth the extenuating circumstances before the jury, that they finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty." It was a great triumph for him, but a far more joyful event for his anxious client.

Thus was he free; and by the efforts of the same man whose professional abilities had once before been called to bear against him, and through the friendliness of the woman at whose door he had laid a monstrous wrong. God willing, he resolved that the rest of his life should be only a perpetual expiation for his sin. Together with his wife, he vowed to labor in the future for poor Mary Pease as one of his own unworthy household.

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

On one occasion, when Ezekiel was on a visit to his brother in Boston, after rising from a sumptuous dinner, Ezekiel turned to his brother, and said, with great solemnity, "Daniel, do you think we shall live till morning?" "Why? what do you mean?" said Daniel. "Don't you remember," said Ezekiel, "how, when we were boys at a certain time, we had no meal in the house, and could get no corn ground, and our mother fed us on potatoes and milk; and after the first supper, going up to bed, you turned around upon the broad stair and asked, with great seriousness, 'Ezekiel, do you think we shall live till morning?' 'Why?' said I. 'Only think what stuff we have been eating.'"—*Christian Freeman*.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A HORSE.

Mr. Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him, when turned loose into the barn-yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much force, and almost as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used, to learn him a business which proves a great accommodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labor.—*Centreville Times*.

LA NINA.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

THE city of Fiesole, in the great duchy of that name, was, at the time of which we write, the chosen resort of all the musical amateurs in the world. Whatever wars were freely waged in other quarters, here all were harmonious, or had been, till the prima donna of La Scala Theatre began to show signs of a waning voice and thin elbows. Then the merry signors, whose delight was in the opera, and the merry ladies, whose delight was in the signors, commenced murmuring so loudly that they quite drowned the weak notes of Madame Retz, and rendered the distracted *tenore* inconsolable. Affairs were in this state, when one day as the manager came out, his sleeve was twitched by a small girl who led him down an alley to the river-bank. Sitting on a stone, dipping her long, brown hair in and out of the water, was another child, although somewhat larger, and as she drew her hair up and down, she warbled, in enchanting accuracy, the most difficult scales of the manager's repertory of themes. Signor Morello stopped thunder-struck. A voice like that in Fiesole, and never before heard by him? A tone like a bell, deep and distinct in the lower notes, and clearer and sweeter in the higher range than Madame Retz had ever attempted, a compass of more than three octaves! That must be attended to. Who had taught her? Cimeriso. It could not have been any one else. That day the child was in the school for a few last exercises, but, probably, lest the city should learn of his treasure ere he was ready to produce it, was as quickly withdrawn and instructed in private, and one year afterwards our story commences.

Flaming placards were everywhere up on public walls and squares, announcing the debut of La Signora Florence, a new prima donna assoluta, in the great opera of the *Miracle*, upon the Monday of the next week. Criers sung it round the streets and musical counts congratulated the *beau monde* on an acquisition who had been as yet utterly secluded from the gaze of every eye. The old maestro Morello kept his jewel hidden (after having suffered her to sing with his school a few hours a year ago), in some obscurity which not even *Edipus* could discover.

"What do you say, signor marquis, to a voyage of discovery concerning this golden fleece?" cried the Count of Esporo to a tall, handsome young man, the Marquis de Napoli, who, leaning against a pillar, heard indifferently the eloquent tirade of Esporo.

"With all my heart," said he, and tightening his sword-belt, he bowed in the lowest possible bend to the rest of the company, and strode out with the count.

"A silent gauche!" remarked one gentleman, as he left.

"Not he," said a lady beside him. "There is no more graceful man in Florence, nor one of better parts."

"He hath an eye like an eagle," cooed another.

"And his lands are broader than an eagle's flight!" interrupted the gentleman, with a laugh.

"Were he not so silent, one could learn a thousand things of his life past and present, though to be sure, being so young, there cannot be much of the former," said the first lady. "How delightfully troublesome is this partial mystery!"

"I assure you," said the gentleman, "he makes no mystery of himself. He has been taught in the college at Rome till his nineteenth year. After that, five years' travel with his uncle, the cardinal; a year on his estate on the Arno; and here he is!"

Meanwhile, the object of these remarks was striding along with his companion, outside the city wall. They had wound a silent way for about a league, the sunset was gorgeous above, when a shriek and cry for help caused them to run rapidly forward to where a coach had been upset in the ruts, and some highwaymen, taking advantage of the opportunity were already busy-ing themselves with its contents and threatening the life of its female occupant. The contest was but momentary ere the road was empty of obstructions, the highwaymen (for there are no more cowardly race of beings than Italian bandits) put to flight, and the coach righted.

"La Nina!" exclaimed the marquis, as coolly wiping his sword blade, he sheathed it, and kissed the fair hand of the rescued lady. "What chance brings thee here?"

"What chance bringeth my lord marquis to save me?" answered the lowest, sweetest voice in the world.

"Some angelic guidance. I shall see thee in the city?"

"Next Tuesday I receive company at the Palazzo Fiorini!"

"Not Monday? La Nina must not miss the great joy we expect. La Signora Florence, the new singer at La Scala, Monday night."

"I shall attend the opera; but under a rather different escort," she answered, with a haughty smile, and thanking her preservers, bade the coachman drive on, while she sank back from their sight within.

"Por Hercule! We came out for a golden fleece," said Esporo, "and we have a whole mine of jewels. By my sword! I never saw so perfect a loveliness in so small a compass in my life! Is't not?"

But the marquis, considerably mortified by the last haughty rejoinder of the lady, did not reply.

"Where didst meet her?" continued Esporo. "Eh? What if she have more friends than one, can you not say a word? Where did you first meet her?"

"Ah—" said the marquis, as if waking up. "She was left in charge of my aunt, the cardinal's sister, at my estate on the Arno, and I saw her frequently for about six months."

"Bah! and were not ennued?"

"So? Not I. Books, poesy, draw, dance, drive, hunt; everything but music. The charming thing never could sing or play a note!"

"And you were there constantly all that time?"

"O, much longer! Not regularly through. My aunt, the cardinal's sister, insisted always that I should begone, the first half of every day, on my place a few miles further up the river; then frequently I took a run of a week or so, that she might miss me, wish me back, grow pale, or something."

"And did she?"

"Not she. The same smile, the same indifference. La Nina scarcely could have known my heart, and her coolness was exasperating. At the end of the time that I saw her, I neither knew her station, parentage nor whole name. My aunt always called her La Nina, and I took it up, and the servants added a marchesa on their own responsibility. And now thou hast it!"

"Come!" said Esporo. "We have strayed far enough. What care I for any prima donna assoluta? Is not La Nina before all the world?"

The eyes of the marquis flashed fire. Esporo laughed, and taking his arm they sauntered back.

Monday came. The day so longed for and counted upon. Every box in the theatre had been sold long since. No words were spoken but in reference to the evening. The ladies met and arranged most exquisite toilets; the gentlemen bought most superb bouquets; the jewellers' shops were ransacked; and even the grand duke and his whole train were to be present. Such a night had not shone over Florence for a hundred years; and when at last the sunset gun was fired, and the stars breathed themselves out large and radiant, the air was as clear as on a mountain top. Even a street-sweeper's song was sweet to-night, how sweet then must be the

voice of that singer, whose equal Maestro Morello swore Italy had never dreamed of. The street was blocked up with carriages at an early hour, and only as each one disgorged its brilliant contents, could the next find room. Curtain after curtain of the boxes was drawn aside, and beauty after beauty flashed on the accustomed gaze of others. The great chandeliers hung more like blazing concentrations of the solar system than anything else, and crimson, gold and diamonds dazzled the bewildered sight. At last the grand duke and his courtiers thronged the royal boxes, and the orchestra burst forth in music. Though waiting with such eager impatience, the audience had sufficient appreciation to applaud the overture; that master piece of the mighty composer of the *Miracle*, and the great curtain quivered, parted and swept aside, as was then the custom. Of course they knew they should not see the new prima donna till the opening of the second act, and were quite prepared to see Madame Retz in her decade-old attitudes, and hear her thin, cracked tones drawl, and render immortal beauties of conception into dreary platitudes, but with solemn patience they endured it, and only broke out in subdued hisses when the dissonance was more than usually unbearable. How different the enthusiasm, false though it was, which she had inspired ten years before. The Marquis de Napoli and his friend Esporo, was in the box with Madame Avarez, and after scanning every group present, Esporo whispered his belief that La Nina was not anywhere among them, of which remark Napoli took no notice, having already satisfied himself on the point some time before, and biting his lips and cursing the wretched performers, he became resigned to fate, and waited for to-morrow when he might see her.

At last the act was finished without one applaud, and the curtain covered the stage again. The silence was breathless in the interval, the suspense unbearable; ladies leaned forward; cheeks flushed vivid with expectation; even the grand duke stood up uncovered, awaiting; even the most indifferent person present felt his moustache and watched the curtain. It waved, separated, rolled away. On one side great dignitaries appeared seated, the other side was yet vacant; from its distance advanced a group of snow-clad handmaidens, who, separating, disclosed the long vista of a purple porphyry and white marble colonnade. They waited, the audience, they would testify nothing till they were sure. The orchestra played an *adagio* movement. A white hand appeared from behind the last column, a white foot, a long, black robe, and with a slow, flowing

motion, the prima donna assoluta seemed fairly to swim up the distance; from her parted lips seemed to sigh a sound like the far-off warble of the nightingale, which, as she drew nearer, swelled till like a mighty volume of melodious music it broke on the ear as a wave does on the shore, and clearly and sweetly with a solemn force, rose-flight after flight, trembled like the wings of a bird far up in blue air, and died away among the clouds as if at the gate of heaven; while standing full before them, her soft, brown hair flowing over her black robe, lustrous gilded-brown eyes up-raised, perfectly moulded hands and arms crossed over her bosom, she awaited their judgment.

A moment, as if to regain the breath they had lost in amazement and admiration, dead silence held, then, like thunder in the Apennines, the audience rose with one accord, shouted, applauded, showered flowers and jewels, waved handkerchiefs, smiled, and for some time rendered it impossible to proceed. Stooping, from among the collection, she took a single flower flung by the grand duke, which appeared to be a lily with the dew on it, but, as the weight instantly taught her, formed all of gems, and fastening it in her girdle, bowed and turned away.

"La Nina! La Nina!" cried the wonder-struck Napoli.

She moved slowly to the right and made the marquis an obeisance with the most bewitching smile, who, thus singled out before the house, neither smiled nor blushed, but only bowing, looked steadfastly upon her.

"Brown hair," muttered Esporo, "flowing outline, dainty foot, La Nina herself!"

"Be silent!" whispered the marquis, in a hollow tone, while grasping his arm as if in an iron vice; Esporo winced and did as he was bid.

With the same solemn pathos as it began, the scene ended, the trial was over, and Madame Retz again appeared, only to be hissed till she was joined by La Nina, who, covering her companion's deficiency, lending her an ornament or two from her own abundant stock of expressions, and marvellously executing the most difficult and impossible things, as if she were only breathing, won the respect as much as the admiration of her hearers. The action proceeded and the last scene arrived. Behind a prison grate, resting her cheek on her hand, sat La Nina. The prison bells sent out heavy tollings, the voice of La Nina, deep and rich, mocked their jangling, till, melting into a hymn, it clashed and chimed like an organ; honey-dripping from the rocks was not sweeter, and powerful and clear as it was in its deep tones, it fell as lightly and accordantly on the ear as the ringing of hollow, silver bells,

so exquisitely was it tempered. The cell filled with the officials of death, and still chanting, she paced out with them. They bound her to the stake; already the torch was applied and little flames leaped up around, while the house, completely carried away, was utterly still, when the withes shrank and broke; the black robe fell down; the white arms were lifted up; shining wings unfolded themselves on her shoulders; long, light drapery floated curvingly around her as she slowly rose above the stake, her voice echoing like reality the air with which she had first appeared. From far above, two angels fell as slowly down to meet her at last, encircling her in their arms, and calmly and beautifully she floated up above the heavens, with her voice swelling and subsiding till it was lost in the upper darkness of her flight, and only a silver echo died, with delicate reverberations, away in the height. So wrapt had the audience been, with their eyes fixed on La Nina, that the stake and fagots with the painted flames and real torch had not received an instant's attention, and the supernumeraries, whose business it was immediately to quench the torch, were equally absorbed. Thus, when a mighty cry of "Fire! Fire! La Scala burns!" went up, and the scaffolding and curtains were already wreathing in tiny flames, judge of the terrific panic and confusion that ensued. Some shouted that the prima donna, who was still above, should be saved, a dozen young nobles indeed made the frantic exertion, others only struggled to extricate themselves. Esporo leapt upon the stage and leapt back again, at an angry word from above, to the side of Madame Avanez, while Napoli rushed wildly forward and shouted her name.

"I am here, signor," answered a voice overhead, coolly, and looking up he saw her sitting on a beam round which she had tied a rope. He ran to mount where she was.

"It is impossible," she cried, "Beta has hidden the ladders, I saw her. Hold this rope, signor," and she flung the other end down to him. He caught it, and instantly clasping it above in her little hands, she threw herself forward from the beam, swung a second, and then slid down beside him, the skin of her hands remaining on the rope. Taking her in his arms, Napoli rushed from the place and gained the street by the stage door. Hardly had he done so, when he was waylaid by another person.

"Whom hast thou?" questioned this last.

"Fare thy ways," returned Napoli, "thy highness must not play the robber with thy subjects!"

"Put La Nina down."

"I shall not be disloyal if I dare to disobey,"

and Napoli strode onwards leaving the duke behind. At last she stood on her feet in the balcony of his palace.

"Why did La Nina conceal her identity from her friend?" he asked her, reproachfully, and putting his hands on her shoulders with strange familiarity, he held her there till she answered him.

"Il maestro forbade," she murmured.

"And hast thou no will or strength of thine own?"

"As for my will, do not let it concern thee, my strength thou confessest, and beyond these, I owe everything to Morello."

"Didst thou not love me, Florence, when we were together by the Arno?"

No answer.

"I know thou didst. Why then conceal it? Why never blush, never sigh, never be weary, never kindle with my presence, or pale at my absence?"

"I, the singing girl, might never aspire to the Marquis de Napoli's love."

"But thou mightest! thou shalt. Thou hast it!" Still nothing more. "Dost thou love me, La Nina?"

"Ay," and she lifted her brown eyes tremblingly towards him. Suddenly an arm, not his, encircled her, a form was between them, a dozen soldiers drew their swords before her; she was borne off struggling, by the duke and his guards before Napoli could lift his arm. Down the lawns and out into the crowded streets they went, picking their way in the turmoil, lighted glaringly by the burning theatre, to the ducal palace.

"Rest there, pretty dove, sweet singer!" said the duke, as they left her in a high, latticed room, and wound down into the street again.

She ran to the lattice, it was forty feet from the ground; there was but one door, it was fast locked. No flags, no panels, nothing but this comfortable, matter-of-fact prison. She had counterfeited this once to-night, it came in the force of reality a little too soon. If all the dainty ladies, who had envied her triumph to-night, could but see her now, where would their envy be? True, she remembered, there were very few who would refuse the fate now apparently thrust on herself. She tore violently at the lock and at last wrung her tender hands in despair.

A clang of quick steps on the stairs became audible; a dozen heels in the hall; a bunch of keys rattled without the door, one after another was inserted, suddenly the lock yielded, a small band, masked and armed, entered, and she was again seized and borne off.

"Trust me," whispered Napoli. "I pass for the duke. He was seen to leave here two minutes since, he is supposed to have returned, and now to be taking his prisoner to some securer place," and they were again in the thorough-fares.

"Halt there!" cried a stern, harsh voice, and a short, unarmed man alone, confronted Napoli, and laid his hand on La Nina's head.

"Move on!" commanded the marquis. "Stand aside, Maestro Morello!"

"Nay," pursued the little stranger. "My child, where art thou going? Why leavest thy loving master? Hast thou forgotten thine obligations, thy promise. Wilt thou break thy engagement at the theatre?"

"The theatre is destroyed," said La Nina.

"Miserable quibble! Tush! there are a thousand other places till it is rebuilt. El Domo for one."

But she still clung closely to Napoli.

"Thou wilt not? disgraceful girl! Then know that I force thee to leave him, and follow me, by the command of thy father!"

"My father?" asked she, wonderingly, repeating his words with a frightened air, and looking quickly up.

"Ay, child, thy father! If thou never knewest of him before, know it now. Thine own father. Come!"

She slid to her feet and followed him, leaving Napoli grinding his teeth at the sudden reprisals of the night, and the ill-luck that attended them. After an hour's walk in silence, La Nina and Signor Morello found themselves within the Palazzo Fiorini.

"Now," said she, "you will tell me all this that you long since ought to have informed me of. Art thou my father?"

"Nay, he is dead. I am his agent. La Nina, thou art in thine own thought naught but the singing girl of Fiesole. Yet listen. Fifteen years ago, a grand duke was our ruler here, whose equal earth never saw, whose superior heaven alone holds. He had one daughter five years old. One day, suddenly our dear lord died. The child disappeared, was said to have been drowned. Indeed the attempt, although supposed at the time to have been successful, was frustrated by some worthy peasants, whom we know, and she was preserved in secret albeit. The duke's brother took the coronet and now rules. Her existence came to my knowledge; her voice was miraculous. I knew of no way to restore her to her rights other than to perfect her musical education. Florence! Grand Duchess of Fiesole! I will bring thee to thy throne, but La Nina must bide my time!"

She waited an instant, and then said, "I am afraid of greatness. Even if all this is true, I do not desire it. Rather give me the quiet years of happy, Christian life you have just snatched me from!"

"The present duke is a tyrant," said Il Maestro; "he opposes the people, he slew thy father. Hast thou no wish to avenge him? no burning at thy heart to uplift these down-trodden races?"

A long time he thus harangued, setting the merits of the case before her, and promising her stores of greater happiness than she had ever dared wish for, and when at last he left her, La Nina was as determined to obtain her ducal crown and to redress the wrongs of her people, as any Jacobin alive could wish; and in order to accomplish this, was still to continue as the prima donna at another theatre under Signor Morello's management, and her appearance there was shortly announced.

Meantime the Count Esporo was sitting at the feet of Madame Arvanes in a consultation more barbarous than amorous. It will be sufficient to give the end at which they arrived.

"See!" said madame, "how Napoli loves her! how he starts and flushes. It must never be. We cannot lose him so. What will become of our faro tables, our banks, our billiards? It must never be!"

"I cannot forget," muttered Esporo, "his unspoken rebukes to me. His hauteur and overbearing lordliness, nor his insolence. By heaven, I can endure no rival! Yes, let the revenge be quick and deadly!"

"She sings again Thursday at the Domo. We will be there. Do you bring me, when you come, the two bunches of violets. At the last moment, I will impregnate one with the drugs; that one she shall smell, Retz will make sure of that; the other I retain. She will die, as others have died before her!"

"I shall not fail!" and he did not.

When the promised Thursday arrived, the same scene, even if not a more eager one, of impatience and admiration was enacted, and when the noble music of Iphigenie had been rolled off with the classic elegance that only a pupil of Cimerio could attain, as they all declared, the Signora Florence was called before the curtain. She obeyed the call, but attired in so superb and singular a costume, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of all; but before her appearance it will be necessary to relate a scene of a minor melodrama that passed in the presence of Madame Arvanes.

The Marquis de Napoli had stood half hidden

behind the drapery of his own box, and now, leaning slightly forward looked round the house. His gaze turned upon Madame Avarez and Esporo in the box opposite. He saw, as he stood, that madame held a bouquet a little lower than the public view, and from a tiny, perforated casket of gold was saturating the beautiful blossoms with what Napoli did not doubt was deadly poison. When Esporo had bought the two bunches that morning, the marquis had accompanied him, and in the freak of the moment, had bought a similar one, which he now held. Knowing it would be useless to endeavor to warn the prima-donna, he lost not a moment in seeking the box of Madame Avarez, and saluting that lady just an instant before La Nina appeared before the curtain, in her dazzling apparel, and gracefully leading Retz to share the applause. The poisoned bouquet lay on the cushion before Madame Avarez, and as the marquis apologized for passing before her vision that he might gain the station at her left, he most adroitly, and entirely unperceived, substituted his own in its place, and dropped that upon the floor. Madame Avarez's face was feverish and her eyes blazing, as rising with her cavaliers, she joined in the acclamations of the house; Esporo's countenance expressing a bitter hate joined to a sarcastic sense of power; and a triumphant smile playing round the lips of the Marquis de Napoli.

Bending forward Madame Avarez uttered a laugh so peculiar as to be quite audible and to catch the attention of Retz. This done, she lifted her hand and tossed the bouquet to the stage. Catching it ere it fell, Madame Retz, smiling and throwing back her head, presented it to the unsuspecting singer, who gaily smelled it, and bowed to the donor. Madame Avarez had expected to see the ghastly rigidity of a corpse; here were smiles and life. She stared immovably at the stage a minute, then glanced at Esporo and sank back in her seat. Napoli stooped and picked the poisoned violets from the floor.

"Madame," said he, bowing and holding them out at arm's length, "I must beg forgiveness for the substitution of my own flowers in the place of yours. La Signora Florence did not use the bouquet you intended for her. May I dare prescribe it for yourself?" and placing it on the cushion where he found it, he left the box.

Whether overcome by rage and terror, or by the already penetrating aroma of the subtle drugs, Madame Avarez fainted; and upon being carried into the open air which quickly revived her, was never again seen in Fiesole. Esporo returned to the theatre. The disposition of affairs had undergone a slight change during his absence,

but had an earthquake rolled at his feet, he could not have been more overwhelmed. On the front of the stage stood La Nina, as he saw her before in flowing robe and train of white satin and green Genoa velvet. On her head was a magnificent crown. True she was thus arrayed, and as he thought singularly, before he went out; six giants of the royal guard stood behind her; the little maestro, with the lord chancellor of the duchy were rather in advance, and the Marquis de Napoli, holding her hand, was by her side. Retz and the other myrmidons had vanished. An expression of joy and amazement was on the countenances of the thousands who thronged the place, and the grand duke was standing in his half-deserted box, purple with rage and trembling. The little maestro's voice rang like a trumpet as he rehearsed the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, with a particularity impossible of admitting a doubt, and called up witness after witness. At last the duke seemed able to command his voice and a word sprang to his lips.

"It is naught," he roared. "Where are my guards? Seize the liars! the impostors!"

But the cunning little maestro, too well used to deploying his theatrical forces, and to obtaining a thousand things by stratagem alone, had not left a single guard free to obey the duke's command.

"Is this naught, thou usurper?" cried Morello; and taking from the hand of La Nina a scroll of parchment, he unrolled, displayed and read a mandate from the pope, sealed with the golden bull, and declaring Florence the rightful and only ruler, Grand Duchess of Fiesole.

The grand duke bent forward, white, where just now he was purple, a red stream flowing from his lips; his demoniacal passions had slain him, and apoplexy had taken off its victim. He was dead.

"My people!" said Florence, no longer La Nina, advancing a step with Napoli, while the others fell back, "although my father was your duke, not without your own will and election will I take his place." And all the assembly hurraed, and the words were taken up by the surging populace without, who had already heard the intelligence.

"Long live our prima donna! Long live Florence, Arch-Duchess of Fiesole!"

Thus it came that the nightingale sitting on an olive spray, together with the noble arms of the Napoli, were quartered on the escutcheon of the oldest and greatest of Italian houses.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY ELIZA F. MORRISTY.

My heart is thrilled with tender joy,
Which nothing now can mar,
Communing with its love-born thoughts—
Most blessed thoughts they are;
For she is near, my soul's first love,
Its heavenward guiding star.

She's modest as the violet,
And gentle as the dove;
Her noble mind and sympathies,
Her trust, her truth, her love,
Her patience and humility
A beauteous soul do prove.

Her name's the first in memory's book,
And ay, 'twill be the last,
Her love-smile glids the present time,
It sanctified the past,
And round my way its influence
Forever will be cast.

And I have seen her dear eyes weep,
Blest privilege of mine;
I kissed her falling tears away,
The while my arms would twine
Around her neck in mute caress,
Our love seemed half divine.

I gaze upon the azure skies,
That veil the heavenly goal,
And look into her sweet blue eyes,
They half reveal her soul;
Her God he sees the inner light,
The beauty of the whole.

My heart is filled with holy joy,
No clouds its hopes o'ercast,
In fancy's eye the future glows,
In memory's the past;
While she is near, my mother dear,
My first love and my last.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

On the banks of the beautiful Clyde was the home of Jeanie Grahame; the sole idol of aged parents and the pride of the entire hamlet. In all Scotland, the eye could not have sought a more lovely resting-place than upon the charming Scottish hut, whose latticed windows were nearly screened from observation by the thick-spreading ivy, overrunning in many places the low flat roof.

But in truth, the loveliest feature of our Highland picture was none other than Jeanie herself. Her eyes of liquid blue contrasted most beautifully with her own rose-tinted complexion and wealth of golden ringlets. Arrayed in a closely-fitting kirtle of blue, which served only to set off

to advantage her somewhat slight and girlish figure, one might have thought her the noble descendant of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, rather than the humble peasant girl she was.

On the opposite bank of the river rose to sight the old ancestral castle of the once illustrious Montaine family. But two members of that distinguished line of royalists now survived; the young Lord of Montaine, who had seen some twenty-five summers, and his sister, Lady Montaine, some two or three years his junior. A most imposing appearance this fine old castle presented by moonlight, with its gloomy looking front of massive granite, and its spacious courtyard. Then, too, it was situated far distant from any other royal residence of the kind, and being on a slight elevation of land, leading up from the river, it seemed like a giant tower frowning upon the low and vine-clad huts of the surrounding peasantry.

The parents of Jeanie Grahame were the tenants of the Lord Montaine; and they of course looked up to their land-holder with the same awe and reverence that the meanest subject of royalty looks up to its Supreme Ruler. As for the young lord, but little that is commendable can be said of him, save that by his generosity and good humor he had won the hearts of a greater part of his tenants. During the winter season, he spent most of his time in Edinburgh, where he indulged in a continual round of gaiety and dissipation, so that for at least six months of the year, his sister was left sole mistress of the ancestral abode. This lady was exceedingly aristocratic, and prided herself greatly upon her noble birth and family; and there was about her manner a degree of haughtiness and reserve which chilled even the warm heart of "fair Jeanie" (as the peasantry termed her) whenever she was sent, as was frequently the case, on an errand to the castle.

At the time of which I write, Jeanie had just entered upon her eighteenth year, and though merry and blithesome as a lark, she was never mirthful to excess; and there was something in the high brow and finely chiselled mouth which bespoke firmness and determination far beyond her years.

I have said that Jeanie was the idol of her parents; and well might that aged pair have cherished her tenderly, for death, that untimely destroyer, had snatched from their grasp child after child, until none but little Jeanie was left to them. She was so kind and gentle—an ever ministering angel to their wants and comfort—that one who did but once look upon her could not fail to love her. In short, she was ever a

general favorite with both old and young; and if the Scottish lasses sometimes envied her the beauty she possessed, and the admiration she excited from the other sex, they could not but feel within their hearts that it was all richly deserved.

But of the crowd of admirers that followed in her train, there was but one on whom the fair maiden bestowed more than ordinary marks of favor. And this was Donald McAlland, the son of a near neighbor, and likewise one of the tenantry. To many this unassuming youth would have offered but slight attraction, for he was not rich, nor even well-to-do, in the world's goods and chattels; nor was he particularly fair in person.

Many wondered what there was in him Jeanie saw and admired; and there was some jealousy manifested by the Scottish lads when on any little festive occasion, at which Jeanie was always the acknowledged belle, she permitted him to be her chevalier and escort. The parents on both sides could not fail to notice the daily growing intimacy of the youthful pair, which was fast ripening into love. And I need not say that for a time the matter was highly approved of by the old people.

There were times, however, when Mrs. Grahame would say with a sigh, as she beheld the youthful pair strolling arm-in-arm through the fields, "It's a pity Jeanie was not born a queen"—so ambitious is a mother's love! And then she too would wonder that one who had ever been idolized and cherished from her earliest infancy could look with favor upon one who seemed so much her inferior.

She did not know that Jeanie had discovered beauty far beneath the surface which *her* eye had failed to discern. Yes, Donald was the happy possessor of as noble a soul and as manly a heart as were ever implanted in the breast of mankind! And Jeanie loved him for his sound mind, his generous heart and noble energy of purpose, rather than for any outward charm he possessed. He did not flatter or seek to dazzle her eyes with the sordid gold of the world; for of wealth he had but little—and of flattery, still less. No, it was for *himself* alone that she lavished upon him her sweetest smiles, and tuned her heart in harmony with his.

And Donald, plain and honest heart, the envy of his sex, and the fortunate possessor of Jeanie's best affections, how did he love her! With the whole strength of his noble nature; he worshipped her as the pagan does the saint, in sculptured niches. Yes, she alone was the god of his idolatry. And yet in her presence he could not

but feel reserve at times, for it seemed to him that she was lifted far above him in all that was beautiful and truthful; his superior in intellect and mind as well as in person. The days and weeks passed swiftly by to those two loving hearts; for as yet no cloud had interposed to darken with its shadow the sunshine of their happy hearts.

It was quite early in the fall when the carriage of Lady Montaine drew up before the humble cot of Robert Grahame. All were not a little surprised at seeing so unexpected a visitor, who hastily descended from the carriage and prepared to enter the house. Old Mrs. Grahame dropped her knitting and hastened to open the door, for she knew that it must be some important matter that could thus call abroad the lady of Montaine Castle at so early an hour in the morning; for when the young lord was home, he was ever wont to come himself on affairs of business.

With an air of aristocratic dignity, she coldly took the proffered chair from which Jeanie had just risen, and proceeded at once to communicate her errand.

"I have come, Mrs. Grahame," she said, "to obtain the loan of your daughter for my dressing-maid and companion. Unexpected business has called my brother to the city much earlier than usual; and as he intends passing the winter in town, as is his custom, I am determined never again to pass so lonely a winter as that of last year. The castle is so large and gloomy that without the aid of society it is enough to give one a settled melancholy, if not to make them a confirmed misanthrope."

"Has the young lord gone so soon?" asked Jeanie. "Why, it was but yester-morn that I saw him talking with my father near the bridge which spans the river."

"Yes, and it is to my brother's suggestion that you owe the honor of this visit," said the lady, with a toss of her fine oval head. "He has eulogized so much the beauty and charms of Jeanie Grahame that I have thought best to make you the above proposition."

Jeanie blushed deeply at the cold flattery of the last remark, and a shade of anxiousness passed over her face as she awaited her mother's reply to the proffered offer.

"For how long a time would you require her services?" asked Mrs. Grahame; "for she is very dear to us, and is the sunlight of our home."

"I should like, if possible, to have her come at once, and remain during the winter months, if agreeable to herself," she said.

"I will go, but with one condition," said the girl; "which is, that I may be allowed to return home at nightfall; for it would grieve my heart to feel that I was entirely isolated from my dear parents, and shut up, as it were, in the depths of yonder dreary castle."

Just then she caught her mother's reproachful glance, and feeling that she had spoken too hastily, she said, with a low curtsy, as Lady Montaine rose to depart:

"I will consider the matter, and bring you word on the morrow."

It was of course a source of regret to Jeanie to leave parents and home; for it was the first time that she had ever thought of absenting herself from them, even for a single day. And then, too, she would be deprived of Donald's sweet society, in a great degree; but she could in part compromise the matter if the favor of returning home at night should be allowed her. And so after much thought and long talking upon the subject, it was decided that Jeanie should go to the castle in the capacity of lady's maid.

The morrow found Jeanie at the castle gate; not in her usual high spirits, however, for she dreaded the thought of seclusion within its pillared halls and Gothic chambers, into which the sun's rays seemed never to penetrate. The Lady Montaine received her with more than customary graciousness; and her proposal of returning home nightly was willingly acceded to by her.

Donald, too, felt not a little downhearted at the idea of even so trivial a separation from his heart's idol. But Jeanie playfully bantered him upon his lack of gaiety, and bade him not wear so long and puritanical a face on the occasion of her going so short a distance, and for so short a season.

"What would you say, Donald, if the broad ocean were to separate us," she said, "instead of the river banks? Then indeed might each heart have cause for grief."

Alas! she little knew then that those words, so thoughtlessly spoken, were prophetic of what the future was soon to bring forth.

Jeanie Grahame was soon established in her new quarters, and as she had determined to make the best of her condition for the time being, she soon entered upon her duties with earnestness and zeal.

After all, there was much within that old building which well accorded with her tastes and feelings; for Jeanie was at times not a little thoughtful, and she often loved to indulge herself in day-dreams of the olden times when "brave knights and fair ladies" mingled with pleasure

in the animated sports of the chase, and the too often dangerous joust or tournament.

Her time was spent mainly in the boudoir and apartments of her mistress, who being somewhat fond of retirement, was never so happy and contented as when listening to the glowing eloquence of Jeanie's words, as clearly and beautifully she read aloud to her the thrilling romances of the olden time; or poured forth in one continual burst of melody the Scottish ballads of the immortal Burns. She saw but little company at the castle; for as the winter crept on, the city friends began to fall off; and if perchance an occasional visit was made by a friend, the reception was always attended with so much formality and ceremony that Jeanie had no desire to become a participant in its cold enjoyments. As the severity of the weather increased, Jeanie found it impossible to make such frequent visits to her home, and with the sweet society of her books and flowers, and the daily correspondence of Donald, she became quite content and happy in the once gloomy old castle.

The Lady Montaine herself became conscious of a growing attachment for the fair maiden, whose society and intercourse had become so indispensable to her happiness. But it was evident to Jeanie that there were still certain bounds of propriety and etiquette which even then she might not overstep; for there was at times a chilling and freezing reserve manifest in the presence of her mistress, which seemed to check and restrain for the time any sudden gush or burst of feeling which her loving nature might betray or exhibit.

It was early on one cold, frosty morning in December, while performing her lady's toilet, that the porter handed to Jeanie a slip of paper, on which was written in a hurried hand the following words:

"Come down to the court-yard, my own dear Jeanie; for I have sad news to communicate."

"DONALD."

Hastily excusing herself, she descended with a beating heart and trembling limbs to the court-yard; for as she had not been home for more than a week, she was fearful that something had transpired there, the disclosure of which was entrusted to Donald's care.

Her first glance at the anxious and troubled countenance of her lover only served to confirm her fears. In vain she tried to speak, but her very tongue seemed cleaving to her mouth. With a sudden effort she gasped "My mother!" and but for the strong and manly arm of Donald she would have fallen powerless to the earth.

"Calm yourself," said the devoted youth, as trembling and agitated he folded her to his breast. "All—all is well at home!"

These words seemed to revive her instantaneously, and placing in her hands a newly opened letter, Donald bade her a hasty adieu; for he could not bear to witness the effect which the words there penned would have upon his loved Jeanie. Already he felt his heart-strings giving way, and quickly he turned from the spot.

Quickly those eyes of deepest blue scanned the burning lines before her, which were from a rich uncle of Donald's—a Scotch quaker, who had long since emigrated to the New World, and was at that time a resident of Philadelphia. Having accumulated an immense fortune by great industry and thrift in the mercantile trade of that city, he proposed to relinquish his business to his favorite nephew, Donald. And as he was a steadfast bachelor of long standing, he would of course become his sole heir at his death; for he had no near relatives in the New World.

For a few moments Jeanie stood like one transfixed to the spot; then carefully folding the letter and placing it in her breast, she ascended to her lady's dressing-room, apparently as composed as if nothing unusual had occurred. But when once escaped from the society of her mistress, she threw herself upon her couch and wept bitter tears at the thought of entire separation from her lover. And then hope would regain the mastery in her heart; for surely Donald could not think for a moment of leaving home and her for so uncertain and hazardous an adventure, and at such an unpropitious season of the year, when old ocean seemed ever frowning upon the traveller, and tossed the ship upon its surface madly about, as if it were but a mere bauble in the air.

That evening Jeanie despatched a note to Donald, for him to meet her at her father's home; which interview was willingly granted. It now became Donald's turn to struggle with self, and keep up his hitherto unflinching courage.

"Jeanie," he said, with composure, "I have not decided upon the course to pursue, without having first given the matter serious and weighty consideration. 'Tis true I may not tell you how much and deeply I shall regret leaving those dear parents of whom I have so long been the stay and comfort, and whose days seem fast waning; but I am satisfied that it is my duty to go, though my heart be crushed and my spirits bowed down at the thought of leaving all that is dearest on earth behind me. I am poor, and have parents dependent upon me for their daily support and

maintenance; shall I then, my own Jeanie, let pass unheeded so bright an opening as that which the future spreads before me?"

He paused for a reply; but as he got none, he continued:

"If I stay here, I may not hope even for wealth; for living under such a system of government, I see not how I can ever rise to be other than the servile tool of the proud and wealthy landholder. No, Jeanie, I will go to America," and his eye flashed strong determination as he spoke; "there I will toil until death, if it must be, to secure for you, my betrothed, a home of affluence and ease, and a station in society befitting your pure and intellectual soul. There no one will deem the beautiful and accomplished wife of Donald McAllan the once lowly peasant girl—the serving-maid of the haughty Lady Montaine." And the excited youth spoke with a tone of dignity more fitting a king than a serf.

"Go, then," said Jeanie, smiling through her tears, "and may God's blessing follow and prosper you; for your pleading eloquence has changed my heart, and I can meekly bear my portion of the sacrifice which must indeed be made."

"Since duty prompts, the sooner you leave, Donald, the better it will be for both," she said, as with a kiss of sacred love upon her pale brow, the youthful lover bade her "good night" at the castle gate. "You remember, Donald, my idle words a few weeks since—'what if oceans divide us, instead of the river banks?'"

"I do. Alas! how strangely true and prophetic!" he said, as he turned to retrace his steps homeward.

The time for Donald's departure was soon fixed; and with many pledges of eternal fidelity the lovers parted for months—years—perchance forever!

Time flew by, and with the approach of spring, Jeanie anticipated with joy her coming release, but still the Lady Montaine held her prisoner. So very essential had she become to her naturally dull household that she had half a mind to adopt her as her own child; or rather make her the protegee of the high-born and wealthy mistress of Montaine Castle; but to this she knew the aged parents would never consent, while living.

"My brother will soon be here," said Lady Montaine, one morning, entering her boudoir, and addressing Jeanie, who was busily engaged upon a piece of delicate needlework; "for here is his letter, which says 'you may expect me in two weeks; when I expect to see my sweet little Jeanie duly installed as one of the household.'"

At these words Jeanie Grahame's blood boiled

within her. How dare he call her so familiarly his "sweet little Jeanie?" "No," thought she, "I will no longer stay at the castle to be made the subject of his rude jests and undue familiarity." And then she told the Lady Montaine of her anxiety to return home, so long had she been absent. To this the lady would not hear at first, but Jeanie's strong will triumphed; and she made her preparations to return home within the space of ten days.

"Thus," thought she, "I will elude his grasp, heartless fop as he is!" For rumor had brought strange reports of the young lord's extravagance at the capital, as well, too, of his entire lack of morality.

On the morning previous to Jeanie Grahame's proposed departure for home, she arose very early; for she wished, as it were, to take farewell of all the scenes, both in nature and art, which for the last few months had been so dear to her heart. After passing through the conservatory, where even the flowers reposed with folded petals and drooping heads, as if not yet awakened from their sleep, she passed out into the spacious court-yard, where all was still and silent; for at that early hour not one of the inmates of the castle were stirring. She had but just gained the centre of the court-yard, when the sound of approaching wheels arrested her attention, and ere she could divine their import, a loud knock at the gate startled the porter from his slumbers in the lodge. In one moment the master and lord of Montaine Castle stood before her.

Approaching her quickly, he said, "Thus do I kiss the dew from off thy leaves, sweet flower," as bending low, he placed upon her damask cheek a rude kiss.

"Sir!" said Jeanie, drawing up her graceful form to its utmost height, "your boldness is unpardonable."

"My dear Jeanie," he said, very sarcastically, "words cannot express the joy of this unexpected morning surprise and welcome."

"You flatter yourself greatly, Lord Montaine, if you think my appearance in the court-yard was otherwise than accidental," said Jeanie, coldly; "for I believe your sister did not expect you for some days yet."

"I doubt it not," the young lord said, in a most gracious tone; "but really, I am very happy at the thought of having such a bright and charming companion as yourself to help beguile the dull monotony of rural life. But laying aside all flattery, Jeanie, I must tell you that I have not seen in all Edinburgh so fair a face and fine a form as yours."

"I assure you, Lord Montaine, that your heart-

less flattery is quite uncalled for and unheeded, as I trust that the morrow's setting sun will find me re-established and once again in my own home."

"Not so soon, my little maid!" said the imperturbable lord, following the maiden into the hall.

"I will at once arouse your sister," said the new provoked and insulted Jeanie, as she sprang up the broad stairway. "She will doubtless give you a most cordial welcome."

The following day Jeanie prepared for her return home; and although her mistress was still unwilling to part with so cheerful a companion, no inducement that was offered could make her remain longer. As she was about to depart, the young lord stepped forth, and, politely handing her into the coach, begged leave to accompany her home; but with a haughty bow, she declined his kindly offer.

Never were parents so happy as old Mr. and Mrs. Grahame were at their child's return; and never seemed that lovely home one half so bright and beautiful to Jeanie's admiring eyes as on the morning after her arrival. Bright and beautiful seemed the dawning future to that young heart; for she had received a letter from Donald, assuring her of his safe arrival and the brilliant prospects in store for him.

She was skilfully engaged in twining a wreath of laurels, interspersed with fine white flowers, and warbling with her bird-like throat that sweetest of Scottish songs, "Mary of Argyle," when a gentle rap at the door announced the presence of a visitor. She lifted the latch, and started as she again beheld Lord Montaine; but he, with a low bow, respectfully asked for Mrs. Grahame—though, in truth, Jeanie herself was the magnet which had drawn him to that humble hut. She, glad of a chance to escape, quickly ran to call her mother; nor did she again appear until after the young lord had taken his departure.

Day after day was the lord of Montaine Castle a visitor at the hut of Robert Grahame, and in looks and actions strove to win the heart of the beautiful maid to himself. The rarest of flowers were daily sent her from the conservatory, and fair jewels were his proffered gifts, thinking thereby to dazzle and attract her eye. But to all his protestations of love she turned a deaf ear, much to the annoyance of her mother, who felt not a little vexed at her entire refusal of his suit. In vain she told the lord that her heart and hand were long since given to another; and not even the wealth of the mines of Golconda could cause her to relinquish her deep and holy love for Donald.

"Out of sight, out of mind," he would say to her; "and if prosperous, Donald would more likely forget his old love, and take to himself a bride of high birth and station in America; and then, when it was too late—she deserted and rejected—would regret having refused his noble offer."

Thus to accuse Donald of such injustice and cruelty was more than Jeanie's sensitive nature could bear; and with the well-aimed arrow still rankling in her breast, she bade him leave her presence forevermore, nor seek to taunt her with his insolent proposals.

Of Lord Montaine's offer and constant addresses, Jeanie informed her lover in her letters to him; and but for the implicit faith and confidence which Donald reposed in Jeanie, he would have had much cause for alarm.

A year passed by, and still the Lord Montaine lingered in his castle, and not even the amusements of Edinburgh could offer him any attraction. 'Tis true he loved the beautiful Scottish maid with all the ardor and affection of which his soul was capable; but it availed nothing! Wealth and position could not buy the heart and hand of the constant and faithful Jeanie.

Vainly her mother strove to coax and induce her daughter to yield her consent to marry the young lord, as she placed before her eyes the heavy silks and jeweled caskets, which were the unmeted gifts of Lord Montaine. But no! the jewels of her heart far outvalued in purity and beauty the snowy pearls within the silver casket.

"Take them and him forever from my sight!" she cried; "for nought on earth can dissuade me from my purpose—to marry Donald!"

Ah! woman's faith, more greatly art thou to be desired than all the wealth of India, or the gems of the ocean depths!

Two years from the time that Donald left home and native land, his feet pressed once again the shores of his much-loved Scotland. Towards the home of his birth the young man first directed his steps; and there an unexpected surprise awaited him, for Jeanie had known of his coming, and had kindly gone over to assist Mrs. McAllan in arranging some little luxuries for the comfort of the traveller. And there she was, the same dear Jeanie as of old, save that time had only served to ripen and mature those charms of person which were but the external covering of greater beauty within.

Now that Donald had indeed prospered, and was become the sole heir of his uncle's extensive property (whose decease took place a year after Donald left for America), the old folks could not of course do otherwise than give their con-

sent to the speedy union of the devoted pair. At the end of one short week the rustic church of the little hamlet was the scene of a lovely and imposing ceremony—the union of Donald and Jeanie.

Beautiful looked the bride in her snowy robe of muslin, and her veil of delicate lace falling about her like a fine mist, fastened upon her golden curls only by a wreath of myrtle. And Lord Montaine was there to congratulate the too happy bride; for deeply as he had felt the sting of her refusal, still he could not find in his heart to dislike Jeanie—though, it must be said, he envied not a little Donald McAllan his lovely prize. And even Lady Montaine seemed to have lost somewhat of her native coldness in the warm and heartfelt pressure of the hand she gave to Jeanie.

It was Donald's intention to have taken the parents of both himself and Jeanie to America with them; but old Mr. and Mrs. Grahame declared themselves much too old to undertake so long a journey to the New World; for, to their weak and dimmed eyes, heaven seemed nearer to the view! So Donald was to provide for them a more comfortable home in their own loved Scotland.

The happy wedding party, consisting of Donald and his charming bride, together with Mr. and Mrs. McAllan, the aged parents of the former, were soon on their way to the city of Philadelphia, where a beautiful home was awaiting them, resplendent with all the luxury that wealth could procure, and over which the beautiful Jeanie McAllan is now the presiding genius.

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you ever fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then, there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

GENUINE COURTESY.—True courtesy, genuine politeness, is the offspring of good nature and a kind heart. It is as far removed from the artificial stateliness of fops and coxcombs, as the sun is from swagger and bluster; as far removed from arrogance and overbearing authority, as the centre of the globe from its circumference. A true gentleman is a true man, no matter who his father was.

MARY.

BY B. T. REBERTON.

Hard by a rippling fountain, where the waters love to play,
Where the fairest flowers that blossom are opening thro'
the day,

In a vine-clad cottage dwells sweet, laughing, bright-eyed
May.

O, I wish that you could see her, with her step so light
and airy;

For I know that you would love her, she is such a win-
some fairy;

Sometimes we call her darling May, and sometimes our
sweet Mary.

Could you seek the vine-clad cottage at the starry evening
hour,

When the tiny dew-gems glisten on each weary, drooping
flower,

You would see sweet Mary kneeling in her own dear favor-
ite bower.

Should you see her in the morning, in her robe of purest
white,

With a few sweet wild flowers woven mid her tresses long
and bright,

You would long to call her darling, and whisper your
delight.

She's no stranger to caresses nor affection's beaming smile,
May the brightest angels guard her, for she is a petted
child;

Loving, smiling, and caressing, may she never dream of
guile.

MY AWKWARD FRIEND.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

Good Mrs. Harrison had seen "better days;" she had moved in the "best society;" her husband had been rich; and she, as the wife of a rich man, had been thought a good deal of by others—and, it must be owned, by herself, too. But one day Mr. Harrison died, and, as is not unusually the case, it was ascertained that he was not as rich as had been expected. He had lived well, and had he not died, it is probable he would have continued to live well, by means best known to himself; but his decease was a most unfortunate thing for his family in a pecuniary point of view.

To be sure, Mrs. Harrison had a little property of her own; but then she could not live as she had lived; she could not keep her carriage, nor her half-dozen servants; she could not keep up the grand establishment she had been keeping; she could not entertain company every day, could not set her table with all the luxuries of the season, nor indulge herself and daughter in all those little extravagances and follies which women so delight in;—in fine, she could not live

on a thousand a year as she had been living on six or eight thousand.

It was hard for a proud, high-spirited woman like Mrs. Harrison to economize and retrench in the face and eyes of the fashionable world in which she had once moved with such a keen relish of its delights. How could she ever consent to see her daughter eclipsed by the proud Misses Carr, or herself looked down upon by the supercilious Mrs. Dum? So Mrs. Harrison, after her husband's death, bought a pretty house, situated in a small town of an adjoining State, and packing up all her earthly goods, left the city where she lived in such splendor and station far behind.

So we make our acquaintance with Mrs. Harrison in the little town of B—, where she was enabled, by means of her small property, helped along by genteel methods not beneath her to practise, to make quite a respectable appearance. Yet she and her daughter never forgot what they had been, and many were the comparisons drawn between their present style of living and that to which they had been accustomed.

It was indeed a fall to come down from six servants to one; from one's own horse and carriage to plebeian cars and omnibuses; to be obliged to save one's silk for Sunday and company wear, and don de laines and muslins for every day; and, the most unkindest cut of all, to renounce the "best society" of the city of Y— for that of a country town, whose inhabitants, though intelligent, and kind, and social, had never moved in good society, were unversed in its conventionalities, and in company had even been seen to eat with their knives and pour their tea into their saucers.

Delia Harrison was really a fine girl. She was interesting and intelligent, could talk well, had read a great deal, and had an original and superior mind. Her personal appearance was also very prepossessing; she was ladylike and graceful, without being commonplace and uninteresting. But yet the family weakness clung to her, a love for the forms and ceremonies of fashionable life, and the thought of what they had been and the position they had occupied, was to her, as to her mother, a source of never-ending regret.

Mrs. Harrison had one spare room, and so, like the Widow Bardell, of Pickwick memory, she advertised board for single gentlemen. Tom Stebbins and myself had been college chums, and were great friends. We were in search of a boarding-place to pass the summer and pursue our studies. We saw the advertisement, called upon the lady, found the terms satisfactory to all parties, and took the room.

Tom was a close student, a fellow of fine mind, decided talent and no little genius. He was a man to make his mark in the world, and I was always proud of Tom wherever we went—that is after people got acquainted with him, for at first he was not prepossessing. He was not bashful; no, Tom had been in good society—though perhaps a stranger might doubt it—he was not bashful, he did not think enough of appearances to make him bashful, but he was—yes, he was—awkward; that is, awkward in some things—in his attitude and in his person. He was careless of his appearance, and paid no regard to the customs and conventionalities of modern society. If there was a word in the English language the student did not seem to comprehend, that word was *etiquette*, and if there was one he was utterly regardless of, it was *dress*.

But he had a great, generous soul beneath this rough exterior; he had a love of the true, the noble, the good and the beautiful, and he was as warm-hearted and glorious a being as ever walked the earth. Yet he was not awkward in all respects—Tom *could* talk; yes, Tom could talk splendidly; and after he had committed some glaring offence against the laws of good breeding, that caused even the most polite to smile, I used to think, "O, if you could only hear him talk, you would know him better."

He could talk, too, on all subjects—literature, science or metaphysics; he was at home in all. His awkwardness vanished when he spoke—no one thought of it; his form seemed to dilate, and his face to be perfectly radiant; and there was a grace and fascination about his conversation, too, that charmed one. I don't know whether it was the tones of his voice, which were full, deep and rich, or what it was, but such was the fact.

So we were settled at the widow Harrison's. We had a nice room, everything comfortable and pleasant about us; and Tom set himself down in good earnest to his studies, while I, less studious, seated myself at a window looking out into a pleasant flower garden. There I saw Miss Delia Harrison sitting in an arbor with a book in her hand. She looked very pretty; her auburn hair was smooth and soft, and arranged in the most approved fashion; she wore a loose, white morning robe, which flowing open, disclosed an elaborately wrought under-skirt, and from beneath this peeped a little foot in a Cinderella-like slipper. The hand that held her book was very white and delicate, and so of course was the other, which lay against her soft cheek.

"Tom," said I. He looked up from his book. "Have you looked into the flower-garden?"

"Not this morning."

"Some new flowers have made their appearance."

"What are they?" asked he, in an abscat manner.

"O, tulips, ladies' slippers, lilies and roses, all on one stalk."

"That is curious," said he, starting from his seat; for Tom was of a scientific turn, and always ready for new discoveries. With one long stride he reached the window. "Where?" said he.

"There in the arbor," said I.

Tom looked. "Pahaw," said he; and then added, laughingly: "A fine specimen, truly."

"How should you class it, Tom?"

He shook his head. "Magnificent, isn't she? What a hand! what a profile! what a complexion she has!"

Now I knew Tom was looking at and admiring her, just as one looks at and admires a new and exquisite flower; he wasn't one to fall in love with a pretty face and figure. Well, dinner-time came, and then we met our divinity of the garden, who presided at the table with infinite grace.

I have said before that Tom was awkward; he was peculiarly so at table; he never seemed to notice how other people conducted. He had a way of his own of doing everything, and it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He had no ready tact to accommodate himself to the company he was in; when he was with the Romans he never heeded what the Romans did, but preserved his individuality. Tom clung with tenacity to his old habits of eating with his knife and drinking out of his saucer, totally unaware that it was ungenteeled. Indeed, eating and drinking was with him so little a matter of thought, he gave himself no concern about it other than to get over it as soon as possible. So in his own peculiar and awkward manner he seated himself at table with the fastidious Mrs. Harrison and her daughter. As it was plainly a matter of impossibility to eat soup with a knife, my friend took his spoon, and the first course passed off very well. Then came the roast, and Tom being very hungry ate away with a good relish, the odious knife making very expeditious trips from his plate to his mouth. I saw Mrs. Harrison look at her daughter, and I saw the daughter's blue eyes dilate, and her lip curl just a little scornfully; but my friend still kept on with his meal. I began to pity Tom, for I was afraid he would see the la-

dies were remarking his lack of good breeding; but I might have saved myself the feeling; he was as blind as a mole to any such thing—his thoughts were far different. Then came the pudding, and the knife having been removed by the servant, Tom accommodated himself to circumstances, and made the spoon answer all practical purposes.

Now the business of dinner was finished, and, leaning back in his chair, I saw that Tom was ready for a talk; and as he always talked well after dinner, I hoped that he would retrieve himself in the eyes of the ladies. So with his own peculiar grace in conversation, so different from his awkwardness in everything else, he commenced, and at the first words that passed his lips, I saw he had attracted their attention; the look of contempt passed away from the beautiful face of Delia, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. Then she joined in the conversation, and I saw that Tom was interested and pleased with her remarks, and we had a very agreeable after dinner conversation.

So matters stood for some time, my friend daily offending the refined taste of the ladies by some staring breach of etiquette, and again fascinating them—or at least the younger—by his talents, his fine literary taste, and brilliant conversational powers. Tom was a lover of poetry and a very fine reader, and it was delightful to sit and listen to his fine musical voice; and it would have been still more so could you have listened without seeing the awkward position he was sure to assume while reading.

The more I became acquainted with Delia Harrison the more I liked her. I found she was possessed of many excellent qualities; she was amiable and warm-hearted; but she had been brought up by her mistaken mother to attach too much importance to appearances, to forms and ceremonies. They were too superficial in their views of life and humanity.

Delia had a natural love for the beautiful and the graceful; anything awkward offended her delicate tastes; she allowed the forms and hollow shows of fashionable life to have too much weight with her, so that they fettered her fine mind, and blinded her mental vision to any good thing in those who were heedless of these forms and customs. So every day her taste rebelled against my poor friend on account of his awkwardness and disregard of etiquette, while her finely cultivated mind—and I began to think her heart, too—bowed down before his superior intellect.

Poor Mrs. Harrison became really alarmed, and I knew she heartily wished my friend and

myself had never crossed her threshold. When Tom and Delia held long conversations, which they often did, or when he read to her some poem, if it was a possible thing for her to interrupt them without appearing actually impolite, she was sure to do so; and I know she often spoke to her daughter in an exaggerating manner of poor Tom's awkwardness and ill-breeding.

Well, Tom and I pursued our studies—that is, we studied when we chose, and walked, and went fishing and shooting when so disposed. I argued it was best to enjoy ourselves while we could; we should have to work hard enough by-and-by, when Tom was to enter at the bar, and I was to go—I didn't know exactly where. But I began to find about this time that I was often obliged to walk alone, or fish alone, or study alone; for Tom was out gathering flowers in the woods with Delia, or else he was in the parlor reading aloud, or if he was in our room, he was more absent-minded than ever.

One evening I sat by my window smoking my cigar, and looking down into the flower garden. It was just growing dusk, though there was still light enough to distinguish figures, and I saw the outlines of two in the little arbor. There was no mistaking the awkward figure of my friend Tom, and the graceful one of Delia Harrison. He had been reading to her I supposed, and now they were talking upon some book or other. And I began upon this to think what a queer fellow Tom was; and then it passed through my mind that if his graces of person only equalled those of his mind, what a splendid husband he would make for Delia Harrison. But as it is, she could never abide him. She is truly a splendid girl; I don't know but I should have fallen in love with her myself had it not been for—but no, this has no connection with my story.

By-and-by Tom came in; the room was quite dark now, so that I could not distinguish his features, but there was that in his step, or in the way he came in, which seemed to say that something unusual had happened. He didn't speak to me as usual, but went and stood by the other window, looking out.

"Tom," said I, "what were you and Miss Harrison talking of down in the arbor?"

"I don't know what right you have to ask such a question."

I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"No right, Tom, at all; and please forgive me; I didn't mean to offend you or hurt your feelings."

He took my hand and pressed it hard.

"I have been a fool," said he. "I thought she might love me, and so—and so—I offered myself and she refused me."

"But can you imagine, Tom, what made her do it?"

"Why, she didn't love me, I suppose, and that was reason enough."

"But that is not the reason, Tom. I think she does love you."

"Does love me, and yet not accept my hand? You are mistaken, sir."

"Not at all. I am going to speak plainly to you. Delia Harrison is polished and elegant in her manners; her taste is refined and critical; the slightest breach of decorum or etiquette is in her sight a glaring fault. Now Thomas Stebbins is a fine man no doubt, but then he is not a polished gentleman; he often does things which offend the fastidious tastes of Mrs. Harrison and daughter; he is ignorant of the hundred and one rules of fashionable life; if Delia should drop her handkerchief, he would not think of picking it up. He is no lady's man; he often reads in company; has been seen to sit with his chair tipped back against the wall; many a time and oft has he eaten green peas with a knife; and when his coffee has been too hot has he poured it into a saucer. To be sure, he is learned and talented, and can talk well upon occasion; but not all his good qualifications can make up for his innumerable breaches of etiquette and offences against good taste. Now, my good friend, you may believe me or not, but this is the head and front of your offending. Would you only cultivate the graces, be a little more careful in your dress, and still more careful of your manners, believe me, there is no person Delia Harrison would like better for a husband than yourself."

Now I suppose this was the first intimation my friend had ever received that he was not perfectly passable in genteel society. A man's clothes, a man's manners, the way he should set at the table, what he should eat and how he should eat it, were among the last things thought of by the dear honest soul. He looked beneath or above all these. I don't believe he could have told, to have saved his life, the color of a single dress Miss Delia Harrison was in the habit of wearing; she was beautiful to him in all; he only thought of the mind and the soul; and as to the picking up of her handkerchief, or the helping her on with her shawl, I question whether he would have known one garment from the other. So it is not to be wondered at that when I ended my long speech he stood like one confounded. I had thought best to speak plainly upon the subject—it is my way so to do.

"What are you going to do, Tom?" said I, at last, as I found he had no idea of saying anything.

"I shall leave to-morrow."

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"The best thing you can do, Tom."

Well, my friend started for home the next day. I pitied the poor fellow, and when he took leave of Delia I saw her cheek grew pale; but she stood it pretty well, and tried to smile and look unconcerned. But when poor Tom, in making his farewell bow, awkward even to the last, struck his foot against a chair, and came near falling at her feet, instead of smiling as once she would have done, she turned away her head, and I actually saw a tear in her eye.

I had no idea of leaving Mrs. Harrison's comfortable home just then, for I had not been jilted; and as I had engaged board till the autumn, I thought it best to stay. I had the gratification to see—and it was truly a gratification—that Miss Delia grew sad and thoughtful. And farw, too, that Mrs. Harrison was relieved at Tom's departure.

"I think," said she, one day, at dinner, "you said your friend had gone home. Where is his native place?"

"In the State of New Hampshire."

"Ah," said she, "I judged he came from that part of the country. A very fine man he is, but not much used to society, I should judge." And she tossed back her head self-complacently, and adjusted her cap.

"You are mistaken, madam," said I. "Mr. Stebbins has been much in society, and in good society; but he is eccentric. Genius is allowed that privilege, Mrs. Harrison; no one thinks any the less of my friend for his few peculiarities."

"Ah, indeed," said she, somewhat mollified; the sentence sounded well to her. "Was he distinguished in college?"

"A better scholar never graduated than Thomas Stebbins. He is destined to shine in his profession. He has already gained himself a name and stands high in literary circles, where he is known and appreciated."

"What a pity," said she, "that he has not a little more polish!"

"Mama," said Delia, who was drinking in every word, "you forget you are talking to his most intimate friend."

"No, my dear," said she, "I speak not disparagingly; but certainly, any one can see that Mr. Stebbins lacks a certain grace and elegance that would sit well upon one of his mental attainments and culture."

"But," said I, "we ought not to expect everything in one poor human being. Some have the gift of making a handsome bow, some of dancing gracefully, some of singing well; some study etiquette, manners, and perfect themselves in those accomplishments; some are graceful naturally; there are others to whom nature seems to have been niggard of gifts of person, but she has given them instead graces of mind—she has given them souls beautiful and true, and powers and capacities of intellect above what she gives to common men; but she has linked them to physical developments far from prepossessing or graceful. To the ceremonies and conventionalities of life they pay no heed, and sensible, right-judging people see them as they are; the mighty soul, the mighty intellect find their true places among men, and are always appreciated, despite physical disadvantages. And such a man is my friend."

After delivering this most profound, philosophical disquisition, I left the mother and her daughter, and returned to my room. I knew this was presenting the subject in quite a new light—the eccentricities of genius was quite another thing, and sounded much better than a lack of refinement, a want of polish, or a shameful ignorance of the rules of good breeding.

I don't know how it was, but every day Delia and myself grew more intimate, and I began to see how it was possible for a poor fellow to get over head and ears in love with her before he knew it, that is if he were not protected by—but to my story. She was remarkably kind and gentle to me; we walked together, we sat together, and we talked together. I knew I could not begin to talk as well as Tom; but then, as the next best thing, I talked of him, and I think she was well satisfied.

Just about this time, when Delia and I were getting along so nicely, who should come along but a cousin of Delia's—a Clarence Herbert—a perfect gentleman, with splendid mustache and unexceptionable whiskers, pearly teeth, hands white and handsome, a faultless figure—a perfect love of a man, the pink of politeness, the soul of etiquette. How gracefully he sat at table; how well the silver fork became his white hands; how he waited upon the ladies, offering them this, and begging their acceptance of that; charming Mrs. Harrison, and throwing poor I quite into the shade. How he followed Delia, setting a chair whenever she seemed inclined to sit, and standing by her if she preferred to stand. How gracefully he turned the leaves of her music if she played the piano, and almost held her book for her when she read. He was her most

devoted servant; he seemed willing to be her very slave. He was evidently used to the best society—one could see it in the cut of his coat, the twirl of his mustache, and the tie of his cravat; it was written on his patent leather boots, and the fact was wafted to your senses in every wave of his white cambric handkerchief. There was not a rule of etiquette he was not familiar with, not a problem of politeness he had not solved and extracted its very essence.

And this most polite and delectable specimen of humanity followed Delia like her very shadow; he was in love with her—or thought he was. Mrs. Harrison was pleased, but I sometimes saw a look in Delia's face more contemptuous than ever poor Tom's failings had called up, and more than once a sharp retort was on her lips at his unmeaning compliments, which was only checked by her nice sense of politeness.

Well, he offered himself at last, setting in the self-same arbor where poor Tom had made his first attempt at love-making. Sure, it was a fated place, for he was refused. Delia sought me and told me all about it; she had grown very sisterly and confiding of late.

"And why did you not accept him, Delia?" said I, mischievously. "Your mother likes him, and surely you could not find fault with him, for he is the most perfect gentleman, in appearance, I ever saw."

"Why," said she, "I didn't love him. Isn't that reason enough?" And she looked up in my face and smiled.

"The best reason in the world," said I. "I hope you always have as good a one when you refuse your lovers."

She looked down and blushed.

"I don't know," said she, hesitatingly. "The time has been when, perhaps, I should have accepted Clarence, and thought I loved him, and been contented as his wife; but that time has passed—I am wiser now." And her voice grew very sad.

"What has changed your mind?" said I.

"An acquaintance with nobler and better men, who live for something more than dress and show, and every day material life."

I looked at Delia, and I thought I never saw her look so lovely; and had it not been for that other face that came before me at the moment, I don't know but it might have been dangerous sitting so near her. I saw that the poor child was longing for somebody to whom she could open her heart, so I thought I would give her the opportunity.

"Delia," said I, "I am going to speak plainly to you. When you had the offer of a heart no-

blot and better, why did you cast it from you?"

It was a hard question. She covered her face with her hands. I was thinking only of Tom's happiness then.

"Say, Delia, you cast away a heart that loved you, a soul good and true, for a mere girlish prejudice, a weak, foolish pride; you saw and loved the good that was in him, and yet for a little roughness in the jewel, which love surely ought to overlook and soften, you cast it away."

She leaned her head on my shoulder, and said, "It is too true, Frank—too true."

"And now," said I, smoothing her soft hair with my hand and speaking very soothingly, "you are sorry; like a little child you weep for what you have carelessly thrown away; you would give worlds to have Thomas Stebbins speak the words he once spoke to you." She said nothing, but sobbed on. "Now do you expect, Delia—for he is a proud man—that he will offer you his heart the second time?"

"No, no! I am not deserving of this."

I pitied the poor girl as she thus wept; but by-and-by she lifted up her head, and as she smiled through her tears, her face became perfectly radiant.

"I am not often so foolish, Frank; but once in a while I yield thus and lament my own folly. But do not think me weak. I am trying to make myself better, to rid myself of foolish prejudices, so that if I should ever again meet your friend, he may see that I am not the poor weak creature I am afraid he now thinks I am." O, she didn't know what a high opinion he had of her!

That night I wrote a long letter to Tom, and I told him this conversation; and more than this, I told him to be sure and be at my boarding place as soon as possible, for I was going to leave, and must see him before my departure.

As I expected, Tom came—Delia, of course, knew nothing of his coming. As good luck would have it, Mrs. Harrison was away and would not be at home till late. Delia and myself were sitting in the parlor, when the bell rang, and in came Tom. He passed by the parlor and went up-stairs to my room. Delia knew his step, and she grew pale as death, and would have left the room, but I held her fast.

"It's only Tom come to bid me good-by. I am going away to-morrow. Don't you want to see him once more?"

She trembled from head to foot, and tried to free her hand from my grasp, but I still held her fast. "Let me go," said she, faintly.

"Now, Delia," said I, "don't for a mere girlish weakness throw away a whole lifetime of happiness."

The color went and came, as hope and fear alternated in her heart. "He will think me so weak," said she.

"He thinks you are perfection."

"But he does not care for me now."

"He loves you yet, you foolish girl."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Shall I call him?"

I still held her hand. She still hesitated, and Tom still waited up-stairs.

"Say, Delia, shall I call him?"

She gave me such a look with those blue eyes of hers I had a great mind to take her myself; but I resisted the temptation, and called out, "Tom! Tom!" And when I heard his foot upon the stairs, I led Delia back to her seat, and passing out, met Tom, and pressing his hand, wished him good luck, and went into my room to—pursue my studies!

I never heard any very correct report of that meeting. All I know is that it was very satisfactory to both parties; and when, the next day, Mrs. Harrison was told of Tom's sudden appearance and the consequences, she was quite astounded. However, she made the best of the matter, made due allowance for the eccentricities of genius, and found in time that she had really quite a respectable son-in-law.

Mr. Thomas Stebbins verified my prophecy concerning him. He rose to eminence in his profession, and was respected and beloved, and moved in the best society. Delia never repented of her choice; her fine taste imperceptibly softened and smoothed down his rough manner, and she found that he made a much better appearance as a husband than as a lover, and she never saw the day or moment she was not proud of him.

Delia and myself were always the best of friends. She says she has much to thank me for; for had it not been for me, she might never have been what she is—the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Stebbins.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

Louis XIII., desiring to hold a private council with his minister and master, Richelieu, was obliged to visit him in his bed-room, where he lay dangerously ill. But as a subject, though dying, could not be permitted to receive the king in bed, except the king was lying in bed also, Louis was wheeled in on a *chaise longue*, and they both thus lay in state to discuss the affairs of the nation. Louis XIV. observed the same form when he went to visit the wounded hero, Turenne. —*N. Y. Mirror*.

An Hibernian observing over a store door in New York, a sign, "General Finding Store," entered recently and inquired for a lost umbrella!

PROGRESS.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

He who looks cannot but see
Progress stamped on every age;
What the future race will be,
Seen in vain fair history's page.

Let us boldly strive and win,
Ours the work to plan and do;
Till the nations gathered in,
Claim the race and victory too.

Ever looking upward, higher,
Nerve the soul for any strife;
To the distant goal aspire,
Ne'er give o'er while there is life.

Let us nobly strive to win,
Nobly plan and nobly do;
Till the harvest gathered in,
Ours the crown and victory too.

THE SEASIDE IN SUMMER.

Talk of old ocean in the winter season, and it sends a shudder through your frame. It is well enough to sit by the cosy grate, or, what is better and healthier, though costlier, a blazing fire of oak and walnut, and read the romance of the "dark and deep blue ocean," but as for "going down to the sea in ships," in December and January, the idea is only to be entertained by a candidate for a lunatic asylum, or a business man, whose duty compels him to disregard the weather. But when the parching heats of summer come on, when the sun looks fiery down, when the sidewalks scorch your soles, when—even in the country—the brooks are dwindled to narrow threads of silver, and the corn looks drooping and yellow in the fields, and the foliage by the roadsides is dry and dusty, then memories of the great deep in its glory and beauty, and freshness and grandeur, crowd back on you with the force of a first love, and you are ready to rush into almost any spot where you are sure of meeting its cool embrace.

There is no monotony about old ocean. "From morn till dewy eve" its colors play through all the tones of the chromatic scale. It is alternately purple, azure gold, crimson and green. Even in the night, when the mists creep over the distant horizon, and the light houses come out like stars bursting on the firmament, one by one upon their rocky station points along a far extent of shores, all is not darkness in the waves that sink in music on the beach, or are shivered like glass upon the pointed rocks. A thousand phosphor-ent stars, the seeming reflex of the firmament above, glitter in the surf. And then how grand, how tragic, is the deep in the roused fury of a

summer storm; when the clouds press downwards in black battalions, and the crested waves, like plumed warriors, rise to do battle to the storm! How in the sudden uprising of the tempest, the white wings of the vessels in the offing suddenly disappear, as they take in sail to meet the startling emergency!

But in all these phases, we have but a distant acquaintance with the ocean, after all. To know it we must plunge into its heart—we must feel the exhilarating joy of the strong swimmer that lays his hand upon the tresses of the raging billows, as the lion-tamer strokes the mane of the lord of the desert. There is joy and health in thus sporting with the brine. Then the thought of moonlight rides along the sea beach, of hearing poetry recited by lips we love on the margin of the deep, with the running accompaniment of breaking ripples, like musical bells chiming into the melody of the verse—it is enough to make an editor forswear inkstand and desert his post.

But for the proper enjoyment of a fit of genuine laziness, commend us to a nook in the rocks, with a volume not too pleasant or engrossing, the shadow of a tall cliff over us, and a good lookout upon the broad expanse of ocean. What then to us is the strife—the angry passion of the fretting world! We find its type is the incessant war of wave and rock; and there is enough of excitement in that endless combat. How senseless to us seems the fierce pursuit of gold and of the "bubble reputation." We watch the white sails dipping and disappearing below the horizon, and imagination goes forth with them to tropic climes, to islands in the Pacific, to the haunts of the Nereides and the homes of the Fayaways. From such dreams, peopled with "creatures of the element," we go back to the routine of daily life refreshed and invigorated. No one is worse for a brief sojourn by the seaside in summer.

THE NORTHMEN AT MONHEGAN.

We some weeks since noticed the fact that Dr. Hamlin, of this city, who visited the island of Monhegan in quest of curious figures said to exist upon rocks there, was successful in his investigation. He took casts of the inscriptions in plaster from the face of the ledge in which they appear. Fac-similes of these casts will be sent to the Archaeological Society at Copenhagen. Drawings of the same have also been sent to Rev. Dr. Jenks, a distinguished antiquarian of Boston, by whom they were at once recognized as Runic characters, but their translation will have to come from the Copenhagen Society, which possesses the means to give it.—*Bangor Journal*.

Time is the only commodity or gift, of which every man that lives has an equal share.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CONVERSATION.

There are very few good talkers, though there are plenty of orators in the world. When a man is a good talker, neither too deep, too prolix, too witty, too humorous or too grave in his conversation, he achieves a lasting reputation—like Sydney Smith, or Theodore Hook, or Samuel Rogers. Yet there is more in the manner, the tone and the expression of face of a good talker, than in his matter. When we read any of Rogers's sayings, we are surprised at the impression he made. An anonymous writer has said, It would appear that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's table-talk glows with the fire which burnt the pope's bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy, and—which is a kindred fact—a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson, or at once men of letters and men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world. In short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.

La Bruyere said the art of conversation consists much less in your abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please. And so Lord Bacon—The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion. Another writer—we believe Hazlitt—said that "talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* 'a wit,' is a second-rate conversationist. 'He was so well drest,' said somebody to Brummell, 'that people would turn and look at him.' 'Then he was *not* well drest, replied

the great master of the art.' We venture to apply the doctrine to table-talk. It should not want wit; but it should not exceed in it; the epigram should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow." Certainly, if there are few good talkers, it is not for want of rules and illustrations. But the art of conversation is, we fancy, after all, a sort of special gift. There are many men who, do their best, will never make good talkers.

SHERIDAN'S FORGIVENESS.

Sheridan once said in company that he never harbored resentment. Speaking of a person who had published a pamphlet against him, "I suppose Mr. A. thinks I am angry with him, but he is mistaken, for I never harbor resentment. If his punishment depended on me, I would show him that I can rise superior to all vindictive feelings. Far should I be from wishing to inflict capital punishment upon him, grounded on his attack on me. No, gentlemen; yet, on account of his general character and conduct, and as a warning to others, I would merely order him to be publicly whipped three times, to be set in the pillory four times, to be confined in prison seven years, and then, as he would enjoy freedom the more after so long a confinement, I would have him transported for life."

CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.—Set about doing good for somebody; put on your hat and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and relieve them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion.

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least, none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life.

ROMANTIC.—Dickens has purchased a cottage of Queen Anne's time, near London. The rising ground on which this cottage lifts its head is Gadshill, famed by Shakspeare as the haunt of Falstaff.

SAGE.—Buffon said that to every goose hatched there were twenty hands ready to pluck it—or if he didn't say it, he ought to have said so.

RETORTS ON LAWYERS.

Lawyers generally have it all their own way when they are browbeating witnesses—an amusement with which the court very rarely interferes. Sometimes, however, they get as good as they send, when they happen to "wake up the wrong passenger." In the traditions of the English bar, some of these hits are preserved, though they may not be found "in the books." Sergeant Cockle, who was a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right to a fishery he asked the witness, "Do you like fish?" "Ay," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I don't like *cockle sauce* with it." The roar of laughter which echoed through the court rather disturbed the learned sergeant. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Sergeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000. Sergeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said to him, sternly: "And pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. "That's all very good," said the sergeant; "but you want sixty pounds more to be worth three thousand." "For that sum," replied the gentleman, in no way disconcerted, "I have a note of hand of one Mr. Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty to settle it soon." The laughter that this reply excited extended even to the bench; the sergeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed, in his usual urbane tone, "Well, brother Davy, I think we may accept bail." Every one remembers how the barrister got bothered in seeking to confuse a slowish witness from Yorkshire.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" said he.

"Very likely," was the reply; "I often go there."

"Answer me one question, sir," said the lawyer, sternly. "Are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?"

"No, sir," replied the witness, promptly. "We have enough on 'em—but not so many as when you were there!"

Dr. Brodum, a notorious quack, was once under examination by Mr. Abraham Moore. "Your name is Brodum, I believe?" inquired the counsel. The doctor nodded assent. "Pray, how do you spell it—Brodum or Broad-hum?" On this there was a loud laugh in court, which was not diminished when the quack replied, with admirable self-possession: "Why, sir, as I am but a doctor, I spell my name Bro-dum; but if I were a *barrister*, I should spell it Broad-Hum!"

Dunning, while examining a witness, asked him if he didn't live at the very verge of the court. "Yes, I do," was the reply.

"And pray, why have you selected such a spot for your residence?"

"In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *dunning*," was the retort.

A witness with a Bardolphian nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Copper-nose, you have been sworn; what do you say?" "Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face!"

A MONSTER GUN.

A tremendous piece of ordnance in the shape of an iron gun has just been completed at Liverpool, the forging being done by Messrs. Horsfall. In the first place, slabs of iron were welded together until a solid lump was formed, weighing about twenty-six tons. Forty men were at times employed upon it, and the forging hammer used weighed nine tons. After being roughly shaped, it was bored, and the metal was found to be perfect, exhibiting no brittleness or imperfection. The net weight of the gun, when completed, was found to be 21 tons, 18 cwt. Its diameter at the muzzle is 27 inches. With a charge of ninety pounds of powder it is expected to throw a ball of 301 pounds weight a distance of five miles. The Pacha of Egypt being desirous of procuring one of these pretty but dangerous playthings, has been informed by the manufacturers that they will make him one cheap—that is to say for \$24,000. If he gets it, it will ruin him in powder. What a gun that would be for Fourth of July salutes! It must "speak loud," as the boys say. In the elegant phraseology of the day, it must needs be a "stunner."

APPROPRIATE.—One of the French ministers of war under the Bourbons was named *Tonnerre*—meaning thunder; a significant appellation for such an official.

STAGE DANCERS.—There are no more irascible people than stage dancers, and they have often occasioned trouble. Their *hops drew* mischief.

A QUERY.—Does the world go forward, or move in a circle so large that it seems a straight line?

CAUTION.—If we all had windows in our breasts we should take care to keep the blinds shut.

A FINISHED GENTLEMAN.—One who has fallen in a duel.

FACING THE MUSIC.

There is no quality the world admires so much, applauds so much, and rewards so richly, as courage; and when a man is ready, in our popular phrase, to "face the music,"—that is to meet any emergency, moral or physical, with resolution—there is scarcely any honor in the gift of his fellow-citizens to which he may not aspire. It was the rare combination of the different kinds of courage which finally crowned the career of Gen. Jackson with complete success through the severest trials of political opposition. To few men is it given to unite all the attributes of courage, and to face moral responsibilities with the same equanimity as physical dangers. Nay, a man may even be brave in one sort of physical danger and timid in another. Frederick of Prussia could face a battery, but was afraid to snuff a candle with his fingers. Many a naval hero, who has trod the gun-deck fearlessly amid the roar of battle, has trembled like a leaf when put astride a horse. One of Napoleon's bravest marshals was so frightened at the idea of going up the side ladder of a frigate, that he had to be hoisted through a port-hole by a rope. More than one soldier who has led a charge upon the battlefield, has entirely broken down in an attempt to address a popular assembly.

One of the finest exhibitions of true, calm courage on record was that of Louis Philippe, King of the French, on the 22d of July, 1835—the fifth anniversary of that revolution which had placed him on the throne. On that day he had determined, accompanied by his splendid staff, and surrounded by his three sons, Nemours, Orleans and De Joinville, to review the National Guard and the regular troops. All business was suspended—all Paris was in the streets. It seemed one vast camp. Wherever the eye glanced banners waved in the sunny air, and the tall stone buildings gave back continually the stormy roll of hundreds of drums and the blare of hundreds of trumpets. The boulevards, from the Place de la Bastille to the farthest extremity of the Champs Elysees, were lined on both sides with National Guards and regular troops, cavalry, infantry, and municipal authorities. The king, with his sons riding beside him, and surrounded by nearly all the general officers of France, rode along between hedges of bayonets, polished like mirrors. Every window was crowded with spectators, as well as the balconies, the roofs, the very chimneys. Shouts of applause welcomed the monarch at every point; for he was still in the height of his popularity. All at once, as the glittering group entered on the Boulevard of the Temple, an aw-

ful explosion was heard, and in an instant the pavement at the king's feet was drenched with blood and strewn with the dead and dying—the assassin Fieschi had fired his infernal machine.

The king was on that occasion "every inch a king." He raised his hat to show that he was unhurt and to dispel the fears of the people. He next sent an equerry to the queen to announce the safety of her husband and sons. Then, though tears gushed from his eyes at the sight of his slaughtered and mutilated friends, at Mortier, an illustration of the empire, lying dead before him, he gave the order to move on. It was a gallant and glorious effort that by which he mastered his feelings. He continued his march and went through with the review, leaving faction no opportunity of triumphing over a single moment's weakness. It was by such acts of dauntless courage that he retained his position eighteen years. What a pity that the lustre of his character was dimmed by grave mistakes, and that he could not have remembered that he held the throne in trust for his people, and not for the advancement of his family!

NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.—Since the last war, ships in the United States navy are named after States; frigates after American rivers sloops of war after State capitals and other cities; brigs after some noted deceased naval commander; and revenue cutters after members of the cabinets. Collins steamers are named after oceans and seas, and the Cunarders after countries.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The fishers of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, have a singular dread of being counted, of which the mischievous boys of Aberdeen were wont to avail themselves by crying, as the fisherwomen passed:

"One, two, three,
What a lot of fisher-nannies I see."

PROMOTION.—Seventeen private soldiers in the French army, during Napoleon's time, raised themselves to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals, and two, generals.

A GOOD TOAST.—The Ladies.—The only enduring aristocracy who rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong.

QUAKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are at the present time in this country 716 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 283,000.

TRAITS OF MENDELIZE.

We remember very well reading an anecdote of a sturdy beggar which if not true was quite good enough to be true. A supplicant for charity took a gentleman aside in the lower mall, showed him flanneling rags and hollow cheeks, and begged him to give him something to enable him to purchase a mouthful of eat. The gentleman handed him a three-cent piece, which happened to be all the change he had about him.

"What, sir!" exclaimed the mendicant, with great animation, "is this for me?"

"Certainly—take it," said the dispenser of charity, endeavoring to hurry away.

"No, sir," rejoined the beggar, drawing himself up with all the dignity of Edie Ochiltree in the Antiquary. "Take back your money, sir."

"I thought you asked me for money."

"So I did, sir," said the beggar. "I asked you for charity. But three cents! A paltry three-cent piece! What can I do with such a sum as that?"

"Keep it and give it to some poor person," was the sharp retort.

But in the tricks of the trade of beggary, it must be confessed that foreign beggars beat us all hollow, and of foreign beggars, that those of Paris lead the entire world in ingenuity, impudence and mendacity. St. Giles can't hold a candle to them. One of the very latest dodges is the farce of debtor and creditor. It is performed after this fashion:

A man with an honest countenance, dressed as becomes respectable penury, with a threadbare suit, and shiny, napless hat, is accosted in the street by an individual of commonplace appearance and brutal manners, who demands, with a gruff voice and ruffianly air, the payment of a certain amount of money owing to him. The passers-by become curious, and the idle gather round. The creditor talks louder; the debtor casts down his eyes and stammers. He is confused and despairing, and implores his rude persecutor to spare him this public humiliation. But it seems that the wildness and misery of the debtor only increase the rudeness and ferocity of the creditor. He heaps insult upon insult, and finally seizes the unhappy man by the collar. The wretched debtor lifts his eyes to heaven, and tears, genuine tears, are seen to dim their lustre. The crowd naturally takes his part—multitudes always sympathise with distress,—but the creditor stands upon his rights, like Shylock.

"It's no use to talk, gentlemen. He shall pay me, or I'll know the reason why. I'll drag him before a public commissioner in spite of his whinings."

Violent murmurs now rise on every side; the pity of the spectators is at its height, and sometimes a rich and benevolent person in the crowd produces the amount claimed—which is never more than about twenty francs—and gives them to the pitiless creditor. If this generous financier is not to be found, a confederate proposes a general contribution, setting the example, and the money comes down in a shower. Instead of the twenty francs demanded, he gets thirty or forty. The creditor is paid, the debtor freed, and the trick succeeds, the whole crowd having been handsomely "sold" by this ingenious application of the principle of confederacy.

PRIVATEERING.

Talking about a war with England, privateering, Yankee daring, and matters of that sort, the other day, a friend of ours from the good old town of Plymouth, related the following as a matter of fact: A ship carpenter, by the name of Darrel, during the second war with Great Britain, enlisted on board a little privateer brig, called the Vengeance, 180 tons, and mounting only six light pieces. Darrel took the lead among his messmates from his utter fearlessness and recklessness. They cruised off the Banks, and were on the lookout for a British merchantman, laden with silks and brandy. One morning they saw her looming through the fog, and bore down on her, ready to board and capture her, when, as they came near, she suddenly yawed round, her starboard ports flew open, and she showed by her teeth and her colors that she was a British man-of-war. The privateer had the American ensign at her peak, so that each party knew the other. A council of war was instantly held on board the Vengeance, and Darrel's opinion first asked. "Fight her of course," was the reply, and notwithstanding the imminence of the danger there was a roar of laughter at the perfect gravity and good faith with which the reckless advice was given. "Of course" there was no fighting, but an immediate surrender, as the only means of escape from destruction. The prisoners were speedily released, however, for peace had been declared, but "Fight her of course" stuck to Jack Darrel as long as he lived.

SENSIBLE.—"This is what they call a fellow-feeling for a man," said a loafer, as a watchman was groping for him in the dark.

A WISE MAXIM.—The Prussians say, whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its schools.

ONE IDEA.

It is just as bad to cling to one idea as to use only one kind of exercise: no man can hope for a well-balanced mind without it is a many-sided one. The mind is so nicely balanced that, unless all its parts are kept in motion, are properly exercised and properly employed, the whole fabric becomes disordered and paralyzed. Nearly all lunatics are monomaniacs. No man ought to have only one hobby-horse—he should have a whole steed of them and ride them by turns, unless he wishes his racing-jacket to be changed into a straight-jacket. A love of horses, for instance, is not incompatible with a love of loftier things; Alfieri was passionately fond of them. But there is all the difference in the world between Alfieri, the poet and lover of liberty, and young Noodle, who almost lives in the stable, and talks nothing but horse, morning, noon and night. Noodle estimates a man, not by his moral and intellectual qualities, but by his weight. Is he light enough to back a three-year old? Would he do to ride the bay filly for the thousand-dollar stake? Put him on the box of a stage-coach with the "lines" in his hand, and he is as happy as a king upon his throne—much happier, if all tales told out of school be true.

Noodle's friend, Jinkins, is another monomaniac, with a different crotchet in his head, or "bee in his bonnet," as the Scotch say. The military is his hobby. He walks, or rather marches, as if he had a drill sergeant before him. He asks you, when he meets you, if you know how many buttons there are on the sleeve of the new regulation uniform, and if you can't answer him, pities your ignorance from the bottom of his heart. Then there is the nautical monomaniac.

"The sun was white and red the morn
The noisy hour that he was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphin bared his scales of gold;
And never was heard such an uproar wild
As welcomed to earth the ocean child."

He dresses in a blue jacket and white pants, chews tobacco voraciously, and frequently refers to his "top-lights" in a very mysterious manner. He sneers malignantly at "land lubbers," and, like Long Tom Coffin, "can't see the use of having any land, except to hold an anchor-stake or raise a few wegetables and potatoes." But this hapless monomaniac was never afloat—not he. He is a sailor only in imagination. He once went to Nahant by steamboat, but was so awfully sick that he has patronized the railroad ever since. Yet he is the victim of one idea—"the sea, the sea, the open, open sea." The prize-ring, the stage, politics, have all their representative men of one idea; and the worst luck

we can conceive of is to be compelled to listen to one of these individuals for an hour as he chants the praises of his favorite hobby, and fairly "runs the thing into the ground."

INGRATITUDE.

One of the most striking instances of ingratitude—in this case it was the result of avarice—that we ever met with is related by Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Times." Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, was his kinsman. When he was nearly twenty, he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the famous oculist, on an agreement that the operator should receive sixty guineas if he succeeded in restoring his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor accomplished his task, and Sir William was able to read and write without spectacles for the remainder of his life. But no sooner had the operation been performed, and Sir William seen the good effects of it, than, instead of being overjoyed as most people would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was now to cheat the oculist. He pretended he could not see anything perfectly, and for that reason the bandage was continued on a month longer than the usual time. By this means, he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money. In our opinion, Sir William Smythe, baronet, of Bedfordshire, was an unmitigated rascal.

ALGERIA.—Twelve hundred tribes now acknowledge the French authority in Algeria. Louis Napoleon talks of erecting it into a kingdom: so that if he should be obliged to walk out of the Tuileries some fine day he will have a place of refuge to go to. Nobody will think of "carrying the war into Africa."

POPULATION AND BIBLES.—The population of the United States is now over 25,000,000, making nearly 6,000,000 families; of these, it is believed more than 1,000,000 are without the Bible.

DON'T BE AFRAID.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol I don't be afraid!"

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.—A writer in the New York Tribune states that 4383 hand organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.

STRONG PRACTICE.

We remember hearing a self-educated healer of the sick, who hung out his shingle in a certain town of Louisiana, give an account of his practice with a coolness that made us shudder: "Stranger," said he, "the wust fever we hev here is the onremittin'. It's purty tight—'cause it's apt to hang on long, but it aint nothin' like ekal to that *die-gestive* fever that they dies on over in them hills. I, in general, mostly uses it up in a couple of days. I gin a 'mettick in the fust place; then, half an hour after that, five' or ten grains of 'Samson,'—that's the short name we hev here for *calumny*. Wall, then when the case looks right, I give about a wine-glassful of *de*—and the next day the nigger is fitten ter *que-sie*; and the day after he can walk into the pork and make the hoe fly. It's seldom I has 'em in longer than I tells you on. Sometimes, in the very beginning of the attack, I bleeds 'em; but it wont do, stranger. When the eyes look big and glassy, old Samson in five grain doses, in every half an hour, fur about five hours, is jest the thing—they is more people killed by bleedin' at the wrong time, than they is by Old Death himself!"

A FOOL'S ANSWER.—One of the learned professors, rambling in the vicinity, encountered a simpleton, not a "motley fool," however, to whom he propounded the following question: "How long can a man live without brains?" "I don't know," drawled the suburban, scratching his head. "How long have you lived yourself, sir?" No more questions were asked.

THE VERY BEST.—Perhaps the very best pun on record was that made by the Marquis de Bievre. Louis XVI. asked him for a specimen of his wit. "Give me a subject," said the punster. "Take me," said the monarch. "Pardon, your majesty—a king is no subject."

RELIGION IN FRANCE.—It appears from official returns that the number of persons in France belonging to the Roman Catholic religion is 35,931,032; Calvinists, 480,507; Lutherans, 267,826; Jews, 73,975; other creeds, 30,000.

ASTONISHING.—It is a singular fact that women, after a certain age, never grow older, but often younger. It is next to impossible for unmarried women to get over forty.

A BRIGHT HOPE.—Mrs. Hope, an American lady, lately wore at a London party a diamond bracelet that cost \$75,000.

HELP.

Some housekeepers complain that it is a bitter satire to call domestics in this country "help." We dare say that when Mrs. Col. Freemont did her own housework in California, she got along a great deal better than she has done since with servants to oversee. An English nobleman once had a French valet reply in person to his advertisement for a servant. The applicant produced his credentials, and enlarged on his accomplishments. He was then asked what his terms were. "Three hundred pounds a year," answered the valet. "'Zounds! fellow," exclaimed his lordship; "make it guineas, and I'll wait on you!" A nobleman once found Fontenelle in very bad humor. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "The matter!" replied Fontenelle; "I have but one domestic, and I am as badly served as if I had twenty!"

SUCCESS OF THE MAGAZINE.—We should be wanting in feeling not to acknowledge with thanks the vast patronage which is being extended to BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE. We have placed our mark at one hundred thousand for its circulation at the close of the present year, and we are fast approaching that number. This is unprecedented, and shows that its excellence and cheapness are being understood far and near.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.—A regimental chaplain, in preaching to his military auditors, spoke of the general deluge. "Who's he?" whispered a soldier, nudging his comrade. "I thought I knew all the great commanders of Europe, but I never heard of General Deluge."

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit swells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.

METALLIC ALLOY.—A London artist has secured a patent for a new alloy of metal, composed of copper, zinc and magnesia, which bears a strong resemblance to gold in several respects.

A QUESTION.—We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

A HIT.—Peter Pindar it was who said that the booksellers drank their wine in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, out of authors' skulls.

Foreign Miscellany.

The potato crop has proved a complete failure throughout Portugal.

Baron James de Rothschild has given forty thousand francs to the sufferers by the late inundations in France.

The increase of government expenditure in Great Britain during the two years of the recent Russian war was £53,688,000.

There are now no less than three hundred and sixty-four churches in Rome, while the population is considerably less than two hundred thousand.

It is said to be the intention of the Russian government to establish a journal in London similar to the "Nord" of Brussels.

Sir George Grey, governor of the Cape of Good Hope, strongly recommends the encouragement of immigration.

M. Massini announces his intention of withdrawing altogether from politics, and emigrating as a private citizen to the United States.

Some searching mind has discovered that the city of Paris consumes daily some two billion cups of coffee!

Munich has decreed that the graves of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, and Gabelsberger, the inventor of stenography, shall henceforth be carefully kept.

The pianos annually manufactured in France are worth 40,000,000 francs. "France plays," said M. Veron recently in the Corps Legislatif, "while the rest of Europe dances."

The present year completes the first century of the existence of the Swedenborgian doctrine. A great commemorative gathering is to be held in London, in June of next year.

It is proposed to add the £30,000 remaining of the large sum voted for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, to the £5000 appropriated for a monument, and erect another colossal one to the hero of Waterloo.

Up to the 10th of May, 55,000 French, 9000 English, 7000 Sardinians, and 10,000 Turks had quitted the Crimea; and there were still on Russian territory 25,000 French, 40,000 English, and 9000 Sardinians.

The emigration from Norway to the United States is very considerable this year, and the emigration fever in some parts of the country is so great that the value of property has fallen considerably.

A flute made of gold is on exhibition in London. The gold was brought from Australia. The weight of the flute is 14 1/2 ounces, the value being estimated at about \$650. The workmanship is exquisite.

The locomotives in Germany are hereafter to be covered with a casing of glass, which will permit the engineers to survey the whole country, and at the same time protect them from the wind and cold.

The steeple chase on the Prater at Vienna was a dead failure. A trough had been laid across the road so as to represent a river, but the horses, instead of clearing it, drew up, and began in the coolest manner to drink out of it!

The new ship building at MHIwall, Eng., is an eighth of a mile long.

Louis Napoleon is proposing to establish an order of Algerian nobility.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,153.

Austria is contented with the future intentions of France and England toward Italy.

Collections continue in England for sufferers in France by the inundation.

The fountains of Sydenham Palace have been opened. They excel those of Versailles.

Sir Edward Lyons is to be raised to the peerage for services in the Black Sea, being the only peerage manufactured from this war.

Gen. Williams, the brave defender of Kara, upon his arrival in England, was the recipient of many complimentary demonstrations.

The streets of London extend in length 1730 miles, the paving of which cost £44,000,000, and the yearly cost of keeping the pavement in repair amounts to £1,800,000.

The trustees of the British Museum have recommended to the Lords of the Treasury that a grant of £5000 should be made for decorating the interior of the new reading room.

A subterranean railroad is now being laid down in Paris, in the middle of the Boulevard du Sebastopol. It will connect the halles or markets with the extramural railways.

The English Royal Yacht Club, which is only one of many such, numbers 173 members. They own 91 yachts, measuring rather more than 11,000 tons, which gives an average of not less than 120 tons as the measurement of each.

Rossini has received an ovation at Strasburg in Germany. All the performers of the theatre, recruited by a number of musicians, assembled under his windows by torchlight, and gave him a serenade.

The disease is again prevalent in the wine districts of Portugal. The potato crop is a failure, and there will not be half a harvest; so that large imports from the United States and from England are looked for.

An expedition is fitting out at Hamburg by a Russian American company, to sail shortly for Russo-American territory. The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred persons, including artificers of all kinds.

The baneful ribbon system is prevailing extensively on the northwestern counties of Ireland, especially in Donegal and Sligo. Owing to instructions from government, the constabulary are making great exertions to break up the confederacy.

The Austrian party at Rome, which is already more powerful than the French, is daily increasing in strength; but Pius IX. himself has as strong a dislike to the German element as he had when he first seated himself in the chair of St. Peter.

The Dublin Nation announces that Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, the late proprietor of that paper, is to receive a present of £10,000 in Australia, for the purpose of giving him a qualification to enter the Legislature.

Record of the Times.

Col. Samuel Colt (of revolver fame) recently married Miss Elizabeth Jarvis, of Middletown.

Actors should remember that applause is often elicited by their words, not themselves.

The most inconsiderable men are usually of the most eminent gravity.

The public libraries of New York city contain 36,290 volumes.

The town of Dunse, Scotland, with 4000 people, has no public house.

Mazzini, the Italian patriot, intends to emigrate as a private citizen to this country.

A second Calvin Edson has appeared in New York. He is five feet six inches in height, and only weighs fifty pounds.

At the late annual meeting of the New York Association, two new churches, one French and the other German, were received.

Le Verrier, director of the Observatory at Paris, has named the last new planet, the fortieth of the series discovered by M. Goldschmidt, "Harmonia," in honor of the conclusion of peace.

Rev. Archibald MacLay, D. D. having resigned the presidency of the American Bible Union, Rev. T. Armitage, D. D., has been elected his successor.

The Russian Government is having considerable quantities of silver, which it has bought up in England and Germany, melted down into bars at the Frankfort Mint.

The pig population—four-legged—of the Mississippi Valley is estimated at between forty and fifty millions—nearly two pigs apiece for every human being in the United States!

Charles F. M. Garnett, of Richmond, Va., now chief engineer of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, has received the appointment of chief engineer of the Don Pedro Railroad, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with a salary of \$15,000.

The editor of the Perth (C. W.) Standard states that those fashionable and airy articles of ladies' underclothing, hooped skirts, are now being used by female Canadian thieves for the purpose of concealing stolen property.

There is now scarcely a single State in the Union but what has an asylum for the insane, and some of the States have several. Even in California, a large and expensive hospital has been erected for the insane, as one of the first objects of attention in that State.

The editor of the New Lisbon (Ohio) Aurora gives as one reason for the non-appearance of that journal in twenty-three days, his working in the garden and being (though not all at once) more than fifty furlongs of ground, and another, that his assistant type-setter has got married and gone West.

The British Government, it is said, lately made large contracts for Sharpe's rifles with some of our manufacturers, and the manufacture of them by American mechanics at Edgefield, England, is now being carried on under a tremendous press of steam, to supply the army as soon as possible.

The number of Germans or their descendants in the United States is rated at four millions.

Mr. Samuel Watkins has given the city of Nashville ten acres of land for a park.

John Adams's father said, "I couldn't make him a shoemaker, so put him to learning!"

A teaspoonful of mustard, mixed with warm water, is an antidote for poison.

In raising grapes, always preserve three or four leaves beyond each bunch.

If you must find fault, do it in private, if possible, and briefly.

Some of the Mormons are said to be on their way to the Eastern States for machinery for a steamboat, to be used on Salt Lake.

The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

In the tenth century, to eat out the same plate, and drink out the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

Miss Lake, an energetic lady, is now on a visit to Philadelphia, with the object of collecting funds to establish a Female Seminary in the island of Hayti.

The loss by fire in the United States for the last six months is set at \$3,782,000—not including any fires by which the loss was less than \$10,000!

There is a man in the New Jersey Penitentiary who has had twenty-three wives, two of whom he married within two hours of each other.

During the month of May last, two thousand six hundred French Canadians had left Montreal for the United States, whither they go for employment, and with the intention of becoming citizens.

All the towns in Minnesota are crowded with emigrants. Boarding and provisions are high in consequence. Since the spring opened, the emigration to the territory has not fallen short of one thousand persons a day.

It is reported that the Rothschilds, of London and Paris, have entered the sugar market. By purchasing supplies when everything could be had cheapest, whether in Havana, Brazil, East Indies or elsewhere, they would be enabled, on an advance in prices, to realize large profits.

The ocean, according to geographers, is contained in five great basins—not mere "nutshells." They are rather sizable dishes which hold the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic, and the Antarctic Oceans! We may add that they are all earthen basins, and that the Eastern is contained in a China one!

The voluntary contributions of the people of the United States to religious and benevolent institutions are among the most gratifying evidences of modern enlightenment. The receipts of nineteen of the great Christian organizations for the year ending in April last, were \$1,840,823 48, being an increase of \$207,943 87 upon the receipts of the previous year.

Merry Making.

Many literary "effusions" proceed from water on the brain.

Why was the nose put in the middle of the face? Because it's the *scenter* (centre).

Why is an awkward fellow like a pine tree? Because he is evergreen.

So many people "cut a dash" with money that it is highly incorrect to call it "blunt."

What sort of trees will best bear removal and transportation? Axle-trees.

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son."

What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a *hogs-head* full.

"Masse, one ob your oxen's dead—todder too 'was 'fraid to tell you ob 'em bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it."

What Scripture character would you mention in ordering away an untruthful person. Ans.—Goliath. (go liar.)

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have doubtless been struck with surprise at the very great number of horses just seven years old.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man."

One of our exchanges has the audacity to say that French stocks rose considerably upon the birth of "that blessed baby," and were decidedly *boy-ant*.

Mrs. Fly was asked if she kneaded her dough, or beat it up with a stick. "If you can find anybody that 'needs the dough' more than I do," said she, "pity take mercy on 'em!"

The largest angel we ever read of was seen by Mahomet in the third heaven, which the Koran says had two eyes seventy thousand days' journey apart.

The Hopeful Son.—Mother.—Did I not tell you not to trouble those pies again? Hopeful Son.—I aint had no trouble with 'em; I'm a eaten 'em as peaceable as can be.

Chesterfield having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson!

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" "O, I guessed it." "Thin, be the holy poker, if ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burlington."

An editor asks, in talking of poetry and matrimony: "Who would indite sonnets to a woman whom he saw every morning in her night-cap, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard?"

A gipsy woman promised to show to two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

"Stirring times," as the hasty pudding said to the spoon.

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to his head."

What Roman general do the ladies ask for in leap year? *Marius* (marry us).

The quickest way to acquire a knowledge of "tanning," is to insult a prize fighter's wife.

The only medicinal herb for a "mind diseased" is proverbs.

What man is there who, had he a window in his breast, would not speedily pull down the blinds?

A woman advertising for a husband wants him to be not only "strictly religious, but of good character."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so very savagely?" "O, beg pardon, sir—I took you for my husband!"

In Canada they boil everything for greens, beginning with mullen leaves, and leaving off with the window blinds.

If "cleanliness is necessary to godliness," the morals of the New York street inspectors must be at a very low ebb.

Why is the young Prince of Algiers like the hind quarter of a beef? Because he is the least bony part (least *Bonaparte*).

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when set "a going."

It is thought that the Brutus who slew Cæsar was some relation to the Crow Family, for in his speech to the populace he opens with, "Hear me for my *case*!"

A fellow just returned from a fight, in which he came off second best, was asked what made him look so sheepish. "Because," said he, "I have been and got *tammed*!"

The Boston Gazette propounds the following spirited con.: "If I owed a man five dollars, what liquor would I resemble? Ans.—*Eaux de vie* (owed a V)."

"Zounds! fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

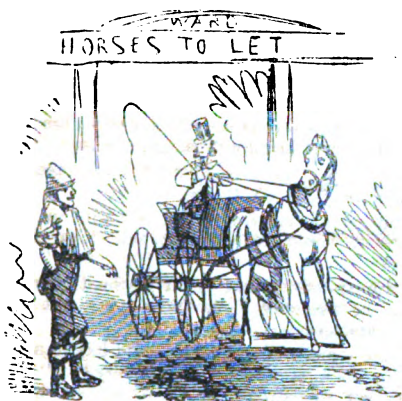
"My dear Coleridge," said Charles Lamb once to his old and dear friend, "you are one of the very best men in England; you have but one infirmity, you always fail just when you happen to have a duty to perform."

"Here," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come and tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An' by my sowl," replied the Hibernian, quickly, "yer honor is a *man*."

One of the miseries of humankind is being a compositor on a newspaper, and having to insert the marriage of the girl you love with a man old enough to be your father—he is rich and you are poor.

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared "he never was drunk, and never meant to be; for it always made him feel so bad the next morning."

Tom Goodluck's Afternoon Drive.



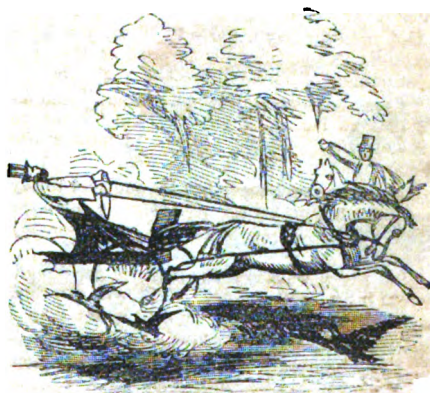
"All ready, sir." But horse says "neigh!" (no.)



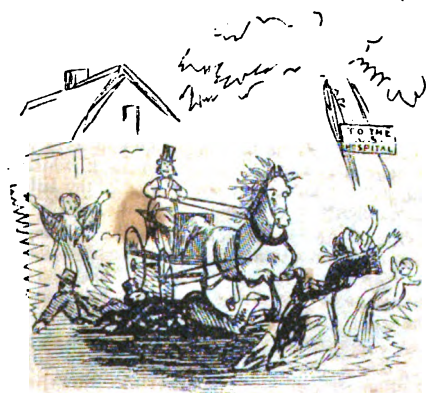
Merely wants a little persuasion.



Goes off finally at good speed.



Which is increased by using the whip.

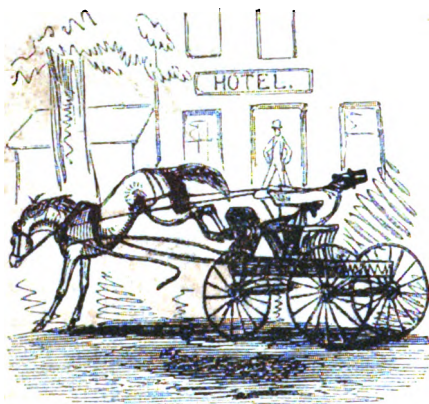


A slight mishap occurs on the road



Feels inclined to stop at a hotel.

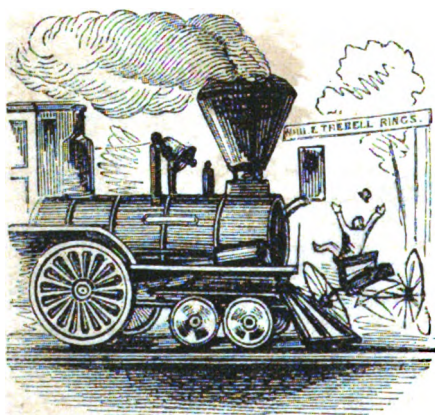
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



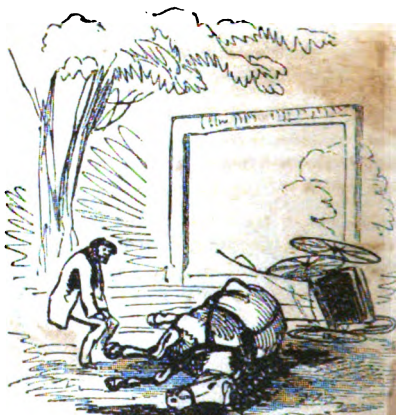
Tries, but with very poor success.



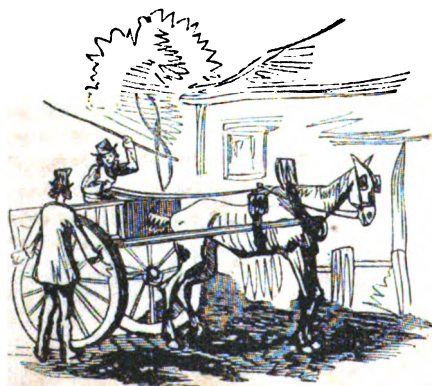
Horse at top speed. Slightly dusty.



Unfortunately meets the express train.



Aspect of affairs in consequence.



Hires a horse up to anything in saddle or harness.



And reaches home considerably dilapidated.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 4.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1856.

WHOLE No. 29

THE HEROINE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

On the old road from Boston to Medford, there stands a lofty dwelling, whose spacious gardens and cultivated groves bespeak the presence of wealth and elegant taste. With little change from what it now is, more than seventy years it stood, overlooking the little village of Milton on the one hand, and the panorama of hills which crowded the prospect towards the city when Gage and the British flag held compulsory dominion.

Weld House was justly celebrated as the abode of hospitality and refinement. Its owner, a West Indian by birth, claimed kindred on one side from an old English family, some of whose members had been of note in the history of the mother land. But in the veins of John Weld also flowed colonial blood, from a stock long eminent in New England for the sturdy virtues of patriotism and persevering resistance to tyranny. Thus connected, Judge Weld was influenced by two opposing forces, which combined to prevent him from open action, either for king or congress. It was not that he needed courage, wisdom, or determination, in thus remaining neutral. His course was, in a great degree, the result of such a foresight as few men of his strong predilections possessed. His prejudices were decidedly those of birth and rank. An aristocracy, governed by a few and court, and a subordinate people, obedient and submissive to their hereditary condition, were themes congenial to his habitual thought. His spirit chafed at the rebellious efforts which he deemed

subversive of venerable and praiseworthy principles.

All this, however, did not prevent him from perceiving that the power of England over America was about to undergo a peril whose final result might be that of disaster and defeat, quite as possibly as that of triumph. He foresaw that, in setting himself against the patriotic tide, he would put to risk the comfort of his family to an unusual degree, in that the means of sustaining themselves in society would be instantly swept away on the event of revolutionary success. Wealth, rank and honors were very dear to John Weld, and he took such a course as, in his mind, seemed most likely to secure their retention.

Nor was the judge by any means an evil or selfish man. Determined in his opinions and his prejudices, unchangeable in his will when once his mind was fixed on a course such as he felt that prudence would approve (and he was careful to make no choice without consulting that), he nevertheless inclined, in all things, to humanity and what he considered a just regard for the rights of others. To sum up his character, he was a proud man—kindly dispositioned in many things, but always jealous of his position, ever heedful of the social respect which was his due, and a man not to be flouted with impunity, either at home or abroad. He had now been several years retired from legal office, but when he sat on the judicial bench, it had been said that no one of his compeers brought

to his place such a dignity of personal bearing as was manifested by himself. There was certainly that in Judge Weld's appearance which would have impressed itself on the most inattentive observer. He possessed a noble form, features firm-set and massive, an eagle eye, and a step like that of a lord. Judge Weld was one of nature's noblemen.

To his masculine qualities, the character of his lady presented an admirable foil. In her youth she had been toasted as a belle, and years had not effaced the beauty of features which still continued attractive, although they had long faded from their lustrous rose and white. Her mind, which in early life, had been somewhat romantic in tendency, had been tempered by experience, so that without losing aught of its qualities, it had gained the matronly stability so desirable in that middle age which she had now attained. But her character, though modelled by circumstance, was not radically changed, and exerted on her only child an influence of which she herself was hardly conscious.

In Florence Weld, her mother's comparatively passive susceptibility was vivified by the inheritance of her father's energetic will and a goodly portion of his physical vigor. She would weep at night over a leaf of Richardson's stilted novels, or feed with eager eye on some favorite poem, and on the morn be none the less ready to push her gallant steed at a wall, or a ditch, such as few provincial beaux would have liked to attempt. To this class of admirers, indeed, Florence was for the most part an object of equal dread and admiration. She dealt not in pretty nothings—she was not beautifully weak and vapid. On the contrary, her ardent disposition rendered her too little apt at concealment of likes or dislikes—too willing to point the keen arrows of her wit against coxcomby of mind or manner. In these stirring times, when the sound of cannon and the call to arms were in all men's dreams, there were not many of the neighboring youths who chose to act the gallant's part, and bask in lady's bower; and those who did so choose, were not the ones most likely to attract her regard.

Florence, therefore, obtained the reputation of a proud, disdainful beauty, who had no intention of giving herself to a man of middle station. She aspired, so it was said, to wed with lofty rank—to join herself to splendid fortunes and a titled name. Gossip went so far, indeed, as to point out the favored suitor, who was declared to be a promising young officer belonging to one of the British regiments then stationed in Boston. Major Allerton was the son and heir of

Lord Allerton, of Oxfordshire, England. He had met Florence at a ball given in Boston nearly two years before the time of our story's commencement. Strongly attracted by her beauty and piquancy of manner, the young officer procured an introduction which he lost no time in following up. His name and station readily opened to him the doors of Weld Hall, so long, at least, as he was able to avail himself of his right of entry, and the welcome which its owner right freely extended.

In the eyes of Judge Weld, a noble name, good personal appearance, wealth, a manner gentlemanly and polished almost to extreme, joined to talents not at all contemptible, certainly warranted his approbation of the young officer's evident intentions. But the major's attentions were not so well received by the daughter. As a visitant, she received him with a proper respect. She conversed with him civilly, but never unreservedly. The slightest advance, on his part, was instantly repelled by a frigidity of manner totally opposite to her usual demeanour.

At length the young officer, impatient of delay, and determined not to receive the ill omen which lurked in the maiden's ways, ventured on an open declaration of his attachment. His suit was at once declined—so decidedly, too, on his further urgency, that the humbled and incensed gallant forsook the house forthwith, hardly knowing which was more justly the object of his indignation, himself, or the capricious country girl who had presumed to reject the offers of Major Henry Allerton, the favored child of fortune, the pride of fashion's circle, whose foot had been always welcome in lady's bower, and whose self-complacent regard had hitherto ever basked in the sunlight of beauty's smiles. Weld Hall was henceforth deprived of his presence. The judge presently took alarm at his continued absence, and was not long in arriving at a pretty correct suspicion of its cause. On questioning Florence, the truth was elicited. The judge lectured her severely on what he termed her whimsical and unreasonable conduct. He even went the length of declaring his intention to recall the young major, provided that intention could be accomplished in a manner consistent with propriety. The peremptory admonition of the judge was met with a firmness which he had not prepared himself to expect.

"Father," said Florence in reply, "if you choose to give me an invitation to the major, as you would to any other guest, I certainly can make no objection to your purpose. But if you propose this in order to give me opportunity to change my mind, I must say that your scheme

will be altogether in vain. Were it possible for the major to make a second trial, he would find that what I have said once, I can readily say again."

Her father regarded her for a few moments with a stern countenance. His black, bushy brows settled down over his eyes, which glowed with a more piercing light from the very shadow which sought to obscure them.

"Girl," he said, "this would never have taken place without a cause. You have given no decent reason for rejecting a man every way worthy—one whom most maidens would have accepted with very little urgency. How is it? Have you, then, picked up some gallant of your own choice—some knight paladin—whom of your own free will you have endowed with all impossible perfections?"

Florence, who had received her father's reproofs with tolerable calmness, heard his final question with some agitation. Her composure but increased with the reiteration of the question.

"I cannot deny that there is, in some measure—"

"Name him!" said the judge, hastily. "Will you obey me?" he continued, after waiting a moment for her reply.

The harsh tone in which the command was uttered, summoned up her spirit afresh. She lifted her face, brilliant with the very flush of excitement; she met the gaze fixed upon her with a countenance deprecative of anger, but still unshaken, save when the mobile lips were unable to restrain the lingering fear which trembled in their undulating jointure. So beautiful did she appear, that the chagrin of the judge gradually yielded to the mollifying influence, and when he again repeated his demand, it was in a milder tone than before.

"William Andrews," replied Florence, in a low voice. And as she spoke, her face was half averted, her eyes sought the floor, and her whole form seemed instinct with apprehension of the consequences which should result from her unwilling avowal.

The judge could hardly credit his own ears.

"William Andrews! William Andrews!" he exclaimed, slowly repeating the words, as though to assure himself that he could not have been mistaken. "It cannot be; else you are more mad, even, than I had supposed that you could be. Have I heard aright? A young man of no birth, unpolished in manners—what is there, pray, to make him so attractive to you? Let us have no more of this folly," he added, rising from his seat and taking up his riding-gloves preparatory to going out on his morning's busi-

ness. "Have nothing further to do with this young Andrews. Discontinue, at once, whatever acquaintance you have with him, however slight, and recollect that, though I have seldom laid on you a positive command, yet when I find occasion to do so, it must be implicitly obeyed."

As Andrews was at this time absent in New Hampshire, where he was like to remain for several months, the judge had no fear of his commands being at present infringed. He considered the affair, furthermore, as a girlish caprice, which was most absurd in itself, and which needed nothing more than the exertion of a little straightforward authority to be at once stifled. He was perfectly satisfied that there could not be, in the nature of things, any enduring attachment between Florence and the unpolished rustic, as he termed the most unwelcome rival of the elegant and accomplished Major Allerton.

Andrews was the son of a farmer resident some fifty miles from Boston. Having, when a mere boy, been taken by the village lawyer to do the errands and common drudgery of his office, the boy's capacity was so evident, that his master, after a year or two, entered him as a student of law, and assisted his early struggles with such money loans as his necessities required. He had nearly finished his course, when an accidental meeting brought him acquainted with Florence Weld. Her intuitive keenness, and not less than this, her slight regard for the arbitrary boundaries of social rank, almost instantly led her to appreciate the genius of the student, and to feel an admiration and a sympathy which opportunity only increased. On his part, Andrews was even more readily attracted by the beauty and generous frankness of the high-spirited maiden, and was not slow to improve himself in her good graces—that is to say, after he had taken sufficient care to assure himself in the outset of the nature of the ground on which he ventured. For the young lawyer was sensitively alive to the difference between his own position and that of the high-bred Florence, and nought but a genuine sentiment, which was in a similar measure returned, would ever have induced him to overlook the distinction while that distinction existed. Nevertheless, being ambitious, he hoped that time would do much to lessen the intervening space, and so to time he hopefully trusted.

In a few weeks, the quarrel between the government and its rebellious subjects arrived at its height. The battle of Lexington in a moment kindled the fire of patriotism to a fervid flame. The whole country rose in arms. Boston was literally besieged by a raw militia, leavened by a few veterans who had fought the French and In-

dians under the very flags, possibly, which floated over familiar faces—faces of those who, companions in arms, had now by the fate of civil war, become their bounden enemies. The undisciplined army was officered as best it might be; and men of little or no experience often received promotion to places of responsibility on no other grounds than that of natural capacity. Andrews, having returned from New Hampshire (where, indeed, he had been engaged in some matters pertaining to the present crisis), was appointed to a captaincy in a regiment stationed not far from Weld Hall.

It may well be imagined that, neighborhood and opportunity favoring, it was no long time before Florence and the captain met again. Florence, with praiseworthy resolution, though with the deepest grief, declared the necessity of mutual forgetfulness. This severe decree was naturally met with earnest remonstrance. The result was, that after two or three interviews, a discovery took place at the hall. Florence was bitterly reprimanded by the judge, and she was closely confined within her own chamber for several days. What success this procedure found, will presently be seen, and whether the quality of locks proved better than in other cases of similar nature.

The story of the 17th of June, 1775, is probably more familiar to the New Englander, in all its minuteness of detail, than that of any other national event which has occurred in past time. The monument which overtops the city of Charlestown is reared upon the corner stone of his liberties; and when we come to speak of what it commemorates, we have little need to refresh the memory of our readers with regard to the current of events which on that day took place. We have only so far to mention them, as they are directly connected with the course of our narrative.

The company of Captain Andrews was stationed for the most part at the rail fence which ran along the most exposed portion of the American lines. A few of the privates, only, were protected by defences somewhat more secure than those of their fellows. The nature of their position made it necessary for the company to exert themselves to the utmost in order to strengthen their frail works, as far as possible, before the approach of the enemy. The continued labor began to be felt by all, especially by the more youthful who were not insured to manual toil. Andrews had noticed two or three, whom, in his own mind, he declared more fitting to remain by the family fireside, than here, mere

boys, to be acting the part of full grown soldiers. The thought had hardly passed through his mind, when it was re-echoed by a stout, iron haired officer, who touching him on the shoulder, accosted him as follows:

"How goes it with you here, captain? D'ye think your lads will be able to stand fire?"

"I'll warrant them, general," was the reply.

Putnam gave a quick, eager look with his blue eyes along the ranks before him. Then turning again to his companion:

"Some of your company would hardly come up to regulations, captain, if we were to be particular in such matters. For instance, I fancy that were I the mother of one smooth-faced youngster whom I have just seen, I would have taken his gun from him and set him to sweep the kitchen, instead of permitting him here. But never mind. It shows the right stuff—the right stuff!"

And the general passed on. There was a transient sadness in the expression of his voice which communicated itself to the mind of the young officer, as the latter listened to the cannon of the British fleet sending forth their iron shower, premonitory of the storm soon to burst upon the rustic and untried army of the Americans. A vivid picture of mangled bodies and desolated homes, rose in the fancy of the thinker. But such thoughts were only momentary. The requirements of duty, the excitement of expectation, the thrill with which the sound of battle stirs the soldier's heart—all these allowed little chance for sentiment. Every one was busied in making preparation for the masses, which, forming into line at the shore, began to move forward with steady step towards the summit. Onward and onward, till from the rude mounds a sea of flame burst forth and tore the proud array asunder, as does the whirlwind the ranks of shining grain. Again and again death levelled the advancing lines in bloody swarths along the declivity of the hill. They fled, they rallied, and again, with desperate resolution, nerved themselves to fresh attempt.

But now the faces of the brave defenders are clouded with sullen gloom. They see their foes moving up to the bloody boundary where a heaped line of dead bodies show an ominous warning. But cartridge-box and pouch are empty, and as the exulting Britons pour over the low bulwark, musket stocks and stones are the weapons which keep in check the fatal bayonet. The Americans retreat slowly and sullenly, face to face with the foe. But the rail-fence is still manned. Its holders must needs devote themselves to cover the retreat of their mates. One

more volley; the assailants for a moment fall back; they push forward again; but the object is gained, and Andrews and his gallant companions follow the retreating army. But their numbers lessen fast; one by one they fall before their exasperated enemies. Even now, a slight and youthful form sinks with a despairing cry to the earth. The countenance of the poor boy is turned aside with hopeless terror. It is seen by Andrews, and a thrill of horror shoots through his frame as he springs forward and throws himself on the bayonet of the soldier.

"Hold!" he cried. "It is a woman whom you seek to kill!"

Then sight and feeling fled, and all was blank. Immediately after the battle was over, it was deemed advisable that one of the subordinate generals should proceed to Boston for oversight of certain hospital arrangements. General Munro took it upon himself to attend to the business, and was proceeding from the western portion of the intrenchment to take boat across the river, when he came directly upon the lovers, who still lay as they had fallen, a little within the line of intrenchment. Something in their appearance arrested the attention of the general. He dismounted, and bending over, carefully examined the features of the captain, which were somewhat disfigured by an ugly cut on the forehead. With only a cursory glance at Florence, for such the reader discovers to have been the disguised companion of the wounded officer, the general ordered some of the soldiers to convey them both to his boat. His hearers, wondering at the agitation which he displayed, readily obeyed; and were accompanied on their errand by Munro, who, pacing slowly by their side, showed the most intense regard of their charge. Having passed from the Charlestown landing to Gray's Wharf, he accompanied his companions from thence to his own quarters, where Florence and her friend, by this time much revived, were placed in adequate care. Their host then hastened away to attend to the business with which he was entrusted.

It was some hours before he returned, when he found his patients thriving admirably. Florence, who had suffered more from the effect of extreme emotion than from any other cause, and who had received no serious injury, was in the chamber assigned to her by the general's lady. To the latter, Florence, at the earliest instance of opportunity, confided the secret of her sex, and the imprudence of which she had been guilty in flying from her home-prison to enact the part of an Amazonian heroine. She trembled and shed tears, when speaking of the battle and her part in it.

"I found," she said, "how little I had known of the horrors of such a scene, and how much I had over-estimated my own courage. I have been taught, to-day, the lesson that woman can never with impunity overstep the boundaries of her natural character. I trust that the suffering which I have experienced will be found a sufficient punishment for my folly."

Lady Munro, notwithstanding the sympathy which she felt for her charge, could not help smiling at the maiden's story, and the unconscious simplicity with which it was related.

"Do not grieve yourself so much about the matter," she replied. "I fancy that your romantic adventure will not, after all, meet with any very serious consequences. And I am glad to find that you have a very just sense of propriety, notwithstanding a little eccentricity such as a soldier's wife, like myself, will find small difficulty in pardoning."

"Make yourself easy on the score of your family," she said to her, some time afterward. "The general will send a messenger to the opposite lines, and your father will be duly informed of your being safely bestowed in our keeping. When he arrives, I think we shall show him sufficient reason for overlooking the past."

Florence regarded her hostess with a curious air, perceiving that the emphasis with which she spoke had its origin in a cause as yet unknown to her hearer. And when, on the following day, she met the general and Captain Andrews at breakfast, she observed that they both manifested an occasional abstraction of manner. She even endeavored to be offended by her admirer's want of attention toward herself. But the attempt signally failed; and she was fain to wait as contentedly as might be till the fancied mystery should receive solution.

It was somewhere in the latter part of the afternoon, that a carriage stopped in front of the house. Florence, glancing through the half-closed shutter of the window where she sat, saw the occupant of the carriage alight and approach the doorstep. Turning pale, she rose and moved away.

"He has come!" she said; and clasping her hands, cast an irresistible look of entreaty on the worthy general. The latter smiled, and pointed to the door of an adjoining room.

"We will excuse you for the present," he said, "till we have succeeded in making terms for your capitulation to the proper authority. Go there; there is not much fear, I think, but that we can manage it."

Florence retired, and the servant, throwing open the parlor door, announced the visitor.

The latter, with a low bow, passed through the doorway, but drew back with an indignant look on seeing Captain Andrews before him. The general laid his hand upon the judge's arm.

"Respected sir," he said, "be composed, I pray you, and listen to the intercession which I wish to make for these young people. But first let me introduce to you my son, William Munro."

As he uttered this with a wave of the hand towards the captain, the judge fixed on the general and his guest a look of the most profound astonishment. But he made no answer, and his glance travelling quickly around the apartment, returned with an expressive anxiety to the countenance of Munro.

"My daughter!"

Florence sprang from her concealment, and threw herself, sobbing and trembling, into her father's arms. The general waited till the ebullition of feeling had subsided, and then, conducting the judge to a comfortable arm-chair, and establishing the young lady by his side, proceeded to further explanation.

"You have, my dear sir," he said, "manifested a very natural surprise at the assertion which I have just made with regard to a certain youth here present. If the evidence of its truth, however, shall be as satisfactory to you as it is to myself, I think that you will need no proof beyond what I am able to afford. It is now about twenty-five years since that I was stationed, with a troop of soldiers under my command, at a fort then recently erected near the mouth of the Kennebec River. My wife, a tender young creature, with an infant only a few months old, had so earnestly remonstrated against being separated from her 'dear Henry' (as she was pleased to entitle your humble servant), that I was fain to allow her to accompany me to my secluded post. It may be imagined that she met not with much society in her new habitation. But Mary seemed to occupy herself quite agreeably with the company of myself and her child, who was the same miniature wonder that every other mother's first baby is known to be.

"Our nurse having fallen sick, my wife took it into her head to employ in her stead a young Indian woman, who had often visited the house, and who had shown a great attachment to the child, bringing it frequently some trifle formed of bright colored beads or minute shells. Nareka gladly assented to the proposition that she should live with us for a time, and have the care of our boy; and though at first I had a little misgiving about the matter, I became soon quite satisfied with the youngster's new guardian. But, to shorten a story which I fear is getting a little tedious,

by-and-by it was proved to our sorrow that, however tamed and softened a savage nature may become, there is no certain security against an outbreak of its original wildness.

"One day Nareka received some reproof from my wife, at which she manifested a little resentment, which, however, was apparently soon dissipated. That evening she and the boy were missing. I need not speak of the anguish of Mary and myself. I never saw Nareka afterward; nor my son, till I recognized him on the battle-ground, wounded and insensible. Singular as it is, the instant that I saw his face, I knew its likeness to his mother's features. There can be no self-deception. You yourself will presently have opportunity to see the resemblance. The age agrees, and the birth-mark which the child bore on the right breast still remains. Furthermore, William learned a few months since that he was not really the child of his reputed parents. There, I have finished my evidence, doubtless much to the satisfaction of Miss Florence, who I perceive does not as yet rest assured of your forgiveness. If I find she is not likely to conquer it, I promise her all the assistance which can be afforded by an old fellow like myself."

That the judge did not discover any lasting obduracy, will be seen from the fact that in the evening, as he sat apart with the general and his lady, the preliminaries to a certain anticipated marriage were pretty freely discussed. The troubled state of the times, and the position of the captain as to political affairs, might have interposed temporary difficulties in the way of his immediate union with Florence. But it was acknowledged by all, that, under the circumstances of his newly discovered relationship, the young officer was certainly, for the time being, bound to relinquish all extreme action against the principles which his father sustained. Therefore, the marriage of the young people took place in the course of a few weeks.

Captain Munro, having relinquished military action, remained quiet at home till the death of his father, which took place in 1777. Then, considering himself no longer pledged to seclusion, he took arms once more, joined the American army, and served with much distinction till the end of the war, when he retired with the rank of colonel, and the universal esteem of his brother officers; while his lovely companion received from her admiring neighbors the appellation of **THE HEROINE OF BUNKER HILL.**

It is the part of a man to be afflicted with grief, to feel sorrow, at the same time that he is to resist it, and to admit of comfort.

BURY ME NOT IN THE SEA.

BY LUCY M. DEAN.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
The words came faint and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shade had slowly passed, and now,
When the land and his fond, loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around to see him die.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll o'er me,
Where no light can break through the cold wave,
And no sunbeam linger above my grave;
It matters not, I have been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant ye, O grant ye this boon to me,
O bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"Let my death-slumber be where a father's prayer
And a sister's tears will be blended there;
O, 'twill be sweet, ere the heart-throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly has yearned for will come
To plant the first wild flowers of spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones can weep o'er me—
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"And there is another—her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in a cold, ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She has twined these locks, and kissed this brow;
In the hair she wreathed shall the sea-serpent hiss,
The brow she pressed shall the cold waves kiss;
For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice faltered there;
They gave no heed to his dying prayer;
They lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And above has closed the cold dark tide,
Where to dip her wing the sea-fowl rests,
Where the blue waves dance with their foaming crests,
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free,
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

MR. AND MRS. BLIMMERGLASS.

BY RALPH TRYON.

MRS. BLIMMERGLASS was rocking vigorously in her capacious chair. We say capacious, for the dimensions of that worthy lady were very ample, and could not easily be contained in a chair of ordinary magnitude. The clouds which were rapidly concentrating in the vicinity of her brows, and the particularly unamiable expression of her features as she regarded her spouse, gave evidence of a domestic storm soon to fall on his unconscious head.

He was minus his coat, and quietly adjusting his cravat before the octagon mirror, which formed the summit of a neat dressing bureau, and which that little man—he was very small—had inclined towards him, in order to be enabled

to view his diminutive proportions; while the various turns and twists of his head made it evident that he was by no means dissatisfied with his personal appearance.

"Mr. Blimmerglass!" she at length exclaimed, giving particular emphasis to the "Mr."

The little man started, as if to dodge the bolt which he discovered gleaming in her eyes, that had often favored him with their electric shocks, to which, by the by, he was by no means partial.

"Well, my dear," he answered plaintively.

"So you are going out this evening?"

"Yes—certainly—that was my intention."

"Pray, is it your intention to go out every night?"

"Not precisely, my love."

"Don't 'my love' me, Mr. Blimmerglass. Haven't you been absent every evening for more than a fortnight? and do you call that setting a good example, as the head of a family, to be rambling about nights when you ought to be at home?"

"You know very well where I go."

"I know where you *say* you go—to Buncomb's to discuss political matters; but saying and doing are different things."

"I hope you do not doubt my veracity, Mrs. Blimmerglass," said the party addressed, making a vain effort to summon up a look of offended dignity.

"I have never caught you in a falsehood," was the defiant answer; "but if you do deceive me, you won't find me the mild, submissive wife that I always have been. I don't doubt your word yet, but heaven knows what I may be brought to do. I do not like to be so neglected, and as for having you out every night, I won't allow it."

"Moral suasion, Mrs. B.—moral suasion."

"Moral fiddlesticks! Haven't I tried it until I am tired? and what has come of it—anything? No, I shall pursue a very different course! I shall insist upon my rights and I will find a way to maintain them!"

Quite a pause ensued, during which the storm had considerably abated. Blimmerglass saw this, and made an effort to recall a little sunshine.

"You know the strength of my affection," he said, "and know that I would not willingly absent myself from you; but a man, now-a-days, must take some stand in the political world, to be thought anything of—and you surely would not wish to be the wife of a nobody! I have a pride to become somebody, for your sake, Mrs. Blimmerglass."

"I know politics is politics, but women are

women, and are not fond of being slighted," replied the wife, somewhat mollified, for the idea of being the wife of a nobody never occurred to her before, and she by no means relished it.

"What, slight you!" he exclaimed, looking as though he would annihilate any giant that would dare to make the assertion; "why, I never thought of such a thing."

"I am very glad to hear it, Peter; but to keep from being a nobody, will you be obliged to keep from home every night?"

"Certainly not, my dear. Suppose I was to tell you that after to night I should not be absent more than two evenings, during the week, until election comes off, and after that, very seldom except in your company, what would you say?"

"I should begin to think that you were coming to your senses."

"Mrs. Blimmerglass, allow me to trust that I have never been out of them."

"Just as you please, Peter. You know that I am never disposed to commence a quarrel with you!"

"Just so," answered the little man, in a tone that implied much doubt.

Mrs. Blimmerglass did not inflict upon him any further persecution on this occasion, but allowed her Peter to depart in peace as soon as he had completed his toilet.

Blimmerglass, notwithstanding his mild submission to the iron rule of his wife, was considered by the world as a rising man. He would drive a sharp bargain, and knew how to purchase real estate as well as any man in the county; and his discreet speculations had made him one of the largest landholders in the town. Peter, like other men of the world, had ambition; and as he was now rich, he looked with a longing eye into the political arena, thinking he could afford a little of his time for public matters tending, of course, to the public good. His aspirations, however, were very moderate, and the only honor that he hoped to achieve in reward for his labors, was a seat at the board of selectmen.

Buncomb was just the man to help him in this instance, for he was a scheming politician of fair abilities, and had his own interest in view, as by aiding Blimmerglass, he looked forward to the day when he might count upon his help to return him to the legislature, of which he was now a member.

While Peter pursued his way, indulging in dreams of parish greatness, his wife rocked very complacently in her chair at home, little thinking of the shock her woman's susceptibilities

were soon to endure. At a later hour her brother came in, somewhat flushed and excited, and threw himself heavily into a chair, as though suffering from unusual fatigue.

"Why William," she exclaimed, "how tired you look! Pray, what have you been doing?"

"I believe I have been walking pretty fast. By the by, I met Peter this evening in rather peculiar circumstances; but I presume that you know all about it."

"I know that he was going to Buncomb's."

"Well, I must say that he was taking a peculiar route to get there."

"You alarm me. But do be a little more explicit, brother."

"Well I will, when you tell me who that fair lady was, that he seemed to be so careful about."

"William, are you crazy? I know nothing of any such lady. Ah, now I see it all! You are attempting to make me the victim of one of your silly jokes."

"I assure you that I am perfectly serious, and moreover, I was much struck with her beauty. Peter sent me here to tell you that he was unexpectedly obliged to be absent until a later hour than usual, and wished me to sit with you until his return. I believe he mentioned something about riding over to D—, which is about eight miles, you know."

"Then you saw him riding with a lady?"

"I did."

"And he had the coolness to stop and speak with you?"

"To be sure, sister. You know that Peter and I are excellent friends, and I should have thought it very singular, if he had not."

"You say that she was pretty—the jade?"

"Beautiful! I declare I really envied Peter the happiness of such a ride."

"The heartless wretch! This comes of his being out so much almost every evening, while I—poor confiding woman—thought he was only wasting his time in politics! I see it all now. The pains he always takes with his dress, the mildness with which he received the scolding I gave him to-night, his anxiety to avoid my society, his new-fangled notions of ambition—all show his infatuation for this creature, and his indifference to me, his lawful wife. And you too, William, can sit there calmly and see your own sister thus wronged—insulted, and think it all very proper, no doubt?"

"To be plain with you, I think that if Peter were guilty of indiscretion, you would only have to thank yourself for the misery your own ill temper has brought upon you."

"I declare, you will drive me mad. How

can you make so cruel a remark, when you see that I am entirely prostrated with this blow?"

"Because, sister," said her brother, with a coolness that contrasted strangely with the excited state of the lady, "I think it is the proper time that you should receive a lesson which should last your lifetime. The fact is, that Peter has been a kind husband—too indulgent by half, at least; and what have you done to make his home happy? Have you not on every slight occasion given the full vent to your shrewish disposition? Have you not, for the most trivial affairs, visited upon his head a torrent of shameless abuse, until your unwomanly conduct has become the theme of town gossip? And who, I ask, would blame him, if to seek a momentary respite from such persecution, he should occupy a portion of his leisure with those who appreciated his good qualities, and gave him smiles instead of frowns?"

Mrs. Blimmerglass was sobbing violently. The words of her brother had touched her to the very quick. She had many excellent qualities and was altogether a good-hearted woman, and for the first time began to see her past conduct in its true light. To do her justice, she felt much worse at the idea of having treated her husband with injustice, than she did for the town gossip, which was also very humiliating to her pride. Her conscience told her that what had just been said was true, and she mentally vowed, that if Peter cleared up the matter of this ride and acquaintance with this strange lady, she would prove to him, in future, a different sort of wife.

Her brother saw the impression he had made, and was determined to make it lasting. He therefore proceeded to review the past with a minuteness almost cruel, but which resulted in such self-condemnation on the part of the lady, that she was fully prepared to forgive Peter for whatever he had done, even without an explanation.

At a late hour a carriage stopped at their gate, and in a few moments Blimmerglass entered with his usual bustle, but evidently in excellent spirits. His wife looked thoughtful, but not a shade of anger tinged her brow; while William burst into a loud fit of laughter at the singular appearance of his friend. His coat was soiled and torn, his elegant vest discolored, his shirt collar woefully rumpled, his hat a perfect wreck, and one eye bore a circle around it swollen and quite black.

"Well," said Blimmerglass, "I fancy that I do cut rather a ridiculous figure, but the end often justifies the means—hey, Sally?"

"Your own conscience is the best judge of

that, Mr. Blimmerglass," said the lady, in a tone of mild reproach, at the same time looking puzzled, for she knew not how to account for the disordered attire of her husband; and she was also thinking that he did not appear to wear the guilty look which she expected from one who, to say the least, had committed a gross indiscretion.

"Conscience! what in the world are you talking about, Sally? I thought you would have commended my conduct, instead of speaking so coldly."

"The fact is," said William, with a malicious look, "that I only told Sally a small part of the story, and she has imagined all the evening that you were riding with a beautiful young creature for whom you had a very tender regard."

"And she knows nothing of our adventure?"

"Not a word. I couldn't have the heart to deprive you of the pleasure of the relation of this affair, especially as you played the part of a hero in it."

"Ah, William, you are a sad dog, and by your nonsense have no doubt made poor Sally quite uncomfortable; but to pay you for the trouble you have caused, you must tell her all the particulars, for I am not going to say one word about it."

"The adventure was quite a lively one," said the brother, "and it happened thus: My good friend here was plodding along to the residence of Buncomb, and as he was walking in the road which leads through the woods, he was startled by cries of distress at some little distance in advance of him. He at once hastened to the spot and found a young lady, with a little girl, probably her sister, seated in a chaise, while a fellow had seized the bridle of the horse, and rudely declared that she should not proceed unless she allowed him to accompany her, or rather to drive her home. The miscreant was probably intoxicated and so were his companions, who were in an open wagon near by.

"Peter made no inquiries, but at once knocked the villain down, while his dissolute friends leaped from the wagon and made a cowardly attack upon your husband. It was just at this time that I was coming along the same road in an opposite direction, intending to pass the evening with you, when hearing the noise, I hurried up to find Peter defending himself like a hero against the assaults of the three scamps, and at once dashed amongst them and in a few moments we had conquered the field, while our opponents lay at our feet, endeavoring to recover the senses which we had knocked out of them for a time, at least. The lady was very much frightened, as you might imagine, and we suc-

ceeded at length in pacifying the child, who after the trouble was over, still continued to exert her lungs to their full power in screaming.

"The stranger begged Peter to drive her home, as she felt so excited, that she was not competent to the task. He very good naturedly gave up his appointment with Buncomb, and consented. She expressed her gratitude in the sweetest manner, and as I said to you this evening, I really envied him the ride with such a beautiful creature. When I left, the fellows had got by some means into their wagon and beat a hasty retreat."

"But," said Blimmerglass, "you do not know who she was, and I have the start of you there. She is the daughter of Judge P——, who sent his compliments and requests that you will favor him with a visit, at the earliest possible moment, that he may have the opportunity of expressing to you his gratitude. What do you think of that, Will?"

"I think I will ride over with you some fine afternoon, just to have a peep at his fair daughter."

"Now, Sally, what have you got to say?" said the amiable Peter.

"That I have been very foolish in doubting my dear husband for a moment; but the blame all rests with that young scapegrace brother of mine," at the same time encircling his neck with her fat arms so tightly, that the little man feared he should suffer strangulation.

"That is right, sister," said William; "lay it all to me. But do you not think that the end may justify the means?"

She shook one finger at him threateningly, for the early conversation of the evening recurred to her with full force, and she perfectly understood his meaning.

Blimmerglass, after weeks of sunshine, was at a loss how to account for the change in the conduct of his wife, which was as agreeable as it was incomprehensible to him. Home had new charms, and it was hard work for his friends to entice him abroad now, except in company with Mrs. Blimmerglass. In the mean time their brother, William Senter, had become a pretty frequent visitant at Judge P——'s, and in less than two years afterward, claimed the title of son-in-law, by which he came into possession of the hand of the fairest bride in the county.

Blimmerglass, after having filled the office of selectman with much ability, only resigned his place to occupy a seat in our State Legislature, where his practical talents make him particularly conspicuous as one of the most untiring working members of the "House."

RETRIBUTION.

BY CLEMENT ARNOLD.

"If you persist in marrying him, Mary, you shall rue it until your dying day."

"My mind is made up, Richard, and my resolution taken. Henry Marsden does not deserve your ill will, and you know it; why then persist in making us unhappy?"

"Beware, Mary, how you cross me! You know I hate him; with my whole soul I hate him, and my hatred shall extend to his wife—ay, and to his children after him!" And white with rage, the speaker rose from his chair and stood before his companion. "What is your reason for making such a choice? What can induce you to disgrace your family, by taking a miserable, beggarly artist for your husband, when you have Caroline's example to profit by, and even a better prospect than she had?"

The death-like paleness gave place to an angry flush on Mary Lassell's fair cheek, as she rose and stood before her brother.

"Would you know my reason?" she asked, her voice half choked with a sense of outraged feeling, and sounding strangely to one used to its gentle tones. "Hear it then: I shall marry Henry Marsden because I love him; I love him because he is the embodiment of all that is noble in man. I respect him; I honor him. Can Caroline say the same of Lord Ravenscourt? Could I say the same of his cousin?"

The speaker turned away; but catching her hand, Richard exclaimed with a look of rage:

"Marry him then!—and on you both may the heaviest curses light; may poverty and wretchedness be your constant companions; may your hearts be torn with anguish and your dearest hopes be crushed." And flinging her from him, Richard Lassell rushed from the room, while his sister sank fainting to the ground.

It was a sad scene. The large, gloomy room, with its old-fashioned, ancient look; the portrait of the dead mother on the wall; the figure of the youngest daughter of the house prostrate and senseless on the floor, the victim of an only brother's cruelty, that brother's curses still sounding in the room;—what bitter fruits of passion!

Six-and-twenty years before the commencement of our history, the only son and heir of Sir Richard Lassell had wooed, and he thought, won, the heart of a fair daughter of a proud but penniless house. Indifferent about wealth, but fascinated with the beauty and grace of the lady, Elinor, the young man gave himself up to the control of a passion as intense as it was unself-

fish, and proud of his conquest, hastened to introduce the old baronet to his intended daughter.

Little did Walter Lassell dream of the consequences, when with a flush of gratification, he saw his father—a very handsome man, yet in the prime of life—bow gallantly over the hand of the lovely girl, while with the eye of a connoisseur, he glanced at face and figure with a look of evident gratification. Still more pleased was Walter, when he saw his betrothed exerting herself to entertain their guest, and not until doubt was no longer possible, would he believe that under those smiles lurked deception of the cruellest kind; that she whom he had so loved was playing him false.

At dinner Lady Elinor appeared in the gayest spirits; she laughed, she talked, she rallied Walter and argued playfully with her father. At last the conversation changed, and “the all-powerful passion” became the theme. Some doubted its existence, some sneered at it; Walter warmly proclaimed his belief in it, Lady Elinor as warmly her incredulity.

“It is a mystery to me, even if it does exist,” she exclaimed, with a laugh that sounded very strangely to her betrothed; “an unfathomable mystery, and I hate mysteries. And to show how little I believe in its influence, I would marry any one who would keep me a coach and four.”

“I will take you at your word, Lady Elinor,” exclaimed Sir Richard, bowing low.

The lady blushed; and Walter Lassell rose from the table and left the room. Six months after, Sir Richard led the Lady Elinor to the altar, and his son joined Lord Wellington’s army on the continent.

Such a marriage could scarcely be expected to end happily. Fully aware of the mercenary motives that induced his wife to accept his hand, Sir Richard felt under no obligations to bestow on her more than the wealth she had stipulated for. This, it is true, he lavished with a prodigal hand. Lady Elinor wore the most costly dresses, adorned her beautiful figure with almost Eastern magnificence, possessed jewels a queen might have been proud to wear, had the richest liveries in London, and was the owner of a “coach and four” surpassing her most extravagant wishes; and yet Lady Elinor was not happy. Golden fetters are fetters still, and bitterly did the repentant woman contrast the misery that was with the happiness that might have been, the loving confidence of her deceived suitor with the jealous espionage of her suspicious husband. Sir Richard soon wearied of his beautiful, haughty wife, and always reminded of the treachery he had practised on his son by her presence, he gradually

withdrew from her society, and when they met, scenes, the very reverse of agreeable, were sure to ensue. But when, twelve months after their marriage, the tidings came that Walter had fallen in battle, nothing could exceed the paroxysms of passionate grief into which Sir Richard was thrown. In furious language he reproached his now humbled wife with being the cause of his son’s death; with the wildest despair, he called on Walter to forgive him, to come home and receive his blessing; and at last gave himself up to moody sorrow, refusing consolation, and delighting in utter solitude.

The first event that roused Sir Richard from his despair was the birth of a son, whom he welcomed with some return of his former joyousness. To Lady Elinor, also, the little Richard was a source of joy and hope, her husband having evinced more kindness after the birth of the child than he had shown for many months.

Time passed, and a daughter was added to the family; not to increase its comfort, however, for the little Elinor failed to win her father’s love in the degree her brother had done; and the mother’s health being in a declining state, she was sent away to the care of strangers, and Lady Elinor, unable to resist, bowed to the affliction and murmured not.

The little Richard was four years old when another daughter was added to the house of Lassell, and she, who for five wretched years had been its mistress, looked her last on earth, and was laid in the family vault beside Sir Richard’s first wife. From the hour of her death, her name never passed her husband’s lips. The gloomy old parlor, and the adjoining chamber in which her last days had been spent, he never entered again; and the babe for whose life she had given her own, was not allowed to come into his sight.

To superintend his household affairs and bring up his daughters, Sir Richard summoned a widowed cousin of his own, poor and hitherto neglected; but to none would he confide the education of the headstrong, passionate and evil-disposed boy, on whom all his hopes were centered.

From his infancy, young Richard was a tyrant—a terror to the servants, and the torment of his sisters. Petted and indulged by his doting father, while yet a child his will was law; and as years passed on, and the old baronet became feeble in mind and health, he gradually yielded up his authority into the hands of the heir, who was far from being as popular as his father had been.

Over his sisters Richard Lassell assumed complete control—not undisputed, however, for Mrs. Hayford would not calmly see the young girls she loved tyrannized over; but her remonstrances

were met with insult or contempt, and the threat of having her charges removed from her care, made her cautious about rousing Richard's anger unless absolutely forced to do so.

When Caroline Lassell attracted the attention of the dissolute and libertine Lord Ravenscourt—whose mother had told him he had better marry and reform if he wished to save his life and reputation—Richard decided at once that she should marry him; but knowing from experience that the passionate and haughty girl was much more easily coaxed than forced to comply with his commands, he appealed to her love of splendor and luxury (the sins which had proved her mother's destruction), setting forth in dazzling array the numerous advantages such a position would give her, and working so forcibly on her vanity that when the noble lover made a languid proposal, it was at once accepted, and Caroline Lassell, young, beautiful, warm-hearted and impulsive, became the wife of a dissipated man of fashion, with damaged health, clouded reputation—to say the least—and a heart incapable of one generous emotion.

Lord Ravenscourt was rich; possibly because his fortune was so large and so strictly entailed that he could not very easily make away with it. Lady Ravenscourt, we have said, was warm-hearted and impulsive; if she bestowed affection on her husband, he was disgusted; her family were away, and to none of them was she very deeply attached; her feelings must have vent somewhere, and turned from the proper channels they took a wrong course, and Lady Ravenscourt became a dreadful flirt. Her splendid mansion was constantly filled with company, and she herself, if her conscience ever whispered that this was not the course she ought to have pursued, drowned the stings in fresh excitement.

Enough has been said in the conversation at the commencement of this story to show the position of Mary Lassell. Of very different tastes and inclinations from Caroline, she found more attraction in the humble virtues and unacknowledged talents of the obscure artist, Henry Marsden, than in all the glittering splendor that would await her as the wife of Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, and the mistress of one of the most magnificent establishments in England.

To describe Richard Lassell's rage when he learned that his sister had refused so unexceptionable an offer, would be impossible; and his feelings deepened into hatred as day after day he knew that the lovers met, that their marriage approached, and he was powerless to prevent it.

"Let them marry," said the old man, glad to get rid of a child he had never loved. "Let

them marry, Dick; I don't want daughters about me any longer; and besides, your proud wife will be glad to know that the old mansion has no other mistress when she comes."

"But, father, he is poor, miserably poor; a mere adventurer; and she might have married Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, the best match in England, to-day."

"I don't like Lord Ravenscourt," said the old man, crossly. "He insulted me the last time he was here, and I shall not forget to tell him of it when he comes again, a saucy puppy. If Mary wants to marry the painter, let her. He must support her till I am gone, and then she shall have the same fortune as her sister."

"Never!" was Richard's thought as he left the room to hold that conversation with his sister, the conclusion of which we have already seen.

"Come here and sit beside me, Mary, and watch this beautiful sunset."

The young wife was bending over him in an instant; one soft hand laid on his pale brow, and her trembling fingers on the feeble pulse.

"You're stronger to-night, Henry, are you not?"

"I feel better; much better than I have felt for many days. But what is the matter, darling?—you have been weeping. Has your father written to you?"

"No, Henry, my father is ill; but Richard answered my letter."

"And, as usual, has added fresh insult to the many we have already received from him."

Henry Marsden spoke angrily, and the excitement brought the fever flush to his cheek and a bright light in the sunken eye.

"My husband, you will injure yourself," exclaimed the anxious wife, as she took the upraised hand in her own, and gently drew the flushed cheek close to her bosom. "Why need we be angry with Richard? Surely, he deserves our pity. His cruelty will certainly be rewarded at some period, and from his heart he will repent of the evil he has done."

"You are right, Mary; it is not for me to say aught ill of any on earth—I who have need to make my own peace with Heaven. But for you, my precious wife, I feel deeply these cruel blows; you, whom I have robbed of every joy, whose young life I have clouded, and whom I have subjected to unnumbered insults."

"I have often asked you never to speak such desponding words, never to add to my distress by alluding to the past. What have I known of happiness in this world that is not owing to you? Has not a world of bliss been spent in the few short years of our union? And now if it please

God to part us, and give you rest sooner than he wills to take me, my own, do you not leave me a precious comforter in our darling Harry?"

"You are my good angel, Mary, and our boy is and will be all you could wish him. See him now; how joyously he springs about among the flowers! Draw back the curtain, darling, and let me look at him as long as I can." And the dying father gazed with unutterable feelings on the merry sports of his beautiful child.

The last rays of the setting sun were piercing through the tall trees that sheltered the humble cottage, casting streaks of gold on flowers and child, and parents. Without, all looked brilliant and bright; within, the shadows of twilight were closing around the sick bed, and as the young wife sat in painful thought, she pictured the change a few short days might make; and not even the gay laughter of her child, who had pushed aside the clustering roses from the window, and was showing his hands full of tempting fruit, could win a smile or cheerful word.

"Would that I might hope to see my boy grow up," sighed the invalid, as he leaned wearily back in his chair and pressed his hand to his throbbing heart. "My boy, my noble boy!"

The heart-broken wife smothered her grief lest his anguish should be increased; and when, soothed by her gentle voice, he slumbered peacefully as a child, she sat patiently through the many hours, watching each breath with immovable, hopeless despair.

And this gentle, loving wife and mother was the object of Richard Lassell's direst hatred and dislike. Again and again he had cursed her for making so disgraceful a choice, for allying their family with that of a miserable artist, and only that day had he written the cruellest and most insulting of letters in answer to one she had sent her father, asking assistance in her fast gathering troubles for the sake of his grandchild, the beautiful boy he had never seen. Richard's answer to the touching appeal was an unmanly exultation over what he called "the beginning of her punishment." He scornfully told her that no "beggar's brat should ever have countenance or assistance from a Lassell; that she had forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family, and that in future her letters should be returned unread." It was a crushing blow to the heart of the poor anxious wife, fondly anticipating the means of restoring her husband to health.

"Italy might do much for him; here he will never be better." So said the physician, and the hope enabled Mary to conquer her pride and write home for assistance. The answer was heart-breaking, but still she did not quite despair.

"I will ask Caroline; she has thousands at her command. Surely, she cannot refuse to lend me a little." And under the influence of these feelings, she penned an affecting letter to her sister, stating her troubles, her poverty, and imploring her aid in behalf of her husband and child.

Lady Ravenscourt sat in her boudoir late one morning after Mary had despatched her last hope. The open letter and its envelop lay in her lap, and the lady was evidently affected by what she had read. Caroline felt unusually im-pressible this morning. She was in trouble herself; but, unlike her sister's, the troubles were all of her own making. She contrasted Mary's despairing love for her husband with her own criminal conduct towards Lord Ravenscourt; and as she again read over the impassioned sentences, the hot tears fell fast and heavily on the open letter. "Poor Mary! she little thinks that I can only sympathize with her through my love for a stranger." The door gently unclosed, and her husband entered the room.

He started violently as he beheld his wife's tear-stained face and the letter in her hand, and advancing, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Am I not to have the privilege of reading this most touching epistle, that has so deeply affected your ladyship?"

Caroline's first impulse was to prevent his having it; but second thought induced her to put it into his outstretched hand:

"Pshaw! a begging letter," he exclaimed, after reading it over carefully. "And so that amiable brother of yours refuses to help poor little Mary and her romantic-looking, poverty-stricken husband? Very unnatural of him, I must say, but no reason in the world why she should expect us to. I have a horror of poor relations myself, and have carefully avoided making any discoveries of the kind in my own family. I should advise you to do the same, and forget that such people as the Marsdens ever existed."

Poor Caroline had had her best feelings called in play by her sister's letter, and her husband's words sounded harsh and unfeeling; she was just in that humor when a kind, loving word would have brought her humble and penitent to his arms; but Lord Ravenscourt had too long accustomed himself to treat his wife with slighting indifference, too little studied her temper to understand its workings; and now, by his sarcasms and worldly advice, he destroyed the last hope of happiness between them.

He turned to Caroline, who was still weeping, and asked her if she was not afraid of spoiling

her eyes. "You ought to be careful, really. Captain Duchesne is the most fastidious man on earth, and I am convinced that one glance at your face in the state it is in at present, would destroy your power over him forever. To me, of course, it is of no consequence how you look, as no one expects a man now-a-days to admire his wife; but if you value the opinion of others, just throw that precious scrawl into the fire and try to remove the exceedingly disagreeable traces it has left. At the same time I think Mrs. Marsden evinces a most commendable regard for her husband, and sets an example for you to follow."

The tears were gone—the pale cheeks flushed—the slight form drawn up proudly, and the dark eyes flashing with anger.

"Mary's husband *deserves* all her regard!"

"Possibly he does," said Lord Ravenscourt, with a sneer, and purposely overlooking the implied reproach. "Possibly he does; nevertheless, I doubt much if Mary would have forgotten her duty, let his conduct be what it might."

"Where little is given little can be expected in return," said Caroline, with apparent carelessness, but real confusion. "But my time is of too much consequence to-day to be spent in idle argument. If your lordship has no particular communication to make, I must beg to be excused, as it is time to dress."

"I have a 'particular communication' to make, and must request your ladyship to bestow on me a few minutes more of your exceedingly valuable time. But first, I wish to know if Capt Duchesne is concerned in the plans to-day?"

"Certainly he is," said Caroline, with assumed boldness; "and I am at a loss to know how that can interest any one."

"It interests me, Lady Ravenscourt. I had no objections to make to your amusing yourself with an innocent flirtation, or even a dozen if it so pleased you—it did no harm, and relieved me from the necessity of being always at your side; but since you have been so imprudent as to give room for unpleasant remarks, and have had the effrontery to show openly your regard for Captain Duchesne, I think it time for me to interfere, and desire you to drop his acquaintance at once."

Lord Ravenscourt paused and looked at his wife as if expecting a reply; but she sat motionless, her head bowed, her hand partly shading her face. His anger increased at her seeming indifference, and he exclaimed, passionately:

"Why do you not speak? Have you nothing to say to this charge? Are you willing to obey?"

"Never!" was the answer, given in a tone of concentrated rage and shame, as the lady rose from her seat and swept out of the room.

"How is he, John? No worse, I hope!" exclaimed Richard Lassell, as he flung the reins of his smoking horses to the old servant, and springing to the ground, helped his companion to alight.

"He's alive yet, but going fast, the doctor says."

"Thank fortune, we are not too late. Come, Foster, there is not a minute to lose." And then as they passed up the hall and began to ascend the wide oaken staircase, Richard paused and again addressed his companion: "You remember exactly what I said, Foster? Enough to Mary to secure the will; not a farthing more."

"But a shilling will do that," said the lawyer.

"Then a shilling be it," was the impatient answer, and the two passed on and entered the chamber of the dying man.

Two hours after, Richard abruptly entered the chamber of his wife, the aristocratic Lady Julia. Very fair and beautiful the young mother looked, as she sat surrounded by her four lovely children; even Richard stopped an instant to gaze on the happy picture, ere he addressed his wife. Julia sat on a low, softly cushioned ottoman, the folds of her delicate silk wrapper falling gracefully around her. On her lap she held her infant boy, a tiny, delicate flower, demanding all her motherly care as well as the attention of the rosy-checked, matronly-looking nurse, now entertaining the little twin daughters of the house of Lassell, who viewed with jealous eyes their mother's fond caresses bestowed on the brother. Stretched on the carpet, at his mother's feet, his head supported on his hand, and his whole mind absorbed in a book, lay the noble boy in whom centered the hopes of two ancient houses.

Richard Lassell had come to summon the Lady Julia to the deathbed of the old Sir Richard.

And the old man died, and no one was near him but his dark-browed son and that son's beautiful young wife. The daughters who should have been there to receive the father's last blessing, were far away; one unconscious her last parent was expiring; the other, yielding to a sinful passion, flying from her husband with her guilty paramour.

Henry Marsden had looked his last on earth. His pale widow and his precious boy might call in vain. The loved voice no longer answered their fond inquiries; the hand that once would return their loving clasp with fervent warmth, now lay crossed on the pulseless heart; and Mary felt as she looked on the insensible clay before her, that her husband was no longer there. The world looked cold and cheerless to her, and she clasped her little Harry to her heart, exclaiming, "Gone—all gone; father, and sister, and husband! My boy, my darling boy, you alone are left to comfort your mother!"

It was a sad blow to Mrs. Marsden's hopes when her brother's lawyer came to announce the death of her father and her own unexpected poverty. "My poor old father, it was no fault of his; he would never have condemned his child to poverty!"

Mr. Foster had a message from the new Sir Richard, but so touched was he by the hopeless sadness of the widow that he hesitated to deliver it. Summoning courage at last, he said:

"Sir Richard bade me to say, madam, that this is but the fulfilment of part of his curse."

All her old pride came rushing back to Mary's heart, as taking her child by the hand, she said: "Let him beware—I curse him not; but there are sorrows deeper than any I have yet known. Let him look to it, that the evil he has wished for me befall not himself."

Mr. Foster hastened from the house of mourning and distress, and made all speed to acquaint his patron with the success of his errand. He was admitted to the room where the new baronet was enjoying the society of his wife and children. Julia listened silently to the first part of his communication; she felt a deep interest in the discarded daughter, and to her the will had seemed both unjust and mysterious; but when the lawyer, with an anxious glance at the beautiful boy, who stood leaning on his mother's chair, and with hesitating speech repeated the widow's words, then the truth flashed on Julia's mind, and with a fearful scream, she flung her arms around her child.

In vain Sir Richard strove to pacify her, in vain he remonstrated on the folly of her conduct; she knew it all now, and the mother's heart told her that for such injustice and cruelty a fearful retribution must come. And come it did, with crushing power, bending the proud hearts to the dust—humbling the haughty ones until they laid prostrate beside their idols.

The babe was taken first. Calmly Julia beheld it draw its last little breath on earth; calmly she beheld it carried from her sight; and many wondered at her indifference, and all felt surprised that the little one, on whom she had bestowed so much careful love, should be so quietly parted with. But Sir Richard alone knew that her calmness was the calmness of despair, that the agonized mother strove to bear her sorrow with meekness, in the hope of averting still greater punishment. But again death entered their home, and one, and then the other of the twin sisters were taken.

The young heir alone remained, and as years passed on, and he grew in strength and beauty, even Julia dared to hope that the father's sin

was expiated—that this one, their all, would be spared to her prayers.

Fourteen years have passed away, but we still find Mrs. Marsden and her son dwelling in the little secluded cottage, rendered dear to her by recollections of the past. Their home is humble, but poverty no longer threatens to overwhelm them; for in her sorest need, the widow had found kind friends and warm hearts.

An aged relative of her husband's had for many years been an inmate of their quiet home, repaying Mrs. Marsden's kindness to his little motherless and dependent grandchild by taking the place of tutor to her son. Mr. Leighton was far from rich, but his income, united with the little possessed by Mary, enabled them to live comfortably in their quiet way, and even indulge in what they considered the most precious of luxuries—books, music and flowers.

While Harry Marsden and Emily Leighton were yet children, their home was the abode of content and happiness, but at the time we resume our story, Harry had reached those years when the sports and amusements of the boy give place to the deeper feelings of the man. He no longer looked on Emily as the pet and playmate of his idle hours; but with the knowledge of his changed feelings for her, came the conviction that, in his present circumstances, to call her his own were an impossibility. Little wonder was it, then, that in secret he mourned over the wretched destiny that had condemned him to a life of poverty; for without friends or interest all hope of improving his fortune was vain.

In vain Mrs. Marsden spoke words of encouragement, or his kind old instructor advise him to renew his studies, he only assumed a false cheerfulness before them.

Emily Leighton was pained at the change in her old playfellow, and unconscious of the share she herself had in it, sought incessantly to find out and relieve the sorrow. Surprising Harry one day in her favorite arbor, by her innocent entreaties to be allowed to share his grief, she won all from him; his love, his poverty, his misery. Then reproaching himself for the anguish he knew such knowledge would bring to her gentle heart, he besought her "to forgive him and forget him." But Emily possessed strong, earnest feelings, and she instantly comprehended the danger to one of Harry's ambitious nature being crushed down in hopeless poverty. It was the impulse of the moment to refuse to comply with his request to forget him, to offer to share his obscurity, and with him to face poverty, misery, anything, so that he would

but be comforted. And Harry, though his honorable pride forbade his taking advantage of her unworldliness, and uniting her fate with his, listened to her, and was, as she bade him be, comforted. That night he announced his intention of leaving home.

"Do not strive to detain me, dear mother," he said, seeing that she was about to remonstrate with him. "The world is large. I am young and strong. Surely, it is not for me to spend my life here in useless inactivity."

Mrs. Marsden looked imploringly at Emily, as if to ask her also to plead with him; but kneeling at her feet, with her arms fondly twined around her, the young girl joined her entreaties to his, imploring her not to deny his request.

"Let him go, dear mama; it is best for him to go; and I will try to console you in his absence."

"One day; I must have one day to consider," exclaimed the distressed mother; and she hastened to her own room to meditate in silence and solitude on the proposed parting.

Morning came, and the little family met with saddened countenances. On Harry's open brow the knowledge of his mother's sufferings had set deep lines of care, but a glance at his face sufficed to assure that he was resolved to follow up his resolution.

Mrs. Marsden was calm and deathly pale. With her the worst was over. She had resolved to part with her son, even should it be to place the ocean between them. The morning meal, usually so joyous, passed in silence; but ere they rose from the table a letter was brought in.

"From my brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, with an accent of astonishment, as she hastily broke the seal and glanced at the contents. Without another word, the paper fell from her hand, and she sank fainting into the arms of her son.

Deep joy that letter brought to the inmates of the cottage, yet not wholly unchecked by sorrow, for on Richard Lassell had the last blow fallen, and in an agony of grief and remorse he implored his sister to come to the bedside of his wife, now dying broken-hearted for the loss of her last earthly treasure. Not an instant was lost, and shortly Mary bent over the couch of the hitherto unknown sister.

"Your son!—where is he? I would see your son!" said the dying woman; and a messenger was despatched for Harry.

He came, and kneeling beside his aunt, listened to her last words with feelings of sorrow.

It was Lady Julia's wish that he should espouse the betrothed of his cousin, a wealthy and

aristocratic maiden, who had dutifully consented to her friend's arrangements before, and was equally ready to do so in this instance. But not all the charms of the young lady, either personal or pecuniary, nor even his desire to gratify his aunt's last wishes, could tempt Harry to forget or forsake his own Emily.

The poor girl passed two wretched days at the cottage in most painful uncertainty as to the changes Harry's unexpected access to fortune might bring to her.

But the third day brought a letter from her lover; the fourth, her lover himself; and Emily then learned that in his prosperity Harry could not forget her who had so willingly and unselfishly offered to share his poverty.

Lady Julia lived but a short time after the arrival of her relations; and Sir Richard, a prey to remorse, and suffering the penalty of his bad passions, soon followed her to the tomb. Six months after the death of his uncle, the young heir, now Sir Harry Marsden, brought home his beautiful young bride, and all acknowledged that never had a fairer or more lovely mistress graced the halls of Lassell.

In the happiness of her children Mrs. Marsden was repaid for all the sorrows of her early years; or if a regret at times overshadowed her calm brow, it was that he, the beloved of her girlhood, was no longer near to share her joys.

Some four or five years after her return to Lassell, Mrs. Marsden was summoned to the death-bed of a stranger in the next town. "A foreigner," the messenger said she appeared to be, and he urged the lady to hasten if she would see her ere she died.

It needed no second glance to convince Mrs. Marsden that the emaciated, death-like form, stretched on the coarse bed of a village inn, was the once gay and beautiful Caroline Ravenscourt, the elegant and extravagant mistress of a splendid mansion, the envied wife of one of the richest of England's aristocracy.

In poverty and misery Caroline had come to her old home to end a life of sin and disgrace. Long had she been banished from her husband's recollection, and when a divorce had freed him from the dishonorable connection, Lord Ravenscourt was rather rejoiced than otherwise that once more his liberty was unimpaired.

His wife died in the home of her childhood, deeply repenting the evil course she had chosen for herself, and long afterwards, when earth and all its delusions was passing away from the grasp of her husband, he understood and felt bitter remorse for the unfeeling conduct that had driven his unfortunate wife to desperation.

LINES TO OUR "EAGLE" AND "ANCHOR."

WRITTEN JULY FOURTH, 1866.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

Hand-in-hand, in path of glory,
Noble youths, ye start to-day;
Marching to our patriot's story,
Fighting to our country's lay.

Though diverge the paths of glory,
Duty leads you on your way;
Yet the future 'll tell the story,
How you honor, far, obey.

Think upon thy sire, O army!
Many a bloody Indian fray;
Wave that banner proudly, navy!
Wave the banner both obey.

Swear! upon the swords you cherish—
Swear! the oaths you'll ne'er gainay—
Back to fight, or nobly perish—
Both defend this glorious day!

A YARN IN THE LONG BOAT.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"ALL the starboardlines a-ho-o-y! eight bells. Tumble up! tumble up, lads, and eat your lodgings while you have a slant!" roared a thundering voice at the forecassle scuttle, rousing the starboard watch from their forenoon slumbers, which they were enjoying with more than usual satisfaction, having been engaged in a spirited reefing-match all the previous night.

"What's the weather, matey?" asked my watchmate, Joe Grummet, in a sleepy tone, as he slowly poked his legs out of the forward hammock and began lazily coaxing them into a pair of man-of-war ducks.

"Weather, is it?" returned the voice from the scuttle. "Wal, it's cleared off cloudy, and we'll have a dry shower after a bit. It stands you chaps in to look sharp, or you'll lose yer grab, for it will be all hands to house to'gallant masts inside of a week, to my thinking."

"What is it for dinner, Spikes?" queried a hungry youngster, preparing himself for a trip to the galley.

"Wal, young man, no account," continued the voice. "For the first course you'll probably have nothing, by way of a change; the same for the second course; and for desert your old favorite, stewed catharping legs cooked in tar."

The boy, grumbling and growling at the propensities of the "ables" to be "allers a chaffin' of him," made his way up the companion-ladder, and soon returned with a huge kid of salt horse and a bucket of biscuit, whereupon each

man valiantly drawing his sheath-knife, the deck was speedily cleared of the enemy.

Dinner being completed, the next move on board every well regulated ship is to light the pipes and have at least two whiffs, before one bell gives the signal for turning to; but we were not destined to enjoy that luxury. Scarcely had the first match been scraped against the cover of a chest, when the voice of the chief mate roared through the scuttle to the tune of "All hands send down to'gallant masts and furl the fo'sail."

Tumbling on deck, we found that the gale of the night before had completely subsided—what little air there was stirring being like paddy's hurricane, right up and down; but the horizon all about us had a particularly ugly look, giving promise of a snorter at no very distant period. For the next hour, all hands were busily enough employed running aloft, reefing mast ropes, swaying and lowering until the fore, main and mizen topgallant masts and yards were safely deposited on deck, the forecassle rolled snug in its gaskets, and nothing showing above the eyes of the topmast rigging.

We had scarcely executed these precautionary measures, before the gale came down upon us with a howl, striking us flat aback and deluging the deck with spray. The old boat staggered and keeled over almost on to her beam ends before the first fury of the blast; but righting herself with a shake, we managed, with a good deal of bracing and boxing about, to get her on the wind, where, being a light tea-loaded craft, she lay like a duck rising and falling on top of the waves, with her nose within six points of old Boreas's bellows nozzle. Our vessel not being officered by that description of "web feet" that usually command the "old barns of Nookers" hailing from down east by east, on board of which they keep the hands twisting foxes, or making spun yarn until thirty seconds before she goes down or pitches on to a lee shore, there was nothing for us to do but make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

In pursuance of this laudable design, we—meaning the able seamen, or "shell-backs," as the present generation of packet-sailors delight to call themselves—having stationed the boys on deck to pass the word of command, if any should be given, proceeded to stow ourselves away in the covered long boat, where, sheltered from the spray and wind, we might light our pipes and luxuriate generally.

"I say, chaps," suddenly exclaimed an old wharf rat, who, having got his pipe fairly under way and seated himself upon a soft fender, had been for some minutes laboriously spelling in a

half audible voice the words which he slowly traced with his great anchor stock of a fore finger across the columns of a dingy newspaper of the mature age of three years; "I say, chaps, whatever is this here gun cotton they blow so much about?"

"Why, bless your innocent heart! don't you know?" returned Tom Piper the boatswain, with an extensive grin. "It's a kind of cotton that grows in the island of *Gun-sey*, from which it takes its name, as well as from the fact that it makes tip-top wadding for the canons of the church."

"That be blown for a twister!" rejoined the seeker after knowledge with a contemptuous air. "You'd best calk up, Tom Piper, and not expose your ignorance. What you don't know would fill a book bigger than the 'pitome. But I say, Grummet, what is the stuff, any way? You know more than anybody else in the world, or pretend to, though there's one gentleman rope-hauler that's 'incredible on that pint,' as the lobe-kause when you tell him there's wool in the lookseuse."

"Why," returned Joe, assuming a dignified air, as is customary with him when appealed to for his opinion, "this here gun cotton, d'ye mind, is a kind of stuff, you know, that's used for—for—that's used, d'ye see—" Joe, evidently at a loss in what manner to express himself, paused to discharge a mouthful of tobacco juice in among the naked toes of a youngster, who had crawled up on to the booms abreast of the opening in the waist of the long boat to hear what was going on. "This here gun cotton, d'ye understand," he resumed, seeing that the eyes of the entire watch were fixed inquiringly upon him; "this here stuff is just—is nothing more nor less than—than—why, some of you chaps have seen it, haint you?"

"Never!" they all responded, with a grin of delight at finding Joe taken aback.

"Why, it's simple enough," he continued, evidently perplexed beyond measure; "it's just the simplest thing in nature. The stuff, d'ye mind, is nothing more nor less, as I said before, than just gun cotton, and that's all about it."

"Why, do tell us!" exclaimed Tom Piper, in feigned astonishment. "What a thing it is to have larning, to be sure! Some of you sea lawyers set that right down in your log-books, so's to be sure not to forget it."

"I s'pose you think I don't know what it is?" exclaimed Joe, angrily.

"Now just look a' that, mariners!" vociferated Piper. "D'ye ever hear tell of anything so wonderful? Besides all the rest of his knowledge

and larning, he's a fortin-teller too, and knows what a chap is thinking about by just looking at his figure-head."

Joe was highly indignant at the peculiar style of conversation adopted by Piper, and making a strenuous effort to vindicate his reputation as a man of extensive general information, he succeeded, by taking an entirely new point of departure, after a good deal of circumlocutory backing and filling, in conveying a tolerably correct idea of the way in which gun cotton was made, and its use after being made.

"But," he continued more good naturedly, as he began to perceive himself regaining the ground he had lost, "cotton is not the only thing that can be prepared in the same way and used for the same purpose. Half a dozen sheets of paper, rigged out to go off like gunpowder, was the occasion of my drifting about for a couple of years all over the East Indies to no purpose, and coming within the twinkling of a topsail sheet block of getting my neck stretched out like a giraffe, with a hemp cravat along to a Java Dutch gallows."

"Go in, lemons!" interrupted Piper encouragingly, stretching himself out on a heap of spare sails. "Heave ahead with your twister. I'd as soon listen to a lie from you as from any other hawser-laid, skysail ranger."

"The way of it was just here," continued Joe, without heeding the interruption. "About the time the stuff was first invented, I was laying in the port of Hong Kong, in the ship *Starvation*, Captain Blueblazes, rigged by the parish and provisioned on charity."

"By the tail of Mahommed's big black bull terrier, I've sailed in that clipper the biggest part of the time since I was christened," ejaculated one of the watch with energy.

"And I!" "And I!" exclaimed the others.

"O yes, you may bet your whiskers on that, and no fear of losing your mane either," broke in Piper. "There was never that amphibious yet that ever twirled a marlin-spike, or had been on the drink as long as the old woman's son, who took a barrel of salt to Turk's Island as a venture, to swap off for tamarinds, oranges, lemons and all-fired great kegs of molasses, and who had been gone just three long days come day after to-morrow, but would swear under oath—yes, under a number of oaths—that he had been shipmates with that craft."

"Look a here, Tom Piper," said Joe, fiercely. "Just you haul taut and belay that jaw tackle of your'n, will yer? or your slack braced will may carry away your brains in the skings."

"O, heave ahead, heave ahead, my dandy!

Don't be such a lubber as to get alarmed because you happen to strike soundings."

"No fear of my hair turning gray with fright from any of the no-sailor soundings that come from you, my bold dog. But let me see—where was I?"

"I don't wonder you forget," responded Piper with a grin. "It's an old saying that a certain class of people need to have excellent memories. But go on, go on—don't shorten sail, or you may slip your wind."

Without paying any attention to this speech, further than to slightly elevate his proboscis, Joe proceeded:

"O yes, I have it. I was lying at Hong Kong—"

"Not the slightest doubt of that, Joe, and in my humble opinion, you've been *lying* ever since you left there, and before too, for that matter."

"Look a here, Tom Piper!" shouted Joe, springing from his seat in a fury. "D'ye know what it is to have your head caved in?"

"No, I don't—and I never was shipmate with but one man who I think could do that trifling job, and that chap is Joe Grummet," he returned good humoredly; for although Piper loved a joke as well as the next man, he was nevertheless a prime good fellow at bottom—and top too, not to favor one section at the expense of another, as is the custom with some politicians.

Considerably mollified by the compliment, Joe resumed his seat and his temper, and took up his pipe and the thread of his discourse.

"Well, as I was saying, we had laid at the port of Hong Kong some considerable time, and I was getting heartily sick of the old boat. Blueblazes was a regular drunken old tyrant, who kept the ship in continual hot water, and nothing but squabbling, swearing and fighting was going on from morning till night. I should have left the vessel long before, but for the fear of being some time out of employ, for ships were scarce and sailors plentiful at the time, so that the chances for getting another craft were extremely slender. It happened one afternoon—the captain being on shore—that we knocked off work and cleared up the decks quite early, and having nothing better to do, I went over into a bumboat that had come alongside and made fast to our fore chains.

"Among numberless other curiosities, the bumboat woman had a lot of this explosive paper, which tickled me exceedingly, it being the first thing of the kind I had ever seen; so returning on board, I forthwith appropriated enough ship's biscuit to pay for half a dozen

sheets, which I stowed away in my chest for future use. It was my anchor watch that night from twelve till one, during which time the captain came off from the shore, noisy and quarrelsome, and with his skin about as full of poor liquor as it could well hold. With some little difficulty, I managed to hoist him on deck, lag him into the cabin, and tumble him into his berth, where he lay helpless on his back, shouting, swearing, and vainly endeavoring to get up for the purpose—as he said—of getting his pistols to shoot me. He soon fell asleep, however, and I resumed my pacing round the deck, to see that the ship didn't fall overboard. In the discharge of this important duty, half an hour passed away, by which time I began to feel decidedly sleepy, to have longing thoughts of my hammock, and to wish that I was snugly coiled away in the comfortable old dream-bag. So going softly into the cabin, to ascertain if it was not almost one o'clock, I was then and there struck with a brand new idea that at once rendered me as wide-awake as a New York pick-pocket.

"Captain Blueblazes was a great and most industrious smoker. At no time, and upon no occasion, did he consider his pipe unseasonable. Indeed, it was scarcely ever out of his mouth; and I had repeatedly seen him asleep in bed with the pipe-stem clenched between his teeth. In order to have everything convenient for the gratification of this propensity, he had caused to be attached to the mizzen-mast, which was near the door of his state room, a small spirit-lamp constantly burning, a box of tobacco, and a tumbler containing papers of twisted paper, such as are seen on the mantel piece of almost any house. As my eye lighted upon these last, it occurred to me that some of my explosive paper, made up in the same form, would pass muster very well as the original tapers, and perhaps startle old Blueblazes a bit when he prepared for his morning smoke. Full of this idea, I went back to the fore-castle, cut one of the sheets into slips and speedily twisted up fifteen or twenty very respectable tapers. With these in my hand, I forthwith returned to the cabin, abstracted the contents of the tumbler, and substituted my own manufactures in their place. So far, all was well enough; but in turning to go out, I stumbled over a piece of ill luck in the shape of a belt of canvass, and came down spat on the deck.

"'Who's that?' roared the captain, making an ineffectual effort to leap out of his berth. 'I see you, Joe Grummet, you bloody rascal! Wait till morning, and I'll set up your rigging for ye, my lad, with a taut lanyard.'

"It was now too late to undo my work, for the first mate, whose state-room was directly opposite the captain's, was awakened by the noise, and would have observed me; so going back again to the fore-castle and awakening the man whose watch it was, I turned into my hammock and snoozed away like a night policeman until four o'clock next morning, when the second dickey came forward to rouse all hands to wash decks.

"Buckets and brooms were now of course the order of the day, and as the head pump was out of order, it was necessary to draw the water over the side. I was the one that usually attended the whip, while the others passed the water and wielded the brooms. In order to more readily observe the result of my last night's mischief, I made fast the tail block for the whip to the main brace pennant, directly opposite one of the cabin windows, where I could overlook all that transpired withif. It was nearly two bells before old Blueblazes exhibited any symptoms of turning out. At length, with a snort and a kick, he slowly swung his legs out of the berth, rubbed his eyes a minute, and going to the mast, deliberately filled his pipe and taking one of my tapers, applied it to the lamp. With a bright flash, it vanished from his grasp, and while with dilated eyes he stared with astonishment at the ends of his fingers, where the taper but a moment before had been, the entire bunch in the tumbler became by some means ignited, shooting a broad flame directly into his face, singeing his hair and whiskers in a deplorable manner. I had not foreseen such a result as this; affairs began to wear a serious aspect. With a roar like a bull, the captain sprang for his pistols.

"O you infernal villain—you bloody scoundrel, Joe Grummet you! I'll fix ye for this!" he yelled, as he placed caps upon the weapons.

"I was too well aware of the reckless character of this man to allow him to get hold of me until the first fury of his rage had abated; so dropping the bucket overboard, lanyard and all, I dove forward to the fore-castle, and hastily divesting myself of the only two articles of wearing apparel I considered it necessary to wear in that climate, sprang from the bow and struck out vigorously for the shore. But I was not destined to reach it that trip. A quarter-boat was instantly lowered from the ship, and pulled by the officers—for the men would not touch an oar. I was speedily overtaken, fished up and conveyed on board, where, loaded with abuse from the captain—whom the first and second mates deprived of his pistols—I was heavily ironed and thrust into the lazarete, in which

pleasant apartment, with no other clothing than the airy jacket and trowsers furnished me by that tight-fitting tailor, Nature, I had abundance of leisure to reflect upon my delightful predicament.

"Having cut up such a shine as that, it was of course for my interest to desert at the earliest possible moment, as I could look for nothing but ill usage and vengeance from the captain; but he took the best of fine care that I should have no opportunity for putting in practice anything of the kind. I was detained a close prisoner on board until the ship sailed, which event occurred about three weeks after the affair of the tapers, when, as there was no possibility of my getting away, I was allowed to return to my regular duty. The treatment I received, after getting to sea, won't bear thinking of. You all know the fate of a man, when the officers are "down on him."

"Our next port of destination, after leaving Hong Kong, was Batavia, where we arrived after five weeks beating down the China Sea, against the monsoon. Shortly after dropping anchor, we were visited by several Dutch officials in regard to some ship business. We were at the time busily employed cleaning and painting the ship, inside and out; and in order the more readily to perform this service for the fore-castle, all our chests and hammocks had been brought up on deck. When the Dutchmen made their appearance on board, I was slung in a bowline over the bluff of the bow, painting one of the ports. Feeling an inclination to solace myself with a bit of the 'filthy weed,' I thrust my claws into my pockets and pulled out a couple of large handfuls of nothing—a commodity with which I am generally pretty well supplied. So shinning up the bowline, I crawled inboard, to procure the desired refreshment.

"Seated upon my chest, I found a heavy Dutchman, talking with an unknown tongue in the German language to another heavy Dutchman seated upon another chest. With the utmost politeness of tone and manner that I could command, I requested him to slew himself a bit, so that I could come at what I wanted. With a scowl, as though I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in addressing him at all, he rose, and I proceeded to fish out from the bottom of the chest a day's allowance of tobacco. I had accumulated a good many traps of one kind and another, so that the old box was pretty well filled, and could only be closed by crowding. Upon the top of all, lay the five remaining sheets of loose paper, together with some pipes and loose matches. Seeing the captain coming forward, I hastily dropped the lid and

sprang on to the topgallant forecastle to go to my work—the Dutchman seating himself as before. I can only account for the occurrence that immediately ensued by supposing that when the Dutchman seated himself upon the chest, thereby crowding the cover down, sufficient friction was caused to ignite the matches, which communicated to the confounded paper; for scarcely had I reached the knight-heads when a tremendous explosion took place, and looking back, I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the Dutchman and the lid of my chest flying together in the air, at an elevation of some twelve or fifteen feet from the deck, while the forecastle was strewn with my unlucky traps and shattered fragments of the chest.

"'Murder, donder and blitsen!' roared the unfortunate representative of the Batavian government, as he came down spank on to the deck. 'That bloody assassin try to murder me, captain!' he exclaimed in a fury, pointing to me and rubbing his legs.

"'O you precious highbinder!' yelled old Blueblazes, with a grin of gratified malice. 'That's your game—is it? You want to blow up another man—don't you? We'll put a tant seizing on your pranks for the future, you son of a hangman's slip-noose!' and grabbing a short capstan bar, he fetched me such a clip on top of my brain-bucket as to drive all my senses clear down into my boots.

"I must have lain some time insensible, for when I again came to myself, I was laying on the grating at the gangway, with the irons on my wrists, and a file of soldiers and an officer standing near me. So soon as I was able to stand upon my feet, they hustled me over the side into a boat, and pulled for the shore, upon reaching which I was marched, closely guarded by the soldiers, to the prison, shoved into a seven-by-nine cell, and the key turned upon me. All that day I was rather stupid and confused from the effects of the blow, and consequently troubled myself but little as to what was to be the upshot of the matter. Being conscious of having entertained no malice whatever, I had no idea that anything serious could come of it; but I was fated to be wofully undeceived in this particular.

"Bright and early next morning my cell door was unlocked, and a soldier entering, motioned me to follow him. Proceeding along a number of dimly lighted passages, we came at length to a large room where were assembled half a dozen stolid looking Dutch justices, old Blueblazes, the blown up official, and several other gentlemen whose principal employment seemed to be

to look alternately at me and each other, shake their heads, and look at me again. The Dutchman was called upon for his testimony, which he gave at great length, but being in the Dutch language, I could not understand a word of it. It must, however, have been a very glowing account of the affair, for the judges evidently looked upon me as a monster of iniquity. Blueblazes next took the stand, and with a sardonic grin proceeded to give a detailed account of how the prisoner, while lying at the port of Hong Kong, had in the night time while he (the captain) was sleeping the sleep of innocence and fancied security, feloniously entered the cabin and deposited beneath his berth several kegs of gunpowder, with the evident design of blowing the ship and all that it contained into the air, but being interrupted by the awakening of himself and the mate, he (the prisoner) had delayed firing the train until the next morning, when providentially but a small portion became ignited; and although he himself had been seriously injured, he had, out of the mistaken kindness of his heart, forgiven me, hoping I would repent of my errors. But the affair of the previous day had convinced him that I was incorrigible, and a blood thirsty villain, whom the law would err in lightly punishing. He then gave his version of the Dutchman's affair, stating that while that respectable official was quietly seated upon the chest, I had approached, lighted a slow match, and hastily retreated to escape the terrific explosion that almost instantly ensued, and which was evidently intended to cause the official aforesaid to shuffle off his mortal coil with great and most unpleasant celerity.

"At this stage of the proceedings, I sprang to my feet, greatly excited, and denied 'under oath'—as Tom Piper says—the whole story. At a motion from one of the judges, I was immediately seized by the soldiers and forced back into my seat; but I still continued to use my lungs, and demanded to see the American consul. This could not well be refused me, and that gentleman being sent for, soon after made his appearance. But it is needless to tell chaps of your experience what satisfaction a sailor gets from an American consul, in a foreign port. Indeed, that consul would be considered as dangerously insane, who should take the part of a friendless sailor, against the captains and ship-owners who support him, and whose influence continues him in office.

"The consul heard my statement of the case with a scowl of incredulity; then listened to the captain's story with a smile, said he had no doubt I was a great rascal, shook old Blueblazes

by the hand, invited him to dine with him, and departed. Dutch justice is speedy in its course, particularly as regards sailors, jury trials being dispensed with as an unnecessary duty and expense. One of the judges rising from his seat, ordered me to stand up, which I did with a bounce. He then proceeded to inform me that, for having attempted the life of an official of the Batavian government, I was sentenced to thirteen years' hard labor in the chain gang. I was then conducted back to my cell and locked up for safe keeping.

"This cell was very small, with thick stone walls, and but one small grated window placed high above my reach. The suffocating heat of such a small apartment, under a tropical sun, was almost intolerable. My health soon began to suffer from the close confinement and bad air, my spirits became much depressed, and my mind was filled with gloomy imaginings. While in this condition, and when I had been imprisoned something more than three weeks, I was awakened about midnight, one night, from a sort of half slumber, by a sound as of some one knocking lightly or tapping against some part of my cell.

"'What's that?' I exclaimed, starting up and gazing about me, for the sound seemed to be inside the walls.

"There was nothing to be seen. I was about to lay down, when the sound came again, apparently directly over my head. Instantly the recollection of the spiritual rappings, of which I had heard so much, flashed into my mind, and I faltered, in trembling tones:

"'Are there any spirits present?'

"'Tap, tap, tap,' came the sound again, now in a different place.

"I assumed as firm a voice as I could command, and said in quite a loud tone:

"'If the spirit wishes to communicate with me, will it please make it manifest by giving three raps?'

"'Hold your tongue, you bloody fool, can't ye? and don't be rousing the guard,' responded a muffled voice, which was clearly outside the window.

"'Mighty civil kind of a spirit that! and if my harkers aint out of order, it's the ghost of Jack Brace, my old bunk mate,' said I to myself, speedily regaining my courage at the sound of a human voice.

"And hopping up on to a table that the cell contained, from the window I saw at a distance below several dark figures moving about among the rank tropical undergrowth, while one, with a long stick in his hand, was performing the part

of a spirit by tapping the wall to attract my attention.

"'Who's there?' I asked, in a strong whisper.

"'It's your shipmates, you thundering old pelican. We've come to get you out, but the window is too high for us. D'ye think you could do anything to those bars, if you had the tools?' responded the voice.

"'Sartin,' I replied; 'pass up the instruments.'

"In a second, a three-cornered file came whizzing through the grating and struck into one of my cheeks—you can see the scar there now. It was no time to stop for trifles, however; so pulling it out, I mounted the little table abovementioned, and by which I could just reach the bars, and went to work with such a will that in twenty minutes one of the bars was removed, and I was on the ground with both ankles sprained by the fall. My shipmates had arranged everything. A boat was to start immediately for Manilla, on board of which I found my chest nicely patched up, with all my traps and a tarpaulin contribution of twenty dollars inside, and by sunrise, I was several miles at sea and out of the reach of old Blueblazes.

"I'd like to catch the old scoundrel on shore about ten minutes," continued Grummet, after a short pause.

"What would you do to him, Joe?" asked Tom Piper.

"Do to him?" responded Grummet, gritting his teeth and clenching his fists. "I'd treat him with kindness, so's to heap coals of fire on his head, and try if it wouldn't warm up his drunken old brains a bit."

The sound of eight bells striking, put an end to our yarn spinning and sent us aft to

"Call the watch, hold the reel,
Pump ship, and relieve the wheel."

SELLING A GOSSIP.

"Have you heard the story about number 288?" inquired the facetious Mr. C., addressing his fun-loving neighbor, B.

"No, I have not," replied B; "let us have it."

"It is too gross," remarked B., hesitatingly.

"O, never mind, I can stand it; let me have it by all means," eagerly exclaimed B.

"I tell you it is too gross."

"All the better, it will just suit me; I like such jokes; just shut the door there and let me hear it."

"Can't do that, for G. stands there listening to hear me sell you."

"Well, if you're going to sell me, I should like to know how you're going to do it. Let's hear what your 288 is that's too gross."

"You have heard it twice already," replied C., with a grin. "I tell you 288, being twice 144, is too gross.—*Life Illustrated*."

WAITING.

BY WILLIS E. FAVOR.

The shadows gather darker tints,
That drape the green, embowered road
That leads to Cecile's sweet abode—
A road my footsteps often print.

I know the gate all open swings—
I know that 'neath the maple tree
Before that gate—she waits for me,
Amid the summer's blossomings.

She waits for me! though thought be swift,
Yet swifter shall my footsteps speed,
Until at Cecile's feet I plead,
A suppliant for a life-long gift.

THE MYSTERIOUS PLEDGE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

A MISERABLE, worthless fellow!"

"Hush! there goes his sister, Alice."

Alice Wentworth heard; let any affectionate young heart imagine such epithets bestowed—*deservedly*—on the object dearest to it in the world, and sympathize with the poor girl. She felt dizzy and suffocating, whirling through the air rather than walking on the ground. With instinctive desire to escape listening to further stigmatising of her unfortunate brother, she almost ran past the village store; afterwards slackening her pace as suddenly, for the person on whose account she suffered was proceeding her homeward, and only too visibly in a violent, unapproachable mood.

Allston Wentworth was the twin brother of Alice; they had been orphans several years, and their parents left no children besides themselves. The brother and sister were fondly attached to each other; in earlier life each had seemed necessary to the other's daily existence. Their meeting, when both had completed their studies, to return together to the home of their childhood, was a joyful occasion joyfully anticipated. All the village were delighted, too, at seeing the sweet cottage down by the brookside re-opened at length; and they may be pardoned for the pride they felt in the young proprietors. Allston had graduated with distinction, he possessed every personal advantage; Alice was the perfect answering of an angel mother's prayer.

Old acquaintances and friends as they dropped in one by one to welcome them back, never failed to comment with satisfaction on the growth of the place, and its increase in business during the period of their absence. Gentle Miss Wentworth did not gainsay what she heard so often

repeated; yet all the while she was silently analysing facts, and questioning whether the change referred to, could in truth be termed a progress.

Mr. Coggles's former small store of dry goods and miscellaneous articles presented an imposing new front—all very fine, till we come to consider the enlargement as in order to establish a liquor-selling department; it was the profit of this department which had shortly enabled its proprietor to lay through a field of his a new street that received his name, and grace the same with some half a score of pleasant-looking, though shamamilly constructed dwellings, advertised—"For sale or to let." Families flocked in like martens to a box in spring; and it is doubtful if all acted with nobler forethought than the birds. Many of these new-comers had no regular employment for themselves, but together they furnished a business finely lucrative to their landlord at his bar.

Yes, it did have a thriving aspect, so considerable a number of teams belonging to every quarter of the town, and adjacent towns drawn up at sunset around the store; but if the illusion was to be preserved, one must not sit up to mark at what hour or with how steady hands, those teams were driven away homeward.

Tracing the stream to the fountain head, Alice was speedily convinced that the waters, however grateful they might appear, would prove bitter to as many as tasted. Alas! the sister of Allston was doomed to feel the correctness of her judgment.

At college the young man had somewhat relaxed in principle, had been what is called "a little wild." He numbered at the wine parties in the students' rooms—that is, during the last year of his course; and at certain other midnights would have been in no danger of losing his life had the buildings taken fire and consumed over the heads of the gravely dreaming professors.

It was only having a little "fun;" that fun was missed when he got beyond it. With all the love he felt for his sister, home was found insufferably dull; the ready resource was accepted. Evening by evening saw him at the general rendezvous—Mr. Coggles's store.

At first he scarcely more than passed a couple of hours, relating anecdotes and laughing at those he heard, with the more respectable class of the assembly; retiring quite early—that is to say, by ten o'clock, and with no other mark of the peculiar influence of the place than a slightly scented breath.

In vain Alice exercised all her sisterly arts to win him from temptation and ruin; he persisted in his chosen course, and descended by rapid

gradations. She was left to her loneliness more and more; and whatever portion of his time he had spent at home, Allston in his present estate was little companionable. A tree with the fire of intemperance burning at the root, his beautiful foliage was fast withering, his tender and graceful branches falling with the seething away of the life sap.

As a measure to effectually intimidate his sister from entreaties and expostulations, he assumed towards her a bearing rigid and distant; coming and going without salutation or adieu, and sitting moody and reserved over their meals together. The oldtime affection, the gaiety, the mutual confidences were on his part repudiated and repelled. In a year from the time of their return, the walls within which the children drew their first breath, and the parents their last, had been desecrated by the entrance of the promising student with the mumbling lip, idiotic eye and lurching gait of the drunkard.

To one his example served as a warning and a summons. At the giving way of the ice beneath his feet, Henry Clifton, long a familiar and devoted friend to Allston, retreated in time to save himself; stretched an earnest hand to assist the perilled, and raised a cry of alarm to the throng rushing headlong on in the same track.

Clifton, two or three years the senior of Allston Wentworth, had lately succeeded to his father's practice in the town as a physician; hitherto he had been exceeding popular among all classes, both as a citizen and in his profession; but when he drew up a temperance pledge and right eloquently pressed men to give it their signature, he heard himself branded "fanatic" on every hand, and met everywhere sneers and contempt.

He suddenly had plenty of leisure; his horse grew fat in the stall, and may have thought his master was permitting him in a mass the several Sabbaths on which he had carried him the round of his patients before. Doctor Thompson and Waitt, from neighboring towns, both liberal patronizers of Mr. Coggles's bar, as often as they came that way, divided his practice between them.

But Clifton was stanch; he held aloft the standard in the face of the enemy, and gradually a few, a very few, rallied around it. Others longed to do the same, but the fetters of the tyrant upon them were too strong to be broken at will. Allston's motto had been "No danger!" it was changed to "No deliverance!" His ambition and energy of purpose seemed dwindled away; he nearly judged himself unworthy of manhood, and felt wholly unequal to moral contest. Clifton labored indefatigably for his salva-

tion, and found in the beautiful though mournful eyes of Alice turned upon him in gratitude, an exceeding great reward.

It was a raw, November twilight; Alice closed the cottage and walked up past the store where her brother was certain to be; not with any definite idea concerning him, but because the solitariness of her home was unendurable and her feelings led her that way. She had turned and was retracing her sad steps, when Allston was seen to hurl himself out at the door of the store followed by gusty jeers. He half-turned, shook his clenched right hand with a wordy defiance; then with unsteady step went away homeward, gesticulating to himself, and muttering like the north wind that swept across the hill.

One of a group of loungers at the outer angle of a fence just by, gazing after Allston, spoke of him as miserable—worthless; and a companion hushed him out of respect to Miss Wentworth, as told at the beginning of our story. They, as yet in the remote circles of the maelstrom, never conceived of danger to themselves; nor considered that the sinking victim whom they contemplated with scorn and disgust, was shortly since in this same higher degree.

Dissension comes out of intemperance, as the enormous serpent Python was bred in the slime of the earth. That afternoon the fast-horse Niagara, which Wentworth lately bought for a large sum, had trotted for a purse with *Prattle* Mare, owned by the captain jockey of the county. The latter had won. The prize was but small, and in itself no matter of importance to Niagara's master, who, if he was not immensely rich, had only to spend six cents in order to believe so; but he had boasted and his comrades had betted; therefore to be defeated in the trial was extremely unpleasant and mortifying.

All hands returned to Coggles's, and while they unsparingly "refreshed," the triumphant jockey purposely irritated his competitor by repeated taunts, which members not involved relished quite too well for Wentworth's liking. He at length launched forth general anathemas, and accused the judges of the race of falsifying in his disfavor. This excited a storm of hisses and gibes, when the subject was fortunately moved upon to quit the scene, which he did.

Alice followed her brother home; as she entered the hall, he with a candle in his hand reached the head of the staircase and passed round the balustrade to his own chamber. His unusually early return suggested illness; but she could venture no intermeddling. Retiring shortly to her chamber, which was next her brother's, she sat for an hour listening for some token from

him; then, re-assured by the continued quiet, she offered a prayer for him, strong in desire though weak in faith, and closed her tearful eyes on the pillow.

Next morning, Allston awoke impressed by a dream, as he thought. It seemed that in the middle of the night his mother appeared in the room, clad in white, took from a table at the head of his bed a small Bible which always lay there—her dying gift, and inscribed on a fly-leaf with his name in her own hand—and turning full towards the bed, said, solemnly:

"My son, you have again and again refused to sign the pledge, which alone can save you. I am come to perform the act for you, which you have not the courage to perform for yourself. Here I will write a pledge and annex it with your name."

She opened the book at the first fly-leaf and wrote. The motion of her hand, defined to the son intently looking on, every word as it was penned.

"PLEDGE.—By this volume twice sacred, as the Word of Holiness and the best token of a mother's love, I do herewith declare that I will taste intoxicating liquors no more while I live.
"ALLSTON WENTWORTH."

She closed the Bible and restored it to its place, looked again upon him with an angel's smile, and disappeared.

The particulars, faintly recollected at first, came presently back with bewildering distinctness. Without designing it, Allston thrust forth a hand from beneath the coverlid and grasped the little Bible. Many weeks he had foreborne to open it, for the last time he did so, it said to him—"Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This doctrine was troublesome to him, so the volume containing it was put permanently aside.

Now he lifted the cover, and, transfixed with astonishment, beheld the realization of his dream. There was the pledge in exact simile of his mother's chirography; the most careful comparison would fail to discover between it and the inscription upon the opposite page, any difference save that, while the last was faded and half-effaced by time, the first looked fresh and scarce dry from the pen.

Half an hour later, as Dr. Clifton was pulling some late vegetables in his garden, Allston advanced to the wall which divided their grounds, and leaning upon it accosted him:

"Have you the pledge in your pocket this morning, Henry? I believe you commonly carry it about you?"

The person addressed started upright from his employment, and after a moment, slowly approached the speaker with eyes fixed upon his face, searching whether some expression there did not contradict the strange sincerity of his tones.

"Yes, I have it," he at length replied.

"Because," rejoined Allston, "I am now ready to sign it—though it can make no difference with me."

In speechless wonder the doctor produced the paper; the other was prepared with pen and ink; the pledge was returned with the signature of Allston Wentworth, traced as boldly as Hancock's upon the Declaration of Independence—and, truly, such a declaration it was to him. He then turned and walked calmly and firmly back to the cottage.

Thenceforward in the moral sentiment of the place there was a perceptible change. The foul weed was not immediately plucked up by the roots, but it was mown down; and the bare stump which alone rose above the ground, with the strong sunlight of truth and conscience falling on it, slowly withered. The combined influence of two such men as Clifton and Wentworth, wisely exerted, could not fail of being ultimately potent.

Through them manufactures were established in the village, providing an increasing population with remunerative labor; also a store, furnished them the necessaries of life away from the poison which induces misery and death. Men whom Mr. Coggles had, by the temptation he set before them, and the merciless foreclosure of mortgages in all instances possible, reduced from comfort to wretchedness, began substantially to thrive again. The lyceum and social temperance meeting succeeded to gatherings at the dram shops.

The vendor of ardent spirits finding his customers few, and these chiefly of the non-paying class; and, moreover, himself grown more obnoxious in the community than even the earliest opponent of the traffic had been, took the sum of his ill-gotten gains—being much smaller than he had hoped to make it—and retired upon a farm in another township.

But in this I have anticipated.

Three weeks subsequent to signing the pledge, Allston had revealed to no one the apparently supernatural agency by which he was saved, and adhered to the resolution that while it so appeared, it should be kept a secret in his own breast. The Bible was hidden carefully away from his sister's sight.

"Was it Emma Clifton who spent the night

with you?" the young man inquired of his sister, while one morning at breakfast they chatted as of yore.

"Neither she nor any one; what gave you the idea?"

"Why, I heard your voice—it must have been very late—you was talking and laughing—and then your door opened and shut several times."

"You must have been deceived; I never slept better."

Allston recollected that his sister when quite young had a habit of walking in her sleep whenever her mind happened to be particularly impressed. He said no more, but when within a few nights after, he was awakened by Alice's leaving her room singing, he rose cautiously and looked into the hall. With a countenance radiantly happy, the girl paced backward and forward, chanting a hymn of praise which had been an especial favorite with their mother. Alice had a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and the soul of the listener thrilled to the endeared melody poured forth all unconsciously. Nothing ever had so perfectly recalled to his waking vision a departed mother's image; and this reflection instantly associated the semnambulist with the midnight pledge.

It was not long before his suspicion was corroborated; for re-entering her chamber, without closing the door, she placed her lamp upon a desk and sitting down began writing in a hand very unlike her own, and a perfect fac simile of their mother's. Standing just behind her, Allston looked on till the whole of the hymn he had heard sung was committed to paper; she then rose up, returned the sheet to the desk, shut her door, extinguished the light, and retired to bed.

The following evening just after tea, Alice, remarking to her brother that she would write a letter, went to her room. She shortly returned in much agitation, which she made an effort to conceal, taking a seat where her face could not be plainly observed. At length she spoke:

"Allston, do you not think our mother had a peculiar handwriting?"

"Rather so," he replied; "few now-a-days take the trouble to accomplish themselves so far in the art."

"Did you ever see any one who wrote at all like her?"

"I may have."

"I am sure that I never have; I have studied many a time to imitate, but never succeeded to the extent of a single line."

"Probably not; but what leads you to speak of it now? you seem excited."

"Well—it would not be strange if I am so.

Because—why, brother, on opening my desk to-night, I found the hymn she used to sing so often—

"When all thy mercies, O, my God," written in her own hand and none other's, upon paper that I purchased scarce a week ago. You will presently believe me, Allston; for see! here it is—examine it."

"I have seen it before," said Allston, with a calm smile. "And I will show you something, likewise of recent date, which will exactly compare."

Bringing from his chamber the little Bible, he showed her the pledge, which to him was no longer a mystery. Alice was only the more astonished, till her brother explained all.

"You see the wonder is perfectly clear and rational now," he added; "and yet I shall always regard this pledge as somewhat a miracle; must not the spirit of our sainted mother have directed your act! Dearest Alice, you have saved your brother, and never henceforward, God helping, will he fail of being to you a brother indeed."

While they lingered over the subject with moist eyes, Dr. Clifton and his younger sister came in for an hour's sociality. Emma blushed when on being congratulated upon her rapidly improving health, which during the last year she had nearly lost, her brother glanced at Allston with a quickly significant smile. The latter, nothing disturbed to see his place by Alice's side familiarly usurped, led the fair sister of Henry to a window at the opposite end of the room, where he spoke to her in low, earnest tones, reading her pure face by the moon's silver light.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Some are more courageous than others, and some aint," said Mrs. Partington, as the conversation turned upon heroic deeds. She was a widow of the corporal of the "last war," and her estimate of heroic deeds, as may be supposed, was based upon a thorough knowledge of what those deeds were. "Some will go to the Chimeræ to exercise feats of arms, and some will exercise their feats of legs by coming away. It needs more courage to face danger in the dark—to be waked up in the night by the howling salvages with their tommyhawks and scalpel knives, or to hear midnight buglers breaking into your house, or like the lady in Salem Street who waked up the other night and found a big nigger standing right horizontally by the side of her bed. It takes great courage to meet such things, depend upon it." The blood mantled to her cheek like the hue of a damask rosebush in bloom on the side of a yellow painted house, heroism sat behind her spectacle bows and peeped out of the glasses, while Ike was engaged in putting a clean paper dickey and a black cravat upon a "marble bust of Pallas," just forneinst our closet door—only this and nothing more.—*Evening Gazette.*

MY EARLY DAYS.

BY BOLAND S. EDWARDS.

Thoughts of childhood—thoughts of childhood—memories
of our youthful days—

How they throng our recollection, through life's ever
turning ways,

And we long in life's rough battle for the joyousness of
youth—

For its freedom and its carelessness—its purity and truth.

When in life's calm, solemn twilight, our shadows backward
room,

When our race is almost ended, when we've almost reached
our home,

When the sun of life is casting back his last, long, linger-
ing ray,

And hope's evening star is promising the glorious, heav-
enly day.

Then, at nature's evening twilight—at that peaceful, holy
hour,

When the past comes o'er our heart-thoughts, and we're
wrapped in memory's power,

As the deepening, pale-edged shadow drops softly in the
west,

Telling o'er the molten splendor with its purple robe of
rest;

While the bull-frog's mournful base notes fill our sadly
listening ear,

Bringing back our childish reveries on the mossy flag-stone
dear;

And we sit for a few short moments, though long to mem-
ory's eye,

On that same old stony door-step, listening to the bull-
frog's cry.

Listening to the tearful stillness which on all things seems
to lie—

O, this blessed angel Memory—mid earth's struggles and
earth's strife,

Breathing in upon our fancy sweetest visions of our life—
Pleasant footsteps only showing, in a path with sorrow
rife.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Who is it, Matthew."

"Master Charles, ma'am. He wishes to see
you immediately, if you will be so kind as to
grant him an interview."

"Do I understand you to say that my nephew,
Captain Meredith, is here?"

"Yes, ma'am, and he seems to be in great
trouble about something."

The old servant spoke as if much affected, and
looked at his mistress with a beseeching
expression.

"Matthew, you know the resolution I have
made in regard to Charles Meredith. Do you
suppose he is in actual trouble, or only come to

annoy me with one of those disgraceful affairs in
which he has so frequently been entangled?"

"I believe Master Charles is in real distress,
ma'am, and it would be better to break a hasty
resolution than to let him suffer."

"Very well, Matthew, I will take your advice."

And the old lady rose from her solitary tea-
table, and drawing her scarf closer round her
shoulders, left the room, preceded by her stately
attendant, who opened the doors, and after cross-
ing several long passages ushered her into a
handsomely furnished drawing-room, and bowing
low, disappeared.

A gentleman was standing in the centre of the
room, the image of anxious impatience; one mo-
ment he waited for the closing of the door, the
next he was kneeling at the feet of his relative.

"Aunt, dear Aunt Homewood, I scarcely dar-
ed to hope for this condescension from you. I
have not deserved to expect favors from you, and
yet have now come to ask another."

There was evidently a great struggle going on
in the mind of the old lady, as she stood for a few
moments earnestly gazing on the beautiful coun-
tenance of the speaker, which, flushed and an-
xious-looking, was raised to her own. Something
in that eager look appeared to sweep away her
angry feelings, for bending down, she lifted the
tangled curls from his brow and kissed him with
motherly affection.

"The past is forgiven, and henceforth forget-
ten, Charles; and now tell me what I can do to
assist you at present, for it needs no words to tell
me you are in trouble."

"I am indeed in trouble, and nothing but the
extent of my distress and anxiety would have
tempted me to annoy you again with my
difficulties."

"Tell me at once what they are, and if possi-
ble I will assist you."

The lady was evidently alarmed at the tone of
desperation used by the speaker.

"Aunt, I am married, I have been married for
the last four months."

The lady gave a start of surprise, but control-
ling her feelings, said calmly:

"Is that the cause of your sorrow, my dear
Charles? It ought not to be."

"I must tell you the whole story, aunt, or you
will not be able to understand it. I married my
wife against the wishes of her relations. True,
she had no parents, but her father's will made
her dependent on the caprice of her uncle, with-
out whose consent she was not to marry, or if
she disobeyed him, to forfeit the immense fortune
he had bequeathed her. A marriage had been
planned for her, or rather, she was in danger of

being sold to a man twice her own age, but whose immense fortune made him indifferent about her money—a great consideration in the opinion of her uncle.

"'Get your niece to consent to have me, and her fortune is yours,' said the wealthy Mr. Richmond.

"'Emily can be married to-morrow to a man who is utterly indifferent about the property,' said the uncle, when I asked his consent to my suit. 'Can you take her on those terms?'

"'On any terms,' I replied, eagerly.

"'Well, you cannot have her at all. I am not going to see my niece marry a beggar, because she has fallen in love with a scarlet coat. She will marry the man I have chosen for her.'

"That night Emily and I were married, and far from the home of her enraged friends, I have maintained her comfortably, nay, given her all the luxuries she has ever been accustomed to, and of our happiness I cannot speak. She has shown me the folly of my past life, has been a guardian angel to me; and now, when her society and love are necessary to my very existence, I am called on to part from her. Our regiment is ordered to India; take her I cannot, leave her here alone and unprotected I dare not, what I am to do I know not."

"Hush, do not despair. I will think this difficulty over, and in the morning we will feel better able to decide what is to be done."

"The morning! Dear aunt, I must be far hence to-night. But three short days and I must be on the ocean."

"Then bring your wife to me. I will be a mother to her, and she shall never want a home while I live. There, no thanks. None know how well I loved your mother, how dear you yourself are to me. And now lose no time in making your arrangements, spend the last day with her here, and may God ever keep you, my dear, dear boy."

One instant Charles Meredith was clasped to the heart of his kind friend, the next he had rushed from the apartment and the sound of his horse's steps came borne on the evening breeze. For many minutes the Lady of Homewood sat buried in deep thought; the changing expression on her countenance alone telling of inward struggles. But at last with a heavy sigh and stern resolve she drove the traces of feeling from that pale face, and summoned her faithful Matthew.

"Let the south rooms be immediately prepared for visitors," was the order given to the old man, who looked astonished at seeing her alone. "And Matthew, see that everything is done for the comfort of our guest, my nephew's wife."

"Master Charles married!"

The old man started with astonishment.

"Yes, married, and about to leave England; but you shall know all to-morrow, my faithful old friend; at present I am unable to converse. Send my maid, and give orders for the instant commencement of preparations."

Forty years before the period at which our history commences, the young heir of Homewood had brought his fair bride with fond happiness to the home of his fathers. And well might Walter Homewood be proud of his conquest, for peerlessly beautiful and richly dowered came the Lady Elizabeth to her idolizing husband. Disappointed suitors envied the fortunate candidate who had succeeded in thawing the icy heart of the proud but lovely lady, and there were not wanting those who felt aggrieved to think that the young heir should have gone to a far distant country in search of a bride.

But outwardly all were smiling congratulations, and the marriage likely to prove a happy one. Alas for that outward, deceptive seeming. A very short period served to convince Walter Homewood that he had acted rashly; and Lady Elizabeth, with all her strong, proud resolution, yet shuddered at the responsibility she had assumed. To explain this we need only say, that led away by his fond passion, the young lover had wedded one, who had already bestowed her heart on another. Touched by his earnestness, and feeling that he was not influenced by any other than the purest of motives, Lady Elizabeth had unfolded the painful past, acknowledged her weakness in still loving one who could never be hers, and ended by entreating Walter to withdraw his suit, and leave her to mourn over her disappointed hopes.

But the knowledge of her blighted affections made no change in his love. He argued that she was still so young, that once his wife, he would dare all the world to keep him from winning her heart; he pleaded long and earnestly and at last succeeded.

"I will be your wife; in all that pertains to a wife's duties I will be true and faithful, but I have no love to give, and I am not capable of feigning."

With joy unspeakable he kissed the white hand that rested in his own; he dared not embrace her. There was no trembling confusion, to embolden him to clasp her to his heart, to whisper words of loving fondness, or tender encouragement; but she was his, his own promised bride, and he felt confident that some day she must love him.

Alas, days and months passed on and no change was visible; always polite and attentive, always respectful and anxious to please him, not a fault could be found with the conduct of the young mistress of Homewood, and yet the warm-hearted Walter was miserable and unhappy, and his wife scarcely less so.

He felt keenly the little success his efforts had met with; duty, that cold word, alone dictated the conduct of his idolized wife. He would have given worlds to have seen one emotion of jealousy, of anger even, flush that sweet pale face, to have seen one look of love sparkle in those beautiful eyes, but the calm smile, the friendly hand clasp that was ever his welcome, maddened him, and at times he deeply repented having sacrificed both to his impatient love.

Two years after their marriage, however, a change took place for the better. Walter Homewood as he gazed on his beautiful young wife and her precious infant felt all his fond devotion renewed, and she, in this new found treasure, forgot the love that had hitherto been the one passion of her life.

Three years passed, bringing sorrow to him who once possessed Lady Elizabeth's heart. She shuddered as she heard of the successive deaths of his children, and the despair of himself and wife, and that wife was her own sister. Captain Meredith was now an object of pity. Living unhappily with her for whom he had sacrificed his first love, bereft of his beautiful children, and in delicate health, the spirits of the once gay-hearted young officer were crushed.

When young Homewood was entering his eighteenth year, it would have been difficult to have found one on whom the shadows of fewer sorrows had fallen. Possessed of all that could make his life delightful; the darling of his parents and a large circle of friends; with a happy disposition, and a mind to appreciate his blessings; who but would have foretold a bright future for this favored child of fortune? And yet it needed but a trifling commencement, a few hours' exposure to an autumn storm, followed by fever, prostration, rapid decline, and the doting parents are childless.

The shock would probably have been fatal to Lady Elizabeth but for the new trouble that soon menaced her. The husband to whom she felt she had never been a loving wife, sank beneath the dreadful blow; and in her anxiety to atone for the past neglect, the sorrowing mother banished her own selfish feelings and devoted herself unremittingly to the care of her husband. And Walter Homewood, with the knowledge that his wife at last returned his love, would fain

have clung to life, but it might not be, and once more Lady Elizabeth was alone in the world.

Three months after the death of her husband, she stood at the bedside of her dying sister and received from her hands the sacred charge of her fatherless infant, the head of a large family. The child was taken to Homewood on the death of the mother, and as her own did the widow bring up the little Charles Meredith.

Beautiful, self-willed and high-spirited, as he grew up he became the darling of his aunt and the pet of the household; but, unlike the lost Walter, his own selfish ends were always to be attained at whatever cost; and with all her love, his fond relative found enough in the conduct of the headstrong boy to try her utmost patience. Against her wishes he entered the army at a very early age; to her great displeasure he had refused to form an alliance every way suitable; and we have already seen that his marriage was secret, and far from showing that respect to his adopted mother, that was her due.

But with the knowledge that she was about to part with him, perhaps forever, was banished all remembrance of his ill deeds, and nothing remained but the recollection of how she had loved him in his childhood, and how dear his parents had both been to her. To show every kindness to his young wife, was now the engrossing thought, and when Charles, with almost womanly sorrow placed the poor heart broken girl in her arms, she vowed to be a mother to her, and faithfully performed her pledge.

It was heart-breaking to witness the sorrow of poor Emily Meredith after the dreadful parting with her husband. Not a murmuring word escaped her lips, not even a tone betrayed impatience; but the deep sorrow in her blue eyes, the gradual fading of the rose on her cheek, and the wasting of her once rounded arms, betrayed the ravages of grief. She no longer looked the young, childish creature of a few months previous; care had made her old, given thought to her countenance, and womanly dignity to her step.

"My child, is there aught I can do to render you less unhappy?" asked the old lady, one evening when Emily appeared more than usually oppressed with sorrow.

"Nothing, dear aunt; I am surrounded by everything my heart could wish for, and but for one thing would be the happiest girl on earth."

"But, my child, you must conquer this injurious grief. Charles will come home one of these days, we will persuade him to give up his commission, and you shall both live here with

me as long as I live, and at my death, Homewood is to belong to Charles."

"Dear aunt, your kind intentions will never be carried out. I feel that I shall no more meet Charles in this world. I felt it when he first told me we must part, and each day but confirms the impression."

Vain were her kind relative's efforts to banish these gloomy forebodings from the mind of the young wife. It was a settled conviction that she should soon die, and arguments were useless to combat it. Her health grew gradually more and more frail, but never was invalid more patient and gentle. She smiled sweet thanks on old Matthew, who, idolising the girl-wife of his young master, was unfailing in his attentions. While she was able to walk out, he attended her, and when this pleasure was denied her, he adorned the rooms with the sweet flowers she so loved.

For hours Emily would sit and listen to her aunt's stories of by-gone happy days of the kind husband and fondly loved son. With deep interest she gazed on the handsome likeness of the one, and the sweet, boyish resemblance of the other, or with trembling fingers touched the cherished relics of those long lost ones' books and letters, toys and playthings, and dearer than all, those two carefully preserved curls, the one black and glossy, the other soft, fair and silken. The days passed calmly at Homewood, and all interest in worldly matters appeared to have forsaken the young wife.

Not even when the good old lady brought forth from their hiding-places (where they had reposed so many long years) rich and beautiful muslins, costly embroideries, the most exquisite productions of the loom and fingers, and with tearful eyes besought her to accept them, not even then was an emotion visible on the fair but faded countenance of the broken-hearted girl.

But why prolong a painful story? Six months after her arrival at Homewood, Emily Meredith breathed her last, and the piteous wailings of an infant resounded through walls long unused to such sounds.

"To you I bequeath her," the young mother said, a few moments before her death. "Keep her, dear aunt, until her father comes to claim her; in you she will find a better mother than I could have been to her."

And the old lady, with distressing emotion, clasped to her heart the infant grandchild of him who had been her first love, and promised to devote the remainder of her life to the helpless little being. They laid the mother in the grave, and with bitter sorrow wrote the sad history to the absent husband and father.

"Meredith, for Heaven's sake, strive to conquer this grief; or it will kill you. It is now nearly a week since that fatal letter came and in that time you have never rested or taken food. A reasonable sorrow I could respect, but this is sinful despair. Think of your child, the precious legacy of your lost wife, for the sake of it, do not throw away your life."

So spoke Colonel Carter, a faithful friend and adviser, but his words were lost on the listener.

"My Emily, my wife!" was the despairing cry that night and day fell from the lips of the stricken man.

"Will you go home? Shall I use my influence to get you leave of absence, Meredith?"

The kind-hearted colonel was deeply touched at the utter and hopeless despair of the once brave and gallant young officer.

"Home! no, there is no home for me. Think you that I wish to drive myself to distraction by again visiting the scenes of my more than earthly bliss? No, never will I return to the land that is one vast grave to me, the tomb of all my hopes and joys."

"But your child?"

The colonel's voice trembled, he himself had buried an only and darling child.

"I shall never behold her; it would be misery more than I could endure."

And Charles Meredith kept his word, and years passed on, and time and sorrow strewed gray hairs thickly on his head, and still he was a wanderer in foreign lands, and his young daughter was growing up to womanhood almost in ignorance of his existence.

A great change had taken place in the once energetic and strong-minded lady of Homewood. The once erect and stately figure was bowed and bent, the clear judgment had become weakened and clouded, and in addition, blindness was threatening the frail and fast failing old lady.

The infant bequeathed to her care had now become the protector, the comforter, the blessing of her old age. Sight to the darkened eyes, and strength to the frail limbs, was the beautiful Elizabeth Meredith, and well did she repay the care bestowed on her infant years, by unremitting attention to the friend of her childhood.

Old Matthew, like his mistress, was fast hastening to the grave, and many an anxious thought it cost the faithful servant, to know what would become of his beloved young lady when left unprotected and alone, as was evident must be the case in a few years.

At the time we introduce her to the reader, Elizabeth Meredith was in her sixteenth year, an exceedingly lovely girl partaking of the beauty

of both parents. But the chief charm was her sweet disposition, her untiring patience and devotion to her aged benefactress, and her total forgetfulness of self. Young as she was, the heiress of Homewood was already the object of attention to more than one interested suitor, and in this was the foundation of old Matthew's anxiety.

"It is not for yourself they would win you, Miss Elizabeth," would the old man say, when alarmed at the visits of the sons of their neighbors. "They don't know how to value you, my dear young lady; it is the hope of gaining your fortune that brings them here, and you must always bear that in mind when they come love-making."

"Don't be alarmed for me, Matthew; I shall never marry, but live here all my life at dear old Homewood, and spend my time doing good, and making others happy, as aunt has always done."

And the old man would murmur a blessing on her, and go away feeling satisfied that for the present, at least, his dear young mistress was heart free.

But circumstances over which he had no control, at last brought the danger he had dreaded to their very doors, and even old Matthew was powerless to change the current of events. A stranger, young and handsome, was thrown from his carriage at the very gates of Homewood, and as he was dangerously injured and the village offered no accommodation for one of his rank and station, common humanity demanded that he should be taken to the mansion.

It was several weeks before Sir Henry C—— (for that was the stranger's name) was allowed to leave his room; but when reason resumed her sway, and the delirium of fever departed, there came a faint remembrance of an angel face bending over his couch, the recollection of a cool hand on his brow, and the fitting of a figure through his room, very different in appearance to the attendants that now surrounded him, the venerable Matthew, an aged nurse and a grave-looking but skilful physician. Day after day he silently pondered on this strange apparition, unwilling to ask an explanation, and at times almost convinced that the visitant was merely conjured up by his disordered imagination.

However, his doubts on this point were one day set at rest forever on beholding the same face and form in the garden below his window, and now he was convinced that it was an inhabitant of earth.

Elizabeth Meredith was attending her aunt in her morning walk, and all unconscious that her words were listened to, she strove to impart some

of her own cheerfulness to her desponding relation, speaking hopefully of all the old lady's troubles, and tenderly supporting her feeble steps. That hour decided the fate of the young baronet.

Alone in the world, as far as near relations were concerned, Sir Henry C—— had hitherto given but little thought to the aristocratic beauties that adorned the circle he frequented in the metropolis, and women had been among the least of his pleasures or cares.

Now, however, the case was altered. He daily made his appearance in the parlor, supported by the friendly arm of old Matthew and his own servant (who had been summoned to attend him), and there, in the quiet and repose necessary to his still precarious condition, he learned to love as he had never dreamed of loving.

For hours he would listen while Elizabeth read to her aunt, or played and sang the songs loved best by the old lady, or in pleasant conversation beguile his aged hostess into remembrances of the past until her present troubles were forgotten. She soon became strongly attached to the agreeable young stranger, and evinced great dislike to his departure; and even Matthew, careful, suspicious Matthew, was so won over by the young man's patient submission to suffering, and thankful appreciation of kindness, that without a fear he allowed him to sit beside his young mistress, to receive numberless little attentions from her kind hands, and when at last the time came for his departure, it was through Matthew's contrivance that he obtained an interview alone with the beautiful girl.

But poor Matthew's plans suffered defeat, and he would not have rejoiced in his young lady's prospects, could he have heard the parting conversation between the lovers. We will not repeat it all; the conclusion will explain the state of affairs sufficiently.

"And so I am to go away without one hope, Miss Meredith? You will not even allow me to look forward to a future meeting."

The young man spoke sadly, and his companion was evidently touched by his sorrow.

"I will not say never; but while my aunt lives, my love and duty are hers. I am very young yet, and my father may return, my dear father, whom I have never seen. I will never promise to marry until I am obliged to give up the hope of his return."

"But, dear lady, your father could not find ought to object to in the offer I now made you, provided your own heart consents. I fear there is the real objection. Your aunt already is partial to me; could I not persuade you to let me

share the sacred charge you have undertaken ? Or is it as I sometimes fear, that another will divide that labor of love with you ?"

"None, none other can ever share it with me."

"Then let mine be the holy task, dear one," was the whispered reply, as trembling and ashamed the gentle girl was drawn close to her lover's heart.

There was silence for one instant, both feeling too deeply for words, and then Elizabeth Meredith disengaged herself from the clasping arm, and with a pale but decided countenance stood before her lover.

"You know my secret now, Henry, the secret that within the last few weeks has changed me from a thoughtless girl, into a sad-hearted woman, but think not that you can change my resolution. I have vowed to devote myself to her who protected my infant years. None can share the duty, you least of all," and the girl's voice trembled, but recovering herself she continued. "While Aunt Homewood lives, my love and care are hers, and at her death I shall leave my home and never return until I find my father, provided he does not return in the meantime."

Two years had passed since Elizabeth Meredith parted from her lover, two long years, and not one word had she heard of or from him in that time. Many and severe trials had she encountered in that time, and now she was called to see her beloved relative die, and none were near to cheer the heart of the lonely and saddened girl.

Friends and strangers were there, but their words were the common forms of consolation, and the girl wept bitterly at her lonely condition, without one relative to share her grief, one loving heart on which to repose her sorrow.

It was the day of the funeral, the day on which the aged mistress of Homewood was to take her place beside the silent tenants of the family vault.

In a darkened room, her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly, and striving in vain to shut out the sound of the tolling bell, sat Elizabeth Meredith, feeling desolate and forsaken, not daring to think of the future, looking with hopeless regret on the past.

Many strange footsteps are passing through the old mansion, and with hushed movements the servants are removing the tokens of recent death. The young girl pays little heed to those who intrude on her grief, nor does she raise her head to see two strangers who cross the apartment and stand before her with looks of love and sorrow blended in their countenances.

"Elizabeth!"

Wildly she dashes the tears from her face, and springing to her feet stands for a moment motionless with astonishment, then with a cry of joy she sinks into the arms extended to receive her, and once more is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My Elizabeth, my precious child, look up. Have you no love to bestow on your father, or does this stranger claim it all?"

"My father!" Now indeed are all my griefs ended. My father come at last, my Henry true. O, how wicked was I to despair of ever being happy again."

Captain Meredith had returned to his native land through the persuasions of the lover of his daughter, and bitterly did he now repent having for so many long years deprived himself of her affection and society. He spent the remainder of his life with her and her husband, and in witnessing their happiness, he forgot to moan over his own early griefs.

A ROYAL LADY.

Our readers will be interested in the following description of the English Princess Royal, Victoria's eldest daughter, from the pen of a correspondent of an Aberdeen Journal: "With the remembrance, as if it had been yesterday, of the boom of the guns which announced her birth, I was scarcely prepared to find her a fine grown woman, taller by a couple of inches than her mother, and carrying herself with the ease and grace of womanhood. It is no stretch of loyalty or courtesy to call the Princess Royal pretty—she is perfectly lovely. The regularity of her features is perfect. Her eyes are large and full of intelligence, imparting to her face that sort of merry aspect which indicates good humor. The nose and mouth are delicately and exquisitely formed, the latter giving effect of great sweetness. The princess is more like her father than her mother. She is like the queen in nothing but the nose. In all other respects she is a female image of her father. I should add, as interesting to your lady readers, that she wears her hair slightly off her forehead; not pushed back in the Eugenie fashion, but brushed latitudinally from the temples, and raised at the sides above the ear in bandeaus (really, the ladies must excuse me if I am talking nonsense, for I have not given that hostage to fortune which would enable me to speak *ex cathedra*). Well, at any rate, the princess is fair enough and lovely enough to be the heroine of a fairy tale, and the Prince Frederic should consider himself a lucky fellow."
—*Portfolio*.

When I pronounce that sensibility is the characteristic of goodness of heart with mediocrity of talent, I make an effort of which few men are capable. For if ever nature created a heart of sensibility, you know well that it is mine.

THE SISTERS.

BY ANNETTE HAZLETON.

"MOTHER, why did you not let me accept Mrs. Swift's invitation to attend Eleanor's party to-day?" said Lillie Tremont, a girl of twelve, to her mother.

"Because, my dear, I never allow my children to associate with low people, like the Swifts."

"Why, ma, I think Eleanor is a very sweet girl; and everybody says they are nice people."

"Of course; but then you know they're poor, and you, my daughter, are old enough to know that if you commence going in such company, you can keep no other."

Lillie made no reply, but playing with the end of her belt-ribbon, gazed steadily on the carpet. At this moment two ladies entered the room—they had come to make a fashionable call upon the mother. One of them, the widow of a late banker, was of course attired in the usual mourning garb, for her husband had been dead scarce four months; while the other—who, by the way, was the widow's sister, Mrs. Norton, and who had been married but a few weeks, showed by the richness and gaiety of her dress that she belonged to the ton of Philadelphia.

The usual ceremony of meeting being over, the ladies seated themselves, and the three commenced a conversation after the usual manner of gossiping visitors, finally winding off by expressing it as their candid opinion that a respectable merchant, Amos Dean, was about to fail.

"O, what a pity it would be!" said the rich widow. "Why, only just think of Laura, she's always been taken so much notice of in society." They all three sighed deeply, and the widow continued: "But still it's no more than I expected—pride must have its fall, you know."

"Certainly," replied the sister; "but I hope they won't be as impudent as the Swifts are. Why really, Mrs. Tremont, don't you think Mrs. Swift sent an invitation over to sister's for Julia to attend her little girl's party?"

"Did she go?" exclaimed Lillie.

"Of course not, my dear," rather angrily replied her mother.

"Why, here's our dear little Lillie," exclaimed Mrs. Norton; and she drew the child to her side. "How charming she looks in this embroidered muslin—she'll make a lily indeed in society when she becomes a little older."

The child blushed, and immediately left the room.

"She'll make a perfect fairy in the ball-room; but pray, my dear Mrs. Tremont, I thought you

were going to send her to Mrs. Allen's boarding-school," said the widow.

"She will go within a fortnight," replied Mrs. Tremont; "that is, if her father does not oppose me too strongly."

"What! does your husband oppose you in educating your children?" exclaimed Mrs. Norton, with an air of great surprise.

"Why you know, my dear, men always have a great deal to say about fashionable boarding-schools."

The two visitors laughed right out at this, and the widow remarked "that her husband used to leave the managing of such business to herself, and that had he interfered it would have made no difference."

Mrs. Tremont sighed deeply as she replied:

"Ah! Frank is so set you cannot turn him an inch."

"But he can't find much fault, for he knows you brought a large sum of money from your father—enough, indeed, to educate your children to your own liking," said Mrs. Norton.

"I've given him to understand that," replied Mrs. T.; "but really, you don't know what a trial he is to me. He has already sent Agnes into the country to stay a year with his sister, and threatens to send Lillie unless I give up the idea of training her my own way."

At length these most sympathizing friends took their leave, and Mrs. Tremont was again left alone to ponder over the best method of overcoming her husband's objections concerning Lillie's education. As for Agnes, she never cared for her, but she loved Lillie as well as a worldly mother can love.

Now Mr. Tremont was by no means a domestic tyrant. He was a man of a kind heart, and was, fortunately, possessed of good common-sense. He married his wife when they were both very young—more at the suggestion of his parents than of his own affections. He did not understand human nature then so well as he does at present—now he sees the error of false training, and is anxious to give his children an education, such an one as may fit their immortal minds for something better than breaking hearts, buying ribbons, and dying at last with no other mourners than the mantua-maker and milliner. He has long seen that his youngest child, Agnes—now but nine years old, had no share of her mother's love, and for this reason he had sent her to the country to stay with his sister, Mrs. Baily; he knew she would be well cared for there, both as respects physical and moral culture, while she would not be missed at home.

But Lillie was still a bone of contention be-

tween them. Her mother, however, had made up her mind that she should be sent to the boarding-school; so it was useless to say more, as Mr. Tremont especially disliked being reminded of the hundred thousand dollars his wife had brought him at their marriage.

It is unnecessary to our present purpose to record the events which followed in the next five years; only we will inform our readers that Miss Lillie was sent off to Miss Allen's school the next week, there to be instructed in the refined arts—the hollow heartlessness of fashionable life.

It was one of those lovely days which Indian summer alone can bring; a holy calmness—a Sabbath-like stillness—rested on the face of nature. It was about the middle of the afternoon that a gentleman and lady might have been seen sauntering down a lane, situated not far from — Boarding School. It was indeed a beautiful place, and well-selected for a walk. The two wandered on, occasionally stopping to gather "some things of beauty" which lay strewn in their pathway, until they came to an arbor, formed by the grape vines twining themselves into the limbs of two tall maples, and again falling gracefully to the ground.

"Here is a seat for us," said the gentleman; and the two seated themselves. Her waist was encircled by his arm, and her head reclined gently upon his breast.

"O Edgar, how lonely this place will look when you are gone. I shall never want to see it again."

"But, Lillie, a year will soon pass by, and then I shall return to make you happy, and my own heart blessed."

"A year!—it seems like an age," replied the fair girl.

The young man imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and continued:

"You are now seventeen; in six months more you will leave school."

"Yes; but why should we speak of that now?"

"Lillie, ere twelve months have passed by, you will be introduced into the gaieties of society, and—"

"And what?"

"You may forget me then."

"Forget you? O, Edgar, how can you be so cruel!"

"I would not accuse thee, darling; but still, we do not always know our own hearts."

"Edgar, if you think I am false-hearted, tell me so at once, and do not trifle with me."

"Lillie, I mean not so; but bear with me one moment. I have seen much of the world, and have studied nature since my childhood, and I

have never seen the man yet who knew his own heart."

"Ah! but Edgar, you know woman's heart is always true." And she laughed merrily.

He smiled as he replied: "I doubt not, Lillie, that you love me as I love you. I take your word and consider you mine; nor need that promise debar you from society. Go. Mingle with the gayest, and as you are true to nature, you will be faithful to me."

They now talked of the past, the present, and the future, until the swift wing of time brought the hour of parting. They were to meet no more, until twelve long months had passed away. The young man was to trust his life upon the angry wave, while the maiden was to place her spirit's fate upon the sea of fashionable society. Which was in the most danger time will show. Thus parted Edgar Dorance and Lillie Tremont, one year before the scene which we shall next describe.

Miss Tremont is just eighteen. This is her birthday night; and the elegant rooms of her father's mansion are brilliantly lighted up; for of course her birthday party must be a splendid one; to-night she is to "come out" into the fashionable society of Philadelphia. "Gay, handsome, accomplished, rich, she will make a sensation among the *élite* of our city to-night," Mrs. Tremont exclaimed to her husband, as the dashing belle passed into the next room. Mr. Tremont shook his head, but made no reply.

"O, Frank, it's always just so—you never took any notice of Lillie yet, at least as you ought to, though most fathers would be proud of her." He still made no answer, but rising, took his hat and left the house.

"Just like you," muttered the wife, as her husband closed the door after him, and she rose to re-arrange her toilet and prepare for the reception.

Hours flew by, and music and mirth reigned through the stately hall. The brilliancy and beauty of the new belle brought many admirers to her feet; but as she had been taught that her chief glory consisted in the number of conquests she made, of course she acted accordingly; and when the hour for breaking up had arrived, not one of her many admirers could exactly say he hoped. No—she understood her business too well for that.

A few mornings afterwards, a new member entered the Tremont family. This was none other than the daughter of Henry Craig, the only brother of Mrs. Tremont. Mr. Craig had failed, with many others of his time; in addition to this misfortune, his wife had recently died, leaving him with two children—Harry and Min-

nle. He was a very enterprising man, and one who would not easily give up to circumstances. He had therefore concluded to go, in company with his son, who was now nineteen years of age, to some distant place, there to accumulate a competency, at least, for his family. But a new difficulty now arose—what should be done with Minnie? She was now but fifteen, and was one of those sensitive, loving creatures, most unfit to go forth to fight the battle of life among strangers. He had finally concluded to place her under the care of his sister, Mrs. Tremont; and this morning, kissing her fair brow, he bade her good-by.

Minnie's heart was just ready to break, as her father and mother turned to leave her; but she succeeded in keeping back the tears which fain would have asked the sympathy of the world. She immediately retired to a room, where she might dwell upon her sorrows alone. The hour of dinner had well nigh arrived ere she could summon strength enough to descend to the presence of the family. It is true she had heretofore been treated kindly by her aunt and cousin, yet she felt an instinctive dread in seeing them now. But at length she brushed back her ringlets and descended to the parlor. Dinner was ready, and she was about to follow her aunt from the room, when that lady turned and said:

"Miss Craig, you may place my daughter's room in order while we are at dinner."

She left the room; and Minnie was petrified with astonishment. "What have I done that Aunt Maria should treat me thus?" And the poor child bowed her head upon her hands.

At last, dinner being over, the ladies returned to the parlor; they were much surprised to find "Miss Craig" had failed to do her duty. And Minnie received a sharp reprimand from her aunt. The timid girl could not say a word in defence of herself, so Mrs. Tremont rang the bell, and a domestic immediately entered.

"Here, Betsy," said she, "take this girl to the kitchen; teach her her duty there, as she seems unwilling to perform lighter tasks."

She followed the girl into the kitchen, where she was hereafter to be confined. She was to be instructed in many things, and especially was she charged never to call Mrs. Tremont "aunt," for now that she would be obliged to labor for a living, of course it would not do to claim so noble and high a family for relations. It is unnecessary, as well as perfectly impossible, to describe the feelings of this poor motherless one when she realised her situation. Her heart was broken—no wonder. She was seized with a brain fever, and long, long did she lay on that sick bed, to

mean and sigh, enduring all her agony without one word of hope, one sympathizing friend to stand by her.

But we cannot endure to dwell longer upon this part of the picture. Let us draw a veil over it, and seat ourselves again in the large drawing-room; let us leave this miserable little attic for the elegantly-furnished parlor, and see what is going on there. Only another party; and see! there sits Lillie, the fairest of the fair, the brilliant belle of the company. The costly silks and jewels that adorn her person can scarce add a charm to her natural beauty of form and feature. She is seated at the piano; every eye rests upon her, and even her father seems pleased. An elegantly dressed gentleman is by her side, thumbing the piano and turning the leaves of her music-book with all the ease and grace for which his nation is famed. They call him the Count de Cateau. The mother is now in her full glory; she sees her idolized Lillie—where?—surrounded by flattery (i. e. danger); she sees her worshipped by the gentlemen, envied by the ladies. What could better please her? This same French count is one of the greatest exquisites of the time, and reputed to be immensely rich! He is also said to have travelled much, and was about to return to his native land, when by-chance he met with Miss Tremont. He is now detained simply by the love he bears the beautiful girl; surely, what could better gratify a mother's vanity—that is, such a mother as the one before us!

But there is another individual present whom we shall notice particularly, as he is somewhat concerned with our picture. It is Captain Dornice. Tall and well-proportioned, possessed of all that ease of manners which constitute a gentleman, added to which is that noble dignity of carriage and expression which marks an American. Indeed, we think him far superior in every respect, if we judge by appearance, to the Frenchman. He has naught of that *exquisite* politeness, or, rather, agreeable deception, about him; but there is an air of candor, of open-heartedness, that cannot fail to attract friends. While he is conversing with Mr. Tremont, his eyes rest upon Lillie, and the reader may imagine that he, if not she, is thinking upon old times.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the party, "did you notice the gentleman who was conversing with your father last night?"

"Why, he was introduced to me of course. I believe he is one of pa's old friends."

"Yes; but your attention was so taken up with the count, you scarce noticed him."

"Are you acquainted with his family?"

"No; but your father is; and it must be very respectable. He came with his cousins—the Fletchers,—and you know they are idolised."

"I do not like the name much," said Lillie, and her voice slightly trembled.

"Why not, my dear? What is there about the name of Durance that should displease you?"

"O nothing, particularly, only—"

"Only what?" And the mother gave an inquiring glance at her daughter.

"I once had a lover by that name!"

"A lover *once*? When? You've been in society but a few weeks, and—"

"O, it was sometimes ago; when I was at school."

"Oho! I understand you now. Practising a little flirtation, I suppose; but pray, why should that make it unpleasant?"

Lillie hesitated a moment, and then proceeded to tell her mother all that had passed between herself and Edgar Durance at the boarding-school. When she had got through, her mother smiled at her earnestness, and said:

"Sparely now, Lillie, you don't feel conscience-stricken for such a slight affair! Why, you must think no more of breaking a heart than of placing a curl, if you would be a successful belle."

"Of course not, mama; but then I hope he'll never come here again."

"What if he does; you can make the count doubly secure by rejecting one old lover for his sake."

Lillie turned to her piano, and commenced playing a lively air; yet any one could see that all was not right within.

"Upon my life!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, "there comes Lois and—yes, it is Abigail. What could have sent them here just at this time?"

Lillie looked from the window and saw that a carriage had really drawn up to the door, and that two ladies were getting out.

It was not long before Aunt Lois and Cousin Abigail, as we shall hereafter call them, were ushered into the presence of the dignified ladies of Tremont mansion. Aunt Lois was the wife of Mr. Tremont's only brother, and resided in Fairfield county, Connecticut. The family was regarded with that kind of abhorrence by the city relations which fashionables feel toward country cousins, etc. Nevertheless, Aunt Lois would visit her *dear brother and sister* as often as once a year to inquire after their health.

Will the reader be surprised to hear that this lady was just one of the kind of women who took more pride in cultivating the merits of their children, and more pains in leading them gently

into the paths of wisdom and virtue, than in all the vain-glorious beau-catching and heart-breaking in the world; and yet she was a woman of taste. If you should go to old Fairfield now, and search the county through, you'd hardly find a house more elegantly furnished, a yard more tastefully arranged, or a library filled with better books, than the one owned by George Tremont, Esq.; for an air of tasteful elegance rests on every thing which has been arranged by Aunt Lois. Yet this very lady was unfortunate enough to love fun.

She never failed to put on the appearance of a counterfeit Yankee matron when she visited her dear brother and sister at Philadelphia; and any one who might see her here as a stranger would have thought she had acquired her substantial healthy proportions by the means of "pumpkin pies and gingerbread." Abigail was like her mother in disposition, and like her, a perfect lady in appearance—unless she chose to be something else. She was now about twenty-one, and very good looking. On the present occasion, she was dressed moderately and plainly in a dark gingham, while her mother wore a plain black silk. This was, perhaps, going too far; but Aunt Lois's motto always was, "my true friends—those who love me—will not care for my clothes."

"I never brought Abby down to the city but once afore, and perhaps she'll want some training, so as to know how to conduct afore the city folks," said Aunt Lois, a short time after they had arrived.

This was answered by a cold nod and a whispered "yes" from Mrs. Tremont, and the country sister continued:

"Here's little Lillie, she can go round with her; you needn't be afeared to trust 'em out, for I'll warrant ye, Abby can take care of her, while she—"

Here Mrs. T. indignantly interrupted her by exclaiming, "My daughter will have plenty of attendants if she wishes to walk."

"I dare say she can; but then you'd no need to trouble her pa about it, as long as she's acquainted with the city, and Abby wants to see it; she'll take care on 'er."

Mrs. Tremont could endure no more; so ringing a bell, she ordered a servant to show the ladies to their room.

If Mrs. Tremont was just ready to burst with rage, the ladies were quite as near it with laughter; and it was only with the greatest exertion that Abigail could refrain from "giggling" as the parlor door closed after them. When they had reached their room, she exclaimed:

"O what a vain woman Aunt Maria is. I think she is even more so than Lillie."

"I want you to do your best, Abigail, to keep up appearances; for I'm determined to teach them a lesson. Your uncle Frank has suffered enough for their foolishness."

Abigail smiled; and had the reader seen the twinkle of delight in her blue eye, they would feel that Mrs. Tremont and Lillie had not seen an end to their trouble yet.

"Hark! what is that?" said Aunt Lois, and she placed her ear to the keyhole of a door leading from her room.

"Surely, it is some one in distress," replied Abigail.

Aunt Lois tried the door, and found it unfastened. She opened it without hesitation, and both the ladies entered the room. There they found a bed—if bed it might be called—on which lay a poor young girl, tortured with pain and wild with delirium. They approached the spot, and Aunt Lois pressed her hand upon the brow of the invalid. The girl immediately opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"O mother, mother! I knew you would come! where is father?"

Tears came to the eyes of Abigail, but her mother motioned her to stand back. She then endeavored to quiet the poor sick one by kind words and by various kind acts, which a true-hearted woman knows how to use for the benefit of the sufferer. At length the poor girl fell asleep, when Aunt Lois, leaving Abigail to watch by the bedside, really found her way into the kitchen, where she procured some cold water and various other articles for the use of her patient. She said nothing to the domestics concerning what she had seen; but determined to inquire of her brother on the first opportunity. This she accordingly did, and was of course surprised to learn that it was Minnie Craig, Mrs. Tremont's niece. She thought she had seen her before, as she really had, but now the poor child was so emaciated, she scarcely resembled the fairy little Minnie of a year ago.

Every day, after this, Aunt Lois and Abigail would sit by the sick bed; and when the ladies in the parlor found it out, they merely said:

"Well, I'm glad of it. Perhaps it will keep them out of sight of our visitors."

"I declare, Miss Tremont, you look more bewitching than ever in that splendid head-dress."

This was the salutation of Captain Durance, as he entered the parlor where sat Lillie and her mother. The ladies had learned by way of Mr. Tremont that this same Captain Durance be-

longed to one of the wealthiest and most influential families of South Carolina; and is it to be wondered at that a few days should serve to make him one of their most intimate friends? The mother had even hinted to her daughter that it would be well to set him down on the list of lovers who might worship at her shrine.

"Why really, captain, you flatter me," replied Lillie.

"Not at all, Miss Tremont; but will you allow me the pleasure of seeing your cousin from Connecticut? I would like an introduction?"

"My cousin?" And Lillie turned pale.

"What cousin?" stammered out the mother.

"Why, your friends from Connecticut."

"Really, sir, I don't understand you," was again replied.

"Excuse me, ladies, if I am mistaken; but I understood Mr. Tremont that his brother's wife and daughter were here."

Mrs. Tremont was about to reply, when in came Miss Abigail, who exclaimed:

"Pray, Aunt Maria, who is inquiring for mother and me?"

What was to be done now? Nothing short of an introduction would do, and Abigail seated herself by her aunt's side as composedly as if she had been at home; she talked freely with the captain, and was even vulgarly familiar. Her aunt and cousin sat biting their lips, and the latter, scarcely saying a word, went and seated herself at the other end of the room. Upon seeing this, Abigail immediately exclaimed:

"Why, cousin Lillie, I didn't know that you were so bashful!" Then rising, she went up to the captain and whispered loud enough to be heard all over the room, "You musn't think nothin' of it, captin'; she's young, you know—only eighteen." And then, without the least ceremony, she left the room, and running to the bottom of the stairs, called out loud enough to be heard into the parlor, "Mother, mother, come down here quick; there's a gentleman here as wants to see you." Then running back, she seated herself by her cousin's side. In a few moments Aunt Lois made her appearance. No sooner had she entered the room than Abigail jumped up, exclaiming:

"Mother, this is Captain Durance, one of the smartest men I ever see; and I guess he's come to see Cousin Lillie."

Aunt Lois grasped him by the hand with "happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Captin' Durance, and if you git our little Lillie here you must come out and see the old place in Connecticut. I dare say she'd reckon of coming, only her pa's so busy he can't fetch her."

"Thank you, madam, I hope I may have the pleasure of doing so; but really, it may not be so easy a matter to captivate your niece."

"O, as to cultivating her, she's got a purty good education now, I guess—as far as book-larnin's consarned,—and as to making pies and cakes, why my Abby here can larn her that in no time." And Aunt Lois stepped across the floor to Lillie's chair, saying, "Come, dear, dew play the captin' a tune on the pianny; you do play so beautiful. Come, that's a duck!"

Lillie was about leaving the room, when her mother called to her. "Yes, my dear, give us a few tunes." Mrs. Tremont doubtless thought the music would be better than the voices of her relations; but the young lady thought it best to leave, so she paid no attention to her mother.

"Here, come back here, Lillie, child, you shouldn't disobey your mother so," exclaimed Aunt Lois; but Lillie went on to her room, where she locked herself up to cry over her mortifications.

"We've got an old pianny at home, one that George's sister left there, and Abby used to play some on that. Abby, go and try it."

The obedient daughter immediately seated herself at the instrument. The captain followed her, and was about to select a tune from the music book, when she suddenly cried, "Why, I declare, if you aint got a singin' book there; but I never play meetin' tunes." And she grabbed the sheets from his hand, throwing them across the room into her aunt's lap.

"Mother, what shall I play?"

"Can't you play 'Auld Lang Syne' the best?" replied the mother.

And Abby went to work. She thumbed away, getting the right notes about half the time, till she finally came to a full stop, exclaiming, "O dear, I'd rather do a week's washing any time!" And throwing herself back, fell against the centre-table with such force as to throw a Chinese flower vase on to the floor, breaking it into pieces.

"O, O, O!" she screamed.

The captain immediately helped her up, asking if she were hurt.

"O no; but it scared me so!" And looking disdainfully at the piano stool, she continued: "I forgot that high chair had lost its back."

Captain Durance now withdrew amid the "good-by's" of Aunt Lois and Abigail; and they really hoped he would happen there again before they went home. Mrs. Tremont said nothing.

"He's a real nice man I should think," remarked Aunt Lois, after he was out of hearing.

No reply.

"And does he really come to see Cousin Lillie?" inquired Abigail.

"No!" growled Mrs. Tremont. And Aunt Lois and Abigail withdrew.

"Really, Frank, I cannot stand it any longer!" said Mrs. Tremont, as she sat by her husband's side that night.

"What is wrong now, my dear?" coolly replied Mr. Tremont.

"I want you should send those miserable relations of yours home."

"Indeed, madam, I never turn my friends out of doors."

"You never did anything for the good of your family, yet," retorted the indignant wife; "but if you don't give them a hint, *I shall*."

"Act your pleasure," replied the husband.

Mrs. Tremont now went on to relate the mortifications of the day, and concluded by saying that Lillie had gone to her room and had done nothing but cry all the afternoon.

"Really," continued she, "I fear it will make her sick."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Tremont, "that one of my daughters is so foolish. As for Captain Durance, if he really loves Lillie, this would make no difference."

Mrs. Tremont now began to fear a moral lecture; so rising, she left her husband, and immediately ascended to her daughter's room.

About a week after this, it was announced, to the great joy of Mrs. and Miss Tremont, that Aunt Lois and Abigail were about to leave them for home. And greater yet was their pleasure, when the former offered to take Minnie home with her. And as the carriage rolled away at a rapid rate, bearing from the mansion the "horrible visitors," the ladies could scarce refrain from crying—so great was their joy.

Captain Durance and the French count were still constant visitors at the Tremont mansion. Balls and parties, flirtations and conquests, whirled away the time at a rapid rate, and spring at length arrived.

It is true, Captain Durance had never really asked the hand of Lillie in marriage—yet she felt that the time was drawing near when he would do so. It is also certain that Count De Caimé *had* proposed, and she had delayed giving him an answer, for she really liked the captain the best; and as he also was reputed to be rich, of course her choice lay between them. She hoped every day to have things brought to an issue, for she contemplated starting in a few weeks for the Springs, in company with her mother. Nor did she hope in vain. About three days before their intended departure, and

while they were sitting alone in the parlor, a servant handed them a note. It was in a splendid hand, and directed to Lillie. She opened it; her eye rested on the name of Dorance. It was a plain offer of his heart and hand. She re-read the note, then handing it to her mother, she exclaimed:

"What think you of *this*?"

Mrs. Tremont glanced over the note; then throwing it on to the carpet, replied:

"Of course, my love, you will not answer it."

The young lady smiled scornfully, and picking the paper up, twisted it into bits. Reader, would you like to know what the contents were? There was something in the letter to this amount:

"DEAR LILLIE:—Though I love you, and though I give you my undivided heart, I cannot offer you wealth! My father, it is true, is rich, but his wealth consists principally in such a kind of property as I care not to possess. Therefore, dear girl, I may only say I can support you in good style, but cannot add to your fortune; yet I feel that your noble nature will love me the better for the principles which make me poor."

Ah, this was the end of hope with him! But never mind—the *count* is on hand, and plenty of time to captivate a score besides; for only just think—she isn't nineteen yet!

Two years passed away, and yet Lillie is not married. She still continues the same bewitching beauty as before, or perhaps her riper age has added even another charm. To-night she has gone to join an assemblage of wealth and beauty, and leaving her to enjoy herself as best she may, we will again seat ourselves in the family parlor of the Tremont mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Tremont are the only occupants of the room.

"What makes you always look so grave, Frank?" remarked Mrs. Tremont. "Why don't you laugh and talk like other people when you are at home?"

"I do not always feel happy as you do, wife," replied he.

"But why should you not?" asked she.

He made no reply to this, but drawing himself up to the table, took up a book and commenced reading.

"O, husband, do put by that old book and talk to me."

He did as she requested, and commenced talking about the return of their youngest child, Susan.

"Pshaw! she would never enjoy herself here; better remain where she is, for by this time, she will be better fit for the companion of your niece Abigail, than to act the sister to Lillie."

Tremont made no reply to this, but if we are

to judge by his looks, we should say he was not well pleased with the remark. They were both silent for a few moments, but at length he turned to her and said:

"Perhaps, wife, you will be glad of her assistance shortly, notwithstanding her awkwardness."

"What do you mean?" asked she, somewhat startled.

"I mean that I expect a failure!"

"Impossible!"

"It is nevertheless true."

"Explain yourself."

"Simply, then, the parties you have given your daughter, with the expenses at Saratoga for two summers past, in addition to some trifling failures of my own, have broken me down."

How did the fashionable Mrs. Tremont receive this? Did she put her arms around the neck of her husband and say—"Well, Frank, if we're unfortunate in losing our property, we are happy in the possession of each other and our children. Don't be discouraged, dear husband—we'll have a home yet?" No, indeed. But I will draw a veil over the scene that followed.

The next day, she disclosed to her daughter all she had learned the night previous, and advised her by all means to secure the count before the failure became known. Parties were given to keep up appearances, all the splendors imaginable were displayed to the greatest advantage, and in less than four weeks the beautiful Lillie became the wife of Count De Caime, and embarked for Paris.

After the departure of her darling child, it was to be expected that Mrs. Tremont would feel the want of company. Her husband was none for her, or rather he was a continual pest—an eye-sore. Scarce a day passed without his hearing of the hundred thousand dollars, and if he ventured a reply, he was sure to receive such a torrent of abuse as would contribute to anything but happiness and love. It is not to be wondered at that he longed more and more, every day, for the presence of his favorite child Susan. Yet he expected if she did come, her mother would hate and abuse her for his sake. At length, however, the trial was made. A lovelier day never dawned than the one on which the fair girl was to return to the home of her infancy, after an absence of nine years. She felt the deepest regret at leaving her aunt, but her father called for her presence, and she must obey. She loved her father with all the depth and purity of her guileless heart, but her mother had been almost as a stranger to her. Indeed, Mrs. Tremont had never written a single letter to

Susan, nor had she seen her during her long absence.

It was about sunset when she arrived at her father's residence. She did not stand for ceremony, but running into the parlor, threw her arms about her mother's neck with all the tenderness of a favorite child. To her great surprise, her mother returned the caress. This melted Susan's heart entirely, and, falling at her mother's feet, she exclaimed :

"O, dear mother, I will always be your friend—I will always stand by you, nor forsake you!"

"What can you do, child?" replied the mother; but Susan heeded not the cold words.

The reader may imagine the different aspect which things assumed at the Tremont mansion, when the bankruptcy of its proprietor became generally known. Mrs. Tremont had labored hard to keep her situation from the sight of the public, but all things must be known sometime. And the proud lady—who had heretofore placed herself in fashionable society, with "fine raiment" for a foundation—where is she now? Alas! the foundation is taken from under her feet, and she beholds her halls neglected—deserted—by all except those she once despised. These, and these alone, now remain to comfort her. The merry, musical laugh of Susan, as she moves lightly from room to room, cannot but scatter some of the clouds. And even Captain Durance is an acceptable visitor. Although he met with a cold repulse from Lillie, his intimacy with Mr. Tremont had not ceased; and he even calls on the ladies, for he finds Susan is excellent company. And when he sits by her side, talking of foreign lands he has visited, or reading to her from some useful volume, we almost imagine that an affection is springing up—not such an one, indeed, as may be blasted by the word *poverty*—but we will see.

The mother, strange to say, breathes not a word against all this. She now discovers that Captain Durance is a man of good feelings, and if he isn't rich, why Susan is no better off! Perhaps she will never make a better match. Mr. Tremont is at home but very little, yet his wife does not know why he is absent. She never asks him if he has met with any new difficulty, or what it is that keeps him from home. That's nothing to her, of course; it's enough to know her own troubles.

Days, weeks and months pass by, and the idea of moving is suggested. This she would be glad to do, it is so mortifying to remain where people know her; but then to take a smaller, or a plainer house, is out of the question. It cannot

be that Frank, after he has spent her money, should think of putting her into a hovel now? But at length she finds that go she must—for although Susan has filled the place of the servants, and though all unnecessary expense has been spared, the house has passed into new hands, and they must leave it. At last an idea is hit upon. George Tremont has offered his brother's wife and daughter a home, while Frank is trying to secure at least an humble one for their future wants.

Mrs. Tremont receives the invitation joyfully, and has already set the day when herself and daughter are to commence their journey to Connecticut Farms, to take up their residence with her husband's "miserable relations."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Tremont, a few days before they were to leave, "how comes on your business with the captain? I presume you are engaged."

Susan blushed, but made no reply until the question was repeated.

"Why, mother, he has proposed, and I have referred him to my father."

"Bravo, my girl! But how long before you are to be married?"

"Some time, I presume. You know I am young yet."

"Not so very—you are eighteen."

"I think twenty-one is quite young enough to marry," replied the daughter.

"Pie, you cannot expect to make conquests, and it would be foolishness to trifle with Durance."

"Indeed, mother, I do not intend to. I love him too well for that."

Mrs. Tremont gave one of those disdainful looks so natural to her, and continued :

"But surely, Susan, you don't intend to live single three years longer. Why, what will you do with yourself?"

"I have engaged myself for one year at least," replied Susan.

"Engaged yourself? how?" inquired the mother, somewhat surprised.

"As a teacher."

"A teacher?"

"Yes, for by this means I can support myself, besides laying up something with which to assist my father."

"My child, you are dreaming. Are you not going with me to Connecticut?"

"By no means, dear mother. My duty would not allow of it."

"Then I am to stay alone?"

"O, you'll not be alone, mother, for if Aunt Lois is as good as she appears, I'm sure you'll love her."

Mrs. Tremont gave another scornful look, as she replied :

"La! she may be good enough, but she will never be company for me."

"And then, mother," continued Susan, "you will have Lillie's letters to read—they will be a consolation."

The conversation was now interrupted, for the dinner hour had arrived, and father, mother, daughter and lover seated themselves around the board, while the cheerful looks and pleasant tones of the latter served to banish feelings otherwise unpleasant.

It was a fine morning in the month of September, when Mrs. Tremont bade farewell to her husband and daughter, and commenced her journey to Connecticut. She appeared unusually cheerful this morning, yet I would not have my reader suppose she was happy. No—she had spent too many years in cultivating those qualities of the benefit of which she is now deprived. She knows nothing—hears nothing—sees nothing in nature calculated to elevate her mind, or make her happy. Her thoughts were never placed on such "coarse things," and when she gets to the old farm, I doubt her knowing the difference between starlight and lamplight; and likely enough she'll think the moon, if she should happen to see it, is one of the lamps of her native city—strung up for her especial benefit—unless Aunt Lois should tell her the difference.

But we will leave her to herself for the present, and seek the side of Susan and her father. He is behind the counter of an old friend, acting as head clerk, while the daughter is surely enough teacher of a select school in the city. Health blooms on her cheeks, and intelligent kindness beams from her eyes. The very atmosphere around her is cheerfulness. It is true, her delicate frame sometimes finds itself almost unequal to the task imposed; yet the object of her labor, her father's good, strengthens her hand and prepares her for all difficulties. And when at night she hastens to join her father at their boarding-place, she is happy. Well might he be proud of her; but what would Lillie have done here?

But what has become of Captain Dorance? He has entered business with the same man who gives Mr. Tremont employment, and often will the father and daughter welcome him to their social fireside on the evenings of the coming winter. This is indeed a joy to Susan; a true affection is formed between the two—an affection which has grown from principle and feeling. The evenings are spent in reading, or in other ways of social improvement.

"Father," said Susan one night, when he had returned from the store, "I have got a letter from mother—will you read it?"

Tremont took the letter; he had not read far, however, when a smile lighted up his features, as he exclaimed :

"I thought she would see the difference!"

It seems the letter was written some two or three weeks after Mrs. Tremont had reached her brother-in-law's. It stated her extreme surprise at finding everything in such good taste, and that Lois was really one of the most accomplished women she ever saw; and though she could not consider the country so pleasant as the city and its society, yet she enjoyed herself very well. Abigail had become the wife of a distinguished gentleman of New Haven; and her niece, Minnie, was really a very beautiful girl. She found considerable fault with her husband, however, for allowing his friends to deceive her so.

"I am glad your mother is so well satisfied," remarked Mr. Tremont to Susan, when he had finished the perusal.

"Yes," replied she; "but what does she mean by being deceived?"

Tremont then related the whole story of "the visit" to his daughter, as we have already done for the reader.

"And now," added he, "I have a secret to tell you."

Susan expressed her willingness to hear, and he proceeded.

"I have hopes of recovering our lost fortunes."

"How?" exclaimed Susan.

"If I can raise twenty thousand dollars, I can redeem the whole. A friend has offered his assistance, and I think I shall succeed."

"You are not certain, then?"

"Not exactly; and we had better keep what we know as a secret—for the present, at least."

Susan, of course, was much delighted with the new hopes which had sprung up, but she intended to keep her word in regard to secrecy—not even telling her friend Captain Dorance. With a lighter heart and a stronger hand, she proceeded to school on the next day—determined to be prepared for the future, let it bring what it would.

The winter has passed away, and spring has come again. It is Saturday evening, and Susan Tremont is alone in her room. The little table is spread for tea, and seems to be waiting. Susan is watching for some one. There she sits, just as she has done for an half hour, gazing anxiously from the little window which overlooks the street, as if some heavy load were

weighing upon her heart. At length she rises, and hastily runs to the hall door.

"Heaven prepare me for the worst!" cried she, as she left the room.

She opened the front door, and her father entered. She looked at him inquiringly, but he said not a word. His face was very pale, and she feared all was over. She trembled lest their prospects were all perished—their last bright hopes dashed to the ground. Tremont immediately ascended to his room, followed by his daughter, who placed a seat for him by the window, that he might enjoy the cool breeze.

"My child, we are saved! all is right!" at length he exclaimed.

Susan answered not, but embracing him, burst into a flood of tears. Yes, all was right—their property retrieved—and Tremont mansion would again be their home, and her parents would be happy!

Three months have passed away. The Tremont family have again returned to their splendid mansion, and no one would think, as he passed by the door, that it had ever seen neglect. Now, all the dear family friends—that is, all the fashionable city acquaintances—are calling continually. Parties have been given, just as if nothing had ever happened, and now, dear reader, you may call Mrs. Tremont a happy woman.

"But where is your daughter?" asked one of the many city exquisites, who had made a point of calling frequently for a few weeks past, and who had taken much pains to ingratiate himself in the favor of the mother of Susan.

"I believe she's in the library with her father," replied Mrs. Tremont.

"How very retired she is," replied the fop. "Indeed, she is a perfect gem of modesty!"

While the two are thus conversing about our fair friend, we will take a look into the library and see what she is doing.

"My dear girl," said the father, as he laid his hand affectionately on her head; "Captain Durance has returned from the south, after an absence of six months; he has just learned of our success in regaining our own, but he fears he will be received no more as your suitor."

Susan blushed deeply.

"Father, I do not understand you."

"He thinks, my dear, that you will scorn his poverty now that you have wealth."

"O, father, how can you be so cruel—how can he, as to think me thus false-hearted?"

"But you must remember, my child, that the power is now yours to select from the many who can give you additional wealth."

"But the power is not in my heart, father, and what are all the splendors of sordid gold to me, in comparison with the love of one noble heart?"

"But hear me, child; it would sorely displease your mother, should you wed this man."

"My mother is a cold and selfish woman—forgive me for saying this, father, but I cannot help it."

"Susan, think of the deprivations you must meet with, if you become his wife—"

"Speak not of those, father—am I not able to meet them?"

Tremont clasped his daughter to his heart.

"You are indeed a true-hearted woman!" exclaimed he, at length. "You are one whom I am proud to own as a daughter. Here, Edgar, take my child—take the treasure from my own hand; she is yours!"

Susan looked up, and was not a little surprised to see Captain Durance before her. It was not until the first ecstacy at meeting was over, that she learned that he had stood concealed in the little recess ever since she entered the room, and had heard all the conversation between herself and father.

The chagrin of Mrs. Tremont was deep indeed, when she learned how affairs had turned with her daughter. She blamed her husband for encouraging either Durance or Susan, after he had found out that their pecuniary affairs brightened. And when Tremont tried to pacify her by reason, she would answer:

"Yes, indeed! I managed the love affair of Lillie's, and she is now a wealthy countess; while this graceless hussy has dared to have her own way, and you have encouraged her in it. But you'll see how it will come out! They'll both be beggars, for she shall never have a cent from here, if she does marry him!"

If he undertook to remonstrate to this, her reply universally was:

"A hundred thousand dollars isn't picked up every day, and I tell you, Frank, she shall never have a cent of that!"

But the wedding day was set, and all the efforts of the imperious woman could not delay it.

Weeks flew by, and soon the day arrived. Not into a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted and adorned, to see a company selected from the ton of Philadelphia, assembled to witness the solemn and interesting ceremony, shall we be ushered! In one of the private parlors, are five or six individuals seated around the room. They seem to be particular friends—not fashionable, but true ones. There sit Uncle James and Aunt Maria, Uncle George and Aunt Lois, Mr.

Tremont and the venerable and revered minister. But Mrs. Tremont is not there. No—she could never see her house thus disgraced! Every sound is hushed, and a degree of solemnity rests upon the company. At length the door opens, and the couple enter. Surely Captain Durance is a noble looking man, and Susan is as perfect a picture of innocence and sweetness as was ever seen!

"Well, I'm glad they're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the wedding. "Indeed, I never wish to see them again!"

"How can you talk so, Maria?" replied her husband. "Surely, you must have some feelings of the mother left."

"Not for her, the disgraceful thing!" and Mrs. Tremont angrily left the room.

Captain Durance had started on that morning with his bride, for the south.

As Mr. Tremont walked towards his counting-room, he seemed to be deeply buried in thought. Was he thinking of the selfishness and vanities of his wife, or of the dear one from whom he had just parted? Perhaps he was contrasting the difference between his present wealth and recent poverty. If he was, he must have come to the conclusion that when he dwelt at the little inn, in company with his loving daughter, he enjoyed himself much better than now, when he must return, after a day of hard labor, to a cold mansion, and seat himself to a sumptuous table beside a wife whose soul was thoroughly encrusted by selfishness and vanity.

About a week after the departure of Susan, Mr. and Mrs. Tremont were entertaining a large company in one of their front parlors, when a servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was wanted immediately in another room. That lady arose with great dignity, and after various polite ceremonies, left the room. It was not many minutes before another servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was seriously indisposed, and could not see company again that evening. The visitors therefore departed, and Mr. Tremont hurried to the side of his wife. What a spectacle there met his eye! Mrs. Tremont had sunk upon a chair, and was just able to point towards the lounge, as her husband entered, and exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, look there!"

He looked in the direction to which she pointed, and beheld the form of a woman stretched upon the lounge—pale, emaciated and in rags.

"Tell me—O, tell me, is it so?" again cried his wife.

"It is Lillie!" exclaimed Tremont; and he stretched out his arms just in time to save his wife from falling to the floor.

He ordered the attendants to carry her to her room, and then approached the form upon the lounge.

"Lillie!" said he; "Countess De Caime, what means this?"

"O, speak not that hateful name!" groaned the woman, as she opened her sunken eyes upon her father.

"O tell me, my child, what has brought you to this?" said the father, as he stood by his daughter's side.

She succeeded, at length, in giving him an explanation, which was as follows: The count had started with her for Paris, immediately after the marriage, where he had remained till within a few months, when he had returned to New York. He there learned of her father's bankruptcy. Disappointed in his expectations of accumulating wealth by means of his wife, he had confessed to her his real name and character, and then deserted her to her fate. The count had turned out to be a regular impostor and fortune-hunter from New York! She was thrown upon a bed of sickness by this terrible disclosure.

"I had lain for seven long weary months upon a sick bed, enduring agonies I could not describe, without one friend to comfort me—deprived even of the privilege of writing to those who could protect me. I rejoiced when they took my babe from my arms, to lay it in the grave. But thank God," continued she, when she had summoned strength to speak again, "thank God, that he has permitted me to come home to die!"

Deep were the feelings of that father, as he bent over the form of his ruined and degraded child. She had sown the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. Who but the proud and weak mother had sown the wind?

The next morning, the clouds of sorrow hung heavily over the Tremont mansion, and the mother, as she gazed on the cold and haggard features of her daughter's corpse, wept bitterly when she realized the bitter dregs of the cup she had quaffed. But how terrible the experience! And when, forty-eight hours afterward, Durance and Susan arrived, this mother could take her surviving daughter by the hand, and as she led her to the side of the dead Lillie, could say:

"Thank God, you have escaped such a fate!"

The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please.

TO MY SISTER.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ARTOIS.

"O stay, before the fiat's spoke,
And strike the lyre for me!"
Annie, the very accents choke
Where'er I sing of thee.
My sister, I remember once,
A dancing little sprite;
Whose head o'ercurled with amber waves,
Whose eyes o'erbeamed with light;

Whose brow before the lily paled,
Cheeks, blushed before the rose;
Whose breath was perfume on the gale,
Whose teeth were pearly rows;
Whose witch-of-a-dancing joyous self
Ran waiting everywhere;
And that same sprightly little elf
Was very like you, dear.

I'm gazing on thee, sister, now,
And peering in the future;
Methinks I view around thy brow
A wreath, the trio, richer.
Our brother 'll wave our country's flag
In gallant circles o'er us:
Poverty never 'll let me lag—
So I will join the chorus!

I see thee—Eve-like, gentle, mild—
A glorious type of woman!
But—after heaven—thou darling child,
Love something that is—human.
And let thy wreath of love entwine
A noble shrine and worthy;
When time shall pledge thee in old wine—
"Content o'ermasters glory!"

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

KATE WILLIAMS was an orphan. Her mother had been dead many years, while her father had left her more recently. He, the father, had been a sea-captain, and when he died he left his two children with all his wealth, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. The other child was a son, named Frank, and older by some five years than was Kate, she being twenty, and he five-and-twenty. Frank was away. He had been travelling through Europe, but was expected home, when we introduce our story, in a very few weeks, if not days. The two children still retained the house and lands which their father had bought and occupied. It was a splendid mansion, within a very few rods of the shore, overlooking the broad Atlantic. It was a romantic spot, and the heirs had been offered great prices for it; but they had no desire to sell their old house. There were a few neighbors close by, and at the distance of about a mile was quite a village.

Kate Williams was a noble-hearted, generous girl, and everybody who knew her called her handsome. And so she was. She was none of your drawing-room ornaments, but a substantial individual, full of life and power, and realizing that she was one of a class who had work to do. She was a modest, pure being, but not one of your demure, downcast sort. She carried her virtue in her soul, and her purity in her thoughts; and her laugh was never so loud and joyous as when others could share in her happiness. Her eyes were gray, but a bright, handsome gray, full of light and intelligence; and her hair was light, almost too light for brown, and yet too dark for golden hair—though when the sun shone on it, the golden hues were rich and predominant. Her features were full and round, with dimples wherever a smile could rest, and glowing with the ruddy hue of health.

Is it a wonder that Kate Williams should be loved? Why, everybody loved her; but then there were two individuals who loved her very dearly—or, at least, who swore they did. The first was John Glancey. He was a young man, four-and-twenty, and a lawyer by profession, having been practising in the neighboring village for about two years. He was a good looking man; tall, straight and well-formed; with black hair and eyes, and possessing a proud, and at times overbearing spirit. He was not a liberal-minded man, but of this Kate knew not.

The second was Harry Winship. He was a year younger than Glancey, and by profession a physician, having been in practice in the village just two years. He was not so tall as his rival, and not so proud looking. His hair was light brown, and his eyes gray; and his looks owed more to the expression of his features than to their formation. He was not so much bowed to as was Glancey. A man, or a woman, would bow very politely to the lawyer; and then, in a moment afterwards, should they meet the physician, they would grasp his hand and smile. Glancey's clients respected him very much. Winship's patients loved him very much. This was the difference between the two men.

Now Kate Williams knew that both these men loved her, but as yet she had not chosen between them. They were both good men, she thought, and so far she had only allowed them the privileges of passing friends. She had not one particle of the coquette in her—not one thought of it. She meant to make her choice and adhere to it. While she was thus pondering, a circumstance transpired which influenced her, as we shall see in the sequel.

In the village lived a young female—a married

woman—named Bolton. Her husband was away on business. One day Dr. Winship was called on to visit her. He examined her carefully and was not a little startled upon finding that she was actually suffering from delirium tremens. Her constitution was naturally frail, and the excessive use of rich wines had brought her down. He stated the case to the old nurse just as it was, and gave very rigid orders concerning the treatment she must receive.

In a few days after this the story of Mrs. Bolton's strange sickness got spread over the town, and when people were asked how they knew, they replied that Doctor Winship had said so. The truth was, the old nurse had done all the mischief. The story soon reached the ears of John Glancey. Mrs. Bolton was his own sister, a fact of which Winship had no knowledge. The young lawyer called upon the doctor at once. The latter would have received him cordially, but the former repelled all familiarity.

"Dr. Winship, did you say that my sister had been a drunkard?"

"Your sister, sir?"

"Ay, Sarah Bolton is my sister."

"Ah, I was not aware of that."

"Never mind. She was a female, and as such demanded your sympathies. Did you circulate the story, sir?"

"No, sir, I did not. I was called to see the woman, and I found her suffering under the influence of delirium tremens; and I explained the matter to the nurse so that she might know how to proceed. I have not opened my lips upon the subject to any other person, save, when I have been questioned upon the subject; and then I replied that as a physician I never answered such questions."

"Exactly," returned the lawyer, with some anger. "Such answers are enough to curse the character of any person, for they simply bid the questioner to surmise what he pleases. But, as you acknowledge, the story did originate with you, and is traced back through the nurse to your lips. Now I wish you to publicly dispute the thing."

"How, sir?" uttered Harry, with astonishment, "give the lie to my own professional decision? make myself responsible for the mischief of a tattling old nurse? No, sir."

"But remember, sir: The woman is my sister, and her station in society is such that this story will do her much harm."

"I am sorry, sir, very sorry; but I am not to blame. Three months ago I visited Mrs. Bolton, professionally, and at that time I warned her of this. You can do as you please with the story,

but I can do nothing. Mrs. Bolton must suffer the same penalty for the violation of natural laws that others suffer. And she must suffer the same from the laws of our social fabric."

"Do I understand, sir, that you will not retract?"

"Retract? I have nothing to retract."

"I wish you to publicly announce, upon your own responsibility, that the story of Mrs. Bolton's having the delirium tremens is false."

"I cannot do it, sir," returned the young doctor, proudly. "Had I circulated the story I should have been much to blame; but I only gave the nurse such information as was absolutely necessary for her to do her duty. I trust you will see this in its true light."

"Doctor Winship, once more I ask you—will you retract this statement?"

"Hold. What statement do you mean?"

"That Mrs. Bolton had the delirium tremens."

"I never made such a statement. I simply stated to the nurse that Mrs. Bolton was suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in food and drink."

"Will you make the public statement I have demanded?"

"No, sir—I cannot."

"Very well," said the lawyer, as he turned away, "you shall hear from me again."

On the next day Harry Winship received a challenge from Glancey to mortal combat. The doctor sat down and wrote in reply that he could never be urged into the commission of a crime of such folly and wickedness as he considered duelling to be.

On the day following, the doctor received a second note in which Glancey informed him that he should be posted as a coward if he did not fight. To this Harry replied that he had too much courage to barter the integrity of his soul for the sake of a perverted and morbid public opinion. He was the coward who dared not refuse to do an evil deed.

After this the lawyer posted the doctor as a coward, and the latter soon found that he was shunned by many who had before sought his company. But the most cutting of all was a note which he received from Kate Williams. She informed him that he would please her by never presuming to approach her as a friend again. Nor did she leave him in the dark. She plainly told him that the friendship between them had been of that kind which must either ripen into the holiest affection of earth, or be nipped in the bud. She could not cast her lot with one at whom the *finger of scorn* could be pointed, so she would see him no more.

Harry was for awhile utterly miserable. He loved the fair girl deeply and truly, and to lose her thus struck a pang to his soul that created a torture the most intense. But on the next day he mastered calmness enough to write an answer to Kate's note. He first informed her of the love she had crushed, and then he touched upon the subject of the trouble between himself and John Glancey. First he explained the whole case, from first to last, of Mrs. Bolton's sickness, and of the lawyer's visit to him. Then he gave his opinion upon the practice of duelling. It was a noble, generous opinion. And then he informed her that he would much rather suffer the unmerited reproach of those who now presumed to scorn him, than to pass through life with the blood of a fellow-being upon his hands, or to meet his God direct from the suicidal duel. He closed by calling down the choicest blessings upon her head, and bidding her adieu forever!

Kate Williams sat in her boudoir when Harry's letter was handed to her, and she broke the seal with a slight curl of contempt upon her ruby lips. But as she read her countenance changed; and when she had finished she wept outright. Had Harry been at her side at that moment, she would have rested upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. But he was not there. She read the letter again, and then she wept more than before. She refused to see any company during the remainder of the day.

Had Kate Williams followed the instinct of her own pure soul she would have recalled Harry to her side at once, but she was governed by the opinions of others. Her father had been a warm-hearted, impetuous man, and had fought one duel; and from that father she had received the peculiar idea of chivalrous honor. Naturally proud and tenacious of her honor as a woman, she felt a chill at the thought of being united for life to one who could be called a coward. In her soul she knew that Harry had done no absolute wrong, but still, perhaps he was afraid to fight. "They will tell me," she said to herself, "that my husband will never have the courage to defend his wife's honor."

O, had she known Harry Winship truly, she could have justly said: "Woe to the living being that dares insult that man's wife, either by word or deed!" But she did not know. The cloud was upon her soul, and she blew it not away.

And so Harry Winship suffered—Kate suffered—and John Glancey believed he had crushed his opponent, and that the lovely heiress would be his wife.

The morning was dark, lowery and chill; and ere long the wind began to howl among the rocks and bluffs. Great drops of rain began to fall, and the sea became covered with foam, as the waves rose and lashed the shore in fury. Louder and louder grew the crash of the elements, and the wild sea grew more furious.

Kate Williams was pale and agitated, for she knew that her brother must be near the coast. She had received the information from the captain of a clipper which had run in ahead of the heavily loaded ship on board which her brother had taken passage.

The storm increased in power during the day, and towards the middle of the afternoon many people had assembled on the little beach below Kate's residence to view the terrible grandeur of the scene. Half a mile from the shore was a huge rock, over which the mad sea now leaped with giant power; and still further out was a low ledge which commenced at a point not far from the beach and extended out two miles into the sea in a semicircular form, the outer end bending to the southward, and being nearly opposite the little beach.

It was about six o'clock when one of the men who had come up to the mansion, discovered a hulk upon the sea at some distance in the offing. He took the spy-glass, and soon made her out to be a heavy ship, with her masts gone, and lying directly in the trough of the sea.

"Lost! Lost! O, God!" So uttered Kate as she received the intelligence of the position of the dismasted ship. "It must be the Vulcan, for no other ship would be this way! O, he is lost!"

Various were the words of consolation offered to the afflicted maiden. John Glancey was by her side, and with his arms about her fair form he bade her hope.

The night settled down dark and drear over the mad waters, and the storm abated not at all. The vivid lightning streamed through the heavens, and the loud thunder roared in the black vault. Ere long another sound came booming upon the air. It was the report of a heavy gun! At intervals of about a minute the gun was heard, and at length a crowd was collected upon the beach.

For nearly half an hour there had been no lightning, but now the vivid flash lighted up the heavens once more, and a cry of horror went up from the anxious watchers, for the ship could be plainly seen just driving towards the outer end of the long reef!

"They are lost now!" uttered an old man, who leaned heavily upon his staff. "If the ship

strikes that reef she must go to pieces there, and no earthly power can help them!"

Kate Williams heard these words.

"O, sir," she cried, "I have a life-boat here! Could not some one go out in that?"

"Ah, Kate Williams, in your agony you forget the stern facts of the case. No man could live in such a sea. You can find no man here who would dare undertake such a task."

Kate's heart sank within her as she turned away. The rain had ceased falling now, and 'twas only the spray that dashed over the shivering forms upon the beach. In a few moments more the lightning streamed through the heavens again, and the cry of horror went up loud and long. The ship had struck!

"Poor fellows!" uttered the old man, "'tis all over with them now! The ship must soon go to pieces there!"

Kate gathered her shawl about her and rushed towards the spot where the life-boat had been hauled down.

"God help him now!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony. "O, Frank! Frank! my brother! Will no one go? Mr. Glancey, can you not find some stout man to go out in this boat? O, with this boat once there he might be saved!"

"Be calm, my dear Kate," urged the lawyer, taking her by the hand. "No mortal man would dare venture out there. Death stands too near at hand."

As he ceased speaking the flame of heaven glared out again; and the ship still hung upon the rocks with the sea beating furiously over her.

"Hallo! Hallo-o-o!" at this moment shouted a clear, ringing voice above the clash of the elements. "Where is the life-boat? Where is it?"

"Here—here—right by the little pier," answered a man.

"Then cut it loose! Away with it!" shouted the same voice in reply; and on the next moment Harry Winship came rushing to the spot where the crowd had gathered about the life-boat. The light from the lanterns shone in his face, and he looked like a giant at that moment. He had thrown off his coat, and placed a close oil-cloth cap upon his head.

"In the name of mercy," he cried, "why is not this boat off?"

"Would you rush on to certain death?" spoke the old man, who had followed Kate hither.

"Rush on to death?" repeated Harry, quickly. "There are a score of men in yonder ship looking death in the face, and shall we see them die

thus, and not put forth a hand? No! When I am in cast off the line!"

"But you cannot pull the boat against this sea, young man."

"Then let some one come and help me!—What—none? Then these arms shall do all they can. They can but fail."

With these words Harry leaped into the boat and caught the oars which were secured in the row-locks. A projecting promontory shielded the spot where the boat lay, so that there was no difficulty in pushing off. With all his power the noble youth bent himself to the work. He had passed the stay-belt about his waist, so that the sea could not wash him away.

In a few moments the life-boat and its occupant were lost in the darkness. There was one heart upon that beach beating prayerfully for him; but he knew it not. He had not seen Kate. He had just arrived when he saw the ship upon the reef, and uttered the cry we heard.

The next flash gleamed a moment on the water. The boat was upon the top of a huge sea, and the youth was working with all his might. Down, down, the frail bark sank—a deep murmur of prayer upon the shore—and then all was dark again. Anon the heavens glowed again.

"God help him!" murmured a quivering voice. 'Twas Kate's, and her hands were tightly clasped.

Again and again the lightning came, and at each time the struggling boat was nearer to the ship. The boat was very light, and the strength which now propelled it was almost superhuman. At length the frail boat was seen directly under the stern of the ship, and some thought they saw a line thrown from the high deck.

"By heavens!" uttered the old man, "he knows how to handle that boat. He knows just where to pull, and just where he may rest."

"Ay," answered another, "he was brought up in a boat."

"So was I," resumed the old man, "but I never could have done that."

It lightened again, but no boat could be seen. Nearly an hour had now passed since the boat left the beach; and during that hour the noble doctor had labored with all his might.

Again, and again the glare of the heavens spread over the sea, and at length the life-boat was seen once more. It was coming towards the land!

"'Tis full of men!"

A giant sea arose close upon the beach, and upon it was the life-boat. On, on—one more roll—one heavy throe, and the huge sea broke upon the sand, and the boat was thrown high up

upon the shore; and on the next moment living men began to leap from it. They turned, as they gained the hard footing, and lifted from the boat an inanimate form. It was Harry Winship, weak and faint.

"Frank! Frank! O, is my brother here?"

"Ho, my own Kate! God bless you, my sister!"

And on the instant a tall, stout, sea-wet man clasped the now fainting girl to his bosom.

The morning sun rose bright and clear, and many people came down to the shore of the sea to view the scene. The reef was clear now, and upon the beach lay all that was left of the noble ship. Here and there it was cast—one shapeless, separated mass of fragments.

But in the mansion above there is a brighter scene. Eight-and-twenty living souls are there, who were last night upon the deck of the ship. Not one was lost—not one! And the saviour, too, was up. He was safe and unharmed—only weak and exhausted still. He had reached the ship—received a line and secured it—and then he sank down senseless and powerless. Every nerve and every muscle had been strained to its utmost. Frank Williams—noble, generous Frank, looking in feature like his sister—had blessed him a thousand times, and all the rest had joined him.

Towards the middle of the day Harry had gone out into the library and sat down. The confusion of the party made his head ache. He had been there a few minutes when the door opened, and Kate entered. She stood before him a single moment, and then she sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her hands clasped towards him.

"Forgive me! O, forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me, Harry, and place me in your heart once more! Forget what I said! O, forget and forgive!"

Ah, that scene was brightest of all. Half an hour afterwards, Frank found his sister, for whom he had been searching, in Harry's arms. She was happy now.

May we not suppose that John Glancey's standard of bravery sank very low after this in the estimation of those who knew all the circumstances? And everybody in the town did know them. People now knew which was the true hero; and they began to understand that a coward can be lashed into exposing his life, by anger and a desire for revenge—but a true man, never.

Before the snows of winter came, John Glancey, Esquire, left for the nearest city, while Harry Winship went to the sea-side mansion and became the brother-in-law of Frank Williams.

TRAVELLING 'COCKNEY' NONPLUSSED.

Our friend, Judge W—, of Broome, is not only an American patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water—and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage-encounter with him—as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow passenger with him recently on the Central Railroad cars, found out somewhat to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim in a loud voice against the beautiful country through which he was passing, and to criticise our manners, customs, etc., in the public railroad car. He presently embroiled himself with our friend.

"It is most hastonishing, sir, to a Hinglish gentleman to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish lengwidge so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of pur-sons, pe-laces, end the like, you invariably pronounce wrong; for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the *Cri-me-ah*. Now it is *not* the *Cri-me-ah*, but the *Crim-eah*."

"Ah! well," said the judge, "after all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandaigua. It is variously called Canandar-gua, Canandawga, and Can-an-da-gua. And so of Onondaga County, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with you. It is not only the names of *places* which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a '*horsee*,' and you think that a man who don't know what a *horse* is, must be a *hass*!"

A laugh "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at this sally, rang through the cars, and our Hinglishman suddenly "dried up," and never opened his lips again until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany.—*Knickerbocker*.

A THEATRICAL CRITIC.

Sitting in a barber's shop the other evening, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle, we overheard a conversation, something like the following, between two knights of the razor.

"Bob, has you been to the theatre to see Jim Murdock?"

"I haven't been to any place else."

"And what do you think of him? Is he as great as dey say he is?"

"To tell you the real truf, Sam, I was disappointed. Jim Murdock is a purty good actor, but he is too much like Bill Macready—he doesn't holler half loud enough, and he aint got no voice. Give me ole Guss Addams; he kin make a noise, and when he howls in Virginias, he has me across de back. Ned Forrest kin beat Guss. Nobody's got no right to play when Ned's about. He lays them all out cold. His Otello hit me hard. I've been thinking about him ever since, and the last time he was that big Ingun in *Macymory*, he just lifted me off my seat, and when he got through I turns round to my gal, and says I, 'Lubbly Fan, Ned Forrest kin take all my old clothes.'"

The editress of the Ladies' Repository says: "Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort."

I WOULD NOT WIN THEE BACK AGAIN.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

I would not win thee back again,
To this poorheart of mine,
If, by a word, I could regain
Thy love, so near divine.

I would not win thee back again,
To scenes and joys once dear,
From which, thou turned in cold disdain,
Without remorse or fear.

I would not win thee back again,
From her who claims thy love;
Lest that fond heart should suffer pain,
Like to the wounded dove.

I would not win thee back again,
Though great the effort be,
Which bids my heart no more complain,
For one so false as thee.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I SAT in the dull, still, lonely house, long after the early dinner hour, waiting for some one to come in and break the oppressive silence. I would have welcomed anything that could have been called sound. Nothing to be heard during the long, quiet hours, but the ticking of the great clock, and louder still, the great cathedral notes of my own heart which beat so that I could hear every pulsation as it rang out the assurance that I "still lived."

Suddenly I seemed to have a desire to look on the family portraits which hung, not in a gallery, but all along the large, old-fashioned staircase, and the walls of the long, dim hall. The afternoon was chilly and damp, and so dark from an approaching shower, that the large room in which I had been sitting was filled with the shadows which were thrown upward from the firelight; for even at that season, the hearth at my grandfather's was never cold.

I knew the history of all these dumb yet eloquent beings of the past, save one—for many, many hours had been spent in my childhood, wandering up and down this staircase, with my little hand enfolded in my grandfather's, whose own portrait was among them—I remember how difficult it was to associate the bent and aged form, the silver hair and sunken eyes, with the broad shoulders, bright chestnut curls and flashing orbs depicted on the canvass. It was a great mystery to my childish mind; the great mystery of nature, and though recognized by us all, is yet unsolved. This strange, mysterious princi-

ple of decay, acting upon that only which is breathing and sentient; never renewing itself, but wasting year after year, while only the *inanimate* grows fresh with each returning spring!

It was not to my grandfather, however, that I owed my entire knowledge of the pictured forms. That would have been too far beyond my comprehension, that *inner* history of their lives. But so much time had I spent with him there, and so intimate had I become with them, for he had always called them by their names, as though they were living beings, that it only made me yearn for a deeper revelation of their lives, as I grew to appreciate such histories.

To his daughter, a woman of strong and cultivated mind, but from some sorrow in her early life, of a somewhat melancholy, perhaps morbid tendency, I learned to fill up the outline which her father had only begun; and at fifteen, the portraits had a charm for me beyond description.

"And this is the one called Margaret," I said to my aunt, as she came in and carefully wiped the light dust from the pictures.

She turned upon me with an inquiring glance.

"How do you know?" she said, quickly.

"Because grandfather always said to that picture, 'Good morning, Margaret,' sometimes it was *dear* Margaret," I answered.

She sighed, and tried to turn the subject, but I could see that she glanced at the portrait several times, and then at me. At length she said:

"You are really getting to be a young lady, Helena! It seems so strange. You have always seemed so very childish until now! It is only this month back that I have noticed that you are as tall as I am." She paused a moment and then resumed: "I used to think that you resembled this very picture, but your mother would never allow me to say so."

I longed to ask why, but there was something about her that prevented me; especially as I had frequently noticed with wonder, that this portrait, although the best by far in the collection, both in the face itself and the artistic merit, was placed in a corner of the staircase, in a bad light, and with every appearance of neglect or want of appreciation. It was now only that I saw it to advantage; and that was because the whole staircase was darkened by the passing thunder storm, and the sky-light, at the top of the long, upper hall, blew off, and the red lightning streamed upon the pictures. I had been gazing at them as I paced the hall, for in thunder showers I was ever unquiet and restless, and I was so often attracted to the "Margaret," that it was no marvel that at that moment my eyes should have been fixed on that face instead of any other.

That momentary gleam ! how it electrified me ; not as usual, by fear and affright, but with a new perception of its effect upon other objects. I had seen "Margaret" as I should never, probably, see her again. I never thought of the rain that streamed down in torrents through the open aperture above me. I scarcely heard Aunt Esther, who was calling "Helena" at the very top of her shrill voice, and whom I saw, as I looked up, busy with tubs and pails to catch the inundation.

I only watched for another gleam, and I did not watch altogether in vain ; but the second was a pale, white streak that gave a strange beauty, too mournful to make me wish for it again ; and I ran into my room, shut the door, and threw myself on the bed while tears flowed fast from my eyes.

Aunt Esther came bustling in, started from her usual moody state by the passing storm. "Mercy, Helena !" she exclaimed, in a voice that came sharp and ringing to my ear, "why don't you come and help us stop the rain ?"

I laughed outright through my tears. "Can you stop it, aunty ?" said I.

She caught sight of the glitter on my wet cheek, and was checked in a moment from the almost angry word she was about to utter. "My poor child," she said, "you are really frightened ; lie still, dear, and I will come to you as soon as the man gets the sky-light closed again."

When, half an hour later, she came to my bedside, I was just waking from a dream, in which Aunt Esther was standing on the edge of the roof, in the act of throwing "Margaret," into a large cistern in the street, and I was holding out my hands to break its fall.

"Don't throw it, aunty !" I screamed out to her, and awoke to see her covering me with a warm blanket, for she saw that I was chilled and trembling.

"Now, aunt, tell me about that picture. I have seen it by this lightning, as I shall never see it again ; and I want to know its history."

She made some feint of not being willing, but I do believe that she was dying to relate it to me. The shower was not yet over. It was now nearly dark, and the low, black clouds still came rolling upwards, and the long, mattering sounds of the thunder were still heard, and a sharp flash of lightning came, making me wish that I could again gaze on the picture. But the sky-light was replaced, and the heavy boards were nailed down over it more securely ; for no one in that house ever thought of keeping it open to light the pictures below it.

Aunt Esther placed herself in the large flower-

ed easy-chair, which had been my dear mother's when she was living. Her tall, thin, prim figure rose up straight and perpendicular, and her long, meagre hands were folded on her lap. Her hair was folded plainly over her forehead, and was still, in some places, dark and glossy, but just above the temples, there were two large spots of silvery whiteness, that looked as if two snow-hands had been pressed there to hide some aching beneath.

"I do not know that I can tell you all that you wish to know, Helena," she at length said. "There is little use of recalling memories that are so sad as this ; and you are too young to understand all the bearing of this unfortunate history ; but your curiosity is now excited and I will gratify it."

My heart beat high with expectation. I had read many romantic tales—but here was one that could actually be told by lips—something, too, that was connected with mystery, or my family, at least, and I experienced a new and delightful sensation. Aunt Esther seemed raised and glorified to me, as she sat there, because she was about to become to me that genius of romance, or at least, that was the half defined idea that I was unconsciously tracing out in my mind.

I cannot give any idea of it in my aunt's language, for so fearful was she of approaching it too nearly, so vaguely did she talk of persons and subjects in connection with it, and so often did I question her of matters without which being explained I could not grasp any meaning to her words, that I prefer telling it in my own abrupt and blunt way.

Margaret, then, was the sister of my grandfather, the only and idolized daughter of the family, the pet of four or five brothers all older than herself ; the graceful, beautiful, accomplished representative of the female part of the Greenwood household.

That she should be petted and idolized was not strange, for no lovelier being had ever dawned upon humanity, no brighter, happier impersonation of youth, intellect and graceful beauty ever beamed upon a household, than Margaret Greenwood.

All that wealth could procure, was lavished upon her enjoyment ; all that love could devise, was poured out like water at her feet. Throughout the household, Margaret's comfort and happiness were the engrossing themes. In trifles, as in things of magnitude, there was a positive passion to minister to her gratification. Not a dress did she hang upon her dainty little person, that was not imported especially for her use. Not an ornament graced her, that ever saw the light

of an American jewel case. Copley painted her, it was true ; but Copley was the prince of portrait painters at that period, and his pictures will ever be recognized as perfect in their individual expression ; possessing an inimitable charm of attitude, an indescribable beauty of coloring, and though last not least, an adaptation of costume, combining the richest material with the most faultless simplicity in its shaping ; re-producing only those classic models of drapery which are ever new and beautiful. There are few families which would not like to boast of ancestral paintings from the hand of Lord Lyndhurst's father.

Well, Margaret's husband must be imported, too ; and when Walter Greenwood (my grandfather) returned from Edinburg, where he had finished his education, he brought with him young Leonard Bruce ; and at sixteen, Margaret was betrothed to him. Never was a more perfect match to all appearance. Both were surpassingly handsome, both highly intellectual. Each had a certain individuality of look, character, expression, so different from all others around them, and so well in keeping with each other. *And yet Margaret did not love him.* She was blinded to her own true feelings, by the state of things around her. His sudden and evident admiration ; her brother's enthusiastic friendship for him ; the interest which he excited in all who saw him, gave a sort of blind compulsion to her conduct in consenting to become his wife, and she tacitly allowed the preparations for her marriage to proceed. It was celebrated with all the parade which could be brought to bear upon it ; and envy itself admired what it did not dare to depreciate.

Margaret was queenly in her marriage robes ; but her eye did not once turn with a confiding glance to the noble figure by her side. There was an element plainly wanting, which when present, sanctifies the simplest bridal—absent, the grandest ceremonial sinks into a falsehood.

It was a heavy stroke to the family when they found that Leonard Bruce was determined to take his wife to Scotland. They had never dreamed of it. Walter Greenwood had always supposed that he would settle in America, for Leonard had always favored the supposition. But after a few months of journeying, and a corresponding time of rest and enjoyment, he languished for his native hills, and before the autumn had ripened its golden grain, they were on their way to Scotland.

A few short letters from Margaret told them from time to time, of her prosperity, of the beauty of her Scottish home, of the sweet, poetic associations which it recalled and strengthened ; but

never of her happiness. Children were born in that home, whom she described with all the intensity of a mother's deep, unfailing, earnest devotion ; but for the father and husband, no word had ever been written, except in the most casual and indifferent manner. After a few years, there was an evident bitterness and even contemptuousness in her slight references to him, which could not but pain those who loved her. Walter resolved to visit her, and after a few months' absence, he too returned, sad, and evidently distressed, but inexorably silent as to his sister's appearance, or apparent state of mind. Loving his sister as he did, it was not possible that he could still his troubled heart while there was a shadow over her ; and finding it impossible to forbear showing some, at least, of his real feelings at home, he went to England.

He was crossing the Channel from Dover to Calais, when he observed two figures on board, one of which reminded him of Margaret. The lady was evidently disguised, for various unnecessary mufflings shrouded her person and her face was enveloped in a thick veil ; but the graceful turn of her head could not be concealed, and that was Margaret's. Walter almost fainted, but in a moment he laughed at himself for his absurd fears, and withdrew without having been seen.

A second time he saw them, and she was leaning on the arm of her companion and evidently weeping. Her hand pressed to her eyes, outside of her thick veil, looked so much like his sister's ! And yet again he suffered himself to be in the presence of this mysterious group, without ascertaining if he knew them.

But this man ! what could he have in common with his gentle sister Margaret ? It was true, there was a degree of gentleness in his evident care of her, in his attempts to hush her tears, in the gentle folding of his arm about her waist, as if to protect her ; but as he rose to his feet to order water to be brought her, Walter saw that he was one of those tall, gaunt, stern-looking men, such as are rarely seen at their full height and somewhat coarse and massive frames, except in Scotland. What could he be to Margaret Bruce ?

Walter attributed his own fancies to his disturbed feelings about Margaret. His ideas were all the more unpleasant, because he could give them no form. His picture of Margaret's life had not risen into any shape, but a dim, foreboding consciousness of evil filled his mind ; and when he landed in Calais, he was nervous, worried and exhausted by his own vague and restless emotions.

A few weeks in Paris had a sedative effect upon his mind. The thoughtless, careless gaiety of the Parisians infected him also, and with youth, health and wealth to enjoy, he became the life of the circles in which he moved.

One night, at a masked ball, he experienced a renewal of his uneasiness, at the sight of a figure whose height reminded him of the Scotchman. Again beside him was the lady whose motions had seemed so much like Margaret's, and again he saw her hand. It was like his sister's, and had the same shell-shaped nails which in hers had been so often admired. There was not a single jewel upon it, not even a circlet of plain gold, but high up on her arm, as it was revealed by the falling back of the sleeve, was a broad band of gold, so pure and fine that it needed no clasp to retain it in its place. Walter remembered that he had folded just such a band around his sister's arm on the night of her marriage, and she had playfully promised him that it should be always worn.

Himself closely concealed by his mask, he availed himself of her companion's momentary absence to address her in English. His first accents seemed to penetrate her to the heart, for she uttered a faint shriek and fell to the floor. A dense crowd thickened about her, effectually barring the entrance of the tall figure which stood by the door. He had apparently no apprehension that the lady who was fainting was his companion, and he made no attempt to pass. Had he done so, it would not have been easy to prevent him, for his powerful frame could have forced a way through the crowd of agile and slender Parisians, with small effort on his part. Walter tore off the lady's mask, and the long, beautiful hair fell down in rippling waves below her waist. It was Margaret! Without waiting for her to revive, he took her in his arms, bore her, unresisted, to the street, and placed her in the first carriage that offered. She did not awake from that death-like swoon until she was carried to a chamber; and then she revived to see only Walter. He forbore to question her then, but waited until she was fully restored, and a violent burst of grief had relieved her. Then she sat in calmness until he should speak to her. She did not dare to ask him a question, but her eyes watched the door, as if she expected some one to enter.

"He will never come, Margaret, you will never see him more," said Walter; "or if he indeed should enter here, I would kill him upon the threshold."

Margaret shuddered; and then she rose from the bed, and falling on her knees before her brother, she faltered out her long, sad confession,

her penitence and her sorrow. They were words that burned into that fond and proud brother's heart most deeply, but they were never again uttered by her, to any human being, and never repeated by him. He crossed the seas again, with the wreck of what was his sister, and bore her to his home once more. Leonard Bruce and his children were there! He could not bear the solitude of his desecrated home, and he had come to leave his little ones with those who would love them, and then to become a wanderer.

Margaret was dying. It was touching to witness her meeting with her children; but to Leonard, she was impenetrably silent. Melted by her sufferings; by the approach of her death which seemed now so inevitable; by the love he had lavished on her and could not now subdue; by the perfect, the wondrous beauty which stole over her face, he poured out his forgiveness and his assurance of his returned affection. She heard him, and turning her eyes to the wall, she uttered a single word—"Hector." It was the last.

Leonard Bruce and Walter left the country again together, and wandered in foreign lands for two years. When they returned, the children were transferred to their father's care again, for Margaret's parents no longer lived; and he had brought home to them a second mother; an English girl, poor, of simple habits, and only beautiful because she was sweet-tempered and unassuming; and to her watchful and tender love, the orphans owed unutterable but deeply felt thanks. Her picture hangs on the staircase beside that of her husband. I have only one thing more to add. My quiet, melancholy, sober Aunt Esther, was the daughter of Margaret Bruce!

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.

A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favorite, and turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury.—*Salem Register.*

The poor man has health, a good appetite, and sleeps soundly at night. The rich man has his cares, his headaches, and his heart aches; and if the sum of human enjoyment could be exactly measured by some sort of moral thermometer, we should find that real happiness is pretty equally distributed, and that there is little cause for any man to repine at his own lot, or envy that of his neighbor.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY L. E. GOODMAN.

When beside the streamlet musing
On the past, the golden past,
And the brilliant scenes of memory
O'er my soul come rushing fast,
Like sunbeams o'er a gloomy sea,
Then, Lizzie, then I think of thee.

When day's sweet, departing glories
On the west their foot-prints leave,
And the stars, like pearly tear-drops,
Steal adown the cheek of eve,
Then sadness turns the golden key
Within the gate of memory.

When the silvery tongue of music
Holds me listening to it long,
I get dreaming, like a Peri
Harkening to some bright world's song,
Until my soul, unconsciously,
Gets free, and dove-like, flies to thee.

When Aurora, rosy-blushing,
Flings abroad her royal pearls,
And her banner, striped with sunlight,
In the Orient unfurls,
The sense of beauty steals o'er me,
Then, Lizzie, o'er I think of thee.

When the world grows cold and scornful,
Filling all my breast with grief,
And I feel there's none to love me—
None to give my heart relief,
Then some sweet spirit guarding me,
Directs my thoughts to think of thee.

THE TWO BRIDALS
IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"I wish I had some money to buy me a ball; it is ball time now and all the boys have them," said Albert Griswold, gently winding his arms around his mother's neck, with his eyes turned towards his father, who half reclined on the sofa, wrapped up in his costly breakfast suit, and occasionally puffing from his aromatic cigar blue wreaths of smoke.

"Ask father," whispered the mother, in his ear; "he has plenty of money, you know, and I guess he will give you enough to buy you a ball."

"No, you ask him, mother; because I am afraid he will scold me for giving my other to Willie Mumford."

The father's eyes were on the morning paper he held in his hand, but he heard the conversation that passed between his wife and child, and though he made an effort to the contrary, he

glanced in the direction where his son hung so caressingly on his mother's neck, just in season to catch the eyes of both. Leaning a little further forward, he buried his fingers in his vest pocket for a moment, and then drew out a piece of silver, saying:

"Here, Albert; now when you get another ball, see if you can keep it, and not give it to the first ragged urchin you meet in the street without one."

"Willie Mumford isn't an urchin, father," said Albert, timidly, "he is a good boy, and sits right side of me in school, and sometimes he helps me get my lessons."

Mr. Griswold seemed a little disconcerted for a moment, but he soon rallied, and without making any answer of reproof or otherwise, he held the paper a little nearer to his face, and went on with his reading.

"I have got twenty-five cents, mother," whispered Albert, as he again stepped back to his parent's side; "that will buy me a ball and a top, too," and for a moment he expressed his joy by being very profuse with his kisses, and then before one could be returned he bounded towards the door that led to the front hall. Mrs. Griswold gave a light tap on the carpet with her embroidered slipper; Albert looked back, wonderingly, and she made a slight movement of her hand for him to return and kiss his father. The boy hesitated an instant, and then his smile died away and he went noiselessly back, and without removing his hands from his side, he leaned his head forward and touched his lips to his father's cheek; but the latter didn't seem to notice it, so the boy turned softly away, and in another moment he was in the street on his way to the toy store on the corner. When the echo of Albert's foot-fall died away, the wife left her seat by the grate and went over to the sofa where her husband was sitting. There was a little more moisture on her lashes than Nature requires in her healthy mood, but still she was silent until her husband had finished the perusal of his paper, then she said with a forced cheerfulness:

"I wish, husband, that you would try to be a little more affectionate towards Albert; it is so necessary for his happiness to be loved."

"Well, I don't know but it is; but I think it is rather small business for a man to be fussing over children: I believe in leaving such things for the women. If I provide you with the handsomest house in this fashionable street and keep you and the children furnished with spending money, why, that is my part without making a fool of myself by hugging and kissing the juveniles. But let me tell you, Alice, that you

are spoiling that boy by making such a baby of him; but then he is just like you, after all," and Mr. Griswold threw down the paper and arose from his seat to make preparations to go to his office, and half an hour afterwards he was in State Street discussing business with others, who like himself thought that a bird could but be happy in a golden cage, though it stood where the sun of love seldom penetrated.

When Mrs. Griswold heard her husband close the front door, she buried her face in the soft pillow that lay on the sofa, and wept: she scarcely knew why, for she was surrounded by every comfort that money could buy, and was looked upon in society as one of the favored in fortune. A careless spectator would have deemed it ungrateful in the wife as she reclined amid these costly surroundings, to weep for what seemed to be imaginary woes; but seldom can the superficial observer penetrate beyond the surface, and thus it was in Mrs. Griswold's case, for as those hot tears coursed slowly down her fair cheek, her mind went back to her cottage home that nestled in summer amid green leaves near the roadside, with broad fields and dark woodlands in the background, where from childhood up to the hour of her departure from home as a bride, she had ever been wont to lay her head upon her mother's breast when weary or sad, and receive sympathy, a sure antidote for earth's cares. And she remembered, too, a pale, still youth who sat in the village church and gazed on her on the morning of her bridal. When younger, he had broken for her the snow path in winter, while on their way to school; had helped her to master the difficult lessons, and often sheltered her from all blame when the fault was hers.

But he was poor; his widowed mother only owned the little cottage in which she lived, and where her son cultivated the small garden; but he never seemed poor to Alice, until the wealthy Mr. Griswold stopped at her mother's one day to enquire the way to a rich neighbor's dwelling, and from that time she forgot all she had ever said to Albert Marriott, when he told her how much he loved her, and with joy his mother looked forward to the time when her sweet songs would be sung in his own little cottage; for the monied man came again. As his coffers were full, he wished to ornament his possessions, and never had he seen an ornament so much to his mind as Alice Clafin; so when he rode to his friend's country-seat again, he called at the cottage and convinced Mrs. Clafin of his opulence and popularity. The widow's mind was dazzled with the tableau of wealth that he presented, and from this time she urged her daughter to become

his wife and remove to the city. At first Albert timidly expostulated, and pointed to the gilded cages that held their wealthy neighbors' birds, debarred from freedom to roam in their native element, but all arguments were overruled by the mother and daughter. Money was the magic power that was to bring all happiness, and Albert returned to his lonely home to brood over disappointment. But the young man felt no pang of jealousy; he hoped, he prayed that she whom he loved so fondly might be happier in another home than she ever could have been in his; and when he saw the villagers with happy smiles, flocking towards the church, he joined the throng, and with a heart well nigh bursting, he witnessed the ceremony that separated him forever from Alice. But the proud, new-made husband knew not his secret; so as one of her rustic friends he was allowed to again press his now colorless lips to the cheek of the bride. Albert knew that it must be the last, and it was an icy touch, that caused the rose tint for a moment to disappear; but the gathering group of childhood acquaintances rushed forward to greet the fair young creature, and none saw the corpse-like face depart, as at the threshold it stopped for a last, lingering look; none save the mother and bride, and with them it was stamped indelibly. Albert returned to his home and his rustic employment; but his shadow crossed the threshold of Mrs. Clafin's cottage no more, and she and Mrs. Marriott seldom saw each other.

No rustic friend of Alice's childhood was invited to visit the bride in her city home, for the cold, proud glance of the new-made husband was upon her, and with a formal good-by, they separated. For a time, Alice thought that she was happy in her new home, though she was often reminded that she must be a little more dignified when company was present, and avoid all country phrases, and never speak of vegetation or nature, for *city people* didn't talk upon such subjects.

"What shall I talk about?" timidly inquired Alice.

"The fashions and the general news of the day," was the reply. "Make yourself acquainted with fashionable society, and learn from it, and don't depend on me to teach or entertain you."

But everything was novel that now surrounded the village belle, so she tried to persuade herself that she was happy, nor missed the old familiar smiles that used to greet her. The mother seldom came, and when she did a hint was always given to the daughter that she had better avoid publicity; her ways were so old-

fashioned that their acquaintances would think her very odd. And so time passed until the bright-eyed Albert was welcomed to their home, and then the mother named the boy, for the sound of the name still lingered on her ear like some sweet note of music, the echo of which shrills long after the outward vision of the band has departed. Mr. Griswold knew no reason why his wife should fancy that name more than another, and Albert was the name agreed upon; and thus time whirled on, changing all on which it had power to act.

The morning when our story opens Albert had passed his ninth birthday. A little sister had come and gone since he first saw the light, and now Mrs. Griswold clung to her boy with still more tenacity. It brought severe pangs to her affectionate heart, as she saw his father turn coldly and impatiently away from his warm caresses, and worship the idol for which she had been persuaded to marry him, and it seemed as if her heart would burst in its eagerness to find some one, loving and worthy to be loved, to whom she might unbosom her griefs, and reveal that fashionable smiles lit up by gas light had no charms for her; that rosewood and velvet, gold and popularity but made her look back to the cottage by the roadside, and stamp indelibly the contrast to the disadvantage of the gaudy home. And so Mrs. Griswold reflected and wept, for she was alone, now, and might indulge her grief without giving pain to her darling boy, who was almost always by her side. Servants came in and removed the silver from the breakfast table, and as their mistress half reclined on the luxurious sofa, with her head turned from them, with a sigh they returned to their labors, wishing that they could be as free from toil and care as she who employed them.

With the first breath of the keen, frosty air, Albert forgot that his father did not return his kiss, for the love that his father might have shared, was all lavished on his mother, save when he furnished him with silver to buy a new toy, and then, as his caresses met with no return, they were soon ended, and the object almost forgotten, and thus it was now, as the beautiful boy tripped with an elastic step to the variety store on the corner. But he stopped suddenly, as he came opposite the large window, for there stood Hettie Vinton, looking so wishfully through the large panes, with her little bare, red feet pressing the stones that glistened in the early sun-light, as it came down over the house tops.

Hettie held up first one little pink foot and then the other, as if to warm it by the side of her torn pantalette, and then she hugged closer the

old faded shawl that had undergone this process until it was tightly wrapped around her neck, leaving her little plump shoulders exposed to the keen air. Albert stopped short in his fast walking, or rather skipping, and eyed the little grotesque figure before him. Her hood but half concealed her soft brown curls, one of which was blown by the wind hither and thither, as it escaped through a rent in the back of her torn hood.

In spite of the little vexations at home, Albert was in a merry mood, for a small portion which seemed large to him of the magic key to mirth was in his hand; so he stepped nearer the little child of want, and then with a roguish smile he looked into her face, while with his right hand he gave a sly pull to the stray curl. Hettie didn't seem to notice him, so intent was she in gazing on the smoking loaves that the baker had just left within, and the sugared cakes that lay heaped up beside them. Albert felt a little ashamed of what he had done, for he had violated a precept that his mother had taught him: to be respectful to inferiors in wealth, and he was glad that she had not noticed him, and yet he could not bear to pass in without her looking at him, so as he came round on the other side, he extended his foot, which was encased in a new boot, and gently touched Hettie's little bare toes as they came to the cold flag on that side to relieve the other benumbed members. The light pinch did not hurt Hettie's toes, but it reminded her that some one had observed that she was barefoot, and how impossible it was for her to get a new pair of shoes, and when on looking up she beheld the handsome Albert Griswold whom she met every morning on his way to school, her cheeks turned even a brighter pink than those little cold feet; but she said nothing, she only pulled her old hood a little further over her eyes, gave another jerk to the short skirt of her frock, which almost severed it from the waist, as if to hide her feet, and then she pressed her face so close to the glass that the roguish boy could not see it; so he waited a moment on the step to see if she did not look up, and as she did not, he passed in, still wishing that she would speak to him.

"O, how nice and warm it is in here!" thought Albert. "I wish she would come in and warm her;" and then he turned and beckoned for her to come in, and now he saw that she was crying. "Perhaps it was I that made her cry," he said, mentally; so without asking for the toys he went out again, and this time he stepped politely to her side and said:

"Come into the warm shop, Hettie; it is so nice in there, you can warm you."

"Darsn't," replied the child; "they don't let folks in there that haven't got any money."

"O, yes they will, Hettie, there is Mrs. Nash in there now, and I heard her say she didn't come to buy anything."

"But she is dressed nice, and they know that 'he has got money, if she don't buy bread and cakes with it."

"Do you want a cake, Hettie? If you do, come right in here and I will buy you one," and Albert showed her the bright coin he held in his hand, and he thought that he didn't care if he didn't have any ball if Hettie would only stop crying and not look so sad.

The little girl was ashamed to say she did want the cake, and too hungry to say no; and as the boy looked into her sad little face, he forgot that he was dressed in broadcloth and she in rags, so he took her hand in his and led her into the store. As Hettie entered the store, the owner looked at her in such a manner that if Albert had not been with her she would have run out; but the boy led her to the stove, and then called for some cakes and presented them to her.

"I wish you had some shoes, Hettie," said Albert, "why don't you get some? It is too cold now to go without shoes."

"Mother has been too poor since father died."

"What will you do when the snow comes?"

"Mother says she shall be dead, then," said Hettie, laying down the cake and sobbing so loud that the shopkeeper looked up with a threatening air. Hettie looked towards the door as if she would like to make her escape, but her little protector stood between her and it and whispered:

"You must get warm before you go; but what makes you think your mother will die?"

"O, she is so sick and the doctor don't come there now, for mother told him that she couldn't pay him; so she must die, and then I shall have to go to the poor-house. They have shoes there, but they are very heavy," and Hettie's cake lay untasted in her lap, as she crouched by the stove with her sorrowful face.

Albert no longer cared about the ball, for he had known little Hettie a long time; that is, he had met her almost every day when he was on his way to school, and she was passing to her school-house in an opposite direction, and how often he had wished, when the baby was alive, that she would grow up and look just like the prim little Hettie; for it was only lately that she had gone barefoot and worn such tattered clothes, so now as he saw her grief, he bent low and whispered in her ear: "You shan't go to the poor house—my mother hasn't got any little girl, and I will ask her to let you come and live

with us," and then he took the coin he had received in exchange when he purchased the cakes, slyly dropped it into her lap, and told her to buy something to carry home to her mother. The little girl hesitated to take it, and a deep blush overspread her features, but Albert urged her, saying he could get plenty more; so she accepted it with a secret joy at the thought of what she could purchase for her mother.

Hettie now began to tuck her ringlets under her hood and get ready to step out again on the flags. All the customers were busy at the counter with their backs towards the children, so the boy drew from Hettie's shoulders the faded shawl and shook it out wider, and just as he was in the act of replacing it, his father entered the store to get a new supply of cigars. Mr. Griswold did not speak immediately, but listened and watched for a moment, and then stepping across the floor, ere Albert knew he was there, seized him rudely by the collar and bade him purchase his toys and go home, nor spend his time talking with beggars. The little girl was frightened, and scarcely knowing what she did, sprang towards the door, while the coin that the rich man's son had given her, rolled in various directions across the floor. She did not stop to gather it up, but ran along the frosty stones as if she were fleeing from the just punishment of crime.

"Have you bought the ball you came in for?" sternly inquired the father.

"No," answered the boy, timidly, "I don't want any ball."

"Then where is the money I gave you?"

Albert hesitated.

"I guess what he didn't spend for cakes for the little girl, is on the floor," said the shopkeeper, going around the counter to pick up the coin that had fallen, and handing it to the rich customer.

"Just like him," said the father, receiving the coin and looking at his son sharply; then turning to the other, he added:

"I don't mind parting with the money, for you know, Mr. Brush, that I give away a great deal in the course of a year for benevolent purposes."

"Certainly, sir, certainly; I know you do," returned the other, and he wanted to add: "But not in sums less than a hundred dollars, so that you can see your name in the papers next day;" but he was afraid of losing one of his best cigar customers, so he continued: "I can't blame you for not wanting your son to speak to those beggars, they are very designing even when they are very young."

"Hettie isn't," said Albert, turning very red, "nor she isn't a beggar neither."

"Hush!" said the father, and in a few moments more Mr. Griswold went out, taking his son with him, telling him to go home and not ask him for any more money for a month, for he must learn better than to squander it on beggars. Albert kept back all his tears until he reached that luxurious room where but a short time before he had left his mother, and when he saw that she, too, was unhappy, he wound his arms around her neck and told her of all that had transpired since he went out, and begged her if Hettie's mother died, to bring her to their home and let her be his sister.

"I will think of it," said the mother, affectionately, as she wiped the tears from her yet girlish face, and arose to ascertain if it were not near the time that he should go to school.

A few hours later in the day, Mr. Griswold was seated at his desk; he had dropped his pen, and was so engaged in thought, that for a moment he did not notice that the little heroine of the morning's incident stood before him.

"What do you want?" said the rich man, giving her a cold glance."

"I came to tell you, sir, that my mother wants to see you."

Mr. Griswold sat a moment in silence, and then he drew out his pocket-book, extracted a number of notes and reached them to the child, who grasped them eagerly and with a light bound sprang towards the door; but the heavy latch had closed so tightly that Hettie's strength was insufficient to open it. Mr. Griswold looked for a few seconds on vacancy and then he arose and lifted the latch, but he still lingered with the door closed, and extending his hand he said:

"Let me look at the notes again, little girl."

Hettie handed them back, and in another moment he returned them to his pocket-book, saying:

"Tell your mother if she wants to see me she must come here, and I can't spare any money now."

"My mother is too sick," sobbed the child; but Mr. Griswold didn't seem to observe what she said, he only went back to his desk and read his newspaper upside down, with a flushed face, and the office boy rejoiced when the Old South clock released him at noon from the sharp tones of his employer's voice and so the day wore away. * * *

"Will you go, mother?" said Albert, looking up earnestly in her face.

Mrs. Griswold sat thoughtfully gazing into the grate for a moment, and then answered yes, and in a short time, with Albert's hand clasped within her own, she walked quickly down the street, and then struck off into a narrow alley and as-

cended three or four flights of stairs. Ere Mrs. Griswold reached the top of the last flight, she half turned to go back, but her boy sprang past her and threw back the door that closed the invalid's room.

Mrs. Griswold, unknown to her husband, had often visited the poor, and supplied them with many comforts; but no scene that she had ever witnessed had equalled this in intensity of wretchedness; but we will not stop to describe it, save that the mother lay dying, with none near but her little Hettie. Mrs. Vinton's lips were sealed to be unclosed no more, but the windows of her soul were open, and through them she looked out upon the group, and manifested by signs the hope that the mother of the boy would be kind to her child, nor let her perish with want. Mrs. Griswold promised, and a week later the orphan child was furnished with comfortable clothes and sent to a kind neighbor's house to remain until she could be permanently provided for.

When Hettie's long curls were combed out smoothly, and her feet encased in neat shoes, with becoming garments adorning her graceful form, Mr. Griswold would gladly have adopted the child as her own, but her husband would not consent to it, and when she mentioned the name of the child, he bade her never speak to him again concerning her, but let her go and take her chance with other paupers.

It had been several years now since Mrs. Clafin had visited her daughter; she knew she was looked upon by the husband as an unwelcome guest, and in her letters she pleaded growing infirmities as the cause of her absence. After Mrs. Griswold had spoken of the adoption of Hettie, and been so abruptly refused, a new idea seemed to enter her brain, and a few weeks after she informed her husband that she should like to visit the cottage where she spent her childhood, and amid old scenes spend a short time with her mother.

Although Mr. Griswold seemed rather reluctant to have her go, he consented, and supplied her liberally with money, for he wished to show the rustics of her native place, how superior had been her lot in life. With joy did the rich man's wife hasten the preparations, and in a few days she was ready with her idol boy to visit the home of her childhood. When the carriage drove up to the door and Mrs. Griswold and her son stepped in, she gave orders for the driver to stop in a street she designated, and when this order was obeyed, Hettie came out from a low, brown house, so changed in costume and expression that it would have been hard to recognize her now as the former Hettie, with her chilled feet, at the

shop-keeper's window. Mrs. Griswold loved the child, and it was not strange that she should, for she had mild blue eyes and soft brown curls like her own dear babe, and had the little Alice lived, her age would have been about the same. Albert also loved the orphan child, although recently he had not seen her, for his mother did not wish to teach him to deceive his father. Mrs. Griswold took Hettie to the home of her childhood, and after the greeting was over, presented the orphan to her mother, saying :

"Keep her, mother, for my sake, and as she grows older she will watch over you, and I trust be to you what my situation in life forbids my being—a devoted daughter."

From this time Hettie knew no more of want, for she seemed to supply a place at the hearthstone that had long been vacant, so she received all the privileges of a daughter and soon became the pet of the neighborhood. Mrs. Claffin called her by her own maiden name, Louisa Elliot, and among new scenes and pleasant companions, her former situation faded from her memory.

How natural looked the scenes of childhood to the city wife ! but old emotions of happiness had gone forever. The birds sang as sweetly now as formerly, but they brought discord to her ear, for their songs reminded her of the long years that had intervened since she, too, sang in glee. He who had loved her so fondly in years gone by still occupied the cottage with his mother, and when he met her, it was with the same kind smile ; but well she knew that he thought her ungrateful in the past. And so the time passed, until she returned to her city home, to wear a smiling face before those with whom she felt no sympathy.

And now, reader, we will imbibe the spirit of the day, and skim along the track of time with lightning speed, nor stop till we have reached fifteen years beyond the morning that little Hettie, then about five years old, crouched with her naked feet at the stove in the variety store, and talked with the little boy in broadcloth. There is to be another wedding in the little village church now, the tall spire of which points upward just the same, but the moss has gathered thicker on the roof, and another set of maidens attend the bridal. The couple in point of wealth are much the same ; the bride has no dowry save her beauty and noble heart, but the one of her choice has enough for both ; or if poverty should become their lot they can still be happy, for gold is but a secondary object with both. The couple we speak of are Albert Griswold and Hettie, or Louisa as she is now called. Mrs. Claffin's cottage has been her home ever since she first

breathed the pure air of the country, and as years swept by and Albert visited the little homestead of his grandmother, his love for the beautiful orphan grew more intense, until it ended in a marriage at the village church. Albert's father had not seen his son's bride since he took from her the notes in his office, for when Mrs. Griswold saw how prejudiced her husband was against the child, she ceased to speak her name, and he had never visited his mother-in-law since the orphan dwelt with her. As he grew older, he became so much engrossed in business that he seldom left the city and cultivated but few friendships, save such as he could turn to some pecuniary advantage. Mrs. Griswold knew how devotedly her son was attached to the one of his choice, and as her own happiness had been sacrificed for money, she did not wish him to be wrecked in the same manner. Knowing that his father would never consent to his becoming the husband of one who was poor, several weeks passed after the bridal in the village church ere Albert informed him that another had been added to the family. Mr. Griswold's first inquiry was, "Is she rich ?" and when he was answered that she had a large fortune in prospect, he made but few more inquiries, only slightly reproving his son for his boyish folly in keeping the affair so secret.

When the bride took up her residence in her father-in-law's family, and was introduced to him as Mrs. Griswold, he started and turned a little pale, and a few days after he asked his wife if she had ever heard what became of Mrs. Vinton's orphan child.

"Did you not forbid my mentioning her name in your presence ? and why should you expect me to trace her history farther ?" said the wife.

"True, but I—" he did not finish the sentence, but mused for a few moments in silence, and then went out. From this time Mr. Griswold seemed more thoughtful and less intent on making money, and then he told his son that he was becoming tired of so much care, and in future Albert must take more of the responsibility of the office. Hettie, from the day of her entrance into the wealthy man's home, seemed to breathe into it a new air of happiness, for it was her study so please ; perhaps she was more anxious because she knew that the truth must some day be known that she was a penniless orphan ere her marriage. A year had nearly sped by when Mr. Griswold spoke again of Mrs. Vinton's child. His wife made no immediate reply, and so the husband continued :

"Alice," he said, "I have made inquiries concerning that child, and I can learn nothing save

that she was taken away from her miserable home, where her mother died, by a lady, to be educated and cared for. Now if Albert had not told me that Louisa has a mother living, I should think that his wife was a child of—of my old friend, William Vinton, for she looks very much like Mrs. Vinton in former days."

"And was that wretched mother the wife of your friend, and you so loath to befriend the child?"

"He was my friend once, Alice; but—but—" and he who through long years had worshipped gold, seemed now subdued, for white hairs had begun to thicken over his brow, and he felt that life would not endure forever, and as he neared the home prepared for all, remorse was busy at his heart and he could not smother its fires any longer. Mrs. Griswold, with woman's quick penetration, saw that her husband's heart was softened, and taking a seat by his side, said gently:

"With the exception of you and I, Louisa has no parents save an adopted mother;" and then she gradually revealed everything. Commencing with her early marriage, she told him how she had yearned for tenderness, and how unhappy she had been when he made money his idol, to the neglect of home and the duties of social life, and that she could not bear that Albert's happiness should be sacrificed in order that he should be united to a wealthy bride; and knowing that in every respect, save the lack of money, Louisa was one whom he would approve, she had not opposed her son's desire to marry her whom he had loved from boyhood up. Mr. Griswold was very pale during the recital, and yet he strove to be calm; but though he loved his son's wife, he could not give up at once the pride that had lingered around him for so many years, and now the inward struggle caused the pallid features. When the wife had done speaking, he arose, and for the first time in long years, pressed his lips to her cheek, saying:

"I do not blame you, Alice—God is just; but I cannot talk with you longer now;" and he seemed like one who makes a giant effort to appear calm when the heart is deeply moved, and then he added: "Tell no one of this interview at present, and in a few days you shall know more."

From this time, the change in Mr. Griswold's manner gradually increased, until his wife ceased to regret the love of former days, the object of which had long since settled down in life, the partner of one who was contented to share his home and once divided heart. Mrs. Claflin was sent for by her daughter, to make them a visit, and from that time her home was with her daughter and her adopted child. After several weeks

passed by, Mrs. Griswold learned from her husband, that in early life, ere his marriage, William Vinton and he were intimate friends, and one evening, at a gaming table, they had played for money, when Mr. Vinton being successful, and getting excited by the play, said he would stake two thousand dollars, his all, against the same amount, with any one in the room. Mr. Griswold laid down the sum required and won. His friend was penniless. From that time Mr. Vinton took the downward road; misfortunes crowded thick upon him; his two children sickened and died, and in the midst of poverty the little Hettie was born. At length, in despair, he died a suicide. He had told his wife all, and after her husband's death, she in her poverty, begged Mr. Griswold to restore a part of the sum he had won; but he refused, and left her with her child to suffer, while he and his young wife lived luxuriously on the gains made from such capital. The timid Mrs. Vinton had never sought his home, or she might have been more successful; and so she died, as the reader has seen, in want; but if the eyes could express it, she was not devoid of hope that her child would be provided for, when she saw the benevolent little boy whom Hettie had that morning told her of, standing with his mother at her bedside. Although Mrs. Vinton had ventured to send for Mr. Griswold, he went not to the dying one, and years after, the scene at the office was remembered only as a dream.

When Mr. Griswold saw that his wife and son took an interest in the little Hettie, he strove to crush it from the first, for fear that all would become public, and his wife and friends despise him for his baseness in retaining the money that left his friend a beggar. This was the sole cause of his dislike to the orphan; but Mrs. Griswold kept her husband's secret, so that his son and wife thought that his only objection was the lack of money on her part, and when this was reconciled, life glided smoothly with all.

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

"Go it while you're young, for when you get old you can't." Exactly—go it—but not after misery; go it, but not after wine; go it, but not after dissipation, folly or vice; for when you get old you can't; and if you do you want, for you will never get old! But go it—go it after your business; go it after virtue; go it after that pretty girl whom you want to marry; go it after these, for when you get old you can't, and there will be no use either of your going it then, for you will have health, wealth, honor, a good old woman and children to bless you, and you can take your ease! But until you get old, go it after these things.—*Philadelphia Courier.*

THE REAPERS.

BY MRS. E. T. KIDREDGE.

By the margin of a fountain they have laid their sickles by,
They are resting on the greensward with their loaded
wagons nigh;

They're a merry band of reapers, singing through the live-
long day,
Their homes are filled with plenty and their barns with
grain and hay.

Now they fill their earthen vessels with cold water to the
brim,

For they know the cooling beverage will strengthen every
limb;

Proud, honest, free and happy, ever singing at their toll,
Telling whilst they reap together how they love to till the
soil.

I have watched them from my lattice through the livelong
summer's day,

I have seen them coming homeward with their loads of
grain and hay:

Seen them quaffing from the fountain where the water's
sparkle clear,

No poison lingers in its depths to fill their hearts with fear.

See, now they're coming homeward with a song upon their
lips:

"Cold water, clear cold water, from the fountain bright
that drips—

Cold water, clear cold water, free from every spot or stain,
It never caused a mother's heart to throb with grief or
pain."

Think of the feeble colonists that knelt on Plymouth's
soil,

'Neath skies that frowned above them, asking God to bless
their toil;

Now, a merry band of reapers, when the clouds betoken
rain,

Can sing and talk together whilst they garner up the grain.

How I love to watch the reapers when returning from
their toil,

They are strong, athletic youths—noble sons of Freedom's
soil;

Now they're drinking from the fountain, shouting all the
while with glee,

"Cold water is our beverage—'tis stainless, pure and free."

TRUE AND FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

BY FLORA E. MORTON.

"CAN you not wait a half-hour and keep
Eddy quiet, while I make some bread?"

"Why, no indeed! Mary, how can you ask
such a question, when you know they think that
old Mrs. Howland is just gone?"

"Well, there are others to render all necessary
assistance, and besides, I only asked you to help
me for a short time."

"But if everybody said so, who would go?"

"Let me tell you, Julia, I think it would be
far more benevolent for you to stay at home this
morning and assist me, than to spend your time

with Mrs. Howland, who has plenty of friends to
bestow all the attentions required."

"You and I do not agree in our ideas of be-
nevolence," and Julia, with a curl of her rosy
lip, departed on her *errand of mercy!*

The two speakers were Mary and Julia Car-
lton, the elder daughters of a respectable farmer
in one of our New England villages. Their
mother had died when they were of the ages of
twelve and nine, and their father, after five years
of mourning for the bride of his youth, had mar-
ried a fair, gentle woman, who felt a tender love
and warm interest for the motherless girls.
Three years of wedded life had bestowed upon
them two children, Rose—a little girl of two—
and Eddy the baby. Mary Carlton, the eldest
daughter, was a fair, gentle girl, who had inher-
ited her mother's amiable, retiring disposition;
but Julia was more impulsive and excitable—
never looking ahead for the consequences of any
act. She possessed an inordinate love of admi-
ration and flattery, and hesitated not to use de-
ception or "plan," as she called it, to obtain it.

A young physician had recently come into the
little village of Melrose, and being handsome,
agreeable and talented, he very soon became the
centre of attraction. Smiles wreathed rosy lips,
and bright eyes sparkled, when young Dr. Vale
made his appearance in the village circles. The
goosepicks, of course, had plenty of occupation,
and many extra cups of tea were drank in con-
sequence of his debut!

Julia Carlton determined that *her* charms
should win this "bright, particular star," and
she revolved many schemes in her mind. But
none seemed particularly feasible, until, on one
bright afternoon in May, a young friend dropped
in to see the sisters. In the course of conversa-
tion, she said:

"I have understood that Dr. Vale is a church
member, and very devoted; and he said to Mrs.
Hawthorne, the other day, that his wife must
have the bump of benevolence fully developed.
So, girls, look out; I fear none of us will be
good enough for him! But I must go; so
adieu!"

Julia sat thoughtfully by the window for a
short time; then catching up her white sun-bon-
net, she wended her way to the house of Mrs.
Howland, a neighbor, who was very low with a
lingering disease. Kind friends had soothed her
hours of pain, and every attention had been be-
stowed upon her; but this did not prevent Julia
Carlton from offering her services to "watch"
during the night with her. It excited some sur-
prise among the older ladies, because of her
usual giddiness, and some affirmed that she was

too inexperienced and volatile to be trusted, but finally decided she should remain a part of the night with an older lady. She did so; and on leaving in the morning, she encountered Dr. Vale at the door, who seemed somewhat surprised, yet pleased to meet her, and she tripped home with a bounding heart.

Thenceforth her visits were very frequent at Mrs. Howland's, and the unsuspecting old lady blessed her for her *apparent* benevolence, little thinking that a more powerful motive than the pure, Christlike desire of doing good actuated her! Thus matters went on for several weeks, until the village people began to remark upon Julia Carlton's wonderful change from such a wild, volatile creature, to so benevolent a "sister of charity!"

Some—not very discerning people—thought her the embodiment of goodness; but others, who had looked deeper into the pages of human character, saw through her cloak of benevolence; and many who had looked behind the home curtain were well aware that oftentimes, when she was abroad on her *erands of charity*, her assistance was actually needed by her family—for their mother was subject to severe attacks of headache, and at those times the cares of the children and family devolved upon Mary. The sisters were so unlike in their temperaments and tastes, that but little real affection existed between them—though Mary oftentimes endeavored to influence her sister to become more gentle and mild in her manners. But Julia was wilful, and would not heed her sister's kind reproofs. For several weeks she continued to play her new part—visiting the sick and clothing the poor—until Dr. Vale began to become interested in her, knowing naught of her real character until a little circumstance revealed it in some measure to him, as every course of deception will eventually be exposed.

On the morning which introduced our heroine to the reader, the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Howland were called to see her spirit take its departure to the spirit land—as was supposed. Dr. Vale was present, also Julia Carlton. After a season of pain and suffering, she seemed to revive again; and Dr. Vale, thinking she might survive some hours longer, took his departure, saying he would call again in a few hours. As he was passing the open door of Mr. Carlton's house, he heard the sudden scream of a child and exclamations of terror and alarm.

Without waiting for an invitation, he stepped within the door, and a scene of terror met his gaze. Little Rose was standing in the centre of the room with her clothes in a light blaze, while

Mary was endeavoring to wrap around her a rug which she had snatched from the hearth. But the child's frantic efforts and alarm seemed to thwart every effort to extinguish the flames. On a low couch lay Mrs. Carlton, who apparently had fainted, while Eddy, woke by the tumult and frightened, was adding his voice to the general confusion.

Dr. Vale immediately sprang to Mary's aid, and his strong arm soon extinguished the flames. It was then ascertained that she was severely burned; and while he applied some soothing remedies, Mary performed the double task of hushing Eddy's cries and restoring her mother to consciousness. When quiet was in some measure restored, Dr. Vale inquired how the accident had happened.

Mary replied that her mother being unable to lift her head from the pillow, in consequence of a severe headache, the care of the children and the household affairs had devolved upon her. She had rocked little Eddy to sleep, and laid him down beside her mother, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and leaving Rose busy with her playthings, had gone into the kitchen to prepare the dinner. She had been thus engaged but a short time, when a loud scream from Rose, followed by one from her mother, caused her to hasten into the room, where she found Rose with her clothes on fire and Mrs. Carlton vainly endeavoring to extinguish them, but faint and weak from pain and illness, and overcome by alarm, she fell back upon the couch and fainted. At this moment Dr. Vale appeared, and Mary again thanked him for his opportune kindness, in which her mother joined with earnestness.

Mary's sleeves were rolled above the elbow, displaying a round, white arm, and upon her dress and apron were many mealy marks; and her cheek crimsoned at the thought of the plight in which this gentlemanly young M. D. had found her. But his agreeable, winning manners soon dissipated her embarrassment. After quite a long chat, during which Rose had sunk into a refreshing slumber, the doctor arose, and apologizing with a smile for detaining Miss Carlton from her culinary matters, took his leave, promising to call in the evening and look at the child's burns. As he walked away, he wondered why Julia should be absent from home, when her assistance seemed so necessary; and Mary's sweet face and gentle, winning manners, were continually rising before him.

In the evening he called again, and Julia was present—her face beaming with smiles as he entered; and so great an impression did her tender caresses lavished upon little Rose, and her seem-

ing attention to the wants of the family, make upon him, that he resolved to cultivate her acquaintance more intimately. Accordingly, the next day in passing, he thought he would call and inquire for Rose. Going in with the familiarity of a physician, not pausing to ring the bell, he accidentally overheard a colloquy between Julia and her mother, which amazed him and confirmed his previous fears.

"Julia, cannot you assist Mary this morning? She has the week's ironing to do, besides baking—and I do not feel strong enough to do much."

"O, dear, you are always calling upon me to do something about the house, when you know I detest housework!" was the reply, in a cross and petulant tone.

The doctor retreated and rang the bell, and upon entering, Miss Julia was all smiles and kindness; but her charms now appeared to him as the glittering colors that sparkle in the sunlight upon the scaly folds of the serpent. These two scenes showed him Julia's true character—for he was a young man of more than ordinary discernment—and also made known to him Mary's noble and endearing qualities, her feelings of true benevolence, which never seeks for praise as its reward!

The acquaintance of Mary and Dr. Vale ripened into intimacy, and finally she became his wife; and ever in the home of Harry and Mary Vale were found the elements of true piety and charity, which "vaunteth not," and many blessings and favors were bestowed upon needy ones, of which the world never knew. But the reward was within their own hearts—peace of mind and a consciousness of *doing right*! Reader! Go thou and do likewise!

REMARKABLE DREAM.

A late traveller in France says that there is an antiquated air about the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, that is very pleasing, and that very simplicity, amounting to a fault, has something touching in its quaintness. Many of the monuments behind the grand altar are of interest, and some of considerable beauty. There is one in the sacristy of particular interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt to commemorate the death of her husband and a remarkable dream that predicted the event. He was ambassador at the court of Vienna while she remained in Paris. She dreamed that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act expired. The letter acquainting her with his death informed her that it had occurred at the very hour in which she had beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument where the scene of the dream is represented.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY HENRY.

Nil Desperandum! though trials and sorrow
May to our fortune have added their store;
The dark clouds to-day may disperse ere to-morrow,
And the sunlight of happiness shine evermore.

Nil desperandum! though all our friends leave us,
We to ourselves may still remain true;
For our Heavenly Father will never deceive us,
But add to our blessings each day something new.

Nil desperandum! O, be not sad hearted,
Each in this world has his trouble and care;
But let our aim be, when earth's scenes have departed,
That we reach yonder heaven—there's perfect rest there.

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

In the little town of Chieti, on the eastern coast of Italy, dwelt Carlos Bandettini and his wife and daughter Bianca. Bianca was a handsome, high-spirited girl, the favorite of all the village. Especially was she beloved by Antonio Brindisi and Stephano Foscari, the two handsomest youths in all the town. At the time my story opens, Bianca had declared her preference for Antonio, and they were publicly betrothed. Stephano was of a fierce, jealous disposition, and threatening vengeance, he suddenly left the village. All endeavors to discover his whereabouts proved of no avail; but that he had not gone far was evident from his occasionally appearing at his home, where his mother dwelt alone, with many comforts for her, for with all his faults, he had been a dutiful son. Bianca troubled herself very little about his place of retirement, and did not allow his threats to alarm her.

One day, sometime after the disappearance of Stephano, as Bianca was walking in the garden, she was startled by a rustling among the vines, and upon turning to the spot she saw Stephano standing before her. She saluted him very coldly and haughtily, and turned to enter the cottage, when Stephano sprang before her and prevented her from moving.

"Bianca, I have come to make you one more appeal, to give you one more chance to avert the misfortunes which shall surely overwhelm you, if you continue to resist all my entreaties."

"Go, you are tiresome," calmly and coldly spoke Bianca.

"Bianca, hear me! I love you far better than the coward to—"

"You only are the coward, trying to win a love with threats," angrily retorted Bianca.

"Beware! I tell you I love you, and you only spurn me. I have pleaded enough. Know then, proud girl, that I have joined the bandits, and your father's property shall be destroyed, himself taken captive, and only your consent to become my wife, shall free him from a lingering, painful death. What do you say now, Bianca?" he asked, mockingly.

"Nothing. I will never marry you; I will die sooner," and maintaining the same calm, cold exterior, though her heart throbbed wildly, Bianca brushed hastily past her tormentor, and entered the cottage, and upon reaching her chamber, she threw herself upon her knees before her crucifix, praying with white and trembling lips the Virgin Mary to save her family from the impending trouble. Rising, she by a violent effort controlled her feelings, and returned to the sitting-room where her mother sat spinning. All the rest of the day a shadow hung over Bianca; every noise made her start painfully, and when the hour for her father to return home came and past, and still he lingered, she snatched up her hat and set out to meet him across the fields. She had not gone far, when she met a body of peasants bearing a litter. Antonio Brindisi was in front, and immediately upon seeing Bianca, he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, endeavored tenderly to lead her back; but Bianca resisted steadily, and suddenly by a little impetuous motion, drew her hand from Antonio, and stepping to the side of the litter, she raised the cloth which covered the body and saw the features of her father. One dreadful shriek, and she sank senseless in her lover's arms. Slowly she recovered, and the peasants bore their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had fallen from a high rock, struck upon his head, and died instantly, without a groan. So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened, and read as follows:

"A push for Bianca, I said, and the old man fell headlong over the rocks. Do you not falter now?"

A week later, and Bianca again felt the vengeance of her tormentor, for Antonio Brindisi her betrothed was missing, and no clue could be obtained as to his place of confinement, although every search was made. Another note lay upon the window-sill in Bianca's little room.

"Two gone, dear to Bianca's heart. Will she repent?"

This note was shown to all in the village, together with the other, but so close did the robbers keep themselves, that though search was continued night and day, no trace of their hiding-

place could be discovered. Bianca for a time seemed prostrated by her trouble, but her youth and health enabled her to recover, and a few months after the death of her father, her mother and herself left the village and went to Rome, where through the influence of her friends, she was enabled to study, and become an actress, and in a short time a very successful one. At the end of four years, when she was about twenty-three, she was seized with a longing to return to her native village, and she did so. When Bianca arrived at Chieti, she found there had been established a small theatre, at which she agreed to act for a few nights. The villagers were in ecstasies. The day before her intended appearance, to her infinite horror, Stephano, grown older, and more wicked-looking, intruded himself upon her. Bianca was alone in the house, and her heart sank within her when he began to plead his suit.

"You have come back to the village a lonely, sad woman, and may, perhaps, be willing to look with more favor upon the suit of one who has worn your image in his heart for long years. I am powerful and rich. What will be your answer now, when I again ask you to be mine?"

"My answer," said Bianca, slowly, "is that I despise you, and it is with greater loathing and hate than ever, that I look upon you. You are powerless now to do me any more harm."

"Fair lady," said Stephano, with a sneer, "I am not as powerless as you think for; I can again make your proud heart quiver, and perhaps falter. Listen: Antonio Brindisi is not dead as you have supposed him to be, but is imprisoned in a cave, which I alone can enter—and though kept from starving, he is ill-treated, and hard-worked. Say that you will be mine, and he shall be set free, given gold enough to last him his whole life."

"Villain! robber!" exclaimed Bianca. "Life and freedom to Antonio, purchased at such a price would be only curses, no boons. He can only die and I follow him. No, I will live to bring your head to its proper place, the block. Beware! for no matter how close you keep yourself, my eyes shall find out your hiding-place, and my voice seal your just doom."

With a low, mocking laugh, Stephano sprang from the room, and Bianca sank almost senseless upon the floor.

The eventful evening arrived, and the theatre was crowded to overflowing; many anxious to see their playmate and friend in her new life, and all eager to see the popular Bandettini. The play was far below any one of Bianca's accustomed pieces, being a simple comedy, suited to

the capacity of the actors. The first scene was of scarcely any note, being merely an interview between Bianca and her lover. In scene second, the heroine is proceeding to the church to be married, accompanied by the girls of the village, as a train of honor, when they are surprised and seized by a band of robbers, the chief of whom is enamored of the young peasant girl. The curtain rose, and Bianca in bridal dress, followed by about a dozen young girls in holiday attire, entered at the back of the stage, singing the bridal chant. Suddenly a shriek is heard, and the bandits rush upon them. The bride rushes wildly across the stage, pale and shrieking—the bandit chief seizes her, and she swoons. The applause was tremendous, so well had Bianca acted her part, and many silly girls drew closer to each other and whispered—"only think, if it was true?" A moment, and the bride slowly opens her eyes, and partly raises herself, and the house comes down in another round of applause. Slowly raising herself, and looking wildly around, she makes a sudden bound forward, and reaches the foot-lights, where sinking on her knees, and stretching out her hands to the audience, she exclaims in low, thrilling tones:

"Dear friends, this is no acting, the bandits are upon us! Look around, they are in your very midst."

The people turn, and behold! every door and window is guarded by a couple of ferocious-looking fellows, armed to the teeth. Blank horror filled the minds of the simple villagers, who always held the robbers in abject fear, and now the horrible strangeness of their situation keeps them sitting motionless with pale lips and cheeks. As Bianca gave the people the dreadful information, Stephano, the leader of the band, came forward from the back of the stage, and seizing Bianca rudely by the shoulder, dragged her upon her feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove! you shall go on! Myself and companions are interested in the play and wish to see the end. It is none of your business whether you play to real or actual robbers. Go on."

With a proud gesture, Bianca shook off the robber's hand and resumed her part, which was a pleading for the release of herself and companions. The spectators sat in dumb, helpless silence, watching with fascinated eyes the progress of the play, now rendered too real by the presence of the bandits. Clear, calm and thrilling, rose Bianca's voice as she pleaded earnestly to have her companions if not herself spared. Not the most eager, attentive listener could perceive the slightest faltering of voice or eye. While she was still pleading, the bridegroom and

his train came to the rescue, and ranging themselves in order, presenting arms they fired, and twelve robbers fell dead. With an oath and shout of dismay, Stephano sprang forward, but quick as thought Bianca seized a carbine belonging to a dead robber, and retreating to the back of the stage, exclaimed:

"Blank cartridges for stage robbers, bullets for real ones. Advance one step, Stephano, and I will fire."

Then turning to the people, she called upon them to help seize the robber, and he was soon bound, for the people needed only some fearless voice to arouse them from their stupor, and make them act.

Stephano was tried and convicted, and his head chopped off; but not before he had disclosed the place of Antonio's confinement, and the place for the bandits' rendezvous, which was in a large cave but a short distance from the village, the existence of which was never suspected, and which was found filled with booty. Antonio was released, and with undiminished affection was received by Bianca, and but few days elapsed before their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicing. The little village of Chieti still is in existence; though it has increased in size and population and changed many of its customs, still the name of Bianca Bandettini and the Bandit Chief, is unforgettable.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER.

A new and surprising phenomenon in magnetism has just appeared in Paris, baffling every attempt at explanation. A young man by name Alexis Baumann, is discovered to possess a power of fascination in the visual organ, so powerful that it attracts towards him every object on which he fixes his gaze. Every *savant* in Paris has been occupied with this wonderful peculiarity, and hundreds of experiments have been tried; but not once has the power of young Baumann been found at fault. The object upon which the experiment is tried being placed at a distance of about four feet, Baumann fixes his gaze steadfastly upon it, and presently the object, of whatever nature it may be, after quivering slightly for a minute or two, makes a sudden spring exactly towards his heart! This experiment has been tried many times a day for the last week, and has never failed. Several of the great magnetizing doctors have undertaken to prove the cause of this extraordinary gift, and we look forward to a bloodless battle between them and the *Académie des Sciences* upon the subject.—*Yorkshire (England) Telegraph*.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of the unforgiving spirit.

THOU ART FALSE.

BY EUNICE EDSON.

Go, go! thou art false, and no more thy name
Shall sully these lips of mine;
For broken now is love's flowery chain
That bound my heart to thine.

Go, go! I had dreamed thee pure and true
As aught of this earth could be;
I thought that thy heart no falsehood knew—
That thy vows were but pledged to me.

'Twas a blissful dream, but quickly past;
And I have awake once more,
To find that my faith in man has gone—
That youth's sweet trust is o'er.

O, little dreamed I, when side by side
We roamed through the shaded glen,
That the time was near when this heart would scorn
The idol it worshipped then!

I see a stain on this sheet as I write;
It is caused by no tear of mine;
For know there is one too proud to weep
For a worthless heart like thine.

A MODERN HERO.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

TRENTE LEYCROFF, as he stood upon his vessel's quarter-deck, the clear breeze lifting the locks from his forehead, as a playful hand might fondle with the ringlets of a child, and his bright black eyes scanning the surrounding horizon, looked, standing there, "every inch a king!"—not of the pent-up and confined land, but of the merry, free and dashing ocean—of the sky-bounded, heaving mass of waters, rolling in all their grandeur at his feet—his kingly throne the white deck of his proud vessel, and his o'er-shadowing canopy the fleecy clouds floating above him in the blue summer sky.

Pleasant thoughts of home were passing through Trente Leycroff's mind, and home pictures and home anticipations were chasing one another through his brain, as he leaned over the vessel's side, a thousand miles away from the subject of his dreams. The last letter from his young wife told him news that sent a thrill through his heart, until now unknown before. *He was a father!* The handwriting was tremulous from recent illness, but the news it had to communicate had bestowed a strength that defied a longer delay. And in the lowermost corner of the sheet there was a shapeless, indistinct mark made with the pen's point. Guided by the mother's hand, this had been—the baby's mark! And as he gazed upon the faint evidence of the existence of his baby boy, Trente Leycroff let

fall a gentle tear upon it—a tear that manhood could not blush to have recorded upon the tablet of his life's past actions.

Every dash of the waves against the side tells him that he is nearer still to home; every passing weed floating out upon the waves he watches, until it is lost to his view. There, from the recesses of his thoughts he has builded the form of the well-remembered homestead, and slowly it rises as from the waves and stands there before him, ready to be peopled from the same airy realms that called it into existence.

It is morning. They are all there—his gray-haired father and mother, the former seated before the open Bible reading aloud the accustomed lesson of the day, while his mother is reverently leaning her head upon her hand, on the opposite side of the table; his wife, quieting the child upon her knee, who is laughing gleefully at the bright morning sunshine beaming in through the window; and the two or three servants of the family listening quietly to the voice of the old man, as he asks a blessing on the labors and occupations of the coming day. He hears his own name mentioned in a supplication for his safety, and notes the tear that rolls down his wife's cheek, and drops upon the laughing brow of his infant boy as she listens.

It is night. They are seated around the pleasant fireside. The old man smokes his usual pipe before going to rest, and the partner of his life's pilgrimage sits silently knitting, and thinking of her boy far out upon the sea. The baby is lying in the cradle, and the voice of his wife softly humming over one of his own favorite ballads is heard, trying to lull the infant to its slumbers. The pictures of his fancy are right pleasant as he thus builds them from the store-houses of his wandering thoughts. A voice at his side scatters them forever to the air, and the cloud-built visions don again their fleecy wings and float away to their enchanted realms.

"Mr. Leycroff, there's a leak in the hold, and it's gaining on us so rapidly that I'm afraid we cannot stop it!"

He turned towards the carpenter, who had thus spoken to him in a quick, hoarse whisper, and there arose a sickness at his heart as the dreadful news reached his ear thus suddenly. But this was not a time for thought, but action; and so he instantly descended into the hold to see the extent of the damage. It was even so. The hold was then quarter full of water, and the leak was gaining rapidly, and so situated amongst the heaviest of the cargo, that approach was difficult, and the repairing of the damage next to an impossibility. A heavy gale,

through which the ship had passed the day previous, was evidently the cause of the injury until within a short time previous totally undreamed of by all on board.

The pumps, then, were their only hope, and the order was instantly given that they might be manned and set to work, to try to keep her afloat. Stout hearts and ready hands were there, and soon every nerve was being strained in the efforts for safety. But the good ship was doomed, and slowly but surely she sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The water now rushed in in a perfect torrent, and as it gained each moment new impetus, the injury became still greater, and it tore its way through the stout barrier of wood and iron as though it had been but paper. Men ran about in haste, collecting such necessities as would be needed in the boats, which were being launched. In the storm of yesterday two of the boats had been lost, and grave doubts arose in Trente Leycroff's mind as to whether the remainder would suffice for their safety. As calm as though each instant were not bringing them closer to the grasp of destruction, he stood and issued his quick, stern orders. A hundred souls depended upon him now, and in the hour of trial they should not find they trusted in vain. The sharp report of the minute-gun echoed afar over the sea, and above the sound came the clear ringing voice of the young captain. The smoke obscured the sight, but his quick eye saw everything, and his thoughtful mind suggested everything of comfort that might alleviate the sufferings probably in store for those who soon would be tossed about upon the trackless waste of waters. And still amidst it all, the good ship slowly but surely sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The hardy sailors, taking a pattern from their calm commander, worked away in quick but silent obedience to his orders, and one by one the boats were filled and slowly left the side of the doomed vessel. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone down in a flood of pleasant light; and from the steady and unruffled manner in which the orders were executed, one could not, but for a glance at their faces, guess that the sailors were occupied in other than their usual avocations. But there was written whole volumes of manly fortitude and courage, in the knit brows, set teeth, and bloodless hue of their countenances, and it was plainly to be seen that the race of heroes had not yet quite departed, nor was true courage laid forever to rest in the grave of the long-gone past.

O, God! the boats were now nearly full, and

there yet remained some eight or ten human beings on board of the sinking ship! Some of them were women, and their shrieks deafened the sound of the booming gun, beside which the young captain himself stood, firing it as quickly as it could be loaded. The clanging of the ship's bell added to the horrid din of that agonizing moment, and the hand of mercy seemed withheld at the moment from the ill-fated beings upon the wreck. The sun still shone down, and saw the good ship as it slowly but surely sank deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

"There is but room for just one more!"

Trente Leycroff heard the voice from the boat, and as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, looked for a moment round him. A young boy stood by his side and looked up into his face. Not a muscle of the boy's face quivered, as he pointed towards the boat, and said:

"Captain Leycroff, when you see my father, tell him that I died like a man, and that we shall meet again in another world!"

He knew the boy now; he had been sent out as a clerk in a foreign mercantile house, and was now on a visit to his only parent—his father. The father had not seen him for three long years, and he pictured with the quickness of lightning the fond and hopeful expectation of that man to embrace his boy again. To his own home his thoughts reverted, and the instinct of life was strong within him. His wife—father—mother—should he? No! They would not be altogether desolate; they would have each other still, while this boy's father would have lost his all! He seized him in his arms, and in an instant he was in a place of safety. The sacrifice was made—the rest was in the hands of God!

Again the loud boom of the minute-gun echoed far and wide over the deep—the shrieks and piercing cries of the surviving women mingled again with the sound, and again the hurried clanging of the bell filled his ears. Some of those who remained had sunk down senseless on the deck, and one or two had cast themselves headlong into the sea, and now floated away upon the frail support of a spar, trusting themselves to their fate. The rats sprang affrighted from their hiding-places down in the cabins and hold, and mingled with the human beings on the deck. The edge of the vessel almost touched the surface of the water, and the eyes of those in the boats were fixed in horror upon the doomed vessel as she slowly sank before their eyes. They saw the heroic young man as he stood at his post loading and firing the gun, and prayers went up from their hearts that Heaven in its mercy might spare him yet.

The sun looked down to take one glance of farewell as the good ship heaved heavily, turned over to one side, and then—sank forever from its sight, down, deep down in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

They pulled hastily away from that fearful sight, and the clouds of night soon settled over the scene of the drama they had witnessed. God's mercy on the souls of those who had perished thus fearfully in the bright light of day, and in the face of the smiling and unclouded heavens!

And now, a thousand miles away to the home of Trente Leycroff! The dreadful news has reached them, and that once so happy household is steeped in all the deep blackness of despair and agony. Some time has elapsed, and to outward appearing the usual routine of every-day duty has once more resumed its sway. But the sickening grief within the heart is seen, when, as of old, the gray-haired man sits with the holy book before him, and reads aloud the usual lesson of the day. Perchance he reads of the lost *Abraham*; and, as the agonising cry of the be-
seved father trembles upon his lips, his thoughts are with his own drowned boy, and the words are blurred before his eyes, while a choking in his throat stifles his further utterance. 'Tis seen when the aged mother, engaged in some household duty, meets with some simple article once owned by the lost one; and the fresh tears that arise, and the care with which the insinuating memento is laid away and treasured up, are the proofs that grief is not dead yet within the heart. And it is also seen, as Agnes Leycroff sits by the hour and gazes on her baby's face, to read there some traces of its dead parent, and clasps it closer still to her heart, as the image is prefigured before her in its eyes, and on its baby lips and brow.

The shadows of evening have descended upon the country, and as the night descends, the weather gives indications of becoming stormy and tempestuous. The wind rushes dismally through the old trees of the orchard, and the very foundations of the stout old homestead quiver and shake in the fierce blasts of the rising wind. The servants have gone to bed, and the family are seated in silence by the fire listening to the wild voice in the hurricane raging without. The child has been placed in its cradle by the hands of Agnes, but whether it is the noise without that prevents its sinking to slumber, or whether its mind is too intently fixed upon the philosophical nature and origin of a solar lamp on which its wakeful eyes have been for some

time fixed, it remains obstinately wide awake. Mr. Leycroff broke the silence.

"A fearful night, this, for the poor souls tossed about on the raging sea!"

"My thoughts were wandering in the same sad direction, remarked his wife, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe the moisture from them that had gathered there. She paused as she did so and inclined her ear to listen.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I fancied I heard the tread of a horse. It must have been my fancy, for no one would venture out on a night like this."

"The cracking of some bough in the wind, no doubt," said the old man; and they ceased to regard it.

The subject of disasters and dangers on the sea appeared to have some fascination to old Mr. Leycroff, for he returned to it.

"How many such nights as these our poor boy must have seen upon the bosom of the ocean! To think of a night like this, called suddenly from a peaceful slumber, and most likely dreams of those so loved at home—springing upon deck and finding the masts swaying to and fro like rushes in the summer breeze—the rain descending in floods upon the deck, and the vivid lightning flashing in the faces of the men as they lay out upon the yards, and struggle madly with the flapping canvases!"

The old lady shook her head and sighed, as she pictured the thoughts of her husband within her own mind. Again she turned her head towards the outside and listened, thinking that she heard the sharp bark of their watch-dog. It seemed to sink into a whine, and then was silent again. The old man went on, though Agnes could have wished he might have chosen some subject less painful to her mind.

"To hear the crashing thunder, as it descends from heaven's vault and echoes through the vast expanse of air, over the surface of the boiling waves! To listen to the grunting and straining of the timbers, as the vessel plunges heavily through the dashing billows! But"—the old man looked up as he spoke—"I forgot! I forgot! I was following the stream of my thoughts, forgetting, my poor child, that I was recalling painful images before you. Forgive me—I would not add one unnecessary pang to the grief you bear."

"How fanciful I am to-night!" said Mrs. Leycroff. "I keep listening and thinking I hear all sorts of sounds! I suppose it is nervousness. I was almost certain I heard a step outside in the hall. I must get rid of such fancies, or I shall lay awake all night!"

Was there a step in the hall? There could not have been. It was the quick closing to of some open door, caught by the wind as it rolled along the passages—nothing more! The baby lay in the cradle giving its undivided attention now to the ceiling, and watching with interest the play of the firelight upon it. No sleep about it as yet!

"Well," said Mr. Leycroff, "it must be getting late; we have been sitting here busy with our thoughts and have not noticed the passing of the time. I will just take a puff or two at my pipe and then will go to bed." He lit it as he spoke.

The wind howled without, and a fierce gust swept down the chimney, causing the dying wood-fire to blaze up all at once and afford new entertainment for the eyes of the child. It sounded outside in the hall, and seemed to rattle the handle of the door as it passed on its way.

Mr. Leycroff finished his pipe and laid it away upon the shelf, and then sat for a moment gazing into the fire. Another blast swept around the house, and Mrs. Leycroff shuddered as she murmured forth:

"Heaven be with those now tossed about upon the dreadful sea, and shield them from the fury of the raging tempest!"

"Amen!"

The handle of the door had softly turned, and the door opening, gave admittance to the form of a man encircled in a cloak. It was *his* voice that had spoken in solemn, deliberative tone, and as he placed his foot over the threshold and stood within the room, the same word dropped from his lips.

"Amen, mother! amen!"

A shriek that echoed through the room, through the passage, from the top to the bottom of the house, went up from the lips of Agnes Leycroff, as she made a tottering step forward and then fell senseless and motionless in the outstretched arms of Trente Leycroff!

He had been saved by clinging, as the ship went down, to a floating spar, had tossed about upon the waves for nearly two days, and had then been picked up by a passing vessel in an exhausted condition, and carried on to her destination. His iron constitution bore him through a severe illness in safety, and upon his convalescence, he was brought safely back home again. Despite the fierceness of the storm raging, he had mounted a horse, and as fast as the animal could dash over the road between the place of his disembarkation and his home, he had travelled in the face of the lightning, the fierce blasts and the dashing rain.

They did not go to bed that night until long after the day began to show its light, chasing away the clouds of the tempest that raged above the homestead on the night before. There was not a great deal said, but they sat in a loving circle, and gazed in one another's faces, while Trente ever and anon pressed his wife closer to his heart, and then stooped down and fondly kissed the child as it lay in its cradle at his feet. That youthful individual found his attention continually distracted from his contemplation of the firelight on the ceiling, and by daylight had not apparently arrived at any satisfactory conclusion as to the subject of his thoughts. What occupied his mind does not satisfactorily appear, as he preserved a complete and dignified silence upon the matter.

He did not know till long years after how near he had once been to fatherless; and the story was told him by the old man one night, as he sat and smoked his pipe by the side of the old familiar wood-fire. It still danced upon the ceiling, as it had been wont to do when he lay in the cradle, now standing in the corner, and fixed his baby thoughts upon its bright reflections, glowing merrily there above his head, when the shadows of night had fallen upon the earth, and the voices of the wind were heard without, sighing among the orchard trees.

SUICIDES IN FRANCE.

The suicides have been very numerous in Paris since the warm weather commenced. One old gentleman, who had heretofore made no less than six attempts upon his own life, at last succeeded in hanging himself one day, recently. His wife had for a year past employed a man servant, whose only business was to keep a constant watch upon her husband, and prevent him from making away with himself. But he got away from the servant, and did the job immediately. The wife comes into a handsome property, and we wonder that she should have so long troubled herself about this old fool, who wanted to leave her at ease. The disinterestedness of some women is astonishing. Not less than six people in Paris killed themselves on one day. Some hung themselves, some blew out their brains, one jumped off a monument, and one took a leap from a bridge. These cowardly fellows are better out of the world than in it. Apropos of suicides—an old oak tree in the Bois de Boulogne, long famous for the suicides which have been committed by persons hanging themselves to its stout old limbs, has just been cut down, in order to make way for some improvements. Lately, two young men, each about twenty-five years of age, hanged themselves to this tree. Their emulators must now hunt up another location for the transaction of this "stepping-out" business.—*Daily Bee*.

A wife full of truth, innocence and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BY CLARA BEL ARSTON.

Thou of the peerless form and flashing eye,
With snowy neck and rounded limb;
Bright as yon stars that gem the azure sky,
When evening pours her vesper hymn.

Fair as the showers of clear white diamond dew
Night scatters from her radiant wing,
Floating like rosy light before my view;
Or like the first glad flower of spring.

Brightening my dull and weary pathway here,
Like some pure beam from upper heaven:
Darting its purple ray all calm and clear,
Just where the storm-cloud has been riven.

Lowly my spirit bends before the shrine
In which an angel is concealed—
But hark, for brightly all those beauties shine
By which the angel is revealed.

Lady, they say that thou art vain as fair—
I heed them not—I cannot heed;
Meekly I see thee bend thy head in prayer:
God bless thee, dear one, in thy need!

Beauty so rich and rare, thou radiant girl,
Will bring dark envy round thy gentle lot;
Fashion with fraudulent art and daisy whirl,
May make thee vain and false, if thou art not.

Darkness and tempest clouds anshroud the bright,
Their life is strown with many an evil snare:
Golden and gladsome beams are quenched in night:
Then, lady, bend thou low in humble prayer.

MY CITY FLIRTATION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THAT was a day in my life which I can never forget, if I live to a hundred years. It was the day on which I was sixteen years old. It seemed to me that the fullness of time had come. All past things were merged into that one dear, delightful era of girlhood. It was, indeed, the "age when time goes swiftly by, with diamonds in his glass." I had looked forward to this era during the whole previous year, and on the morning that completed the magic circle of sixteen years, I was a perfectly happy and contented being. My first ball! what an event was that! The first play I witnessed, which, by the way, was *Douglas*; my first visit to the great city, on my own responsibility, unaccompanied by friends to take care of me, all happened this year. The wings of freedom were very pleasant possessions, and the only wonder was, that I did not fly off with them altogether.

The secret lay here. I had a lover, to whom

I had been solemnly engaged from the hour in which I had attained the venerable age of fifteen. In my womanly appreciation of his wonderful dignity,—for he was nineteen years old, and a grave youth too,—I tried to sober down the flow of animal spirits which my happy childhood had indulged; and at sixteen I was really as mature as at twenty-five. Relying on my discretion, my father proposed that I should visit his brother, a wealthy merchant in Boston, who repeatedly solicited him to allow me to pass the winter at his house. My mother looked thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"I would not object to it, my dear," said he. "Mary must see life as it is, sometime, and perhaps now is the time."

"But will she come back to an ordinary home and simple pleasures, when she has passed a winter in excitement and gayety?" she asked; "will she come down to our humble sphere, after revelling in luxury for months? I fear, greatly, that we shall err, by placing her under such temptations. Mary is already fond of novelty, and she has taste, I know, to appreciate art. In your brother's family, she will have all this gratified. She is contented now, with the attentions of Albert Warner, because, as yet, she knows no one superior to him. How will it be when she has seen the elegant and distinguished men who are so often at your brother's table, and who, of course, must feel bound to bestow a little passing attention on his niece?"

"Now, Serena," said my father, "you do place the visit of a child to her uncle's house in a very important light. I do not see it thus, at all."

"True," she answered, "it is precisely because you are not a mother, that you do not see it."

I was an involuntary listener to these words; but they had an effect upon my mind that remained during the whole of that eventful visit.

I arrived at my uncle's house a few days before the New England Thanksgiving, when the season of amusement was beginning; and, thanks to my kind relations, I enjoyed the best of them. Everything which a kind and genuine politeness could suggest, was done to make my first season in town pass pleasantly.

My aunt was a fashionable woman, but she was judicious, kind, and sincere. She loved the splendors of life, but she did not sacrifice mind to them. She had a taste for the beautiful, and, somehow, she had the faculty of blending it with everything belonging to her. Even my sallow face and awkward figure received a new and startling alteration, under her direction.

As I gazed at myself in the ample glass in my dressing-room, three weeks after I arrived, I should hardly have recognised the elegant figure which it reflected, for that which had appeared a short time before at the Glenville ball. I was surprised at the effect which the dress-maker and hair-dresser had produced; and I confess that I secretly admired myself on that evening. I was dressed for a party, and I believed earnestly that I should make a sensation there. I forgot that there would be those present to whose perfect and complete beauty, as well as to their superior attractions of manner, mine would be as the moth to the butterfly. However, I enjoyed it, and was quite satisfied with the attentions which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, I received. My uncle had no daughters, and, possibly, there were some young men there who would have little objections to me, if they thought I should ever inherit his property.

The thought of Albert Warner kept my heart from any entanglement; and I had not yet become surfeited with pleasure,—so that I cared little for the conquests of which others were so constantly boasting. It was enough for me to know that, wherever I appeared, I could command a certain degree of attention, and I asked no more. I did not stop to think whether the elegant beings around me had hearts or not.

This could not last long, however, and my serenity was disturbed at the first cloud. By my aunt's desire, I had written to Albert to come up for a week. He accepted her invitation, and I was glad and happy when he came. Happiness sparkled in his eyes, and made him look positively handsome. I went out to walk with him soon after tea, and my own happiness was complete. We returned home to find a party of our most fashionable friends, who had dropped in, one after another, to chat about the entertainment of the previous evening. And now came my trial. I had ever thought that Albert looked and appeared like a gentleman. I know now that he did; but at that time, I was jealously sensitive to anything which marked him as differing from the people around us; and my eyes watched every glance and movement in the room, when he was presented to the company by my uncle. I saw the sarcastic look of Russell Stedman, as he advanced to shake hands with Albert. I noticed the side-long glance which he gave to Louisa Graves, who, in turn, smiled back with an expression just like his own. My cheek burned with anger; and yet, I was worse than they, for I felt ashamed of his appearance, since it could excite their mirth.

Later in the evening, I was proud to find that,

on several subjects that were started by my uncle, Albert conversed with a freedom and propriety far above any in the room, and with an evident understanding of all their bearings. But this exultation was sadly taken down, when Stedman asked him some questions relative to a subject of etiquette, and he failed to answer him satisfactorily.

Albert did *not* stay a week. He was evidently pained and annoyed by my devotion to fashion and style, and disturbed and angry with the impertinence of Russell Stedman, who, for the passing amusement of the hour, or perhaps purposely, to vex the "country youth," as he called Albert, had begun to load me with a series of unwelcome attentions. Albert saw all this with a jealous eye, and his sensitive nature could not patiently endure it. What wonder, when he saw that I was not satisfied with his personal appearance, and that I took every opportunity of praising the superior fashion of our other guests, their air, manner, dress, and all the thousand little nothings which attract empty minds. O, it was too true of me, what my mother had said, that this season in town would unfit me for my sphere.

I was becoming selfish, haughty, arrogant. I had unconsciously adopted the importance which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, had been tendered to my acceptance; and, in my audacity, had forgotten that it was not mine, but only lent to me for the season.

My parting interview with Albert was very sad on his side—very cold on mine. I resented his wish to withdraw me from the scenes which he truly felt were unfitting me for the lowly station which, as a poor printer, was all that he could offer me, as his wife. He knew his own powers of mind, he acknowledged, and he was sure that some day he would attain distinction somewhere—but he expected to toil on for many years, and it would be easier climbing, he said, if he was sustained by a wife's hopeful love. Meantime, he was confident that I should never grow stronger or more hopeful in my love, by the life I was then leading, and it was his earnest hope and wish that I should leave it, and go home.

I was angry and surprised, and undoubtedly answered him peevishly. He turned away with a sad look, which haunted the whole of that sleepless night; but the next morning, Russell Stedman was by my side, and that day I spent whole hours with him at the Athenæum, hearing his implied admiration for myself, and his no less openly implied sneers at my "country lover."

I will not say that I experienced no remorse at this, for I truly did; and yet, such was the fascinating influence of his presence, that I went on, joining him in many of his opinions upon the quality of that sort of style which only could please those truly initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Weak as I was, I did not perceive how he led me on to utter such opinions, derogatory to the man who had showed how he loved me, by selecting me as his future wife. I did not perceive that I was unconsciously exalting this brainless puppy of fashionable pretensions above my own true-hearted and high-minded lover.

It was not until I sat down in my own room at night, that the voice of conscience was heard; and even then I resolutely turned away from its words. It told me to go home—to go home to the heart that loved me—and to leave forever the scenes and the beings that were coming between me and that faithful heart.

I turned away from the words; but as I caught a glance at myself in the glass, I saw that my cheeks and lips were as pale as ashes.

I rose the next morning with a strange, faint, wearied feeling; but I went out, and was soon joined by Russell Stedman, who rallied me on my pale looks. I strove to appear gay, and he promised to spend the evening at my uncle's house.

After I returned home, the old thoughts came back to me, but company, music, and lastly, the promised coming of Mr. Stedman, banished it from my mind.

Among my acquaintances, was a young girl who had deeply interested me from her evident sadness. She was frequently in company, by her parents' express command; but she always appeared sorrowful, and could hardly ever be prevailed on to enter into any amusement. I plied her, and often left the dance and the song to sit beside her, for which, I must honestly confess, she did not appear so grateful as I thought she ought. I thought her very unthankful, for I had quite valued myself upon my magnanimity in leaving those who were congenial, and staying with this poor "wall-flower."

My aunt told me her history, one day. She said that she had been engaged, but that the gentleman had suddenly left her without the least explanation; and that she, for a long time, was very ill in consequence of his desertion. So foolish, my aunt said, to care for one who left her in that way; it provoked her to think a young lady would be so very romantic. It might do for the country or the seaside, but was quite out of place in the city! My aunt thought

that the city was no place for hearts—and perhaps she was right.

Had my aunt told me the whole story—had she intimated that the man who had thus deserted Augusta Mayberry, was the man whom she permitted to come to her house—to ride and walk and dance with one of her family, I should have been a sadder, but perhaps a wiser woman for the revelation. But she never hinted that it was Russell Stedman who had cast this blight over the young girl's innocent life, and had condemned her to a long and perhaps hopeless struggle with her heart and her affections.

My answer was a light laugh, and an assurance that no man in the world could win a tear from me if he deserted me.

"Take care of your heart, then, with Russell Stedman," she laughingly responded.

Russell Stedman! Had it come to that then, that I was warned of him? Were our names linked together thus, and I the promised wife of another? I echoed her laugh, but there was something almost prophetic at my heart, and I longed to be away from her piercing eye.

I felt a light hand upon my arm. It was that of Warren Hay, a stripling of some seventeen years, who had attached himself to my side very often lately, much to the wrath of my constant attendant. He was entreating me to dance, and to drive away present thoughts. I went forward to the saloon where a few couples were forming a set. Something prompted me to shun Russell Stedman for the rest of the evening. He noticed it, and upbraided me with it as we passed each other in the dance, for he, too, joined the set after I had done so.

The next evening saw all our family at the theatre, myself included, and Russell Stedman was by my side. The same week we were at the opera; and so one evening after another I was led through the manifold dissipations of a winter in a city, until the spring dawned upon me, a worn and wearied being.

As my uncle's family was preparing to go to the country for the summer, I hastened my arrangements to go home, and the middle of May was fixed upon for my departure. My uncle was to accompany me, and I was strongly urged by my aunt to join her at Newport in August. "You will see Mr. Stedman there," she added. I bit my lip till it bled, for, although so devoted to me through the winter, he had not spoken in any way to make me suppose that he wished to be engaged. My own engagement to Albert Warner had long since become cancelled in my own mind; and, as I seldom heard from him, I presumed that it was also forgotten by him.

I returned home—O, so different from what I left it! The sallow skin was improved, the awkward figure was straightened, and made graceful; but I was ten years older for that one winter's experience; and, as I looked into the small glass that hung in my chamber, and which had never looked so small before, I shrank from myself. Ah, my mother's prophecy was fulfilled! All that evening, I was looking at the vacant corner which Albert Warner had always occupied. I missed the sight of his figure, the sound of his voice, the music of his cheerful laugh. And everything at home looked so mean and insignificant! My uncle's splendid house, gleaming with light, and the rich curtains and pictures, rose brighter to my memory, when I contrasted it with our small, narrow rooms. My mother's modest dress and smooth hair were so different from my aunt's rich velvets and satins, and her magnificent head-dress. Even the dear old piano sounded like a tinkling cymbal, after my winter's experience of the grand one in *Louisburgh Square*.

When the evening had nearly gone by, I ventured to mention Albert's name. I did it with a sort of foreboding; for something told me that he ought to be there to welcome me home. I had lost the excitement and interest of my city life, and I required another stimulus to supply its place.

My mother looked half-reproachful, half-complacent, when she informed me that he had given up his business some weeks before, and had gone either south or west, no one seemed to know exactly which. I said she looked half-reproachful. When I remembered her earnest appreciation of his talents and goodness—her wish that I should be his wife—and the disappointment of her hopes, I wondered that she did not feel wholly so.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" Albert Warner never seemed so dear to my heart as on that evening, when I felt that he had forsaken me forever; for I did not doubt that my conduct towards him was the cause of his removal. Dissatisfied as I felt with my home, I felt that it would not have seemed so dreary had he but stayed. I thought of another—of the elegant and fastidious Russell Stedman coming to visit me in a home so different from the palace-home which he occupied in the city. I shrank from the thought. Whatever he had thought of me in my uncle's house, I was satisfied that *here*, he would not deign to think of me again.

So I resolutely rooted out all thoughts from my mind, that had the slightest connection with

our winter's flirtation; for much as I already despised the word, I could not call it by any other name, since love was never named between us. And it was for a silly flirtation, then, that I had lost a noble heart.

Day after day, I communed with myself, and the summer was ripening without bringing me a single ray of comfort. What could I do? Even had I known where Albert had gone, I could hardly have made up my mind to write him; and I suffered in silence.

My mother's mind was evidently ill at ease about me. She missed the glad flow of my girlish laughter, which had rung through the house the year before. She missed the sound of music with which I had ever delighted her; for, little as I was skilled, I could always please her by singing the sweet old ballads she loved so well. I liked better now, to sit in my own room, with the blinds shut, and pore listlessly over a volume of poetry, marking such passages as agreed with the morbid state of my mind.

I roused up, one day, after many weeks of this listless inactivity, to the thought that August would be here to-morrow. And I had promised my aunt that I would meet her at Newport. The week before, she had sent me a letter containing ample means to prepare for the journey, and a promise to meet me at a certain point on her way thither. I did not know whether to go, or to send an excuse; but, as I finally decided that I was fairly rusting out in my present state, I availed myself of the outfit she had sent me, and in less than a week was on my way to the grand watering place.

We were late in the season, but my uncle's rooms were engaged months before, and we found them ample and commodious. The air and exercise operated beneficially on my spirits, and my sallow cheek assumed an unwonted glow.

We passed the entire month at this delightful place, and I think my spirits rose with every day's return. The secret charm was the presence of Russell Stedman, who came the very day after we arrived, and remained during our stay. The same attentions which he paid me in the winter, were now renewed; and it was with a feeling of pain that I saw the time approach which was to separate us. Albert Warner was again forgotten. I took myself to task for this miserable, vacillating spirit; but while he was near me, the spell was not to be broken. To disenchant myself I should have been obliged to go back to the old home again. His figure would not blend with the ordinary ones there. De what I would, I failed in grouping him in that place, and with such a background.

Well, we flirted through the Newport season, and walked on the sands, and talked sentiment, the night before we left, but not a word of aught serious. So we parted;—I with a desperate determination never again to see him, and he, I suppose, with a resolution never to commit himself unless he was sure of my becoming Mr. Goodwin's heiress. I judged of this more truly on the following morning, when I was again an involuntary listener to what concerned me alone. I was in the front drawing-room with the blinds shut. It was so early that almost every one was in bed; but I had a book to finish, and I took possession of a chair that might well have been called "Sleepy Hollow," for it contained me entirely, feet and all, within its ample embrace. Leaning against that very window, stood two gentlemen, and I soon caught the following words:

"Well, Stedman, do you go with Mrs. and Miss Goodwin, to-day?"

"Me; what made you think that?"

"Merely because I thought both appeared to have arrived at a point when parting is out of the question, unless necessity compels."

"But I do not know as it would be politic in me to allow myself to come to that certain point."

"Why?"

"Because I do not yet know—let me speak it softly, lest lady ears should hear what lady tongue may proclaim—I am not yet assured that Mr. Goodwin will eventually adopt her, and without that assurance I can go no further."

"I understand. Have you any reason for thinking that he will not?"

"None in particular, but many in general. Mr. Goodwin is a public spirited man, and will probably leave a great deal of his money to public institutions. *I like the girl well enough, but not quite well enough to marry her without money. I have not committed myself!*"

I had heard enough—too much—and never foot trod faster than mine did back to my chamber. I met him at breakfast with a cool, easy, assumed sort of air, that I could see puzzled him terribly. He waited on us to the carriage, and asked me tenderly, when we should meet again. "I cannot tell," I said, "*I have not committed myself!*"

His cheek flushed crimson.

"Let me give you this piece of advice, Mr. Stedman," said I, "never lean against the outside of an open window, at a watering place, when you have secrets to tell;" and I stepped into the carriage, where my aunt had already settled herself.

"How tedious these lovers' partings are to bystanders," she said, laughingly.

"The next meeting between Russell Stedman and me will be more tedious still, to one of us, at least," I answered.

"What does that mean, Mary?"

"It means that Russell Stedman will never break my heart, as he has Augusta Mayberry's." She started.

"How did you learn that?" she asked.

"From one more candid than you were. From herself, last night."

"I did not mean that you should know that, Mary, though perhaps it was wrong in me to keep it from you."

I did not tell her what I thought, nor what I had heard that morning; and I went home feeling somewhat better than before, because I had been excited to anger, and it had taken away my sadness.

The next five years of my life did not pass away without clouds; and regret and remorse were sometimes terribly busy at my heart-strings. My mother was taken from us, and I alone was left to console my father. I was faithful to my duties there—hoping to palliate my past wrongs to another by patient discharge of the future.

My uncle and aunt were pressing in their invitations to me to renew my visit. I believe they were very sincerely attached to me, and liked to have me with them; nay, would gladly have adopted me, had I consented.

But there was a feeling on my part that preferred simple independence with my own father;—a feeling which probably I should not have known, had it not been for the heartlessness I had discovered.

Not until I was twenty-three years old, did I accede to their wishes, except for a day or two; and then only because my father was also included in the invitation to pass the winter with them. My uncle thought that the change would be beneficial to my father's health; and he promised him a great treat in the various lectures which were announced for the season, by rare and distinguished orators.

Seven years! Could it be seven years since I had arranged my hair at that mirror, for my first introduction into company? As I stood there now, calm, quiet—and I must say it—*handsome*, I could almost see the little sallow girl of sixteen, shy, awkward, and expectant, gliding in by the side of the full and well-developed figure which the woman of twenty-three presented there. I gloried in the change. I could not help it. I knew, too, what had made the change. It was the influence of high and lofty associa-

tions—the intellect which I had cultivated—the noble souls whose powers had been transmitted to me in the last three or four years, through their works which I had studied.

I had read deeply—earnestly—until the very souls of the writers seemed infused into my own. I had forgotten all that I had learned of the petty artifices of fashion, and had come out a true, earnest-hearted woman—a loving, trusting, hopeful woman—looking upon life as a means, not an end, and better, if not stronger for the painful discipline which I had known. I had worked this out for myself. I had not gone to this or that reforming or levelling power—the refuge of weak and disappointed minds; but I had truly to ascertain in what way I might discharge the duties belonging to me, and in their discharge I had grown into new harmony with nature and humanity.

I found a new set of people at my uncle's house. The butterflies of fashion who had fluttered there when I had passed my first season under his auspices, had flown away, *somewhere*; and Mr. Goodwin, growing old, and having no young people of his own, had naturally drawn around him those more congenial to his age and habits. It was very pleasant to me, for I dreaded going back into the old track. I had never felt myself fully entitled to enter the lists of fashion, even when I most eagerly mingled with her votaries. I *did* feel assured that I was able to appreciate talent and intellect; and I found now that I should be gratified to the extent of my wishes.

My uncle had become the patron of art. His taste had been ripened by two years' sojourn in Europe; and he drew around him all who were worthy to come into his sphere. Artists, scholars, poets, statesmen, gifted men and intellectual women, formed his daily circle; and it was with an expression of joyful surprise that he found that I, too, "if not the rose, had been near the rose." I had associated with gifted minds through their works—it was his delight to bring me with them face to face.

It was like a new existence to me. I breathed enchanted air. My father, too, renewed his old love for intellectual pursuits, and displayed so much intelligence and good sense that I felt proud of him, and so did my uncle.

We went, one evening, to hear a distinguished orator repeat a lecture which had attracted universal applause. I recollect it perfectly. It was "The Romance of the Sea." I had heard it the first time it was delivered, but I longed to hear it again; and it was with a sense of disappointment that, after waiting thirty minutes

after the appointed hour, the president announced that the lecturer was taken suddenly ill, and could not appear. A murmur of disappointment ran through the hall, but the president proceeded to say that a gentleman from the west had been induced to supply Mr. C.'s place for that evening, and begged permission to introduce Mr. ——. I lost the name in the sudden movement of the audience in settling itself again to the attitude of listening; but I saw a tall, manly, well-defined form approach the rostrum, and a noble head bowed gracefully to the audience.

Half an hour—an hour—even longer, the people sat, so still that not a word was lost, while that rich, musical voice poured forth its tide of eloquence, its stirring beauty, its melting pathos. Surely—surely—said I, to myself, I must have seen those eyes and heard that voice in my dreams. The sentiments were those I had often ascribed to some being who should come some day to the world with a new revelation of goodness and justice—to the ideal man who, strong in the nobleness of right, should be above the fear of all wrong; and, appealing to the noblest principles only, should carry all hearts with him in his progress. Vague, indeed, was my conception of this idea, but it was something. I thought, to have formed it at all, it was *more* and *better* to have it realized at all. Reflecting upon this, I had shaded my face with my hand, but at a movement that marked involuntary applause of a remarkable sentence which he had just uttered, I looked up and saw the eyes again. All the past years since I was a mere child, faded away in a moment, so much did those eyes resemble others that were treasured in my heart's dearest memories. For a moment, I was moved in spirit to utter an exclamation, but I suppressed it. The start which I could not suppress, attracted the notice of those around me, and I heard a voice—it was Russell Stedman's voice—ask if the lady was faint. I turned round to assure him that I was not. I wanted to look at him, and I knew that he would not recognize me, I had so changed, since he knew me. I saw a coarse, but still rather handsome man, who looked as if he was in the habit of "pouring deep libations," and I knew it was he, at once. His voice, peculiar always, had not changed at all. I should have known it any where, for its want of depth and intonation. The lady who hung upon his arm, and whose fan he was holding, showed that he had "committed himself," by asking her to become his wife. She was a faded, inanimate looking woman, quite a contrast to the bari and ruby-

faced man beside her. I turned back gladly to the "eyes" again.

My uncle was in ecstasies; and the moment the lecture was concluded, he proposed inviting the speaker and the officers of the association to a social supper at his house, as was frequently his custom, when more than ordinarily interested in the lecturer.

As he passed from the platform, he was met by our party, and the president, readily divining my uncle's intention, seized the moment for an introduction. This time I heard the name, and it sent a thrill through my heart. I could not look up at those eyes now, for he had, I knew, recognized my uncle and my father, and soon he must know who "Miss Goodwin" was, too. I never knew how I got through with that introduction. I did not fully recover my senses, I believe, until we were seated, strangely enough, and by mere accident, side by side at the supper-table.

Then I ventured to look up, and the silent look I received was enough. The preparation of the last seven years had been made not in vain. He was changed, and I exulted in the thought that he was not alone in being so. Soul could meet with soul now; but how was it with the hearts? Had nothing dearer come to the gifted man—the idol of the intellectual—the impersonation of my ideal—since he had loved the little sawn-faced, ignorant girl? There were few words between us; but as we both leaned against a deeply curtained window in the drawing-room, half concealed by the ample drapery, from the eyes of the company, who were eagerly conversing upon some topic of the day, our eyes met. "Mary!" "Albert!" It was enough. Language, though it had been from the lips of angels, would not have helped us here.

* * * * *

"What are you writing so earnestly, Mary?" said my husband, just now, as he entered the room. "I should think you were preparing a memorial to Congress, by the way you put your soul into your pen."

"Perhaps I am—for Woman's Rights!"

"No need of that, dear; come with me, and I will show you the best exposition of that vexed question."

He led me to the next room, where three bright, laughing, rosy-cheeked children were trooping over sofas, chairs and tables, to the imminent risk of their own limbs and the spoiling of our new furniture. He joined in their play, with a face full of smiles, and beaming with a parent's love, while I stood by in affected

dignity, pretending to despise such trifling in grown-up people.

"You can't help yourself, Mary, there is a fragment of a smile at the corner of your mouth, which tells a truer story than a thousand written pages could do."

He placed the youngest, little Mary, in my arms at that moment; and as I hushed the little wearied creature to sleep, I heard him utter softly, while gazing upon his household group, "I am content to die—but O, *not now!*"

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

A plain marble stone, in a church-yard, bears this brief inscription: "She always made home happy." This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her! Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "She always made home happy."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

QUALITIES OF THE ROSE.

The damask rose, prepared in a liquor that is left after the distillation of rose water, is or was once made into a syrup which possessed purgative properties; it was recommended to be infused in whey of asses' milk, to be given in the morning, to purify the blood. The red rose, on the other hand, is astringent in its medical action; it is claimed to be good, when properly prepared, to heal ulcers of the lungs, and to check the spitting of blood. An old writer asserts that he has cured desperate consumptions of the lungs with cow's milk and conserve of roses continued a long time. There is also a consumptive apothecary on record who cured himself by eating sugar of roses almost continually.—*Tribune.*

A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth. Digitized by Google

THE CARRION CROW.

BY W. LEIGHTON, JR.

Morning awake! nature arise!
See brightly blush the eastern skies,
Prolonging there the foremost ray
That brought glad tidings of the day.

Soaring on high
Amid the sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Awake, ye forests, from your sleep!
Soon o'er the hills the sun will peep—
Gild your tall treetops with his light—
Drive from your depths the shades of night.

Proud lord am I
Of earth and sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Ye silent fields of ripening corn,
Rejoice ye, in the glowing morn!
Your golden fruit will soon be seen
Bursting forth from covering green;

A feast for me,
I know 'twill be—
I am the Carrion Crow.

The farmer looks upon his field,
Counting the bushels it will yield;
I'll dine each day his crops upon,
While his straw man stands looking on.

I'm a wise bird,
As he has heard—
I am the Carrion Crow.

When to the field my flock I've led,
Our watchman, upon the scarecrow's head,
Will see that none are lurking nigh,
Our dainty dinner to annoy.

For I was not
Born to be shot—
I am the Carrion Crow.

I love to float along the sky,
Passing hill and woodland by;
Now bathing in the cloud's soft veil—
Now close to earth I gently sail.

Though sad my cry,
Yet glad am I—
I am the Carrion Crow.

UNCLE STEPHEN
IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY ELLA CARLETON.

THERE are but few of us who do not think there are incidents of romance and beauty connected with the rudely-constructed log cabins of the western wilds; and yet one would scarcely have thought the rough structure of which I am about to speak ever held a being within its mud-chinked walls worthy the notice of the most humble pen. But I have said enough for a preface, and now for a few incidents.

It was long ago, reader. The steam engine

had not then invaded the western forests, nor even sent its whistle and smoke in that direction. The topmost branches of the old oaks, with the first breezes of the morning, bowed and nodded to each other as of yore, while their progeny climbed slowly upward, and the young ivy kept them company. Here and there, in some cleared spot, where nature seemed at peace, and the birds were having one great holiday, blue smoke rose upward and wreathed off alone, for there was no other cabin's smoke within many miles to mingle and bear it company. Brown-armed children with ruddy faces skipped and danced beneath those trees, unmindful of the noisy city that was many miles away, where the poor are born and live and die without ever drinking in one breath of the pure air as it comes from nature's great reservoir. But to the minutiae of our tale.

The large, rough cabin of Samuel Champlin, or Uncle Sam, as he was called by the settlers who knew him, was piled together beneath the shade of one of those trees of which we have spoken, and around him were several rich acres of land that his own brawny arm, with the aid of his faithful wife, had cleared and got ready for the seed. There was no other cabin within several miles, but neither Uncle Sam nor his wife seemed to mind this; for, as they said, it gave them breathing-room, and space to hunt, and the children could whoop and exercise their lungs without the neighbors interfering in their sports or remarking upon their costumes. And so time flew by—the children growing larger and the precincts of the far-off city advancing nearer to the cabin. And then the more numerous settlers widened the Indian trail-path that led from the thick forests to the busy haunts of men, while yearly grew the intimacy between the settlers and the dwellers in the more thickly inhabited district. Winter came, and the glittering snow was piled and drifted in every direction, save the new-made road; but that was kept level, for the dwellers along its wayside now added to their gains in winter many a dollar that they would not have obtained had the roads been impassable; for gay parties of the youth and beauty of the town now congregated in rough jumpers and rude sleighs behind their hardy Shetland and Canadian ponies, and dashed off with almost lightning speed along the smooth surface of the snow towards the same smoke-browned cabins of the scattered settlers.

Among the favorite places of resort, was the home of Uncle Sam, for his cabin was of larger size than most of the others, and contained several different apartments, and the young men

said he kept the best cider and apples, and the girls whispered to each other that his good-natured wife always made her cakes of better materials than the other log-cabin landladies, and then everything about the premises looked so neat and nice, and had such an air of civilization, that they were not afraid to partake of whatever was offered them there.

Early one morning in midwinter, I was seated at the side window of my room in the hotel, when I saw passing up the broad walk in the distance, the tall and well-proportioned figure of Edson Peirce. His step was hurried, and, to use a phrase of modern date, I knew something unusual was in the wind; so I laid by the paper I was glancing over, and stepped to the door to meet him.

"Good morning, Edson," said I.

"Yes," said he, "it is a good morning—just the one for a sleigh-ride, and we have made up a nice little party to go out to old Uncle Sam's."

"Who are going, Ed?" inquired I, with a good deal of interest.

"O, Charles Swift, Albert and William Hurd, Mr. Brenton and—"

"Brenton?" interrupted I, and I know I looked anything but amiable. "Why do you call him Mr., and all the rest of the young men of our acquaintance by their first names?"

"Well, I—I can't say, unless it is—"

"Because you are a little stupid, Ed."

"No, not that, Stephen, but because he is so much richer than the rest of us."

"And how do you know he is rich? for he has not been in the place more than three months, and methinks we ought not to pass judgment too quickly, when we have to take his word for everything."

"Why, haven't I seen him every day since he came among us? and I have never seen him yet without plenty of cash. And then, such letters of recommendation and introduction as he has; why, mercy! he must be from almost the highest circles of English society."

"May be," said I; "but—"

"Never mind about your buts," interrupted Edson, impatiently; "he is to be one of the company to-day, so do treat him as it becomes one gentleman to treat another, and he a stranger."

"Well, let it all pass, Ed. Who are to be the ladies of our party?"

"O, Lucy Atkins, Ellen Bush and"—looking archly at me,— "Angeline Knight, etc."

I felt a little too much blood escaping upward, but I paid him off by naming Elsey Davis, and then we began to converse about who kept the

fastest horses that we could hire, and where we could get a jumper that would a little outdo the rest in point of beauty and convenience.

"Be sure and take your accordeon, Ed," said I, "and if you see Albert in season, tell him to tuck his violin in among the buffalo robes, for music is the life of the soul, and perhaps we can get that little wood-nymph of Uncle Sam's to sing to us if we play for her."

Edson promised yes; and then, after buttoning up close to his chin his shaggy overcoat, he again passed down the broad sidewalk, while I went in another direction to look for a fast pony.

Our company did not all assemble until about two or three in the afternoon, and then such a merry set as we were never made the woods ring so before. It seemed to be perfectly natural for every girl of the party to please. They all had such starry eyes, sunny hair and beautiful expressions generally, that it was difficult to say which one it was advisable to love the most. Brenton seemed to be the happiest of the party; but there was a recklessness about his manner that I didn't like. Angeline said with a silvery laugh, when no one was very near, that it was only because he had a handsomer pair of whiskers than I had, and because in our plays he was always adjudged to pay more forfeits. If she hadn't looked so roguish when she said it, I know I should have been vexed at that, but la! you couldn't get vexed with Angeline, let her say what she would, for she had such a coaxing way of saying she didn't mean any harm.

Early in the morning, as soon as the head ones in the company had made up their minds to go, they had sent a runner in advance to let Uncle Sam and his lady know that they might expect us in the evening; so when we arrived, which was soon after the sun bade Yankee land good-by for the night, such a fire as was glowing in that fifteen foot fireplace, I do believe it would have been considered a conflagration if it had occurred anywhere around here; but not so there, for it looked cheering out in that wild region, where one rough, stone chimney had to manufacture all the smoke that circulated for many miles. I was the first one to step within the wide door of the cabin, and with me Angeline Knight, and close behind us Elsey Davis and Brenton. O, what a burst of beauty met my gaze as I opened the door. There, in the corner, just where the blazing logs lit up every feature to the best advantage, stood Etta Champlin, Uncle Sam's eldest daughter. I had not seen her for a year, and she was now just sixteen. I had always thought her beautiful,

but now, *beautiful* was a poor word to portray that child of the wilds. At a glance, I could perceive that she had visited the city since I saw her last; for she was dressed as tastefully as the girls of our party, though her costume was a mixture of the fashions of the Indian and white maidens; with bare arms and shoulders, and a short frock confined at the waist with a kid belt beautifully embroidered with beads. For a moment, I stopped and did not speak, for I was amazed at the change one year had made, but I instantly rallied, and feeling ashamed of my silence, advanced.

"Why, Etta," I said, "if you grow much more lovely we shan't let you remain out here in the woods—you must come to the city."

Etta glided easily and gracefully out of the corner, and, as she reached me her hand, she said pleasantly, but in a half whisper:

"The forest is the best place for the deer; it would die in the city—there is not room."

Just at that moment I caught a glance of Brenton's eyes as they were bent on the form and features of Etta, and I thought of every incarnate monster of which I had read from early childhood, but presently there came a counter thought—pshaw! it is only fancy; it is very ungentlemanly always to be imagining something against a stranger.

Then came in one after another of our party; and a little while was spent in laying aside hoods, caps, coats, cloaks, and then all took seats on the smooth benches drawn up before the fire. Etta seemed to glide around like a little fairy, handing a mug of cider to this one and a plate of cakes to that one, while her mother was busy in the square pantry preparing more and giving directions to two or three French girls who had been summoned from miles away, partly to help and partly to see and enjoy, as soon as Uncle Sam knew of our coming. All had spoken to the fair Etta. Brenton had been introduced to her, and everything promised fair for a very pleasant time.

"You haven't passed Mr. Brenton any apples, Etta," said Edson, as she reached the plate to him.

"O, I am sorry I slighted you, sir," she answered, innocently skipping towards him.

"O, never mind, my dear," answered the Englishman, looking full into her face; and then, as she came nearer and held the fruit, he said something to her that made the blood leap upward till it swelled the blue veins of her forehead, and for a moment left a peach-bloom hue over her face, neck and dimpled shoulders; but it was spoken so low that we could not catch a

word, while she turned and looked towards the opposite corner of the room near where a candle (for it had become quite dark now) illuminated the features of a large, robust-looking young man who had just entered and placed a lantern on the table. He was dressed in deer-skin breeches and a short hunting-frock, with a strong leathern belt confining it at the waist, and a hunting cap, which, as I looked around, he was just in the act of placing on an antler nailed to the logs. He could not have heard what the Englishman said to Etta, but he heard his voice, and caught her expression as she looked up, and I never shall forget the flash that went out from his eyes; but he said nothing—he only bent forward as if to make sure which of our number had been last helped by her. A few moments after, Uncle Sam came in, and replenishing the fire, said:

"Now make merry, young folks; enjoy yourselves while you are young, especially in my house, for Kate and I were young once, and we always wished the old folks the longest lives that let us make the most noise; so laugh, sing, dance and play on those fiddle-de-dees to your hearts' content. You will keep nothing awake here except a wolf or two, and may be a bruin that sometimes tries to make our acquaintance."

And then a little while after Uncle Sam and his wife disappeared, either by design or otherwise, and we heard of the former being engaged out at the frame barn seeing to the ponies, and that Katy had slipped on her cloak and hood and gone out to talk with him—so comment on the company, and tell him that as everything was ready in the pantry the young folks would enjoy themselves better to be alone. For a while we sat in front of the mammoth fire and joked and laughed, and then a few songs were sung. Etta took part with the rest, and then we requested her to sing alone. She complied rather bashfully, and sang a beautiful song that she had composed in leisure hours while looking on the wild scenery that surrounded them. How natural, how beautiful were the tones of her voice as they came up from the pure fountain of song. She did not seem to know how beautiful she was or how sweetly she sang, but she did seem to notice how closely the Englishman's eyes followed and watched her, and it appeared to annoy her; but she said nothing, and when the music commenced and all joined in the dancing, he offered her his hand in the set. She did not refuse, but looking towards the upper end of the room where stood the young hunter, who had been invited to dance, and was now standing op-

poetic partner, a young French girl, I saw that he gave her a peculiar look, that I interpreted as expressing a wish that she should accept, and in a moment more she was gliding with a natural grace down the centre of the long room in company with Brenton, her tiny feet scarcely touching the floor as they kept time with the music.

The Englishman appeared to be in his glory; he chatted and laughed with the fair young creature in the pauses of the figure, and when it was ended he took a seat by her side at the back of the room. Had his manner been that of a gentleman, nothing would have been thought of this familiarity by the dwellers in the forest, as their hearts were pure and they looked for nothing but purity in others, and they were so far away from the thicker haunts of men that with right good will they enjoyed the society of those from the settlements when they came among them; but there was a something about the manner of the young Englishman that the rural beauty could not fathom, and she would like to have shunned him, but the eyes of the hunter told her not to, so she did not rise as he sat by her side and talked.

"You are too pretty to be pent up in these woods," said he, with a great deal of assurance.

"I like the woods better than the town," returned Etta.

"But you would not if you could reside there a little while; it is just the place for such a beauty as you are to make your fortune. Why, if you were a sister of mine, I would have you in the market very quick, and marry you off to some of the nobility."

The young hunter was leaning against the rough mantel, and as Brenton went on, every moment getting more enthusiastic, and speaking louder to the fair one beside him, I saw his lip curl, and he gave a glance around upon the company assembled but made no remark. The Englishman's bold manner seemed to disconcert us all a little, but soon another "Take partners for a set" was spoken, and this time Etta danced with the hunter; and afterwards, when he led her to a seat, he bent his lips to her ear for a moment, when she looked up so full of confidence and love that not one of the company could fail to understand that he possessed her heart. This not only seemed to astonish Brenton but to annoy him; so when the hunter had left her side he crossed to where Etta was sitting and commenced talking to her again, nor did he try to disguise the contempt he felt for the rough exterior lover. I exchanged glances with Edson, and I saw that he felt extremely pained, and

a moment after he asked Brenton if he would not like to step out to our ponies and see if all were right.

"No," said the Englishman, with a proud toss of the head; "I prefer the society of the ladies, especially this little rustic beauty."

Up to this time the hunter had made no remark to Brenton, nor would any but a close observer have perceived that he noticed him more than any of the rest, but now approaching the Englishman, he said, pleasantly:

"Will not the other girls be jealous, if you show so much more attention to this one than to those that came with you?"

"And what is that to you? If they are jealous, would you like to stand champion?"

"Well, no," answered the other, in the same pleasant tone; "I shouldn't like to fight a human being if I could help it. I have no objection to encountering a bear or a catamount once in a while."

Edson and I exchanged glances again. I felt as if the current of my blood was beginning to congeal in my veins, and he looked as though if the girls were not present he would have said some hard things to the Englishman; for we knew the spirit and manner of backwoodsmen better than our imported companion, and we had seen enough of him to know that he would grow more insolent if the young hunter continued pleasant and conciliating.

"Well, then, you had better return to the corner, young man," said Brenton, "for it won't do for a rustic Yankee to be too familiar with gentlemen;" and then he drew himself nearer to the girl, and as if to crown the climax of his impudence, and to further provoke the young hunter, whom he thought an ignorant coward, he said, "If you know how to prize your beauty, you would not waste it on such a clown as he is,"—and he attempted to press his lips to her soft cheek.

With a light bound and a stifled cry, Etta sprang from him, while every one of the company seemed paralyzed, expecting that a death struggle would follow. As Etta sprang from Brenton's side the hunter received her in his arms, and still spoke pleasantly, saying:

"I would not harm you, sir, especially before all these girls, for probably they are not used to fighting; but I think it strange that you should be one of such an otherwise peaceable company."

I attempted to speak, but the sound only amounted to a whisper, while Brenton arose to his feet, seemingly forgetful that there was any one present save the hunter and himself.

"Curse you," said he, "for a coward! I make it a point to chastise any one that interferes with me, let him be where he will and no matter who is present," at the same time aiming at the other a blow with his clenched fist. The young backwoodsman's strong right hand met the arm of his opponent as it was descending, and for a moment it was held as if in an iron vice; then giving it a fling downward as a child would a toy, he said, calmly:

"Be quiet, boy, or your bones may bleach in the western wilds."

In an instant, Brenton drew a pistol from beneath his coat and aimed it at the head of the young man; but its contents remained in the barrel, for with an easy movement the other wrenched it from him and threw it into the cavern-like fire-place among the blazing logs. Immediately the Englishman drew a large bowie knife that he had kept concealed, and rushed toward the hunter with a face purple with rage. We all leaped to our feet, while Etta, with a cry of anguish, sprang into the arms of her lover, and at the same instant received the blow destined for the hunter. The assassin's knife stuck quivering in her fair dimpled shoulder. Her lover gave one look towards it, then turned his glance on Brenton. That look will go with me to the grave.

Gently withdrawing the knife and laying her softly in the arms of one who sprang to receive her, we heard a hissing sound escape through his teeth, and the next moment the same knife quivered in the heart of the Englishman, while an explosion from the burning weapon between the strong stone jambs told us that it contained a deadly charge. And now the wide rude door was flung back, and in rushed Uncle Sam and his wife to learn the cause of the explosion; but the scene that was spread out before them I shall never forget. On the spot where but a little while before we were all dancing so merrily, now lay Brenton, with eyeballs upturned, through which the light of day could enter no more, and around him in warm pools his own life blood. Etta now lay in her lover's arms, unconscious of the horror depicted on every face that surrounded her, or the wild cries of her mother who bent over her.

But we will not longer dwell on description, but say that the Englishman's bones bleached in the western wilds, and after many months of suffering Etta Champlin recovered from the fright and the wound inflicted by Brenton, and rewarded the brave hunter by a gift of her own fair self. Some may think that our party were to blame for not interfering sooner, but events

followed each other in such rapid succession at the crisis, that we were bewildered until we saw the knife, and then it was too late for prevention. The law administered to the young backwoodsman no punishment for the deed, for there were too many witnesses in his favor. But this event did not disturb the current of our enjoyment long, for the next winter as gay parties as ever visited Uncle Sam's, but we were more particular who went with us. Brenton, we afterwards learned, was an extensive forger who had fled from justice, and this accounted for his having so many letters of recommendation.

"Emma," said Uncle Stephen, "on the very spot where that log cabin stood is now built a large frame house, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the smoke from neighbors' chimneys wafts up on every side; come and look out of the window and I will show it to you."

I did as he requested, and he pointed to a beautiful dwelling but a few rods off as the one. As I looked and saw the dim outline of the woods away off in the distance, and the large mansion that intervened between, it all seemed to me like magic.

"Do you see that noble-looking old man coming up the street with a portly lady by his side, and those young children running to meet them?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that is the hunter and his Etta, and those are their children's children; they all live together in that frame house."

A GREAT EEL FISHERY.

The eel is, in one respect, at least, a suggestive fish. "Slippery as an eel," is a phrase often used to denote character; and we doubt not that if everybody knew the extent of the eel fisheries of Italy, the term "plentiful as eels" would soon supplant the old Yankee expression "plenty as blackberries." In early spring the eels ascend the river Po, and in the months of October, November and December, when about returning, channels leading into still water-basins are opened, and the fish, thinking that they are upon their way to the sea, enter the basins in such great numbers that oftentimes the quantity accumulated there is so large as to form a mass which rises above the surface of the water. The eels are taken by the fishermen from these basins and conveyed to different markets. In the year 1851, about a million and a half pounds of eels, valued at \$170,000, were captured in the basins in Cammachir alone.—*Weekly Despatch*.

When we are conscious of the least comparative merit in ourselves, we should take as much care to conceal the value we set upon it, as if it were a real defect; to be elated or vain upon it, is showing your money before people in want.

THE ROSE.

BY S. H. S.

The rose is withering. Gentle flower—
How soon its beauty fades away!
It flourishes its little hour,
And then its beauty dies for aye!

I watched its lovely leaves unfold,
And richer grew they every hour.
But I remember I was told
The rose was but a fading flower.

So, like the rose our pleasures die;
They fade as quickly from our sight,
As clouds that veil a morning sky
Retire, and leave a clearer light.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"COUSIN SOLON, are you ready?" called the voice of a young lady at my door, one morning, at nine. I recognized this voice as that of Arabella, the second daughter of my cousin, Mrs. Harrington, who had insisted when I called in on the previous afternoon that I should remain over night in order to attend a public breakfast with her and her daughters on the morning succeeding.

I was quite ready when Miss Arabella knocked at my door; and accordingly making myself visible, accompanied her down stairs. She was in the highest of juvenile spirits—that is, juvenility at seventeen—and talked to me with the greatest animation. I think she was conscious of looking especially pretty on that particular morning, and of appearing her best. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with her good humor, I cannot say; but I suspected that she was not without her share of female vanity. But she was very young, and really good-hearted. We entered the empty parlor.

"How, my dear," I said, "are you and I the only ones ready?"

"O, Cousin Solon, you know it takes Flora and Caroline a great while to dress," was Arabella's answer; "and mama, too,—she never comes down till they are ready. But I dare say they will join us in ten minutes or so; at least, by the time Harry comes in. He will be back here shortly; he only meant to be gone half an hour. Let us sit down in this pleasant window and talk together till they come."

I took my place beside her, while she chatted away in the happiest possible strain. I am one of the class denominated "good listeners;" a character which suited my little cousin admirably

that morning; for she was eager to tell me of the gayeties into which she had lately entered, having but just "come out:" of her beautiful new set of pearls, which she had teased mama to purchase for her; and of a love of a bouquet which had the evening before been presented her by a certain distinguished gentleman, whose notice made her an object of especial envy to a great number of young ladies.

All this I heard very distinctly; but I was thinking at intervals of something quite unconnected with the subject of Miss Arabella's elegancies; and as soon as courtesy would permit, after its conclusion, or what, from the length of the succeeding pause, I inferred to be such, I asked:

"At what time, my dear, does your cousin Elma come?"

"At a quarter past nine she said she would be in." And she consulted her watch. "It is five minutes past now, Cousin Solon; so she will be here in exactly ten minutes more. Not a second earlier or later, I assure you; for Elma Beverly is a jewel of punctuality."

Mrs. Harrington entered with her youngest daughter, Caroline, at this moment.

"Elma Beverly—what about her? Ah, Solon—ready? Well, is not Elma here?"

"No, mama. You know she is not to be here till a quarter past nine," said Arabella.

"Isn't Harry come back yet from the office?" asked Caroline, the languid and ringleted Caroline, the sentimental one of the family, who at sixteen imagined herself a heroine of romance, and affected airs accordingly.

She drew a small volume from her pocket, as she received a negative answer, and proceeding to ensconce herself in the recess of a neighboring window, awaited the moment of departure, wrapt in the sorrows and calamities of some imaginary beauty—the counterpart of herself.

Caroline wore a white muslin gown—"a robe of snowy fabric," perhaps I ought to say with (according to the approved style of damsels in novels) "no ornament save a single rose, twined in her luxuriant tresses." She was not by any means pale, as she would have liked to be; on the contrary, she had the finest color of any one in the family. Still, by the aid of her long, dark curls, she managed to make herself look tolerably romantic. But I digress.

Mrs. Harrington seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair near me, casting critical and complacent glances, first upon Arabella, then upon Caroline.

"Really, you look very well, girls, this morning," she said, approvingly; and the satisfied

expression of her eyes, as they met mine, said : "There are no girls like my girls." It was a mother's vanity—pardonable, perhaps.

Flora entered now ; Flora—stately, elegant, graceful,—her mother's especial pride. Mrs. Harrington was very proud of all her children—Flora, Arabella, Caroline, and Harry (who, by the way, was really a fine boy, and my favorite); but Flora was her favorite, I think. The young lady glided into the room with her usual graceful and somewhat haughty air, and speaking to one and another with a mingling of courtesy, affability and nonchalance in her manner, advanced to a window, with the current inquiry for Harry. Mrs. Harrington glanced at me again, with ill-concealed triumph in her eyes. If her other girls looked well, Flora outshone them.

And, truly, they were all handsome girls, and were dressed with indisputable perfection of taste. My cousin Sophia took care of that. She was one to pride herself on matters of dress. Expense, too, was one of the last things considered. Not a flaw was to be discovered in any part of the attire of herself or her children. Nothing was worn but that which was new, elegant and perfect in every respect. The maids my cousin employed had nothing to complain of in regard to the generosity of their mistress. The supplies of dresses and bonnets from their mistress, who seldom wore either a dress or a bonnet a dozen times, was incredible. But it showed people how well and how expensively my cousin Harrington and her children were in the habit of dressing.

We waited a few moments, conversing together, and exactly at a quarter past nine my niece Elma arrived, accompanied by Harry, who had joined her on the way. They came in together, he a bright, handsome, gallant boy of eighteen, laughing-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and she a pretty, simple, innocent girl of the same age, who looked, in her pure, light muslin, and her little white bonnet, with its wreath of lilies of the valleys, as fresh and charming as a spring flower.

"Good morning, Cousin Elma!" "Good morning, Cousin Elma!" they all said, and all shook hands with her—the girls, I know, thinking how pretty she looked, and Mrs. Harrington herself surveying her with a critical eye as she kissed her, and then told her how well she was appearing this morning. That included dress and all, I could see. Sophia was very well satisfied with the appearance of her young cousin. Indeed, I do not see how it could be otherwise. The child always seemed to me without a fault. But if she had been dressed in serge, I do not

think I should have thought her less pretty, when her sweet young face lighted up with such a beautiful smile, and she said in such a musical voice, as she kissed me, "Good morning, Uncle Solon; I am very glad you are going with us."

"I thank you, my dear. How does your mother do to-day?" I said.

"My mother is very well, I thank you. She sends her love to you, uncle; and to you all," turning again to Mrs. Harrington and the girls, "and bade me say again that she very much regretted not being at liberty to accompany you; she could not break her previous engagement with Mrs. Morrison."

"Yes, I am quite sorry," answered Mrs. Harrington; "for I really depended, until yesterday, upon her going. It is so vexatious; Solon," she continued, turning to me, "that Emily will spend the day with a deaf old woman, and find pleasure in it, when she might be going with me."

She stood there, drawing on her gloves, when a carriage drew up before the door, and the girls' delighted exclamation, "O, there's Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew!" was immediately followed by the entrance of a pleasant, majestic-looking, middle-aged lady, attended by a gentleman some years younger—probably he was twenty-five, or thereabouts, though a certain dignity and seriousness blending with the gentle expression of his fine features, made him appear somewhat older than he was,—and this was her nephew and my young friend, Mr. Mostyn.

The exchange of salutations concluded, Mrs. Mostyn said at once to my cousin Sophia :

"My dear, I have come to take one of your girls up on my way to the rooms. I hope you'll consent?"

"With pleasure," smiled Mrs. Harrison.

"Very well; I should like Flora. Flora, my dear, will you come?—O, and you, too, Miss Elma. May I ask so much?—that is, if I don't break up your party too much?" And she then turned to Mrs. Harrington.

Elma had glanced hesitatingly towards Mrs. Harrington, who said :

"O, certainly, if you wish, Mrs. Mostyn;" for she had a kind of reverential admiration for this lady, whose birth, wealth and talents settled her position among the highest; and whatever she said or did was law.

A moment before we all set out, Mrs. Harrington stood in the hall with Elma. I saw her examining something which she held in her hand. Her countenance had lost a degree of its usual placidity, and Elma was slightly coloring.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs.

Mostyn, quietly, taking her nephew's arm and joining them.

Cousin Sophia looked up. "O, nothing of great consequence," she answered, and yet with a slight air of annoyance and severity; "only Elma's glove—she has had the carelessness to put on a pair which are really not fit to be seen."

"Indeed! Why, I was thinking very differently a moment ago," returned Mrs. Mostyn. "Let me see, my dear—not fit to be seen! Where?"

"One is mended," said Elma, in a low voice, and with a timid blush.

"Mended?—why, really, so it is—and very nicely, too. One cannot see it without close examination. If that is all the fault, pray let the child wear the gloves." And she turned, smiling, to my cousin Harrington. "If any one should chance to discover the fact of their having been mended, it will only be to give credit to her skill as a most expert needlewoman."

"Rest assured, madam," said the nephew, in a subdued tone to Mrs. Harrington, "that no one who observes Miss Beverly's hand will ever remark an imperfection in her glove."

My cousin Harrington smiled faintly, and said no more; but I could see that her annoyance was not quite dissipated. With a grave look, she returned to Elma her handkerchief, which she had also been examining, I was sufficiently curious to examine it myself, a moment after, and found a single spot in it, close to the embroidery, where the fabric having worn thin, had been darned with the greatest nicety. But imperceptible as it might have been to others, this single spot had not escaped the eyes of the pink of particularity, my cousin Harrington; and she was therefore excessively annoyed; for she had always interested herself in Elma, as much as her own daughters, in the matter of dress.

"So she scolded you about the gloves and the handkerchief, did she, Elma?" I said, laughingly aside, to the young girl.

Elma blushed.

"Yes, Uncle Solon. But it was my fault. I should have remembered how particular she is. These, however, are my best gloves. And, indeed, I thought they would do sometime yet to wear. I would have brought another handkerchief, if I had thought; but the gloves I could not help wearing, since I had none better. I wished to make them last a week or two longer."

"Economical little Elma! That is right, dear child. But do you know, Elma, I have a curiosity to know why you are so economical? You do not need to wear imperfect gloves or handker-

chiefs either. Your quarterly allowance was, I know, paid you only the week before last. To be sure, it is not a great sum, but then it would buy you numbers of pocket-handkerchiefs and gloves. And that is, I believe, what it is partly given you for."

Elma blushed again.

"I know—but I want the money for something else, Uncle Solon."

"You do? What, I wonder—oh, little Elma! Well, well—I won't tease you, dear," for she was looking, I fancied, a little embarrassed.

At that moment, all were ready to go, and as Mr. Mostyn came for Elma, our conversation was broken off. I entered the carriage with my cousin Harrington and her two younger daughters.

"Pray, Cousin Solon," said Arabella, "what was that you and Elma were saying about economy, in such an earnest way? Something, I dare say, about her gloves, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," I answered.

"Well, whatever it was, Mr. Mostyn must have heard every word, for he was close by you with his mother, though neither of you seemed to observe them; and if there was anything said confidentially, why, he must know it."

"Really, my dear, I do not recollect that we said anything which we would have wished to conceal from him or you either," I said.

I speculated during the remainder of the drive, upon the subject of Elma's gloves, and Elma's economy. My cousin Harrington was once more in her usual good humor. She had evidently dismissed the matter from her mind.

We arrived at our place of destination, and were rejoiced by Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew, with Flora and Elma, who, for her part, looked the picture of happiness.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Mostyn is, Uncle Solon!" she said, aside, to me. "I do not think I ever liked her so well before."

I thought it might be because the attraction was mutual; for Mrs. Mostyn, I know, had been led that morning to look deep into Elma's nature, and such a nature could not but be otherwise than pleasing to her, if she read it correctly, which I felt that a woman of her penetration could not fail to do.

"So you had a pleasant drive, Elma?" I asked.

"Very pleasant—yes, Uncle Solon. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? I do not think I ever met with more agreeable persons than Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew. They both converse charmingly—do they not? Better, I think, than any one I ever heard, almost."

"They understand what the word 'conversation' means, Elma, that is it; and both have minds most excellently and abundantly stored with knowledge. You will gain a great deal of benefit from their society. But we must look about us now and bow to people. All the world is here this morning, I believe."

With the occupation of bowing to people, and our coffee-cups, while we all—that is, Mrs. Mostyn's party and ours—kept up a lively conversation, we got through half an hour, at the expiration of which time, we repaired to the gardens opening from the rooms, whither a great portion of the company had already proceeded.

We had been there but a little while, when a group of ladies of my cousin Harrington's acquaintance came towards us, and accosted her. One of them held in her hand what seemed to be a subscription paper, got up for the benefit of some popular object or other, which just then attracted a great deal of attention. Mrs. Harrington and her three daughters immediately appended their names, with each a considerable sum. I contributed my part also. Elma, however, when asked to sign, reflected a moment, and then, with a slight deepening of color, declined doing so.

"Why Elma! Why not?" was the simultaneous exclamation of her cousins.

"Elma," said Mrs. Harrington, coldly, "I thought you expressed your approval of this object, yesterday?"

Elma colored more deeply. Every eye—Mrs. Mostyn's, Charles Mostyn's and all—was directed to her.

"I did, Cousin Sophia," she said, in a low voice, "but I cannot subscribe. I am very sorry."

"As you please," said Mrs. Harrington, turning away, while Flora and Arabella slightly smiled, and the latter said in a light way:

"Another instance of cousin Elma's 'economy,' I suppose, isn't it? Be careful, Elma, or instead of an economist, I shall think you are a little miser."

"I should not refuse to subscribe, Arabella, if I had not good reasons for it," said Elma, gravely.

"I am sure, Elma," returned her cousin, "you had your allowance when I had mine, and I know you have not spent a single penny."

"No, I have not spent any of it, Arabella."

"How then, do you say you cannot subscribe?"

Elma was silent an instant. Then she said, gently: "Because it is true, Arabella."

Arabella turned away, silenced by the gentle rebuke. Mrs. Mostyn quietly pressed Elma's hand, with an affectionate smile.

"I am sure," she said, kindly, "Elma would gladly give her money if she could do so conscientiously."

A grateful glance beamed from the young girl's eyes; and the approving look she met seemed to give her new courage.

"An enigma, certainly," said a subdued voice at my side. I turned, to see Mr. Mostyn's thoughtful eyes fixed reflectively on my niece's countenance.

"Who—Elma!" I said. "Do you think her an enigma?"

"Yes, and one of no inconsiderable interest, at least, to me. I am trying (it may be impertinent, but I cannot help it,) to study her motives. Not alone those of the present moment, but of her whole life."

"The study is worth your attention, my boy."

"I believe it."

That was all we said. A little while longer and we left the place.

My cousin Harrington had now to visit a neighboring bookseller's with me; and as Mrs. Mostyn wished to go there also, it was settled that we should go together. Arabella and Caroline, who had no desire to accompany us, returned home in my cousin's carriage, and the remainder continued the way in that of Mrs. Mostyn.

We arrived at the bookseller's in a few minutes, and there a new trial awaited Elma. My cousin Harrington and Mrs. Mostyn selected the books they wished for, and then we all lingered, examining some new works just got out. Suddenly Flora called to Elma.

"See, cousin," she said, "here I have fortunately come across the very books you were wishing to get, the other day. The — Magazines, in two large volumes, and nicely bound, too. See, Elma, what a prize!"

Elma's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks grew red—a vivid, brilliant red, as she sprang to Flora's side. O, let me see them, Flora!" she said, eagerly, and stretched out her hand. Then as suddenly she drew it back, with the beautiful flush of girlish delight fading quietly out from her cheek, and her countenance growing slightly serious, as a look of remembrance passed over it; the remembrance of an obstacle. I noticed this, and Mostyn noticed it, too, though Flora did not; for she had immediately turned to the bookseller, inquiring if the books were for sale, or already engaged. He answered that they were for sale, and named the price.

"There, you see the books are yours, Cousin Elma," laughingly said Flora, turning to her again. "Take them now. Will you do them up for Miss Beverly, if you please?" to the shopman.

"No, no; I have changed my mind, Flora," said Elma, quietly. "I do not want—that is—I will not take the books at present."

"Will not take them, Elma! surely you cannot be in earnest!" uttered Flora, in a tone of astonishment. "These books, of which you have talked so much for the last six months! What are you thinking of?"

"I cannot take them, Flora," urged Elma, in a subdued voice. "I beg you not to say anything more about it."

"You had better allow me to put them up, if I may be so bold, miss," said the bookseller, politely, "for I do not think I could get another set at any price whatever, and if you really want them, I should be sorry to let them go to any one else. Shall I put them down to Mrs. Beverly's account, miss?"

"Yes, you had better take them; let him pack them, Elma," urged Flora. "Your first and last chance, remember; and I know how sorry you will be that you did not take them, if you let them go now."

The flush on Elma's cheek was one of pain and of confusion at the consciousness of so many eyes attracted towards her by this scene. Poor Elma had not learned yet how to bear herself with composure, under the charge of singularity. She looked troubled, agitated.

"Dear Flora," she said, in a low, imploring, hurried voice, with downcast eyes, half turning away, as if to escape the curious eyes around her, "indeed, indeed I do not want those books now, and I cannot have them put down in mama's name. I never did such a thing in my life. No, I really, *really* do not want them at all. Pray tell him so, and do not say anything more about it."

Flora looked at her a moment with a surprised and offended air.

"Really, my dear, you are incomprehensible this morning," she said, at length, in a suppressed and freezing whisper. "You need not trouble yourself to pack them," she continued, coldly, addressing the bookseller; "Miss Beverly does not wish for them. Mama," to Mrs. Harrington, "are you ready to go?"

Mrs. Harrington had stood all this time, observing the scene before her, with visible and increasing annoyance. I knew that any scene of this kind, calculated to draw attention and curiosity, was inexpressibly displeasing to her. Her countenance displayed it, as she turned to her friend.

"Mrs. Mostyn, shall we go now?" she said, briefly.

I could not tell why Elma had refused the

books which, for many a long month, she had been wishing to obtain, and which was rarely to be found then, the publication having existed and ceased some twelve years before; but I knew she wanted them. Hastening across the shop, I joined Mostyn, who was standing by the counter, speaking with the bookseller.

"Sir," I said to the latter, "I wish to purchase those books; will you do them up, if you please, and send them this evening to—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have just disposed of them," was the low-toned reply.

The surprise his words occasioned was instantly abated, as I looked at Mostyn, and met his warning glance, beseeching secrecy. He was the purchaser. He had anticipated me by exactly half a minute. And with this little by-play, unobserved by any but Mrs. Mostyn, we followed the party from the shop.

I know my cousin Harrington was more deeply incensed during that day, than I had ever seen her before. I do not know whether she reprimanded Elma, as I am certain she felt inclined to do, for what she was pleased to term "her very singular conduct;" but she talked to me about it, with considerable excitement.

"I truly believe," she said, "that people will say that Emily has lost every penny of her fortune; for certainly, Elma's behaviour to-day would lead one to suppose them absolutely beggared. What strange freak can have got into her head now? Her singularity is certainly insufferable. She made me absolutely ashamed of her to-day."

And Sophia was seriously indignant. She called on Emily the next morning. I was not present, but I heard afterwards that she spoke very emphatically of Elma's "singularity," and very seriously inquired whether Emily had not really become suddenly reduced in circumstances. Now Emily knew that Sophia was truly a good-hearted person in the main, although so trammelled by her regard for appearances, and so blunt spoken as she was: accordingly, she chose to laugh, rather than become offended; made our cousin Harrington take off her bonnet, and stay to dinner; assured her that she, herself, had not lost her fortune, and that the cause of Elma's seeming parsimony was really a very good cause indeed, and one which she would perhaps approve some day.

Emily, on learning the story of the books, without the conclusion, touching their final purchase, was delighted with her daughter's power of self-denial.

"I know it must have cost you a great deal to give them up, my dear," she said to her, "even

for so good a purpose as you have in view; and now you shall have them indeed."

She immediately summoned a domestic, and despatched him to the bookseller's, to secure the books. Of course, they could not be obtained, having, as the man brought back word, been already disposed of.

Now that she had imagined them almost certainly in her possession, this sudden disappointment, after all, was very hard indeed for poor Elma to bear. But she put it down with a firm hand, after the first, and turned away from the contemplation of it.

"It is not such a *terrible* disappointment, Uncle Solon," she said, cheerfully.

I was bound in honor not to betray Mostyn, or I believe I must have acquainted her with the destination of her beloved and long-coveted books.

"Do you not wish now that you had taken them, Elma?" I asked.

She reflected a moment, and then shook her head.

"No, Uncle Solon, I do not. I should be very unhappy now, if I had yielded and taken them. I am glad I did not." And I knew she really was.

The autumn which witnessed the scenes I have described, deepened gradually into winter. Now, I saw Elma in a warm, brown cloak, and close winter bonnet, taking her brisk walk every day, where I had seen her so lately in her warm-weather muslins and simple cottage straw. I could not tell whether she looked prettiest then or now. But I knew—blessings on that dear, sunny little face!—that she was my own, pretty, favorite, loving Elma, at all times the same, summer or winter.

I met her at my cousin Harrington's, sometimes; sometimes at Mrs. Mostyn's; often and often in her own home, where I spent many a happy hour, and where I was always received with a warmth and cordiality that was dearer to me than I found it elsewhere.

But wherever she was, Elma was always bright, cheerful and busy as a bee. I do not remember ever seeing her, when she was not intent upon some good and useful work, for the good of somebody or other. She had always been thus, from her childhood; her life and its aims the very opposite of those of her cousins, the Harringtons. She had always been eager to help those who needed her services, caring especially for the poor.

This fall and winter, however, had given her added means for usefulness; and now I learned how nobly she had improved those means. Be-

sides her mother, she received only Mostyn and uncle Solon into her confidence; for she was one to shrink from exposing, or seeming to display her good works; and only imparted her plans to us, I could see, because she disliked to seem mysterious to those so near as we.

Mrs. Harrington, I think, often meditated seriously now, upon Elma's character and disposition. I think she was convinced of the wisdom of Elma's motives, in whatever she did; though she could not always tell whether those motives tended. The conviction forced itself upon her, from the consistency and steadiness of purpose visible in all her actions, and her gentle perseverance in whatever she considered right. She remarked to me, one day, that Elma seemed more economical than ever. But it was said in a thoughtful way, that showed she no longer looked with an unfavorable eye upon that economy. She allowed that Elma seemed to her to grow more "singular" every day; but she permitted her to be as singular as she pleased, now, saying to me: "I think, finally, it must be for some good purpose."

It was for a good purpose, as she found shortly. It was three days before Christmas, when a party of us, consisting of my cousin Harrington and Flora, Mrs. Mostyn and Charles, with my sister Emily and myself, visited, by especial favor, one of the private meetings of the — society, a new institution, formed for obtaining means for the relief of the poor in and about the neighboring districts, during the winter. It was a hard winter. Bread and fuel were scarcely to be obtained by many, and entirely beyond the reach of some.

This society was composed of a moderate number of young ladies and gentlemen, connected with the church to which my sister Emily belonged. We met several of our young acquaintances there, among the rest of whom was Elma.

The meeting was called to order, and the business of the hour quietly entered upon. A few words were spoken by the presiding member, relative to the object for which the society was formed, and some interesting remarks made, in regard to it; the clearness and brevity of which, in addition to the quiet, orderly, and perfectly business-like manner in which the meeting was conducted; and the serious, unmistakable earnestness evinced by every member, in the object before them, was proof sufficient that they clearly understood the business upon which they had entered, and had both the sense and determination to go through it correctly and steadily. Next, the names of the members were read, and the treasurer, list in hand, read off the amounts sub-

scribed by each. Twenty names were given, the entire amount received being five hundred dollars. The last name was that of Elma Beverly—subscription seventy-five dollars. My cousin Harrington looked with astonishment, first at Elma, then at me.

"So this is the aim of Elma's economy?" she whispered. "Well, if I had guessed—"

I never knew my cousin Harrington so thoughtful before, as she was that day. Flora, Arabella and Caroline had no words to express themselves. Yes, this was the aim of Elma's economy—charity. And this was not the only instance. I went with my cousin Harrington, in the course of the day, to the cottage of a thrifty mechanic, on the outskirts of the city, where, in her rounds of charitable visiting, our Elma had found work to do.

"This is a hard winter, Mrs. Marsh," I said, to a pleasant, cheerful matron, who, with her bright, cleanly, healthy-looking children gathered about her, was waiting the return of her husband from his day's labor.

"A hard winter for many, sir," she answered, seriously; "but I am thankful, not a hard one for us, since Miss Beverly was so kind to us. I do not know what would have become of us all, if it had not been for her."

My cousin Harrington looked inquiringly at me, and then at our good hostess.

"You are acquainted with Miss Beverly, then, Mrs. Marsh?" she said, in a questioning tone.

"O, yes, ma'am," returned Mrs. Marsh, with a voice and look of pleased and heartfelt earnestness, "O, yes; if she had not helped us it would have gone hard with us this winter. My husband was ill all the fall—he fell and broke his arm in the early part of September. He did not leave his bed for two whole months. We had only his earnings to depend upon, and when he could no longer work, they failed us. We spent our last penny, and ate our last mouthful of bread. And then the landlord was just going to turn us out of doors, sick as James was, because we had no money to pay the rent. It was on that very day, when I thought James was dying, when my children were crying for bread, and we about to be turned like beasts, out into the open fields to perish, that Miss Beverly heard of our situation, and came to help us."

She paused a moment, and turned away her head to hide the starting tears.

"Well, and she helped you?" said my cousin Harrington, presently, in a sweeter, tenderer voice than I ever heard before from her lips.

"Ma'am," said Mrs. Marsh, simply and earnestly, turning towards us again, "Miss

Beverly paid our rent—every penny of it; she got a good physician for my husband, who saved the life I thought was failing; she procured for us everything we needed, and brought us through till my husband was able to work again; and this nearly all out of her own means. I never can be too grateful to her, never; nor many another poor family about here that she has helped out of trouble."

Mrs. Harrington looked round at me. There were tears—absolutely tears, in her eyes.

"What a dear girl that Elma is!" she murmured.

I gave her better reason yet for saying so, before we returned home. I showed her, one after another, no less than six families, in different places, where Elma's visits were hailed, in the midst of poverty and distress, as those of a ministering angel; and she acknowledged that Elma had a noble end, indeed, for her economy; as I had had reason to acknowledge, long since.

When Christmas night came, we planned a happy gathering at the house of my sister Emily, where we found Elma surrounded by a delighted little party of children, invited by her, and for whom she had prepared a glorious Christmas tree. Mrs. Mostyn and my friend Charles were there with us. During the evening, there was found at the foot of the tree, a package directed to Elma. Opening it, she found two handsomely bound volumes, at the sight of which, the ever-ready color rushed impetuously to her cheek. They were the magazines which, five months before, she had resolutely denied herself the pleasure of purchasing. She looked incredulous for a moment. Then a glance at the fly-leaf settled the difficulty. She looked up with a yet more brilliant blush, at Charles, who stood beside her, regarding her with a quiet smile.

"It is your gift, Mr. Mostyn?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes, Elma. Will you take it from me?"

She did take it. And in a little while after—in the following spring, she took Charles Mostyn himself, as well. They are a happy husband and wife; and Elma is as good, as charitable—yes, and as economical and happier than ever.

A LOVELESS HOME.—There is no loneliness, there can be none in all the waste of peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow.—Mrs. Ellis.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

HOME.

There is no great intrinsic merit in the poetry of Howard Payne's song of "Home Sweet Home," and yet there is no song that so thrills the popular heart, that is so sure to stir the blood and moisten the eye, whenever it is sung. This is because it appeals to a sentiment that inspires every breast. There is something in the very word "home" that awakens the most tender emotions.

"Though never so humble there's no place like home."

There is no flower so dear to us as the rose that blossoms by our garden gate, no water so bright and pure as that by the banks of which we have strayed in childhood, gathering the violets that clustered on its brink, or sailing our tiny boats upon its surface in anticipation of the great ventures and voyages of life. "We may wander away and mingle in the 'world's fierce strife,' and form new associations and friendships, and fancy that we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again amid the familiar haunts, and press the hands of the companions long since cold in their graves—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though not mournful to the soul."

Rob Roy says that when his great enemy forced him to flee from his native district and take refuge in a safer place, that his wife Helen composed a lament so sad and woeful that the hearts of those who heard it died within them, and he adds: "I would not have that same touch of the heart-break again—no—not for all the broad lands once owned by the MacGregor." It is well known that, in the past century, the performance of the *Ranz des Vaches* by the band of the regiment of Swiss guards was forbidden. That simple mountain air, recalling to the military exiles their mountain home and the tender associations of their youth, rendered them so homesick that they could endure absence no longer, and deserted their colors in numbers. The same effect was produced in Canada among

the Highland regiments by the performance of "Lochaber no more."

It has been truly and eloquently said: "The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart may have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with their heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved days, and his tears will flow like the summer's rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by. We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not usurp the place of home."

SALUTATION.—Lord Brougham *shakes hands* with one finger, accompanying the act with a guttural and sepulchral "How ar-re you?"—rolling his *r* with the burr peculiar to the north of England, while the Middlesex yeoman gives you a grip that almost dislocates your fingers.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.—Persons who live in rooms where the sunlight enters freely and the walls are light, enjoy better health than those who exclude the sun's rays and live in sombre-colored apartments.

SCARE-CROWS.—Scare-crows in gardens are humbugs. Birds have been known to make their nests in the pockets of a scare-crow.

THE OLDEST ONE.—Rev. Dr. Spring is the oldest clergyman in New York. He has occupied his pulpit forty-six years.

THEIR USE.—The true use of cockroaches, as all truly wise people have known for years, is to flavor fine old Burgundy with

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

It is thus that the Parisians style one of their most attractive public places. All sorts of trades flourish famously in the Elysian Fields—beggars abound there, flower girls, musicians, all sorts of people. Music is represented there by numerous *virtuosi*, who offer their concerts to the promenaders, and even painting has established itself in these domains. The idler is accosted by a young man, who says to him:

"Sir, shall I sketch your portrait for ten cents?"

"No, I thank you."

"Don't refuse, I beg of you. You'll do a good deed and make a bargain. I'll warrant the likeness. Only ten cents, and ten minutes time. You can't afford to do without a likeness, when you get it so cheap."

"Very well—go ahead."

The young man instantly takes his pencil from his pocket, and a leaf from a book that he carries under his arm, and lays it flat on his knee, which serves him for a desk.

"Stand a little further off," says the subject; "I don't want to attract people's attention."

"As you please; I can hit a likeness at ten paces."

The artist places himself at the required distance, and in ten minutes brings the portrait. What is stranger yet, the portrait is an admirable likeness, and by no means contemptible as a work of art; for the faculty of drawing is almost universal in Paris. For ten cents! Talent is certainly cheap now-a-days.

Seduced by the price, a gentleman who was in the Elysian Fields the other night with his wife, a young and pretty woman, had his portrait taken, and was so well pleased with it that he said to the artist, "Now you may take my wife." The artist resumed his work, and at the moment when he was putting the last pencil-touch to it, and giving a glance of satisfaction at the picture which, through the inspiration of the model's beauty, he had executed admirably, a young man hastily seized the paper, threw the sketcher a twenty-franc piece, and disappeared with his prize. The gentleman was furious, and rushed home with his wife, declaring that he would never again set foot in the Elysian Fields.

All the celebrities of the gay French capital may be seen in the Elysian Fields. That young man on the blooded horse has just come into possession of a fortune of eight millions. That splendid carriage, with the servants in mourning livery, belongs to Lord Harry Seymour. That smiling dandy in the tilbury has lost more than a hundred thousand crowns in stock speculations

within a few weeks. One of these fine days, he'll pay his creditors—perhaps. That gentleman of an uncertain age, in a splendid caleche, drawn by two superb horses in glittering harness, is the illustrious Mr. Auber, at once a composer, a sportsman and a gentleman. In fact, the Elysian Fields is a world in itself.

MORE CAMELS COMING.—The United States government like the camels they imported so well, that they have sent for more. The travelling powers of the camel are truly extraordinary. Col. Chesney, of the British army, rode with three companions, and without change of camel, from Basrah to Damascus, a distance of 960 miles, in nineteen days and three or four hours, thus averaging fifty miles a day, the camels having no food but such as they gathered themselves at halting places on the road. Ninety miles in a single day is no unusual performance for one of these desert ships.

SELLING A BANKER.—Daniel Fish, Esq., president of the Farmers' Bank, in Lansingburg, N. Y., lately bought a pair of oxen of a stranger, and paid him in Farmers' Bank bills, urging him to give them a wide circulation for the good of the bank. In about two hours, the real owner of the cattle, from whom they had been stolen, made his appearance and regained his property. The bills, however, are no doubt having a "wide circulation."

SELF ESTEEM.—Malherbe, the French poet, was one of the vainest of men. The Princess of Conti one day said to him, "I want to show you the finest verses in the world which you have never seen." Malherbe replied: "I beg your pardon, I have seen them; for, if they are the finest verses in the world, I must certainly have written them myself."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—The Prussian school counsellor Dinton nobly said: "I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide him the best education as a man and a Christian which it was possible for me to provide."

NOT TO BE SLIGHTED.—A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that "the pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for scissors.

GLOVES.—A new style of white kid gloves, beautifully embroidered with gold thread or colored silks, has been introduced from Paris.

THE IMAGE-MEN.

Our streets swarm with Italians; you may know them at a glance by their bright black eyes and their olive complexions, bearing on their heads boards loaded down with plaster images—figures of Washington, Napoleon, and the Greek Slave, heads of Daniel Webster and of Henry Clay. Their humble garments are white with the dust of plaster of Paris. They are as plentiful as hand-organ men, and their productions bear the same relation to sculpture that the hand-organ does to music. They adopt a fashionable subject and popularize it, acknowledging and propagating its success at once. The image-vender's board is a sort of portable museum. Its contents vary with the popular pulse; the idols of the crowd figure there for a moment, and then give way to some new darling of the fickle world. The ancients erected statues of brass, which wars and revolutions soon overthrew: wiser in this, we content ourselves with moulding in plaster our momentary idolatries, as if we would symbolize by the fragility of the matter the fragility of what it represents.

Alas! how many of these reputations have not enjoyed even the duration of the plaster that celebrated them! How many great men have disappeared before their busts! The image-man is a terrible judge; he records, so to speak, the sentence of the century. The popularity passed, he pitilessly breaks the mould, and the work or the man, illustrious a few days before, returns immediately into obscurity. Considered from another point of view, the image-vender has a truly important position in our modern civilization. He contributes to the spread of art, to the education, and insensibly elevates the popular taste.

When we compare the plaster heads, figures and medallions, now in circulation, to those of thirty or even twenty years ago—white rabbits and painted mandarins were then the marketable staples—we are struck with a decided progress in form and style. Really very creditable reductions of the works of Thorwaldsen, of Canova, and of Powers, are sold by these itinerant art-merchants. It is evident that the interval which separated popular art from exclusive art is every day diminishing. The coarsest lithographs, sold for a few cents, have a vague reflection of the works they copy. We see that the hand is more skilful, the eye better trained, the workman rising into the artist.

This increasing elevation in works of an inferior order is an important symptom. It proves that the plastic arts are entwining themselves

more and more with our habits, and becoming domesticated; that after having been the privilege of the dwellings of the rich, they tend to become the embellishment of humbler dwellings. This is more than mere progress—it is a revolution, revealing a decided ascensive movement in the intellectual education of the greatest number. So that we view these plaster-covered missionaries of art, humble as they are, with great favor; and trust that they will never be regarded as nuisances, however far the organs and the monkeys fall under the ban; and even towards these we are not unkindly disposed.

STORY TELLING.

An English writer says: "If there is much to be rejected in the French models, there is much to be learned from them. They at least set us an excellent example in looking for subjects close at hand, and treating them with vivacity. An English story that should be as true in its pictures of life, and as rapid and vivid in its treatment, would be as good in its kind as a French story. But we must get rid of our old lazy way of setting about these matters before we can achieve such a consummation. We must shuffle off the traditional descriptions, the oppressive reflections, the sleepy dialogue, the bits of scenery which have nothing to do with the action, and all other extraneous futilities which are inserted only to show off the literary accomplishments of the author; and we must go straight to the vital interest, and keep it to the end. But the subject is a large one, and if we were to yield to its temptations, would carry us much farther than we originally intended. The few points we have hastily indicated are enough for the present."

POOR FELLOW.—The king of Oude, whose territory the British have "absorbed," "sequestered," or "appropriated"—not annexed, O no!—is in England with his pockets full of rupees, trying to buy back his possessions!

OUR BEST SOCIETY.—Such is the amplitude of ladies' dresses now that it is difficult for gentlemen to find room in any place of fashionable resort. They must hover about the out-skirts.

RELIC.—They pretend to have dug up a printing press at Mentz, bearing the initials of Gutenberg and the date of 1441, but we, however, are a little incredulous.

AN ILLINOIS STAPLE.—Galena has exported during the last twelve months \$2,000,000 worth of lead.

IMAGINATION.

It is a fine thing to have a fertile imagination, provided it is held in proper subjection by the reasoning faculties; provided it is a well-bitted, easy-going nag, held well in hand, and not a head-strong courser, defying snaffle and curb, and ready to run away with its rider on the slightest provocation. Halleck says:

—“A man may sit
Upon a bright throne of his own creation,
Untortured by the ghastly shapes that flit
Around the many whose exalted station
Has been attained by means 'twere pain to hint on.”

No one can deny the possession of the faculty of imagination to Alexander Dumas, the great French story-teller—great, in spite of his being an unmitigated plagiarist. A curious instance of it is mentioned by an English writer, who lately paid a visit to his chateau of Monte Cristo, near Paris. “On reaching the garden,” he says, “I was conducted by a small path toward what the Cerberus in charge called ‘the Island of Monte Cristo.’ I had seen many wonders, but this beat them all. The island—well, I should see—I looked round. I perceived neither water nor island, nor any probability of either, as we were walking up the side of a hill; but I had looked too far; I had miscalculated the extent of the territory, and taken too literally the creation of Dumas’s brain—for the island was before me, separated from the ground on which we stood by a ditch about a foot broad, crossed by a plank! It is a fine thing to have a brilliant imagination; it is, indeed, a real blessing, for with such a gift the Barmecides’ feast would be greater than a Lord Mayor’s banquet! Monsieur Dumas seems imbued with this qualification to no ordinary extent; he sees in this minute ditch a mighty, rushing, rolling ocean—the blue Mediterranean dashing on the beach of Marseilles, for instance; in this plank, magnificent arches of marble spanning the rising waves; and on the space enclosed by the mighty breakers (in reality about a dozen yards square), no other than the island on which stands the Chateau d’If, that rocky majestic mass rising from the Mediterranean, crowned with its antique castles, within whose dungeons Dantes, alias Monte Cristo, sighed!

“When Dumas retires to the Island of Monte Cristo (only hear how grand that sounds) he is not to be disturbed on any consideration. With much solemnity the small plank—alias majestic bridge—is pompously removed, and as no mortal can traverse alive the terrific torrent flowing between the mainland of flower beds and the island of weeds, his solitude *must* be respected, and Dumas sits down peacefully to compose one of his most amusing books.” But poor Dumas’s

imagination was a nag without a bridle, and run away with him. He really fancied that he was the Count of Monte Cristo, and possessed of the exhaustless wealth of that fabulous gentleman, and so incurred ruinous expenses, plunged deeply into debt, and is now we believe, pecuniarily, what is vulgarly termed, “used up.”

AN ACTRESS'S LOVE.

The history of the marriage of Ristori, the great Italian tragic actress, now electrifying London, is a page of romance. The London News says: “Adelaide Ristori made her first appearance on the stage at the early age of two months. Her parents were members of a strolling company of players. At twelve we find her entering into the king of Sardinia’s company of actors. Here she had the advantage of excellent teaching. She rose rapidly in public estimation; visited Leghorn, where she was entirely successful, and afterwards accepted of an engagement at Rome. Here the heir of the Marquis Capranica del Grillo proposed for ‘the Ristori;’ but the aristocratical friends of the lover were immediately up in arms. He was shut up in the Roman States, without any power of exit, while the object of his love was obliged to depart to keep an engagement in Florence. Ristori managed to reach her lover, and they were married secretly, although they were shortly after obliged to separate. The separation was but for a short time. The husband bought a passport made out in favor of another person, effected his escape from the Roman States, and rejoined his wife in her box at Florence at the moment when she entered it, loaded with bouquets and presents, after one of her greatest theatrical triumphs.”

FOR EVERY FIRESIDE.—All who have seen *Ballou’s Dollar Monthly* admit it to be the cheapest magazine in the world, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, besides two pages of original humorous illustrations.—*New England Farmer*.

GOOD IDEA.—The college boys at New Haven, Conn., are about to erect a large and well-appointed gymnasium. It is as important to cultivate the physical as the mental endowments.

TO OUR READERS.—Every leaded article in *Ballou’s Dollar Monthly* is written expressly for the proprietor and is liberally paid for.

EXTENSIVE.—The telegraphic wires which intersect the various parts of the United States, are sufficiently long to extend around the world.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

The course of empire pursues inflexibly the apparent course of the sun from East to West. The far East was the cradle of the race. Thence multiplying and expanding, the mighty army moved westward and halted for a time on the confines of Europe and the outskirts of Africa. In its progress, the mighty Assyrian and Babylonian empires rose and fell; the wilderness blossomed, was covered with splendid cities—worlds in themselves—and then withered to a desert. Egypt had its centuries of glory followed by its centuries of night. Greece and Rome flourished for a season, and then fell. After civilization and humanity had set up their beacon towers on the heights of Europe, the Saracenic wave, sweeping along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, rolled into Spain at the pillars of Hercules, and threatening to overtop the Pyrenees, menaced Europe with a Moslem deluge, and was stayed by one of those decisive battles which settle for ages the fortunes of empire. Then the old world, reviving and putting forth new strength, stretched her arm out to the West. At the appointed season, an entire new world, a virgin bride, was given to the great family of nations. Westward still the star of empire rolled.

In the new hemisphere humanity has exhibited an original phase of character; with the same old passions, the same old aspirations, but with a far different energy and a far more vital impulse. The offspring of European colonists planted on these shores have performed in little more than three centuries an amount of work which had ever occupied many centuries in the slow process of civilization of which ancient history offers us the record. With all the evidences of prosperity, and strength, and enduring glory that surround us, it is difficult to believe that our country will ever know the withering decay that overtook the empires of the old world and of old times. Yet such must be its fate. Our cities, after having reached a height of splendor never before known in the world, must crumble to ruins; our ports must know no more the gladness of myriad sails; our busy millions must be laid beneath a desolate soil. The star of empire will continue to perform its circuit. Asia will again be great and glorious in the cycle of centuries, and the old drama of civilization be re-enacted on the self-same stage; for history is not only the mirror of the past—it is the magic glass in which we read the future.

RICH LIVING.—At a banquet in Japan, Commodore Perry was treated to eleven courses of soup and gingerbread.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.

Among the literary treasures of this vicinity, scholars have long known of the existence of a fine private library, the property of Mr. Joseph Dowse, of Cambridge. Mr. Dowse, who is now more than eighty years of age, made the collection himself, and the Hon. Edward Everett, in one of his published addresses, speaks strongly of the value of the books, and the taste evinced by their owner in its selection. The collection of such a library is the more remarkable since Mr. Dowse is not a member of the literary fraternity, and in early life enjoyed only very ordinary educational advantages. He is by trade, we believe, a leather-dresser, but has had the good taste to devote some of his honorable earnings in the purchase of good books, and his leisure to making himself thoroughly acquainted with their contents. He has performed a generous act which merits the highest praise: he has presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with the whole of his costly and cherished library, on the sole condition that the books shall be kept together. At a special meeting of the Society, of which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is president, this magnificent donation was announced by Mr. Winthrop, who spoke of it as it deserved, Mr. Everett and others following.

The Massachusetts Historical Society consists of sixty members, and originated, in 1790, with Dr. Jeremy Belknap, Judge Minot and others, who were desirous of preserving historical papers and gathering historical fact. The society owns and occupies the stone building on the south side of the Boston Museum, in which there is a fine library and a picture gallery containing many valuable portraits. Their published "Collections," containing a vast amount of choice historical documents, numbers fifty-three volumes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—As we expected, the introduction into *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* of a couple of original pages of humorous illustrations has caused it to increase very largely in circulation. It was the cheapest magazine in the world before this, but now we are giving still more for the money in each number. This feature will be continued in each issue.

TAXES.—We see it stated that the carriage tax paid in London amounts this year to \$2,912,265; but there must be a mistake in the figuring.

BATHING.—In all our great cities there ought to be free baths for the people. As it is, bathing is too costly a luxury for the poor.

FAME.

What little things serve to make a man famous or notorious, to stir up nations and even produce wars! Little did Professor Mahan think, when he presented himself for admission in his neat and modest West Point uniform, that his buff vest and black neckcloth would the next day rouse up all England at the bidding of the trumpet-tongued thunderer of the "Times." But so it was. The Tory journals banged away at Mr. Mahan and Mr. Dallas, and insisted that it was an insult to the queen. She, poor woman, had never dreamed of such a thing. She was willing to admit the black stock and the buff vest, and we suspect rated her master of ceremonies for excluding them. But a tempest in a teapot was caused by those offending articles of dress. After all said, however, one thing is certain. If our countrymen can't be contented without presentation to loyalty, they ought to submit to court usages, and put on the embroidered coat and small clothes, the cocked hat, and wear the dress sword—silly as the usage is. If they don't choose to dress as the court ninnies do, they had better stay away. This remark does not apply to Professor Mahan, for as he wore his official uniform, he no doubt thought he was all right. Probably, however, he will not be in a hurry soon to be presented to royalty, but will be contented with such glimpses of it as he can catch in the streets on public occasions, or in the theatre, and other public places.

THE GREAT COMET.—The astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Bomme, of Middleburg, Holland, have been making some investigations in respect to the return of the great comet which appeared in the years 104, 392, 682, 975, 1264, and 1556. The result gives the arrival of this rare visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less.

GOING BACKWARDS.—An English sportsman lately made his horse, for a large wager, go backwards five-eighths of a mile in five minutes, thirty-seven seconds. You'd never catch a Yankee doing that. His motto for horses and everything else is—"Go ahead!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.—It cost a fortune to baptize the prince of France, and now it will cost another fortune to pay Couture for painting a picture of the ceremony.

RUSSIA.—This great country will export very little, if any grain this season. This is one of the consequences of the war.

CATCHING A COURTIER.

Louis XIV. said one day to Marshal Grammont: "Mr. Marshal, just read this madrigal and see if you have ever seen anything more impertinent. Because I love poetry, they bring me all sorts of stuff!" The marshal, after having read it, said to the king: "Your majesty judges everything divinely—it is certainly the stupidest and most ridiculous effusion I ever read." The king laughed and said: "You will acknowledge the fellow who did this must be a blockhead?" "Sire," replied the courtier, "you can't call him anything else." "Well," said the king, "I am delighted you have spoken so frankly. I did it myself." "Ah, your majesty!" exclaimed Grammont; "you are joking! But give me the paper again. I read it very hastily, and first impressions are often deceptive." "No, Mr. Marshal," replied the king, "on the contrary, first impressions are generally the most natural and correct." The king was much amused at this incident, and the world thought it was a nice trick to play off on a man who lived by flattery. Grammont, however, did not get over his mortification for a long time.

GOOD SENSE.—Louis XV. was no fool, though he was a king. One day, in the office of the minister of war, he found a pair of spectacles. "Let us see," said he, "if they suit my eyes." He put them on, and taking up a manuscript, read a pompous eulogy of himself. "That won't do," said he to the Duke de Choiseul, pulling off the glasses; "they are no better than my own—they magnify too much."

TERRIBLE LOSSES.—Between the first of January and the first of July last, there have been lost at sea three hundred and thirty American vessels, the amount sacrificed being \$15,896,506, which includes, however, repairs of damages to vessels that came into port disabled during the same period. This destruction is unparalleled in our commercial history.

ECONOMICAL.—A lady can dress in this country for a very reasonable sum. Lace mantillas in Broadway are almost given away at a thousand dollars apiece!

FRIENDSHIP.—How true it is that you will go through life friendless, if you insist on seeking for a *fides Achates* without a fault!

COOL COSTUME.—Somebody proposes for summer a suit of India rubber, to be filled with ice water.

Foreign Miscellany.

The receipts of the English railways for the past six months were \$49,763,310 !

In the past three years 4725 horses have been eaten by the poor of Vienna.

The obelisk at Inkermann, commemorative of the battle, has just been completed.

The Russians are sending money to the sufferers at Lyons. Only think of it.

The new Manchester (Eng.) Exchange is said to be the largest room in Europe.

The annual cost of keeping the London streets in repair is £1,800,000 sterling.

The commerce of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been very brisk since the peace.

On one of the railroads in France beds are furnished to the passengers.

A Russian baroness has lately been fined a thousand dollars for forging and swindling.

An explosion recently occurred at the Cymmer coal mines, near Cardiff. One hundred and ten men were killed.

It is proposed in London to establish a "Brigade of Guides" to the "sights" of that city, such brigade to consist of intelligent lads in want of employment.

There are now 4996 petitions on the table of the English Commons House, against opening the British Museum on Sundays, signed by 629,178 persons.

There is talk in London of forming an "Old Mortality Club," for the purpose of recutting and preserving inscriptions on monuments to persons of eminence.

The English frigate *Terrible*, now at Malta, is said to have been rendered completely unfit for service from the ravages committed by the destructive insects which abound in the Black Sea.

While the travelling Russians are pouring over the Prusso-Russian frontier, there is a stream of French invading the Czar's territory—teachers, dancing masters, cooks, actors, and artists of all sorts.

Eupatoria has been completely given up to the Russians, who have hoisted their flag there. The 1300 Turks who remained there embarked for Constantinople on the same day that the town was restored.

At a recent sale in Paris, a letter of the poet Corneille was sold for \$200. At the same sale a letter of Fenelon was sold for \$42 50; one of Rochefoucauld for \$70; and a signature of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, for \$40.

The Paris *Moniteur* contains an account of the steps which have been taken by M. Delavo, the proprietor of the estate of Marengo, to "transform that celebrated field of battle into a living souvenir of the victory."

The Greenock Advertiser says that a man was nearly poisoned by sucking an egg which he found floating in a river, the egg being impregnated with strychnine in order to kill common crows. A whole family, too, narrowly escaped poisoning by a hare impregnated with the same deadly substance for a similar purpose.

It is expected that Mlle. Rachel will soon reappear upon the stage.

There is positively a standing army of actors in Germany—they are literally legion.

The Collins line of steamers receives \$556,000 a year for carrying the mail.

Madagascar, the most fertile island of the tropics, is to be invaded by the French.

In Paris they are wearing white kid gloves, richly embroidered with gold.

The Grand Duke Michael is betrothed to the youngest sister of the Regent of Baden.

Naples letters say that signs of revolt are more frequent, and even the army is discontented.

France lost 40,000 out of her 200,000 soldiers engaged in the Russian war.

Sir Charles Fox and Mr. Henderson have contracted to rebuild Covent Garden Opera House in six months.

Queen Victoria has conferred the title and dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom on Sir Allen M'Nab, late prime minister in Canada.

The Emperor Nicholas is reported to have left memoirs of his reign, to be published five years hence.

Some disturbances have occurred in Copenhagen, from Mormon preachers. The military arrested the offenders.

The Crimea has been entirely evacuated, excepting the allied ships carrying away hewn stone and iron from Sebastopol.

"The King of Sweden has conferred a gold medal on Mr. Anderson, author of "Lake Nagami; or, Explorations and Discoveries in South-Western Africa."

A bill is in preparation for revising the usury laws in Prussia. The interest on loans is to be allowed to go as high as 10 per cent.; and a higher rate is to be punished as swindling.

It has been discovered that several copies of a seditious manifesto were lately sent from Brussels cleverly to Paris, packed in the interior of a large lobster.

The married ladies of Honolulu have lately presented a petition to the legislature, praying for the suppression of theatres and circuses, on the ground that they kept their husbands out all night.

Louis Napoleon has so far made amends for his spoliation of the Orleans family, as to propose paying to each of the daughters of Louis Philippe, or their heirs, an allowance of 200,000 francs.

The Northern Railroad in France carried, in 1855, no less than 5,500,000 passengers, equal to about one-sixth of the whole population of France. Of this number, 600,000 rode in first class cars, 1,500,000 in second class, and 3,400,000 in third class.

Capital punishments are extremely rare in Denmark, and when one does occur it creates an immense sensation. A woman was recently decapitated in the province of Julland, where it is certain no execution has taken place for three hundred years, and the event was witnessed by upwards of 20,000 people.

Record of the Times.

Congress has granted a pension of fifty dollars a month for five years to Decatur's widow.

The present population of Cuba is estimated to be about one million six hundred thousand.

The most popular men are seldom those of very shining qualities or strong virtues.

On Quinsigamond Pond, Worcester, they have a boat propelled by electricity.

When a man is willing to appear poor, he deprives penury of its sting.

Blanchard's bent ship knees are found to be superior to natural knees.

Campbell says that the word *daisy* signifies the "eye of the day."

In England our Bigelow Carpet-Weaving Machine is making a sensation.

Americans surpass Europeans in photographs, daguerreotypes and ambrotypes.

The United States is larger than the Roman empire was at its zenith.

The West India sugar crop has been very large the present season.

England boasts of her great wits, but New England can show a *Whittier*.

Roger Bacon in 1274 described gunpowder as a common plaything everywhere.

Two women lately engaged in a prize fight near Gloucester, N. Y.

Let a man understand you think him faithful and it makes him so.

Agricultural laborers are very scarce at the West, and in parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, the farmers are offering as high as \$2 25 per day.

Strakosch is worth two hundred thousand dollars, one-half of which is in Chicago, in real estate which cost him not more than \$15,000.

The chimney of a vitriol factory in Providence, now building, is to be 214 feet high, 20 feet in diameter at the base, and 10 feet at the top. It is built thus high to carry off poisonous fumes.

Some of the newspapers are arguing in favor of making rail cars wholly of iron, and steamboats of the same material, so far as is practicable, to avoid disasters from conflagration.

A Reformed Dutch church is now in the process of erection in Chicago. This will be the only edifice belonging to that denomination in that city.

A bank note detector gives the number of banks in the United States whose notes have not been counterfeited or altered at 463, and the number whose notes have been counterfeited or altered at 354.

The following remarkable coincidence took place in St. Francis County, Ark., a short time ago:—"A one-eyed man stole a one-eyed mule, was arrested by a one-eyed sheriff, and tried before a one-eyed officer."

A river fire steamer has just been built at Cincinnati, constructed like a ferry boat, and having a fixed steam fire engine on board, to be used in the port of St. Louis in case of a fire occurring among the steamboats at the levee.

The remains of a marble palace have been discovered under a garden in the Isle of Capri.

Mr. Vieux Temps, the violinist, lately made \$8000 in a four months' tour.

Thirty or forty persons make a trade of bringing dogs to the City Pound in New York.

The first printing press set up in America was worked at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639.

An artist of Cincinnati has been painting a panorama of the Bible.

Those that govern best make the least noise. Power is quiet.

A little speck of temptation soon enlarges to a thunder-cloud.

A thimbleful of powder will split a rock of forty square feet.

The national debt of England is the security of her government and nobles.

Brilliant thoughts are slow in their formation, like the diamond.

'A book has been curiously defined as a "brain preserved in ink."

'It wasn't Bulwer that said the scissors were mightier than the sword.

A Mr. Coon (same old!) is about to establish a paper in Wisconsin.

The art of printing was denounced at first as magic—it seems like enchantment.

A New York company is engaged in excavating the old copper mines at Southington.

A great parade of the New York Fire Department will take place on the 13th of October.

The business men of Indianapolis have organized a permanent Board of Trade.

It is stated that the apple crop of Pennsylvania will be very heavy.

A Mr. Marie of Paris is said to have discovered a way of keeping meat untainted without salt.

The famous watering place, Bedford Springs, Pa., have been sold to the Broad Top Railroad Company, for the round sum of \$186,000.

One hundred millions of dollars worth of hay will be raised in the United States this year—equal in value to the cotton crop.

Martin Bryant, Esq., of Pembroke, is said to be the proprietor of fourteen cats, and spreads a table especially for their benefit.

Lieut. Maury has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in this city next winter.

The first daily newspaper published in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per copy per annum.

There are eighteen establishments for manufacturing steel in our country; these have a capacity for making 14,000 tons per annum. We have the best ores in the world for making steel.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia, and not of Arabia, as many believe, and abounds in the province of Kaffa, whence it derives its name. The coffee tree was not transplanted from Abyssinia into Asia until the fifteenth century, when its culture was begun in Arabia Felix, where, in the environs of Mocha, it grows to perfection.

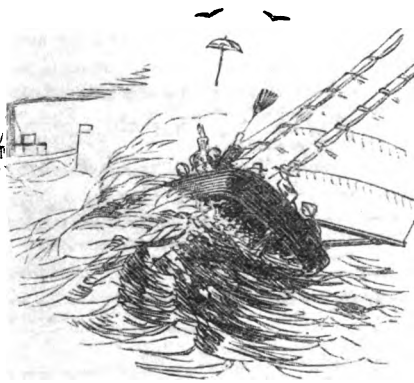
BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



One gives way to his feelings—saved by a well cast fishhook.



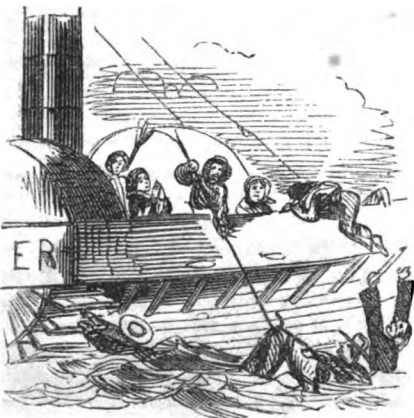
Blows a little.



Blows more. Steamer ahead.



Collision—luckily steamer is not much injured.



All rescued.



Safe return of the whole party, in high spirits.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 5.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1856.

WHOLE No. 23.

THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

ON the eastern coast of Newfoundland, between Cape St. Francis and the little town St. Johns, was a narrow estuary, which extending inland a short distance, was met by a small and rapid stream, the waters of which it first rebuffed and then swallowed up in its briny wave. The rocky wall on one side retired just enough to leave room for a fisherman's hut, with a gradual slope of ground between it and the ocean. Behind the house there might have been an equal extent of surface reduced to good cultivation, and producing hardy vegetables and a few stunted trees.

It was already past the middle of the last half of a sultry summer's day. The only occupant of the little area was a young girl of about fourteen years, who went from the hut to the beach, from the rocks to the garden, from the forsaken old boat to the little flower border, in a capricious circuit; bounding over the hard soil with captivating grace, clambering in dangerous places with agile daring, then disposing some domestic labor with busy care, or looking with anxious gaze out on the solitary water. Her face was sweet and beautiful; the rough sea winds had no power to sully its rare whiteness, and the chilling mists could not drive the roses from the round cheek and full lips; and her little hand, too, as she raised it to shade for an instant her large dark eyes or to toss back the long truant curls, gleamed like the snowy wing of a bird. Though there was no other human being near her, she did not feel either fear or loneliness, for

a great, shaggy and powerful dog, a native of the island, was her constant companion and protector, and almost sympathising friend. A more than brute intelligence seemed to glow in his eyes as he watched the wistful gaze of his young mistress, who, resting her hand upon his long, curly hair, paused again to carefully survey the ocean prospect before her, and then to observe the thunder-cloud which threw up its gleaming fantastic pillars from behind the cliff.

"They were to have been here early this morning, did you know it, Christy?" said the girl. The dog wagged his tail in the affirmative.

"It is very strange, isn't it?" she continued. "They must come in sight soon. I am afraid they are lost in the fog, and there will certainly be a dreadful storm before midnight, won't there?"

Christy looked with his mistress towards the straggling cloud that was rapidly rising to obscure the sun, and uttered a long, mournful howl.

"O, don't do so. Keep up your spirits, Christy. Perhaps they are in sight already. We'll go out upon the crag and look for them."

The dog, as if he fully comprehended the words, moved on before towards the place indicated, and with grave pace wound his way among the loose rocks and up the rugged ascent. The young girl kept close behind, and with voice and eye and caress showed her loving admiration of his huge, supple, undulating form, and bestowed her unstinted praise upon the dog, which now and then looked round in acknowledgement. They came out upon the crag that

hung low over the water and projected farther into the ocean than any neighboring point. The girl bent forward and sent her heedful sight in every direction. All along the coast and about half a mile from it, lay a thick, heavy fog-bank close upon the sea, that sunk down dense and compact, and wrapped its chilling folds about like a winding-sheet.

The girl was tired and disappointed, and with a sigh she sat down, and leaning her hand upon Christy, looked on the waters as they gave their tumultuous greeting of spray and gurgling foam to the repelling shore. But there was no cheer in their rushing voice, and she grew more sad till the quick tears came into her eyes and blinded her. A sudden thought struck her, and she sprang to her feet, exclaiming with a forced smile:

"Father Mahan says I must not hearken to the waves when they talk despondingly, for then they tempt me into a greivous sin against the Holy One; and surely they never were so full of the spirit of evil as they are at this hour, and I am very weak."

Christy gave a sharp bark, not in response, however, but at the fog-bank from which there shot out the same instant a large row boat, containing two individuals, that rapidly drew near the shore, accelerated by the hasty strokes of the oars and the flowing tide. As it appeared, the shadow left the face of the fearful girl, and she clapped her hands exultingly; but her joy was soon turned to hesitation, then to complete disappointment, when she perceived that the boat did not contain those whom she expected, but strangers. Whoever they might be, they were evidently unacquainted with the locality, for not heeding the half-concealed estuary, they made for a deceptive but impossible landing-place in another direction. The girl, aware of the danger to which they were exposed in their passage among the rocks, seized the hat from her head and swinging aloft, shouted at the top of her voice. Christy, not behindhand in benevolent intent, barked in his own sturdy fashion. Their united demonstration gained the attention of the sailors, who immediately bent their course towards the crag, but not before the girl, venturing too near the edge of the rock in her earnestness, slipped and fell into the waters beneath. In the twinkling of an eye Christy also disappeared in the deep surf, and presently rose with his precious burden. It was not easy to gain the beach before the hut, but the dog swam vigorously and cautiously among the rocks, and at length reached the calm water and bore his charge to the dry shore, none the worse for her sudden plunge save by a thorough wetting and

the loss of her hat. Christy seemed to notice that it was missing, and after looking intently out on the ocean for a moment, and discovering it as it mounted a distant wave, started after it with a loud bark. The hat went off farther, and the dog grew tired and weak, and had it not been for the timely notice of the sailors and the arrival of the boat to his assistance, must have sunk, a victim to his devotion. The girl, pale with anxiety on his behalf, beheld with joy as he was taken into the boat, and when soon after he sprang out upon the little beach and laid the dripping prize triumphantly at her feet, forgetful of her own situation and the strangers who followed him, she loaded her favorite with caresses, while they observed her with admiration.

She did not look up until she heard the voice of Father Mahan, who, advancing from behind the hut, and seeing the unwonted group on the beach and the agitation of his wet friends, drew near, alarm and surprise depicted in his face.

"How is this, my daughter? To what danger have you been exposed?"

The girl sprang up, and taking his hand, said: "Nay, it is nothing. I only awkwardly tumbled off the crag, and Christy, the good fellow, leaped after me to save me from the effects of my carelessness. I dropped my hat as I went into the water, and Christy must needs go after it without my bidding, and if it had not been for the kindness of these strangers, I should never have had him again."

She paused abruptly and blushed as she noticed the observation of the men directed to her, and remembered the plight of her drenched and straitened curls and clinging garments.

But Father Mahan laid his hand upon her head and said: "Hasten, my child, to obtain dry clothing, and I, meanwhile, will talk with these men. A shower is approaching and we shall all be your guests, probably. I see that Joe and George are not come."

"No; they are lost in the fog, no doubt, and their boat can never outlive a great storm," said she, tearfully. "See how black the cloud is, and the waves swell and the fog rises and spreads."

"Think hopefully of all things, and forget not him who brings light out of darkness and changes our misgivings into great joy. We are in his hand. Hasten, my daughter," and waiving the girl towards the hut, the priest turned to the strangers who waited his salutation.

The foremost of these was a young man not more than twenty years old, of medium stature, with a well-formed frame, an intellectual head, features denoting refinement and self-control, and a clear, steady blue eye that inspired imme-

diate confidence. He was dressed in the garb of a sailor, and the extreme neatness of his attire, together with unusual fairness of complexion, indicated that he had not seen a protracted nautical service. He was accompanied by a half-blood Indian, who stood deferentially at a little distance leaning on the oar.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the young man, addressing the priest in a cordial voice and polished accents. "Alexander Walsworth, a resident of the city of New York, and at present a transient visitor, with my mother, at St. Johns. We have come northward in the spirit of adventure, and would not return until we had somewhat explored your rugged shores and studied their wild beauty. The promising morning enticed me to undertake a lengthened coasting excursion to-day, but we were befogged at an early hour, were soon confused in regard to our course, and after continuous labor at the oars, have just succeeded only in emerging from the dense mist; and, had it not been for the zeal of your little friend whose energetic kindness has subjected her, unfortunately, to so great inconvenience, we should have fallen into farther trouble, for I knew nothing of the place, and Jake no more, since he has lived hitherto on the western coast of your island," and the speaker nodded to the Indian, who, upon being thus mentioned, bowed low to the priest.

"You have been guided to a safe harbor," was the reply, "where you must remain to-night, for you are many miles from St. Johns, and the storm-cloud comes up apace. This hut does not promise much entertainment to those accustomed to better fare," continued the priest, "but what is given is freely bestowed."

Walsworth interrupted him to deprecate apologies and to express his perfect content with the situation in which he found himself, and concluding, made some inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the place.

Father Mahan answered: "It is but little that I can do, either for the bodies or souls of my flock, but the Deity accepts our services according to the ability bestowed, and a small effort for our fellow-beings, wisely planned is often more truly beneficial than costly donations, and when a person sincerely desires to do good to others the opportunity is not long withheld. In the limited bounds of my parish, disappointment, need, sickness and other afflictions find abundant place, and I often spend the day in going from one scene of sorrow to another, until my heart is severely chastened and bowed down in sympathy with the suffering. The last deathbed which claimed my ministrations was almost a twelve-

month since, in this very hut—thank God I may call it the last and yet give it so remote a date. The stern angel whom we may not resist, has not come to us for so long, in either storm, pestilence or decay. But there was great affliction there when Betsy Parkiss died. For Joe, her husband, and George her only child, an impetuous, generous youth not far from your own age, though rude and hard in their exterior, have tender, loving hearts, great enough not to be ashamed of honorable grief."

"But," said Walsworth, with no affectation of interest, "does not this young girl whom I saw, belong to the family?"

"Yes," returned Father Mahan, "ever since her infancy; but she was not born here. She is a veritable 'child of the sea,' brought to us by the crested wave."

"And beautiful enough to be another Venus Marina; she is a miracle of loveliness," said the young man, earnestly.

There was a merry sparkle in Walsworth's eyes which was unobserved by the priest, as he demurely inquired: "And is what you have told me her whole story?"

"Thirteen years ago, Betsy Parkiss was one morning alone with her little boy, when she thought she heard signal guns. The fog, which so often broods over these waters, and distills such heavy sorrows for waiting hearts, densely hugged the shore, and she could see nothing, but without tarrying to confirm her suspicion of probable distress by listening if there might be a repetition of the indistinct sounds, she came directly for me, that our united efforts might in some way be of use. We waited long for any sound or sight of trouble; so long, we had begun to hope we had been needlessly alarmed, and went into the hut to take our repast, but had scarcely tasted our tea when George shouted after us vociferously. We hastened out, and gained the water's edge just as a stout sailor drifted to our feet, exhausted even unto death, yet embracing convulsively and holding above the waves a smiling infant. We vainly strove to resuscitate the unfortunate man from whom the breath of life was departing, and I buried him with my people, and Betsy took the child and nurtured it for her own. We learned afterwards that a packet-ship, missing her reckoning, had run upon the rocks concealed by the mist, and that only a few passengers had been rescued by a boat sent out by an England-bound vessel. We published the deliverance, but no one appeared to claim the child, and we inferred that all those interested in it met the watery destruction from which it was so providentially saved."

"And what did you call her?" said Walsworth.

"Though she has ever been a daughter to the fisherman and his wife, in affection and obedience, I thought it not best to bestow upon her their name, which has no history and makes no pretensions, and the child, as was denoted by its rich clothing and refinement of person that was early manifest, was of good birth. A golden cross, the token of a Christian faith, suspended from the babe's neck, was marked with the initial, 'V,' and accordingly, in association with the fancy that led me to call her sea-born, I christened her Vivian, for the Lady of the Lake, and this is the only name she has ever borne."

"And equally appropriate to her circumstances and beauty," said Walsworth, despite Father Mahan's frown. But changing the subject, he inquired: "Are you solicitous for the present safety of her foster father and brother?"

"They are in God's hand," said the priest reverentially, and anxiously looking from the darkening sky to the turbid ocean. "If they are not soon in this or some other harbor, their light boat will not preserve them from their fate. But we will hope for the best, for they are strong and know the shore. We must show no concern in the presence of Vivian, for since death has proved he has power over those whom she loves, she ever trembles for the safety of those who are spared. She will gain strength with years. I know the energy of her soul."

At this moment, the priest was nearly thrown down by a tumultuous summons from Christy, while his mistress stood smiling and beckoning in the hut door.

"A call to supper," said he; "come, my friends—yes, you too, Jake, we all sit at one table. Down, Christy."

"Stay a moment," returned Walsworth, "we are not destitute of provisions. Jake, bring along the hamper. We have ample defence against hunger, as we intended to touch the shore at frequent intervals, make such explorations as the country would permit, and take our repose and refreshment at any convenient spot by the way, but the fog caused our first stay to be protracted and laborious."

There never was a prouder housekeeper than Vivian as she welcomed her guests. In addition to the homely viands the cot afforded, Jake, obeying a signal from his master, relieved the hamper of its contents, taking out cold fowl and sandwiches and pasties and fanciful little cakes and wonders which she had never dreamed of; and when at last there came a bottle of wine and clinking glasses, and a bowl of transparent jelly and a jar of New York confections right down

beside her plate, she nestled her little hand in her curls and shut her eyes that she might disengage her thoughts of their notions of enchantment and force them to recognize reality in the astonishing display before her. It proved an animated meal. Suddenly a burning flash from the skies and a deafening peal brought them to their feet. The storm had burst over them in all its fury. The maddened waves roared in echo to the thunder crashing through the heavens, the lightnings quivered blinding in mid air, the rain fell to the earth in torrents, and the wailing wind filled up every momentary pause.

The little company looked on in silence and anxiety for those who might be exposed to its destructive rage. At length Christy sprang to the door with a bound; he listened, and then rushed out into the storm, barking furiously.

"It is a human cry!" exclaimed the priest. "May the pitying Saviour have mercy!"

At the same instant the dog vaulted into the room, and seizing the priest's garments in his teeth began to drag him towards the door.

"Yes, we will go," said he. "Do not be greatly alarmed, Vivian, and stay within, and remember the good Lord above, and how brave Christy is."

The calm, encouraging voice of Father Mahan re-assured her somewhat, yet she trembled with apprehension as the lightning afforded her glimpses of the men who ran to the swollen ocean following the sagacious dog. She saw them standing at the end of the beach near the rocks, she saw Christy in the raging waves, then he was invisible, again she saw a dark object rising in the boiling surge, the men struggled to reach it, and next it lay upon the ground.

Christy's piteous, doleful howl fell on her ears like a knell. Icy cold she crouched in the corner and hid her face with her hands. She heard the men enter and remove the scattered articles that remained of their feast, heard them lay their heavy burden on the floor. It was not necessary Father Mahan should tell her Joe was dead. She knew it already, knew the good old man, that had been such a treasure of kindness and protection, was gone forever.

Qualling beneath the stunning blow of this sudden bereavement, Vivian for a long time had not courage to open her eyes upon the scene before her. But at last her desire to do something for George, whose voice she had heard, conquered the selfishness of her own sorrow, and she looked up. She was surprised to see him sitting just before her, for she had not been conscious of his approach, and when she saw the heart-

sick expression which subdued his usually animated countenance, and the deep tenderness of his gaze fixed on her, she could do no more than strive to behold him clearly through the gushing tears that veiled her eyes.

He extended his hand towards her; and she sprang up, and clasping his neck with her pliant arms, hid her face upon his breast.

"We are all alone, you and I," he said.

She answered by a burst of weeping. George brushed a tear from his cheek and presently continued: "I did my best to save him, Vivian, but the waves were too strong for me. But they could not drown him; they dashed us against the cliff and him they killed. If you were not in my arms now, I could wish they had done a double work, last year, and again to-night, and we alone are left, Vivian! I can live for you."

"Live for a greater and better One than any mortal, and you will never have to mourn the loss of your chiefest treasure," replied Father Mahan, in a solemn voice, as he drew near and lay a hand upon each bowed head before him, and then he offered a scarcely audible prayer, in which thanksgiving mingled with petitions.

"Come with me," said the priest, tenderly, when he had concluded his blessing; and he conducted them into a low room opening from a corner of the hut, where the corpse had been laid in preparation for the burial. Jake was watching by it in the dim light a flickering taper afforded, but he went out as they entered. The mourners stood long in reverent silence, which was finally broken by Father Mahan, who addressed them in words of solemn reflection.

George paid little heed to the salutary instructions of the worthy priest. Every sense was absorbed in watching Vivian, who, with a deep but now more peaceful sadness, leaned over his dead parent. The uncertain light scarcely reached farther than to illumine her features and her hair, so that her head stood out alone from the background of gloom. She looked a very angel bending in superhuman pity over suffering. George worshipped her with his whole soul. Clenching his hand and compressing his lips, he uttered: "There are no ties of blood that bind us, and therefore she shall only be more wholly mine. None other has any right to claim her, or shall take her from me. She must be mine, she is mine, and no might shall divide us."

What answering voice did that rash spirit hear which made its courage so quickly turn to terror, which made it recoil and sink in weakness from its own show of bravery? He gazed on Vivian for strength, but she floated far from him into the dim distance; he put his hands

to his reeling head, but he could scarcely see her, and he reached forth in agony and fell lifeless to the ground.

It was evident to all that George, having stoutly refused every attention, had been too little cared for. Numerous contusions were found upon his head and shoulders, and the terrible struggles and exertion his last emergency had demanded, had so exhausted him it was long doubtful whether consciousness could be restored. But his vigorous constitution and the experienced skill of Father Mahan triumphed, and when the morning came, George was quite himself, only still pale and weak.

The succeeding day was devoted to the interment of the fisherman. It was now too late for Walsworth and the Indian to think of departing, accordingly they constructed a kind of tent of their blankets that they might have shelter for the night.

It was a lovely, peaceful evening. The atmosphere was clear and warm, and Walsworth, charmed with the scene, strayed away, seeking his own path over the gray cliffs. He at last came abruptly on a high and open place commanding a wide prospect of sea and land. Father Mahan was there before him.

"Look," said the priest, as he welcomed the young man, "behold the pitiless ocean, and see how it beams and blushes beneath the smiling sky, how it leaps and plays with the rainbow tints which flit over it. Thus even the tempest of the human heart may be quelled and peace ensue. Light ever succeeds darkness, and no path God opens before us is so difficult that it may not be pursued; hesitation takes the place of certainty when a true spirit seeks a knowledge of duty."

The young man offered his sympathy with boyish candor.

"Your affliction is great, and it will be long before you will learn to do without a friend who doubtless deserved your regard, but you, who have so often brought comfort to others, cannot be ignorant of its source when you yourself need it."

"I do not brood over sorrows," was the reply, "that merely concern myself, for I have long since learned to deem such of but little consequence; but I am troubled for those whose well-being is now my chief wish and responsibility—that noble youth and my beautiful sea-born child."

"It is not fit that she should remain here," remarked Walsworth.

"Meet certainly not," returned the priest; "neither is it more suitable that I should take her home to myself. Many a poor family in my parish would share their last morsel with her,

but she needs more now than food and raiment. She has a capable mind that craves nurture, and must I see it starve and deteriorate with only such teachings as I and her ocean mother can give her? Then, too, she has well nigh outgrown her girlhood, and needs a right-minded female friend to make her a true woman, more by example than by counsel. I see no spot for her near her old home, and though it is sore parting with her, I am nearly resolved to ask you to take her with you to St. Johns, where I have some worthy friends who would protect her."

Walsworth, with hearty cordiality, exclaimed: "I have a plan better than the one you propose; permit me to take her to New York."

"Think you I can let her pass from even my poor care to yours?" said Father Mahan, with a frown. "I mean no disrespect, nor do I insinuate distrust, but evil eyes and malicious words are everywhere ready in their pernicious work. They must not sully her."

"You forget that my mother is at St. Johns," replied Walsworth, "and I trust it is not improper for me to say she possesses judicious kindness of heart, and high cultivation, and is fully qualified to do for Vivian all you could desire. I make this proposal with the more readiness, as I know she has long desired to become interested in the training and education of some young girl who might in return be wholly devoted to her in affection and duty; but she has hitherto looked in vain for such an one. She is a widow and I am her only child. We are abundantly wealthy, and every material advantage is at our command for the profit of your young friend."

"A boy, with such an open face as yours, would never deceive an old man as much in earnest as I am," replied Father Mahan; and he added sorrowfully, "It is a long, long way to New York."

"What matters it," said Walsworth, "whether you are separated from Vivian by a score or hundreds of miles, if you know she is kindly cared for?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the priest, "she shall go with you unless I see reason to revoke my decision when we arrive at St. Johns. Stay with us another day, for she must have time for leave taking; and George, too, how can I find strength to separate them!"

It was curious the next day to see Vivian, when informed of the change designed for her, and knew it must be, urged by a painful restlessness that would not suffer her to pause, visit in turn, again and again, in and near the desolate area, which was as truly a loved home to her as if it had been the fairest scene which nature ever

decked with lavish hand. The weather was still lovely, and as the evening drew on, Vivian went out upon the crag, whence the ocean could be viewed far and wide. Christy was by her as he had been all day, and George, who, weak and despondent, had lost the passionate resolution of the previous evening, was also with her. They sat on the rock and Vivian put her arm about the neck of her foster-brother and strove to cheer him. Long into the evening they sat there, he endeavoring to dissuade her from going, and she striving to pour comfort into his soul.

Vivian had never before been further from home than the poor little parish church just beyond the home of the priest, and if Father Mahan, George and Christy had not been in the boat with her, the novelty of unaccustomed shore and village would have been as uncomfortable as it was engrossing. She dreaded above all things, meeting Mrs. Walsworth; but that lady, a little surprised at first, only waited to hear a short explanation by her son, before giving her a kind welcome that went to the very heart of the orphan, and it quickly responded to the appeal Mrs. Walsworth made by her pleasing tones and cultivated address. Still it was not easy to part with the friends of her infancy and childhood, and when at last they and the loved rocks faded from her sight, her heart beat with a wild pain that forbade her hope for happiness again.

Mrs. Walsworth was soon established with her family in her elegant home. To Vivian everything was as wonderful as a dream. The long halls lengthened by the subdued light, the spacious apartments with lofty ceilings and pictured walls, the richness of velvet and silk, of silver and china, the beauty of form and the loveliness of color, seemed a maze she never could fully understand.

Mrs. Walsworth, with the approval of Father Mahan, had adopted Vivian and thus bestowed upon her a surname, a distinguishing desideratum in her previous history. It was her intention to add to this all those educational, domestic and social privileges which were due to a daughter of the family. But she considerably permitted several weeks to pass before proposing any regular duties, that Vivian might become acquainted with her new manner of living, and she with the child.

Vivian soon found a friend in the housekeeper, an excellent lady, born to affluence, but by a succession of misfortunes reduced to penury, and deprived by death of the uncertain dependence on relatives. Mrs. Peyton was not too proud to receive assistance from her old friend

and schoolmate, Mrs. Walsworth, if in consequence she need not sacrifice her independence, and accordingly accepted a position in her household, where she had much quiet and few cares. Vivian loved to hear her genial and instructive conversation, and see the chastened yet cheerful expression of her countenance; loved even the neat cap and soft dress, and this none the less because Mrs. Peyton had been pleased to admire Christy and to admit him to some domestic privileges. Mrs. Walsworth had a great many engagements, and thus Vivian often sought the housekeeper's room.

Of Walsworth she saw little. He had his various engagements, and after he had laid aside the simple dress, and the more careless manners of his northern tone, and demeaned himself to the conventionalism of city life, she stood quite in awe of him. He called her "sister," and brought her beautiful gifts, but she feared that she should never love him as she did her brother George. It was considered advisable that he should have for a while the immediate care of her literary education, and supply some of its marked deficiencies, before she should enter upon the regular routine of professed masters. With his special dislike of rudimentary drudgery, and the blunders of crude scholarship, this undertaking did not promise much that was agreeable, and he went one morning to find his new relative that he might ascertain where it would be necessary to commence in his instructions, with a sense of virtuous self-sacrifice which nearly amounted to heroism, and which was likely, should it grow with the continuance of his labors, to be an abundant solace and compensation for all the suffering that a sensitive taste would probably experience. He found Vivian in the library, and seating himself in a commodious arm-chair, he opened his intentions with a benignant countenance. She was very glad and very grateful, and as she stood near the window in her elegant silk morning dress and wondrous wealth of neat and glossy curls, she certainly looked much prettier than when she had just been borne dripping from the Atlantic. Walsworth thought so, at any rate, and he proposed his first question with a degree of interest that he had scarcely anticipated.

"You can read, of course," said he, encouragingly.

"O yes, and write too," replied Vivian.

"And perhaps you have studied one or two common branches—geography, for instance?"

"Yes. I went through Father Mahan's three times, till I knew it perfectly?"

"Arithmetic?"

"Yes. But I had an old and abridged copy, and it did not require much time."

"You know something of history, doubtless?" continued Walsworth, his heroism abated a little.

"No, not a great deal. I have only read one volume, and I have found a great many here," said Vivian, looking up at the handsome covers.

"Have you acquired any accomplishments, such as French?"

"I attempted it for a little while, and learned the verbs; but Father Mahan did not understand it very well, and we had no books and I gave it up as he advised, and then I had more time for my Latin," said Vivian.

"Latin! Have you been through the grammar?"

"O yes, several times, besides learning it in connection with reading."

"What have you read?"

"The only good Latin work which Father Mahan had was Virgil, and that I had read through once and was just commencing it again."

"Ahem!" and Walsworth began to walk up and down the room with precisely the air of a man who finds his calculations confounded.

"Well," said Walsworth, after a pause, "I am heartily glad you love to study. I will arrange a regular course for you, and you shall recite to me every morning. And more than that, we will plan a method of reading. Indeed, if you like poetry, I will read to you *this* morning. I delight in a good listener, above all!"

Vivian eagerly expressed her delight, and hastened to draw her chair nearer to Walsworth than she had ever dared to before. And he looked at her with an approving smile, and he read and forgot an appointment with half a dozen good friends, and read and talked upon many suggested topics, and made Vivian talk until dinner-time.

Walsworth instructed his sister through the winter till the warm weather came again. He was so interested in her improvement as to spend entire days for her benefit, guiding her through the magic world of literature, where she went joyously by his side. But best of all, he loved to take her out upon the busy streets, to see her little hand resting on his arm, and the tribute of admiring glances which his numerous acquaintances paid to her wonderful and unconscious beauty.

They were in the library one morning, and Mrs. Peyton, who used to sit with them often when she could not contrive any domestic employments, had gone out. Walsworth shut his book, and looking at Vivian, said with a very grave face:

"How pleasant it would be, if we could spend

all our days just as we have the last half year!"

"And why may we not?" said Vivian, with an anxious expression.

"In the first place, I am going to Europe in a few weeks. I have used every argument to persuade mother to take you at this time, but she says you are neither old nor wise enough, and I am forced to accept her decision; and I shall be absent a year—perhaps two."

"But that is not forever," said Vivian, endeavoring to keep a steady smile on her lips; "and they will go away very fast if we do not think too much about them, and it will be only the pleasanter when you return with countless stories of your journeyings. We will lay books upon the shelf then; and we have yet the weeks before you go."

"No, we have not, for we are to have visitors from Alabama—Mrs. Laneton and her daughter, a young lady somewhat older than you. They are gay and social, and will make sad invasion on our old-fashioned quiet. You will like them, however, I think. I did at first."

"And do you not now?" inquired Vivian.

"O yes, certainly," said Walsworth, biting his lip; "but when persons are superficial in thought and feeling, they cannot command an intense and continued interest, for unless our regard is occasionally stimulated, it becomes apathetic."

"Well, never mind the present," said Vivian, trying to be cheerful. "When you return from Europe—"

"Yes, when I return," said Walsworth, gloomily, and brushing off the little hand on his shoulder, walked from the house, leaving Vivian to conjecture if she had said anything to offend him.

But she was not long undisturbed in her unpleasant contemplation, for Mrs. Peyton bustled into the room, announcing that the guests would arrive the next day, and sat down to enumerate the preparatory domestic changes necessary, and to systematize the housekeeping of the week.

"They are not like some other visitors," said Mrs. Peyton, apologizing for her excitement. "They keep the house in a constant stir when they are here, and if the servants were not well trained, would disconcert every arrangement. Mrs. Walsworth has reasons for requiring that they should receive the greatest attention. It is in part, I suppose, because they are used to it at home, for you must know that they are very rich—Miss Laneton being the heiress of about a million independent of her mother's property. But you cannot help liking them for a little while. However, I heartily pity any one who

must spend a long life with them. It is desirable to have for your best friends those who are sincere and earnest—those who look upward sometimes—and therefore I am sorry for any one who is destined to live with persons not thus constituted." And looking full of sympathy for the case which she had supposed, Mrs. Peyton hurried away.

Vivian saw even less of the visitors than she had anticipated. As she had not yet "come out," she was not included in the crowd of invitations; and when there was a great dinner party at home, she entreated to be allowed to spend the evening by herself in the library. Miss Laneton laughed at her, and called her "an odd little chick," and after the company had arrived, privately sent her a *bouquet*.

Miss Laneton had much of the prettiness which is found everywhere; was agreeable, though unequal, being gracefully languid to-day and merrily sprightly to-morrow. She admired and patted Vivian, and occasionally invited her to her room, to show her dresses and ornaments which had just been sent home, to tell her the events of a soiree, and to talk about Walsworth, the only sensible and really satisfactory topic she ever introduced, as Vivian thought. Vivian was obliged to her for her good nature and well-meant kindness, but could not help thinking that the whole visit was an intrusion, coming as it did on the eve of Alex's departure, and when it would have been so pleasant to have had quiet meals and undisturbed evenings with only his mother and Mrs. Peyton, and she thought it was almost unpardonable in them to stay several days after he had sailed, when they all felt so sorrowful. But they went at last, and the French maids and extra servants; and Mrs. Walsworth, tired and nervous, resigned herself to the ministering tenderness of Vivian, and wondered how people could live in such excitement the year through. * * *

The second spring had arrived which marked the absence of Walsworth. During the two years, Vivian had been busied with masters, and studied with the single ambition to be approved of Walsworth when he should return. Mrs. Walsworth lived retired, and leaned more and more in affection and dependence upon her adopted child. Vivian used to read to her and Mrs. Peyton daily, and was deputed to reply to Alex's letters, the arrival of which were the bright events that gilded each separate month. Mrs. Walsworth permitted her to keep them, and perhaps it would be hardly fair in us to say how often she perused the hoarded treasures, or how endless were the missives sent in answer.

But with all her employments, she did not forget her Newfoundland home. George and Father Mahan were often in her thoughts. She often wondered if George would come to New York, and what he would think and say if he should see her; but then she hoped he would not come with the hope of her returning with him. But one May morning he arrived, looking so unchanged that she forgot the interval that had divided them, and welcomed him with kisses as she was wont to do in olden time, and listened with smiles and tears to the homely incidents of his own and Father Mahan's life, and how they never ceased to miss her.

"And now," said he, "I have done wonders at St. Johns. I have not had a loss, and as trim a vessel as you ever saw lies at the wharf here, and there is a tidy little room in it fitted up just as you would like, and I have come to take you home with me."

Vivian was troubled for a reply, and she stammered: "I thank you so much. I should love to sail with you on the Atlantic once more—to see Father Mahan—but—Mrs. Walsworth would never consent to my going."

"What if she does not?" retorted George, impatiently. "What right has she to interfere, if you wish to go?"

"I am indebted to her for such untold kindness!" said Vivian; "and if that were not enough to secure my deference to her will, I am her child, and she is my mother. Father Mahan gave me to her. Should not that be enough?"

"He had no business to do it without my consent," exclaimed George, fiercely.

"What could he do? She would not take me otherwise."

"I was ready to take you then, as now. O, Vivian, if you love me, as you said you did, go with me and be the light of my home."

"I do love you, George, but it would be hardly proper for me to go alone; if Mrs. Peyton would only consent to a voyage, I will endeavor to gain permission to return with you," replied Vivian, quite earnest in her wish to see the ocean again, and to contribute to the happiness of her foster-brother.

"Do you not understand me yet? Hasn't your heart told you what I mean? It is proper for husband and wife to go where they will, and, Vivian, I will shield you with such care! I will cover you from danger with my very life, if need be—and would *they* do more for you?"

Vivian started as if struck, and hid her face in her hands. She comprehended, at least, but how was it that she could not answer?—that she could see only the library as it was tenanted

months before, and the precious casket of letters, and—O, Vivian!

George waited to hear her speak, and he turned deathly pale as he at length continued:

"Father Mahan told me not to come for you. But Vivian, look up—lay your hand on mine once more, that I may talk to you. Nay, put your arm about my neck once more. I will not hurt you—I am going soon. My brain has reeled ever since that dreadful night. The tempest got within my head and will not be driven forth." Vivian tried to calm him, but he interrupted her. "I can read your face better than you can tell me what is in your heart. You love me a little, but not enough to be my wife. It is something that I have seen you once more, and heard your voice. Give me your handkerchief. How like you it is! It has been in your hand—I will have it for my head." George kissed her and hastened away.

At that moment Mrs. Peyton, who had been out walking, entered the room. George stayed an instant for one searching glance into Vivian's face, but he read no encouragement there, and with a groan he rushed out. Vivian sprang after him in vain. She waited hours for him to return, confident he would not leave her thus abruptly. She told her kind friends about him, and they sent a servant to find his vessel; but it was gone, and George was never again seen in New York.

Long before Vivian could regain her usual spirit, Mrs. Laneton and her daughter came. There was another round of visits, and an inundation of shopmen and milliners and servants, but the ladies remained only a week, when they set sail for Europe, expecting to meet Walsworth in Paris and to return with him. Vivian had earnestly hoped that he would come home alone, and that they should have him the first few days without interruption. One day, when alone with Mrs. Peyton in her room, she said something of all this. Vivian was sewing, and Mrs. Peyton carefully observed her face, as she replied: "I thought, at first, either Mrs. Walsworth or Alex had told you, or that some one would tell you. I should have informed you, but he requested me not to mention the matter anywhere till the time came. I reckoned you would find it out through Miss Laneton in some way, but your eyes were shut, poor child. You ought to have known it."

"What?" said Vivian, afraid to hear the reply.

"Why, that Alex and Miss Laneton are engaged and are to be married soon after they arrive." Mrs. Peyton tried not to notice the effect her words had upon Vivian—her pallor, the

trembling as she strove to continue her employment, but went on: "Alex was much taken with Miss Laneton when he met her a great while ago in one of his vacations. He was desperately in love, as boys are apt to be, and as there was no opposition on either side, and as the respectability of her family was such as to satisfy Mrs. Walsworth fully, the engagement was firmly entered upon. In a year or two, his *furore* abated very considerably. He had studied and travelled, and his spirit and intellect had developed greatly. Miss Laneton is one of those persons who never grow after they arrive at a certain point, just like an annual plant which shoots up thriftily to a given elevation, and can go no farther. Alex saw his mistake. But he thought it was highly dishonorable to break an engagement. I could not make him see that it was not so bad as to fail it with reluctance, and so he resolved to sacrifice himself. His mother has no suspicion of his real sentiments, and you will respect his desire to hold them in concealment."

Vivian went from the room without speaking.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton to herself. "I knew all that winter how it was going, and he is as much attached to her as she to him. But I could not say anything; it was not my duty to interfere; he must do as he will, but I hope Vivian will live through it."

We need not follow Vivian to her chamber, to read in her prostration and tears the agony and despair of her heart. Unaccustomed to analyze her affections, she had not known till this time the large devotion she had bestowed upon Walsworth. It was dreadful to learn her love and its hopelessness the self-same hour. It is pitiful, when the love of life is so crushed out of young hearts!

The days passed on, and Mrs. Walsworth observed that Vivian grew sad and wan, but Mrs. Peyton referred to George's visit and her regret for his trouble as the real occasion of her depression, and recommended a change of scene. A visitor luckily arrived at this juncture—Mrs. Raymond, accompanied by two interesting children still quite young. She was a native of Italy, and had in early life experienced great vicissitudes. She had arrived in New York a widow, and during several years was favorably known to Mrs. Walsworth, from whom she received much kindness. At length she won the regard of a wealthy Virginia gentleman, whom she married. In a few years she was again a widow, but contrived to reside in retirement upon her estate, only diversifying her time by occasional travel.

Business had brought her to New York, and for two or three days she was the guest of Mrs. Walsworth. She was greatly interested in Vivian, and never tired of watching her countenance when she could do so without rudeness. She noticed her paleness and languor, and recommended a journey, and substantiated her sincerity by inviting her to return with her to Virginia. Mrs. Walsworth determined to part with her daughter for a few weeks.

The residence of Mrs. Raymond was centrally situated in a rich valley, improved by high cultivation and skirted by picturesque mountains. Vivian had never seen nature before so beautifully displayed. Another agreeable novelty was the society of children. Little Florence and Albert were unusually interesting and sprightly. She loved them greatly, and often spent entire days in sports and story-telling for their entertainment. Mrs. Raymond was not only increasingly fascinated, but almost bewildered by the countenance, the air and the voice of Vivian, and repeatedly would exclaim: "How like him, my noble husband, in sunny Italy!" Vivian, on her part, loved Mrs. Raymond devotedly.

One warm afternoon, they were seated in the summer parlor. Little Florence clambered up on the couch beside Vivian, and began to play with her curls. Then the small fingers grew more daring, and took hold of the gold chain about her neck. It fell down concealed by her dress, and Florence sought to gratify her curiosity in as direct a way as her courage would permit, by saying: "Mama, what do you suppose Miss Walsworth has at the end of her chain? O, it's a heavy gold cross, with a 'V' on it; that's for Vivian. Why don't you wear it outside?"

Mrs. Raymond rose quickly, and after looking at the cross, exclaimed: "My child!" and fell senseless at the feet of Vivian. When she recovered, she begged Vivian to relate her history. Vivian had scarcely given the early incidents of her deliverance from the ocean and adoption into the fisherman's family, when she was interrupted by Mrs. Raymond.

"I am your own mother," said she. "When very young, I was united to your father, Alberto Verdi, in Italy the land of our nativity. You were born, and as Alberto and I were both orphans and destitute of immediate relatives, as we had sufficient property to afford a degree of independence without exertion, we resolved to come hither and devote ourselves to your education. As we neared the sterile coast where your infancy was passed, we were enveloped in a fatal mist—we struck—the vessel sunk—Alberto dis-

appeared forever in the waves before my eyes—the boat which picked me up was too full to take him—you had been seized from my arms by a sailor, and my poor life was all that remained to me. I did not stay in England, whither the rescuing ship carried me, but quickly returned—hoping to find you. I employed an agent to make inquiries, but unsuccessfully. That little cross has enabled me to recognise you with certainty. It was given me by Alberto before our marriage, and I took it from my own neck and sportively put it upon yours, on the morning of that dreadful day.” Mrs. Raymond said much more, while Vivian clung to her with joy. The child, so long an orphan, was suddenly in possession of the richest earthly gift. She could scarcely sleep for many a night for the mysterious happiness that stirred her soul.

In a little while, Mrs. Raymond determined to visit the place which had been so long the home of Vivian. The season was already advanced, and the journey was commenced without delay. They were to sail from Philadelphia, and on their return stop at New York to explain everything to Mrs. Walsworth.

“I know she loves you dearly,” said Mrs. Raymond, “and will not willingly relinquish you, and certainly her kindness strongly establishes her claim upon you. I will endeavor to be reasonable, and will share your society with her.” Vivian made no reply. She could not hint even to her own mother the painful secret of her heart.

After various changes, they reached St. Johns. Vivian anxiously made inquiries for George, and learned that he was at sea with his vessel, but was soon expected. The Indian, Jake, was fortunately at hand, and with another boatman readily consented to take the ladies to the parish of Father Mahan. Well stocked with provisions and other necessities, they started early one pleasant morning. The fog still lay about the shore, but Jake, experienced in detecting landmarks, warily pursued his course and brought his passengers in safety to the little estuary. Vivian hastened to the deserted hut, and was greatly surprised on seeing everything precisely as she had left it. Even a loaf of her bread, which she had made to leave with George, lay on the shelf where she put it, hard as a stone. Her aching heart found relief in tears, as she thought of the tender remembrance that appeared wheresoever she turned. Mrs. Raymond, with an interest and astonishment that can easily be imagined, examined everything, wondering how life could be supported where there were so few resources. Jake was immediately despatched

for Father Mahan. Meantime Vivian found occupation in preparing a dinner precisely as she used to, so that when the priest arrived he seemed quite shocked on beholding the old aspect of things so suddenly revived, and Vivian, so little changed, tripping lightly about to serve him, but yet was so glad, that she wished she might always minister to his wants.

When the repast and much conversation was over, Mrs. Raymond laid down to rest, and Vivian and the priest went together out upon the crag. The mist had receded somewhat, and lay off the shore not a mile distant. The western sunlight fell upon the dense mass, and it glistened in silver sheen. To Vivian, it was indescribably beautiful. Suddenly they were aroused by the booming sound of a gun from the vicinity of the dense fog.

“What is that? Sorrow again upon the deep?”

They listened as another gun sounded faintly over the water. Father Mahan hastened to find Jake, but the Indian and his companion had strolled away, and it was an hour before the priest returned. The boat was however manned, and the men rowed out, but would not enter the fog. They kept their position near the obscure mass, and struck their oars into the water now and then to avoid drifting away.

We will forestall the communication afterwards made, and tell the fearful disaster which the treacherous mist occasioned and concealed. George, with one man, was guiding his pretty coasting vessel to St. Johns. He knew his course and went confidently, though he could scarcely see through the fog from prow to stern. In an instant, scarcely without a warning to his ear, another vessel came down upon him, and his own was directly sunk. He, with his fellow sailor, contrived to keep afloat and were taken up by the ship. But that was found to be fast filling with water and rapidly sinking. The panic was complete. George, almost alone in calmness of action, endeavored to direct the lowering of the boats. One at last put off from the ship so densely filled with passengers that it filled and sank. Another boat had meanwhile been lowered, and into it the ladies were put. Among them was the bride of Walsworth. Ere the boat pushed off, it was seized on by the despairing drowning ones, and upset. The ship was settling fearfully, and George and Walsworth could now only seek their own personal safety from destruction. Seizing hold of a floating spar, they labored to advance in the direction of the shore, till Walsworth was benumbed and exhausted. George, obliged to support him almost wholly, was himself now falling, when the fog broke be-

fore him. His burden was insensible, and he had already borne him an incredible distance through the sea; he grew powerless and thought he should never gain the shore. But the welcome sound of oars approached, and they were rescued. George sank down on the bottom of the boat, where they had laid Walsworth. A strange curdling of the blood, an awful stillness, a fluttering, a creeping chill about his heart, foretold death. He looked up to the sky, and with thoughts of the spiritual world above blended the earthly image of Vivian. Jake mentioned her name and told him she was waiting on the shore. George sprang up and sat erect. They were near the little beach. In a moment more, he stood beside her.

They carried the insensible Walsworth to the house. Vivian had not recognized him, in her delight on beholding George once more, nor had scarcely noticed that there was another with him. George led her a few steps, and sitting down, took her hand and laid it on his forehead, as he leaned against the rock.

"It is calm now," said he, "this troublous head of mine, beneath your touch! My vessel has gone down, but your room was unbroken, and I thought to close it, and it will be long before the sea-monsters enter it. When you go away, Vivian, take something of mine from the hut, that you may look at it and remember me."

"But I am coming to see you every year," said Vivian, "to do things for you and make you more cheerful and comfortable. Let me bring you some wine now, you look so very weary."

"Not just yet," said he, a beautiful smile playing about his lips. She knelt beside him and put back his wet hair and wiped his brow. "Vivian, did you ever long for any precious thing that seemed so hopeless you dared not pray for it? It was thus with me, just now, when I thought I might die and never see you again. Do not grieve for me when I am gone, but remember I was satisfied to die beside the great ocean with none but you—you and I alone. Speak to me, Vivian."

"O George, George!" exclaimed she, terror-stricken as she beheld the sudden change on his countenance. She bent to kiss his cheek, as if thus she would inspire him with new life. He raised his arm and clasped her tightly, and with her name upon his lips, died. In a moment she was unconscious.

Vivian was very ill after this. So sudden a shock, in addition to the successive excitements of the season, completely prostrated her. But

the skilful care of Father Mahan, who had been her only physician from infancy, the presence of her mother and Walsworth, and the home-seeming which still attached itself to the blackened hut, were effectual restoratives, and in a little while she could think of returning. Before she went away, she took the flower-plants which grew in the garden—Walsworth assisted her—and placed them on George's grave. Father Mahan promised to cultivate and protect them for her, as her foster-brother had hitherto done.

She selected some familiar articles from the few possessions George had left behind him, and consigned the remainder to the priest. Mrs. Raymond left with the old man substantial tokens of her good wishes. Again Vivian visited each loved spot, and again departed with a sad heart, but not unsoled by present blessings and pleasing anticipations.

The party arrived safely at New York. Mrs. Peyton was abundantly satisfied when she heard their various adventures recounted, and after she had held a pretracted and interesting conversation with Mrs. Walsworth and Mrs. Raymond, neither of those ladies deemed it advisable to waste any words or good feeling in contesting for the possession of Vivian.

There was a wedding shortly after, and Vivian Walsworth went with her mother to Virginia, for a bridal tour, and they were so well pleased with their visit that they often repeated it during the happy years which succeeded.

Christy lived a long and dozy life in the clay, and had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which remained to be looked at and loved when he had grown weary of old age and had gone.

A SAILOR KING.

William IV., King of Great Britain, when at the age of fourteen, entered the British navy as a midshipman, performed the ordinary duties of his station, and went through the regular grades of promotion to a Post Captain. He served upwards of six years in the grade of midshipman, and performed in the whole, something like eleven years continued service, when he was raised from the grade of Post Captain to that of a Rear Admiral, and was about the same time created Duke of Clarence. It is seldom the son of a king has had the same chance of thorough discipline that William IV. enjoyed while an active member of the navy; and it is said that his manner partook in some measure of the roughness of a seaman.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labor, and the simplest yet most effectual and delightful mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by struggles with fortune.

THE ALTAR AT HOME.

BY MRS. R. F. KIDGEE.

Dear, dear to our hearts is the altar at home,
No shrine seems so sacred wherever we roam;
For the dear ones knelt there that have gone home to rest,
Then ask us not why it seems hallowed and blest.

We've knelt at the altar at the still starry hour,
When a father's loved voice had a sweet, soothing power,
When a mother's fond hand wiped away every tear,
Then ask us not why 'tis held sacred and dear.

Together we'll kneel 'neath the fair azure skies,
Nor blush for the tear-gems that moisten our eyes;
We'll pledge to our Father where'er we may roam,
That we ne'er will forget the dear altar at home.

When we kneel at this shrine so sacred and dear,
Where the sweet vesper hymn fell low on the ear,
Where the whispered "good-night," when the blessing
was o'er,
Once hallowed our childhood, we sigh no more.

THE BRIBERY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I WILL not mention the name of the town in which the following incidents occurred, for the Judge is still living there, and he may have reformed ere this. The town was on the Mississippi River, and at that time in its infancy; and it was infested by a band of reckless men who robbed and murdered when they could, and spent the rest of the working hours in gambling. Charles Masters moved into the place with his wife and family, and opened a store. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, and possessed a firm, pure spirit, and a stout, kind heart. One of his first efforts, after becoming acquainted with the leading people of the place, was to rid the town of the miserable cut-throats who infested it; and to this end he pointed out their haunts, and endeavored to make the public officers do their duty. He had several of them arrested, but, though the proof of their guilt was as plain as the sun at unclouded noonday, yet he could not get one of them convicted.

At length it was determined among the gamblers that Charles Masters should be put out of the way, and three of their gang agreed to murder him. To this end they waylaid him as he was going to his house one night, and when he reached the place where they had concealed themselves, they rushed out upon him, and tried to stab him. But the young merchant proved too much for them. He had been warned of his danger, and he was prepared. He walked at night only with a double-barrelled pistol in each

hand. On the present occasion, he shot down two of the assassins, and as he presented the pistol to the head of the third, he fled.

But the young man was not yet free. On the very next day he was apprehended for murder. At first, he only laughed at the idea; but ere long he found that there was something serious in it. The sheriff informed him that if he would leave the place, and never return to it again, he should be let off; but this Masters scorned to do. He demanded a trial; and he was informed that he should have it. The court was to sit in about two weeks, and until that time had expired he was confined in the jail. His wife and oldest child suffered much, but kind friends cared for them, and did all they could for their comfort.

The greatest difficulty Masters labored under was in finding a lawyer. The only lawyer of any eminence in the place had been retained on the other side. But in this fortune favored him most signally. Sargeant S. Prentiss chanced to pass through the town on his way to defend a man from the charge of murder in a distant town, and he promised to be on hand to defend Masters. He had known the young merchant, and his sympathies were at once awakened in his behalf.

The day of trial at length came on. The prosecution had strained every nerve, and as yet the defence had gained but very little testimony. No one had been present, save the prisoner and the principal witness, at the time the two men were shot, and no evidence could be obtained as to the evil habits of the two dead men; for, though many knew them, yet none dared to testify.

Prentiss came, and he called to see the prisoner.

"I see they mean to condemn you," remarked the lawyer, as he sat down upon the low pallet.

"Of course they do," returned Masters. "They fear me here; and those who do not fear me fear to testify for me, save to my own character. They dare not say one word against the desperate characters with whom we have to deal."

"Are you acquainted with old Nash, the judge," Prentiss asked.

"Somewhat," returned the prisoner; "and I think he is a hard man. I know he gambles much, and I fear he has an interest in some of the gaming-houses here."

"So I thought," said the counsel, with a meaning shake of the head. "But never mind," he added, "I will see what I can do to-night. Things do not look so dark as they might; nor yet so light as I wish they did. But keep up a

good heart. You have friends about you, and I have some at work who are not suspected."

"Ah?" uttered Masters, interrogatively."

"Yes, sir," returned Prentiss, with a smile; "I have some perfect villains at work. One of your friends placed a thousand dollars in my hands, and I shall pay it all out to these very gamblers—that is, to such as suit me."

"But the thousand dollars, sir?"

"Has been raised by your friends. So rest easy on that score."

After chatting awhile longer upon various topics, Prentiss took his leave.

The court-house was filled with eager people. Charles Masters was in the prisoner's box, and old Nash was upon the judge's bench. This judge was a stout, heavily-framed man, somewhat over forty years of age, with a dark, lowering face, and dull, grey eyes. He looked more like some burly landlord than like a judge. He gazed wickedly upon the prisoner, when he entered; but his countenance changed when he saw that small, lame man come in. With the short, halting limp, and the regular tap of the heavy cane, Sergeant S. Prentiss entered the room. He took his seat close to the prisoner, and then cast his eyes over the scene.

First came the selecting of the jury.

"You may challenge whom you will," Prentiss whispered, "but it will make little difference. They won't present a disinterested man here, and I think you may as well accept the first one that is called. They will be all bribed—every one of them."

"Do you think so?" returned Masters, turning pale.

"I am sure of it. But don't let that trouble you."

At length twelve men were called up, and as Prentiss ran his eye over them, he understood the game at once. They were poor, miserable fellows—hangers-on about the different gaming-houses—and the court supposed they would every one be challenged, and in reserve were held the bold, reckless men who were to follow. The prisoner accepted the jury as it was presented, much to the astonishment of the spectators and the chagrin of the court.

Thus arranged, the trial proceeded. The indictment was read, and the prisoner pleaded not guilty. The prosecution opened the case, and then the witnesses were called up. When Nathan Knox took the stand the people were eager. He was the man who had made his escape after Masters had shot his two companions. He swore that he, and the two men who were now dead,

had met the prisoner on the night in question, and that they stopped him and asked him what he would give them if they would put him in the way of clearing out some of the gaming-houses. He told them to get out of his way. This rather offended them, and they told him he had better keep civil if he knew when he was well off; and thereupon he drew a double-barrelled pistol and shot his two companions dead.

"Look ye, sir," uttered Prentiss, when he came to cross-examine this witness. "Now mind that you answer me truly, for if you speak one single falsehood to me you do it at your peril."

The fellow started at this, for there was something in the fire of those great, dark eyes of Prentiss that Mr. Knox was not used to. But he had no time for thought.

"Now why were you and your two companions concealed in that narrow passage?"

"We wasn't concealed."

"What! Beware, sir! Not concealed? What do you mean by that? Why, my good man, you are giving the lie to all you have said. Now tell me why you went into that dark passage and staid there until the prisoner came along? Tell me!"

"We may have turned in there, sir; but we wan't hid. We just turned in to wait for the man to come up."

"And how long did you have to wait?"

"Not over half a minute."

"Be careful. May it not have been a minute? Remember, sir, a falsehood now will upset your whole testimony. You were seen!"

"Well, sir, 'twasn't over a minute, any way."

"Very well. And now which of you stepped out first when Mr. Masters came along?"

"Ned Hammond did."

"And you next, eh?"

"No, sir. Jack Nowell did."

"Now look ye, sir," thundered Prentiss, in that tone, and with that look which never failed to confound an evil mind, "you swore that you three were coming along the sidewalk, and that you met the prisoner—that you stopped, and he stopped. What did you mean by that?"

The witness stammered out some reply, but he could not clear himself from the snare he had got worked into. However, Prentiss let him go as soon as he had sufficiently shown him up; and the next witness was called.

When all was in of evidence on both sides, the case looked dark for the prisoner. Some few had testified to his good character; and some had even dared to testify to the fact that the gamblers had sworn to get rid of him on account

of the exertions he had used against them. And the prisoner's own account of the affair was also received. The judge plainly intimated that the prisoner would be hung, and the jury winked at each other knowingly.

A lawyer named Compton summed up for the prosecution, and finally Prentiss arose, as was his right to do, to make his final answer. He reviewed a part of the testimony a second time, and then went over with the prisoner's own statement. He pointed to the wife and children of the young merchant, and drew a picture of such a man doing a foul murder. It was so preposterous that even the judge plainly showed by his looks that he didn't believe it. Prentiss saw that he had fastened the attention of both court and jury, and after dwelling a few moments longer on the picture he had drawn—after painting the youth struggling against such enemies as were arrayed against him, and seeking to rid his adopted home of the foul pest of the gambler's hell, he stopped, and raised his finger towards heaven. It rested there a moment, and then sank down again. The silence was breathless—painful—but it was not to last long. Prentiss raised those strange eyes of his to the judge, and the stout man quailed.

"Your honor," he resumed, in a tone so strange with marvellous power and depth that every breath was instinctively hushed when it came upon the still air, "I have one system of evidence which I have not used, and which may God grant I may not have to use. Of the perjury which has gone up, rank and reeking from yonder stand, I will not speak. But I will speak of a more deadly, damning thing which has crept into this house. I mean—*Bribery!* I hold at this moment in my possession evidence of the most wholesale bribery that I ever heard of. In all my intercourse at the bar I never came across a case which could equal this for gigantic, bold-faced, deadly bribery. Rake open the very bottomless pit, and drag therefrom the worst villains that an incensed God has consigned there, and they would shudder upon beholding the proofs of guilt which I could show them. I could show them an innocent man, compassed round about with evil, struggling for the salvation of his kind from Satan's fell grasp—that man shouldering the enmity of thieves, gamblers and assassins—waylaid by murderers on his way to his own quiet, peaceful home, and, to save his own life, obliged to shoot down two men whom you all knew for blood-thirsty villains. Then I should show them that man seized by his enemies, who were too cowardly to attack him physically again, and cast into prison upon

the charge of murder. And—listen—I could show them now a fearful scene! I could point out to them those men who should save the innocent victim of all this wrong *bartering away his life for a bride!* Ay; selling his very life to the meanest scum of this game-cursed place for a paltry bribe! In God's name hear me. Let not the story be told. As you value your sacred names here, and your immortal souls hereafter, let not the tale go forth. God forbid that I should herald the damning proofs! O, let me crush the burning, blighting evidence in my grasp ere another eye save mine, and *that eye which never sleeps*, can see it! Your honor, I have done. Gentlemen of the jury, I fear not to trust my client in your hands. I know the foul tempter which has whispered to you; ay, and which has dared to whisper *to one higher than you*, but I fear not his power over you. I can read the noble spirit in your faces now. I can see in each face before me a free and independent soul, and it seems to speak out—to speak plainly—thus: '*We are men—God keep us from temptation. We are jurors—no power can make us do wrong.*'"

For some moments after Prentiss sat down all was still as death. It was not so much the words which had been spoken, as the tone, the spirit, the keen fire of the eye, the strange curl of the lip, and the significant pointing of that finger, which had moved the people there. The jury had at first been frightened, but the closing sentence of the address had placed them on better terms with themselves and with the speaker. They knew that he was aware of the bribery, but they now believed that he did not know they had accepted it. The judge was nervous and uneasy. He dared not meet the eye of Prentiss, and he hardly dared look up. His charge to the jury was all prepared, but he dared not read it. He had prepared it as the evidence was being given in, but he crushed it now in his hands.

But finally he arose, and after stammering awhile he simply informed the jury they had heard all the evidence, and that they might retire and make up a verdict. They went out, and were gone only some fifteen minutes; and when they returned they brought in a verdict of—Not Guilty!

There was a shout of joy went up from the people there assembled, though there were some low curses. The judge disappeared soon as possible, and the jury shrank away by a side door.

"Mr. Prentiss," asked the young merchant, as quite a party were assembled in the house of the latter in the evening, "what evidence had you obtained of this bribery?"

"None that would be good for anything in a court of justice," replied Prentiss. "I managed to gain considerable information on the subject by paying roundly for it, but I could not find a man who would give me his name, or consent to make oath. But I knew what that judge was made of; and so of the jury. I knew they had been bribed, and that your death was sure unless they could be frightened off. Of course they supposed my pockets were full of documentary proof. But it's all as well."

And so it was. A joyous evening stretched away into the night, and on the following morning Prentiss started for his home. This trial had put a ball in motion, and opened the eyes of the people, and ere another year rolled around the gamblers had departed and found new homes—some in other towns and cities of earth, and some—

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

When quite a youth Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

"Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproach, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE POP GUN PLANT.

In the mountains of Brazil there grows a set of very beautiful plants called Rhopalas; they are covered with velvet, especially on the young leaves, which are brown. There is a hot-house plant, *Pilea callitricoides*, of tender, brittle and juicy aspect, which looks as if it would be good to eat in a cooling salad, but which is really of so explosive a temperament that it might fairly be call the pistol-plant. When near flowering, and with its tiny buds ready to open, if the plants is either dipped in water or abundantly watered, each bud will explode successively, keeping up a mimic Sebastopolitan bombardment, sending forth a puff of gunpowder smoke—or a little cloud of dusty pollen—as its stamens suddenly start forth to take their place and form a cross. It is an amusing toy, which produces a plentiful crop of pop guns.—*Sat. Gazette.*

Weak men often, from the very principle of their weakness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy, and taste, which render them, in those particulars, much superior to men of stronger and more consistent minds, who laugh at them.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first day of May, 1856, says the Daily Courier, and inquired:

"Ish to men in vot insurances de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I wants mine helts insahured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I wants ten dollar vot."

The agent inquired the state of his health.

"Vell, I ish sick all the time. I'se shust out to bed too tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a pig fool; vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for insahure my helts, ven I vos vell?"

GREECE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The beautiful land of Greece, with all its glorious reminiscences, is now but the personification of fallen greatness. The Greece of ancient time, rich in its treasures of science, literature and art, famed for its agricultural and commercial wealth, is now no more, and in its stead, there is left a poor, oppressed, impoverished, and enfeebled country. Her government is one of the most inefficient and corrupt, with which a nation was ever cursed; and the people, robbed by the soldiery, and harassed by their rulers, cultivate the lands, only to satisfy the systematic exactions of their tyrants. In some parts of the kingdom, tired of laboring in the fields, for benefits which others will enjoy, many of the peasantry have formed themselves into bands of robbers, and infesting the public roads, live by the plunder of travellers; and if by chance there falls into their hands any hated official, he is sure to be visited with the full measure of their vengeance, in the form of tortures and a horrible death—unless, indeed, the chances of a heavy ransom are sufficient to induce them to forego the sweet delights of revenge. In all probability, the expulsion of the weak king Otho from his throne would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on Greece.—*Freeman's Journal.*

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her distrust at the example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame!

Henrich Heine once remarked that the rich were too apt to think that authors and artists, like green fruit, were improved by lying upon straw.

THOU WILT COME NO MORE.

BY EUGENE ARSON.

No, no, thou wilt never come again;
Thine eyes so soft and clear,
That shone like violets after rain,
Whi! me'er like violets ope again,
Though other springs are here.

And we must miss thee everywhere;
Where'er our feet may tread,
A voice will come upon the air,
And speak of one once pure and fair,
Who now sleeps with the dead.

The moonlight through the clustering vines
Comes dancing on the floor;
The whip-poor-will with mournful song,
Makes music all the evening long
Beside our cottage door.

But thou, who, in our quiet home,
Once sat at close of day,
And watched the moon's pale, flickering light—
Whose soft voice mocked the bird of night—
Hast passed from earth away—

And we shall see thy face no more;
Seasons will onward flee—
The spring, with soft and genial breath,
Will wake the flowers from transient death:
Would it might wake thee.

JACK BRADLEY'S ADVENTURE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

At the time of the great fair, or "exposition," or whatever it may be called, at Paris, I happened to be mate of a packet ship sailing between New York and Havre. Being at the latter city when the excitement in consequence of the novel show was at the highest pitch, and constantly hearing people of all nations and kindred and tongues chanting its praises, I felt a very natural curiosity to behold the thing with mine own eyes, and judge whether Froggy's crystal palace and contents could compare with the similar plaything but a short time before constructed by their cousin Bull across the Channel. Accordingly, obtaining a week's leave of absence from the ship, I joined the immense concourse of pilgrims that threaded every road leading to the capital and in due course of time found myself in the great city.

Never having been at Paris before, I felt quite as much curiosity to become personally acquainted with the city itself, its palaces and its places of historical interest, as I did to view the more useful but less romantic products of the world's industry. So having satisfied my patriotism by going into ecstasies at sight of a bewitching Yan-

kee reaper, and having fallen down and worshipped a most lovely and coquetish threshing machine, I determined to devote the rest of my time to walking about town and seeing the sights therein.

In pursuance of this plan, it chanced toward the close of a delightful afternoon, that I was sauntering carelessly along the Boulevards, without any definite object in view, except the general one of seeing all I could, and thereby getting as much as possible for my time and money; and there was plenty to be seen, you may be sure, on that gay and intensely French thoroughfare, with its throngs of well and ill dressed people, chattering, laughing and gesticulating as they sat upon the benches beneath the trees, or like myself lounged about the pleasant walks, with here and there a squad of soldiers off duty, a bevy of grisettes, lovers in pairs innumerable, bearded and turbaned Turks, pig-tailed Chinamen, English, Irish, Scotch, and French, mingled in Babel-like confusion, while in and out among the moving crowd glided the stout and watchful sergeants de ville with their swords and cocked hats, apparently seeing nothing, yet in reality observing everything, and ready on the instant to pounce upon any self-confident individual who might delude himself with the belief that he could with impunity fracture any of the laws of the empire.

Pacing slowly along until arriving at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, I stopped to gaze upon the endless stream of gay equipages that crowded the broad avenue. Every description of "drag" was there, from the unpretending hackney coach, to the gorgeous turn-out of a prince.

"Ah, that is all very pretty, and very nice, no doubt?" thought I to myself, with a little bit of a feeling of envy, as I gaped at the magnificent carriages and their no less magnificent occupants, the coachmen and footmen in livery; the silver-mounted harness, and the coat of arms upon the panels. "There you go, seated upon velvet cushions, with slap-up quadrupeds to cart you about; half a dozen flunkies to do your chores, and see that you don't fall overboard; no end of a fortune at your command, and probably a staggering title at the top of the heap; while here stand I, who, in my own opinion at least, am as good as the best of you, nothing but a poor, continually-to-be-meezed-at Jack Nastyface. Well, well," I muttered, continuing my soliloquy, and endeavoring to call in the aid of philosophy, "there are compensations in life and nature. Now among all these fellows who are rolling in wealth, and bursting with greatness, there is not

one in a hundred, no, not one in five thousand, and I'll bet my head against a sea cake that I'm right, who can reeve a Spanish burton, or even set a topmast studding-sail properly in any sort of a decent breeze. No, they do not have every blessing; while wealth and station are given them, knowledge and ability are given to chaps about my size;" and pleasing myself with such like consoling thoughts, I turned to retrace my steps, when I heard some one call my name.

"Joe! Joe Grummet," said a voice, which I fancied sounded rather familiar; but having stared about me a minute or so without seeing any one to father the voice, I concluded I must have fancied it altogether, and was upon the point of continuing my walk with that conviction, when a flashy carriage drew up by the side of the walk, and a gentleman leaning half out of the window invited me by word and gesture to enter.

Now I have always felt it as much my duty to respond to an advantageous "call" as if I were a parson; so returning the polite bow of the footman who opened the carriage door, I hopped in and seating myself comfortably, took a good look at the gentleman to ascertain what manner of man he might be, and having looked, was struck flat aback by the discovery that it was no other than my old shipmate Jack Bradley.

"Well, Joe, are you sleepy?" he asked, with a smile, as I sat gazing stupidly at him.

"No, not exactly sleepy," I replied, "but I may possibly be dreaming, and to make sure, I'd like to have you tell me whether this is really you, or somebody else? Take time to consider, I don't want you to answer unadvisedly."

"Upon mature consideration I am inclined to believe that you are correct in your conjecture that it is me and nobody else."

"That point being settled, where did you come from? how did you get here? whose cart is this, and what business have you and I in it?"

"To tell you where I came from, and how I came here, would be a long story, Joe; as for the rest, the cart, as you call it, belongs to me, bought and paid for, and you and I are taking a sail in it because we choose so to do."

"And the fat booby forward holding the tiller ropes, and the two lubbers behind with the plush breeches and gold lace, I suppose you've bought and paid for them too?"

"Yes, they, too, belong to me, body and clothes," he returned, with an air of satisfaction.

"Well, it's none of my business, Jack, how you came by so much flashy trumpery, so I won't ask the question; however, if you insist upon telling me, why, I'll try to listen."

Jack grinned, and telling the coachman to

drive slowly, he began his story; but before we let him proceed, it may be as well to give the reader some insight into his early history, and the reason of my astonishment at finding him when and where I did.

At the commencement of my acquaintance with Jack Bradley, he was a brilliant and somewhat fast student at one of the most popular colleges of New England. An orphan, his pocket was kept in countenance by a wealthy relation, whose heir he had every reason to suppose he would be; but before his studies were half completed, the old gentleman saw fit to leave this world, which would have been all right enough, had he left a will too; but as he didn't, other heirs put forward their claims, and Jack was stripped of everything but his clothes and his debts, of which they could not find it in their hearts to deprive him. Soon after this unpleasant event, happening to run afoul of Jack in Boston, he gave me the history of his misfortunes, and asked my advice as to the easiest way for a young fellow who didn't know how to do anything, to obtain a livelihood and something more. Sailor-like, I advised him to make a virtue of necessity, come the patriotic and serve his country in a government ship. The idea struck him favorably, and before night we had him all rigged out in a blue shirt and a jacket of a thousand buttons. Having known each other on shore, we were naturally a good deal together on board the ship, I acting the part of a dry nurse towards him, showing him the ropes, putting him up to the moves, and teaching him what little of seamanship he ever knew. He was a lively, active, go-ahead chap, whom everybody liked, and I had no reason to suppose that he disliked the service or ever regretted having entered it.

In the course of the cruise we stopped at Marseilles, and our mess getting shore leave, we started for a night's drift through the city. Here, Jack somehow strayed away from the party, and though he was hunted after diligently, nothing was heard of him for some time and he was given up as a deserter, when, after the lapse of a week or ten days, he, to the surprise of every one, returned voluntarily to the ship, and with his clothes dreadfully soiled and nearly worn out, and himself apparently half starved. He would give no account of where he had been, or what he had been doing, but continued silent and thoughtful, saying little even to me.

Continuing our cruise, we passed up the Mediterranean, and it was several months before we again dropped our mud heels at Marseilles; but no sooner did the opportunity offer than Jack

was off again, and from that time I neither saw nor heard anything of him until we met so unexpectedly on the Boulevards of Paris, after an interval of half a dozen years. We will now let Jack go on with his story.

"You remember, Joe, the night of our arrival at Marseilles, that we went cruising about the town from one place to another until you might look two ways for the shortest cut to daylight."

"Which means, that we were out till midnight."

"Precisely, but you needn't put yourself to the trouble of interrupting me. Well, that species of amusement not being quite so much to my taste as it probably was to you old salts, I took the first opportunity to slip away unobserved, to have a quiet stroll by myself. Having pranced about the city an hour or so, it occurred to me that having for such a length of time slept only in a hammock, it would be a good idea to try how an old-fashioned bed would feel. So backing my maintrapeail at the first public house I asked for a room, was shewn one, peeled and went to bed; but going to bed was my share of a night's rest; sleep was out of the question. The noise of carriages in the street, and people moving about the house disturbed me, and when this gradually subsided, a most unlovely cur in the yard felt it his duty to set up a prolonged howl in a melancholy minor key, which elicited corresponding yelps from all the ill-conditioned pups in the neighborhood. This performance concluded, an unearthly screeching arose from the roofs of the outbuildings. Cat calling unto cat, and Tommy answering through night's misty shroud, back to the noisy whelps that called to him aloud, as Byron didn't say. There is nothing makes me more nervous than to lay in bed without the ability to sleep; and wild with anger I sprang from the bed, dove into my clothes, and out of the house with marvellous celerity. It was a warm starlight night, and being wholly indifferent as to the direction or extent of my ramble, I left the city behind me and walked slowly along the great road leading to Toulon. A walk of several miles brought me to a portion of the road, bordered on either side by large trees, rising from among the straggling undergrowth that covered the fields. Being somewhat fatigued I threw myself upon the grass, in a small clear space among the bushes, and almost immediately fell into a dose. Many minutes could not have elapsed ere I was aroused by the sound of voices near me. Cautiously and silently making an opening through the bushes, I obtained a distant view of the speakers. Four strong and muscular men, evidently belonging to the worst class of

the lower orders of the Parisian population, were standing in the shadow of a tree talking in low and earnest tones.

"I tell you the carriage will pass here in less than five minutes," said one of the men, in reply to an expression of doubt from his companions.

"Well then, since you are so sure of it, what do you propose to do, alit the old fellow's wind-pipe?" asked another of the group.

"No, no, nothing of that kind," responded the first speaker; "we must try the other dodge. There was rather too much trouble about that last job, to make me anxious to do any more knife work at present. But look sharp, he's coming now, as I told you."

"A distant rumbling of wheels betokened the approach of a carriage, and my respectable neighbors, each drawing a pistol from his pocket, awaited its coming.

"Well, Jack Bradley," said I to myself, "here's a fine opening for a young man to distinguish himself as an amateur policeman." But a moment's reflection convincing me that a discovery of my vicinity would in all probability result in an opening of a young man desirous of distinguishing himself as an amateur policeman by the thievishly inclined gentlemen before mentioned, I wisely kept quiet as possible.

The carriage, driven at a rapid rate, soon came abreast of my hiding place, when our friends made a simultaneous dash at the horses' heads, and with some little difficulty succeeded in stopping them. They were evidently experienced hands at the business, for in an incredibly short space of time they had the driver and the occupant of the carriage securely bound, their pockets rifled, and themselves tumbled together in a heap in the bottom of the vehicle. Then removing a small trunk or box, they turned the carriage in an opposite direction from whence it came, and hitting the horses several smart cuts with the whip, started them off at a dence of a pace.

"Now your story 'book, or theatrical sailor, upon finding himself similarly situated, would forthwith, and without a moment's hesitation, have sprung all unarmed as he was, into the midst of the four rascals, and with herculean strength laid about him with such good effect as in a few minutes to have seven of the eight villains stretched upon the ground, when a desperate combat would ensue between him and the leader of the sixteen discomfited desperadoes, who would of course turn out to be the renegade Count of Pizerinctum, which discovery would raise the very old scratch with the sailor, and cause him to pitch in at such a rate as in less

than two hours to completely vanquish the rascally count and spread him out by the side of the inanimate bodies of his thirty-two companions in crime, when the sailor, himself desperately wounded, would stagger a few steps, stop, drop the weapon from his hand, stagger a few more steps, stretch out his hands before him, gaze fixedly into the air, and murmuring in an awe-struck voice, 'Spirit of the wronged and sainted Adeliza, thou art avenged!' would fall smack upon the stiffening corpses of his sixty-four foemen and give up the ghost in a most charming and romantic manner to two bars of slow music.

"This," continued Jack, "would have been the proper course for a hero to pursue; but being no hero and nothing but a very ordinary Yankee sailor, I contented myself with snapping off a severe cud of tobacco, and waiting to see what would turn up next."

"Having listened to the sound of the carriage wheels till it died away in the distance, our robbers shouldered the box, with the contents of which they seemed to be pretty well acquainted, and passing my place of concealment so close as to give me a decidedly queerish feeling, kept on through the underbrush, whither I immediately followed, keeping at a safe distance you may be sure, being guided rather by the sound of their footsteps and the rustling of the bushes than by sight. In this way I tracked them for a distance of at least a mile, when they halted, and I came within an ace of betraying himself by not becoming aware of the fact until I was almost upon them. They did not perceive me, however; so creeping stealthily along, I was enabled to secrete myself in a clump of bushes but a few feet from them, where I could observe all their motions and overhear all that was said. The spot where they stopped was a small, clear space of perhaps twenty square yards, among the bushes, covered with dried grass and leaves, and presenting no appearance of having been disturbed by man for years; but a few minutes of hurried labor on their part disclosed the fact that it was the locality of a *cache*, or place for burying their ill-gotten treasures. The dried leaves being carefully removed and a large flat stone raised from its place, the fellow who appeared to be the master spirit of the gang, proceeded to pick the lock of the lately stolen trunk.

"Now then, boys," said he, when this was accomplished, "shell out whatever you took from the old cove; we want nothing about our persons to identify us with this night's job, and the stuff will be all the better for being salted down for a few months."

"The fellows hereupon emptied their pockets

of a variety of jewelry, which the leader deposited in the box, and taking from among a considerable number of similar ones a rouleau of gold coin, he distributed it among them. The box was now placed within the cavity in the earth, the stone replaced, and the dried leaves scattered over the spot so as to obliterate any trace of the surface having been disturbed.

"All being arranged to their satisfaction, they proceeded to take themselves off, but instead of retreating by the way they came, they advanced directly toward my hiding place. Now if I was merely spinning a yarn for amusement, I should probably say that, petrified by a sense of danger, I remained rooted to the ground. But such was not the case. Dropping upon all fours I rooted my way among the bushes in a decidedly hoggish manner, and with much celerity as that style of locomotion would admit. The robbers kept close to my trail for some minutes, and I must have squirmed along several hundred yards before they finally passed me and I felt it prudent to resume my position in society as an upright man; and having done so, I was at no little loss to decide what steps to pursue next. In this dilemma I very naturally continued to take steps straight ahead until I reached the road, where I stopped to deliberate. My first impulse was to hunt you up, and get your advice upon the matter; and as first impressions, they say, go a good way, my first impression of what was proper went as far as *Marseilles*, and took me along with it.

"Day was breaking when I reached the city, and as I spanked along the street toward the villainous locality in which you delighted to pass your time, my attention was attracted toward a crowd of persons where there appeared to be a scuffle going on. Thinking there might be a free fight, and having no objections to taking the kinks out of my arms by indulging in a few rounds, I mixed with the crowd.

"What's up?" I inquired of a seedy individual near me; whereupon he proceeded with all the loquacity of a Frenchman, to inform me as to the particulars of the robbery to which I had been a witness, and furthermore that the occupants of the carriage having found means to release themselves from the confinement in which the robbers placed them, had forthwith returned and given the alarm; that the police had turned out in force, guarding every avenue to the city, and had just succeeded in arresting four men whom the coachman identified as the thieves, although none of the stolen property had been found upon them.

"I was just upon the point of betraying my knowledge of the affair, when one of your oft-re-

peated lessons to me, how to keep out of difficulty on board ship occurred to me, to wit, that profound ignorance was profound safety, and that if I would keep myself clear of a great deal of other people's trouble which would become my own by interference, and no thanks for it either, I must be a fool upon all occasions, and not be induced to know anything at any price.

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," thinks I to myself, and if Joe Grummet's advice is good at sea, it must be particularly bunkum in Marseilles; so, extricating myself from the crowd, I crowded sail for the place where I had seen you the night before, but to my disappointment I found that you with the rest of the boys had already gone on board the ship. I had little inclination to do likewise, for I could not help thinking of that celebrated 'tide in the affairs of men,' and fancying the *cache* among the bushes to be, if not high water mark itself, at all events, pretty near it.

"Accordingly, fortifying myself with three or four breakfasts—for I was hungry as a Roman Catholic shark in the middle of Lent, I stowed away a cubic foot of cold ham, with bread in proportion in my pockets, and started back to the scene of my last night's adventure. I made no doubt of being able to go straight to the spot; but in this I was disappointed. It had been too dark on my first visit to enable me to distinguish any prominent objects, and as I had left in such a hurry, I had not thought to make any marks by which to be guided. The clear space among the bushes I found to be by no means unique, there being many thousand similar spots scattered for miles over the fields, and in every particular as like two thieves to the real place.

"All that day I hunted, and passed the night beneath the trees. The next and the next day's search was equally fruitless, while in the mean time, my scanty supply of money was rapidly absorbed by the commissariat department; so that at the close of the tenth day's search I found myself half starved, out of money, grub and patience. There was nothing for it but to return to the ship, which I did, sulky as a bear, as you remember. It didn't strike me that there was any necessity of taking a speaking trumpet and announcing my adventure to all the world, so I kept my own counsel, and whatever stray articles of value I could lay my hands on, to enable me to fly my kite for another search at some future period.

"The months that elapsed ere we again reached at Marseilles, were the longest I ever passed; it seemed to me like so many years. I could neither think nor dream of anything else beside

Monte Christo and his countless millions, and imagine myself in a like predicament. At length, to my inexpressible joy, we received orders to up stick for the haven where I would be. My shore liberty was of course stopped on account of my previous desertion, but a few shillings to the marine on guard on the fore-castle, rendered the unfortunate man perfectly blind, so that I found no difficulty in slipping over the bow and swimming to the shore, the very first night of our arrival.

"Once more on good dry land, I felt worth a dozen sailors, and forthwith directed my steps toward the haunts of the web-footed, where the information I desired could most readily be obtained.

"Upon inquiry I learned that the four robbers had been sent to the hulks, every man of them—but that none of the stolen property had been recovered, notwithstanding extraordinary inducements had been held out to the prisoners to disclose where it might be found, not so much for the amount of money lost, as for very important papers which the box contained; but the scamps refused to divulge with a pertinacity for which people found it difficult to account, but which I very well understood, as upon the memorable night of the robbery, I had seen that their *cache* contained very much more than that one box, the discovery of which would have probably consigned them to the gallows.

"I also learned that the person who had been robbed—an old gentleman—had received such a shock from fright, that for several weeks he continued in an almost insensible condition, when he died, leaving a large estate with two claimants. One, a Mademoiselle Marie Le Marie, a young girl whom he had publicly acknowledged as his heir, and the other a roystering young fellow, a sort of nephew of two removes, who would in all probability obtain the estate in the absence of the old gentleman's will, which was supposed to have been in the stolen box.

"This was quite as much as I cared to know; so quitting the city as speedily as possible, to avoid falling in with any of our ship's company, I renewed my search for the artificial gold mine. For several days my search was wholly unsuccessful, but at length, when almost ready to give it up in despair, I stumbled upon the place by the merest accident. I cannot give you the particulars of how I felt and what I did upon the occasion, for I don't know myself, I was in such a state of excitement. I only know that upon disinterring the precious remains I found in various packages—evidently the spoils of many robberies—gold coin to the amount of several

thousand dollars. Transferring a moderate sufficiency to my pockets, I returned the rest to its hiding place and fell to work examining the papers, of which there were quite a number. Almost the first one I opened proved to be a will signed by a Monsieur Le Marie in favor of Mademoiselle Marie; the rest were title deeds of one thing and another, the examination of which I put off to a more convenient season. Pocketing the papers, I returned to the city, invested a portion of my capital in a suit of exquisite Parisian garments, visited a barber, and had myself beautified, and the ground plan of a pair of moustaches staked out under my nose, and set out to hunt up Mademoiselle Marie Le Marie.

"In this I did not experience much difficulty, for her youth, her beauty, and her misfortunes made her pretty well known; but in going to her residence I had a narrow escape from being captured by a party of our ship's officers that I met on the street, who knew me despite my change of dress, and from whom I escaped only after a long chase. Mademoiselle Marie I found to be an uncommonly smooth-looking little lady, with whom almost any young chap would find it extremely difficult to avoid falling in love right off. I stated my business at once. She was first surprised, then pleased, then overjoyed, and then she cried into a handkerchief for half an hour.

"Upon my inquiring what steps she intended to pursue in regard to the will, and other papers, she said she didn't know, that the lawyer her uncle had always employed had been retained by the other claimant to the estate, that none of her relations had offered their assistance since it became probable the will would not be found, and, in short, that she didn't know who to apply to.

"I offered to devote myself to her service until her business was arranged. The offer was joyfully accepted. The fact of my returning her the papers at all, she said, was sufficient guarantee of my honesty of purpose. I informed her that, to accomplish the business, it would be necessary for her to accompany me to Paris. She hesitated, and finally agreed to go if Fidele—a terrible old fright—could go with her. I consented, of course. We went to Paris, we went together, we were a good deal together for three months, after our arrival in Paris, at the end of which period she was put in undisputed possession of a mighty nice little property. All I had promised to do having been accomplished, I called upon Marie one evening to take my leave of her. She was in a very lively mood. I told her I was about to leave Paris, at which announce-

ment she began attentively examining the pattern of her apron. I further informed her that I expected to leave the next morning; she became absorbed in the contemplation of the toes of her boots, I took her hand and said good-by; she—

"Halloa, here we are at home," said Jack, as the carriage drew up at the door of an aristocratic-looking house. "As you are going to stop here with me during the remainder of your stay in Paris, I shall let my wife tell you the rest of the story."

ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.

I must not fail to relate, for the amusement of your fair readers, a little story which, although very simple in itself, affords matter to laugh at. In one of the windows in an apartment situated on the much crowded and fashionable walking place called *le Boulevard des Italiens*, a most wicked parrot hides himself behind some curtains, haranguing all the passers-by. This bird is in the habit of calling out the whole day long the name of "Edward, Edward," in quick succession. Thousands of persons are passing the spot at every moment of the day, and up to a late hour in the evening, and as it so happens that amongst a hundred passers-by, some ten bear the name of Edward, all the Edwards walking past the spot look suddenly up to the house, exclaiming "hein!" It suffices that one single person looks in a surprised manner up to some particular point to create an assembly of inquisitive persons. The parrot again calls out "Edward, Edward;" meanwhile a dozen new Edwards have arrived at the spot, where they find themselves called by their name, and the crowd bursts out in a great laughter at the expense of the teased Edwards. I have never known a humorist of greater imperturbability than this parrot is. Not all the parrots are humorists, but many a humorist is nothing else than such an involuntary comical parrot.—*Paris Correspondence*.

LOCO FOCO MATCHES.

These useful household conveniences were first introduced to the public in 1836. An exchange, speaking of the match trade, says: A. O. Phillips, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was the first person who took out a patent for their manufacture. The composition is a preparation of chalk, phosphorus and glue, and is made as follows:—An ounce of glue is dissolved in warm water; to this is added four ounces of fine pulverized chalk, and stirred until it forms into thick paste. One ounce of phosphorus is then added, and the whole are well incorporated together. Into this the ends of the matches—which have been previously coated with sulphur and dried—are dipped, and then laid in rows on slips of paper, cut wide enough to lap over the ends of the matches. One of the largest Loco Foco match factories in this country is located in Troy. It makes about \$1000 worth a week.—*Adams Atlas*.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

Singing gaily where thou may,
Full of life and full of play;
Full of joy and full of glee,
What's this world of care to thee?

What's its many scenes of woe,
Thou too young for them to know;
Life to thee now bright appears,
In this world of many tears.

On thy face there rests a smile,
Pure and free from earthly guile;
Round thee friends do clustering come,
To shield their little darling one.

Singing gaily where thou may,
Pam life's hours with joy away;
And if troubles thou shouldst meet,
May they part before thy feet.

Flowers bright I trust will spread
Where thou may be wandering led;
And life's river here below,
Softly, "Addie," for thee flow.

Oft I think of days gone here,
When by me thy form was near;
And thy love thou there did show,
By the kiss thou 'ld pure bestow.

But they've passed—those days are gone,
Bright ones then, for which I mourn;
Hearts who then "bright hope" they bore,
Now lay crushed with hope no more.

THAT SEMI-ANNUAL ACCOUNT.

BY MRS. B. WELLMONT.

To have a bill thrust in our hands which we were not conscious of owing, generally makes a man savage to more than one. In the first place, he wonders at the audacity of the collector who presents it; and in the next place, he vents his indignation upon the contractor. The poor misguided wife, who in an evil hour was decoyed by the flattering vender of silks and gossamer and laces to "open an account" with the feeling that a thousand unforeseen occurrences may make the payment easy before a whole half year has passed away, and who feels the absolute importance of dressing her children as other young ladies are clothed, thinking thereby somebody's attention may be caught by the "fine feathers," and well knowing it will save a perpetual teasing for the articles she has just purchased, puts off the pay-day without many sleepless nights until she is amazed that July has come along so suddenly.

That fierce ring at the door has been answered by herself, and Mr. Tasewell only cast a furtive

glance towards her, as she took the yellow envelope and immediately proceeded up stairs. He then cast his eyes again towards his newspaper, but not to read it. Mrs. Tasewell is his second wife. He has been very well satisfied with his connection with her, but those unfortunate daughters that he married too, he did not covenant to support, and but for these, his home would be a happy one. He is sometimes a little jealous at the private manœuvring which is carried on in the spare chamber; he has seen splendid dresses slipped suddenly into the wardrobe just as he entered the room, and he has been puzzled to know how his wife expended all her pin money. The young ladies have been teachers in private families, but since their mother married into so "good a home," one of them has become delicate and cannot bear the drudgery, while the other is waiting a chance to go south, where salaries are more remunerative.

Poor Mr. Tasewell! He had no children by his first wife, and the very thought that everywhere and in all places he is for the first time called "father," now he is past his prime, always makes him uneasy. It seems to him the appellation was never so freely used by any family toward the genuine parent. And then they are so affectionate! Just as he was playing the rubber game with his old bachelor friend, Mr. Pitt, the other evening, Miss Sophronia approached him and accompanied her good night with such a violent kiss, that it made the old gentleman really inquire "what's trumps?"

Sometimes Mr. Tasewell sits and muses why he got married the second time; but then he calls to mind the necessary appendage of a wife who is interested to save his effects from destruction, and he remembers what losses he encountered during his six months' widowship, when all his drawers were left empty by that "well recommended housekeeper," who complained with two servants to help her along, and how fast groceries seemed to evaporate—sugar and butter disappearing strangely, the bag of coffee lightened very perceptibly in a week's time, and the chest of tea diminished full one half—besides the running account over the way being double that of any previous months in housekeeping. And then when he told his trials to his intimate friends, the reply always came: "Well, you *must* get you a good wife to superintend these things!"

Now Mr. Tasewell had a mortal aversion to making love or following the course of a long courtship. When he decided whom to marry, he should do so, and his friends all corresponded in recommending the widow Elsie Tufts

as a suitable person for number two. The widow had not much property—a small farm upon which was a house, a barn and a vegetable garden; the rest was neither tillage, pasturage nor mowing land, simply because it was all run out.

Mr. Tasewell was a retired city grocer. He had failed twice in his life, but closed up with honorable discharges, and was now reckoned by the assessors to be worth about thirty thousand, although he paid taxes for but fifteen of it. But what he called his own, he always felt a disposition to keep; he never expected that the Tufts children in speaking of his property, would call it "ours." Still, as he must have a wife for reasons assigned, he called upon the widow and inquired of her how she should like to live near the great city.

She did not hesitate long, but she wiped the corner of one eye, and spoke of "poor Mr. Tufts as having been such a good husband, that it would require an indulgent person to fill his place. Still, it was so difficult for a widow to manage her affairs alone, and everybody took advantage of ladies in her position, yet she must say"—and she stammered a little here—"that—she—had a proposition already under consideration, but—" and here she ended.

Mr. Tasewell went back and thought it all over at home. The widow Tufts was well looking, of a fair reputation, had no incumbences, as her children supported themselves and paid their board when at home; she could let her farm for enough for her own pocket money, and with her stock of housekeeping articles, added to those which remained to him, he thought on the whole the next Sabbath he would spend with her.

Mr. Tasewell was no beau. He dressed just above being shabby, and never owed a tailor's bill in his life; but now before starting on this expedition, he appeared in a new suit, and being well cropped and trimmed and dyed at the barber's, he really was a well conditioned man. But still he knew not his competitor, and in fact never did. In one fortnight from that time, there was no widow Tufts. The young ladies at once fell into the habit of calling "father," and they were so fond of him that all at once they both took a vacation which seemed not likely to terminate.

Mr. Tasewell was in the third year of his second marriage. The daughters had two successive seasons carried him to watering places, and now a journey to the White Hills was projected; and just as it was about being consummated, the unlucky semi-annual bill was pre-

sented for payment. This incident gave Mrs. Tasewell a fit of the blues, which for want of knowing the cause of the disease, the step-father interpreted as a letter from some old lover whose position was so eligible that he was wont to tease one who refused him. Surely Mr. Tasewell was a very jealous man! Yet the more he pondered, the more certain grew the fact. He refused to take the journey; he grew sullen and morose, sat much alone, was gone nearly all day, and was dispirited when he returned. His wife, too, saw the improbability of being able to pay the bill which so vexed her, and the collector had called for the third time.

The daughters were aroused by this state of things again to return to their old avocations, and discharge the debt which was incurred solely on their account. The event proved so happy in its termination, that we were induced to tell the story for the benefit of any who may have settled upon their step-fathers without an invitation, merely to become "pets." Long before the bill was paid, Mrs. Tasewell had relieved her husband of his jealousy by informing him of the cause of her unhappiness, and it is needless to add that the step-father at once liquidated the debt, assuming the young ladies for his paymasters. The old couple now walk, ride, chat and enjoy each other's society with the greatest freedom; the girls are welcomed home to spend their vacations, but they will never fail to remember that their father married the widow Tufts, and not her two daughters.

This remembrance is likely to operate well for them. In one of those hot days when nearly all business is suspended, Mr. Tasewell called upon his attorney to draft his will from dictation. The legal gentleman being a bachelor, has since become introduced to Miss Sophronia, and we may as well close by adding, "straws tell which way the wind blows."

ECHO ANSWERING.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—"Write."

What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—"System."

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—"Light."

What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—"Peace."

Who commits the greatest abominations?—"Nations."

What cry is the greatest terrifier?—"Fire."

What are some women's chief exercise?—"Sighs."—*Christian Freeman.*

The threshold of life is known by there being the number 21 on the door. Knock boldly—hold your head up—and enter "like a man."

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

The yellow fruit, the mellow fruit
Is dropping from the trees,
The golden grain on hill and plain
Is waving in the breeze.
Then cheerily and merrily
The harvesting begin,
And reap the field and store the yield,
Till all is gathered in.

The God above, the God of love,
Has smiled upon the year,
And everywhere the earth and air
Are vocal with the cheer;
Then carefully and prayerfully
The harvesting pursue;
Nor fail to raise a hymn of praise
To whom the praise is due.

The chilling air, the killing air
Of winter soon will blow,
But little need the farmer heed
The storms of rain and snow;
For costly and costly
Before the cheerful blast,
With plenty crowned and friends around,
He'll pass the winter days.

THE IMPERIAL KEYS.

BY FRANCIS P. PEPPERELL.

IN the year of our Lord 249, Philip the Arabian was Emperor of Rome; an arbitrary man of great learning and a foreigner. Hated by the people, and in turn hating them, his administration was attended by myriad difficulties, and no one wondered when a rumor flew thousand-tongued through the city, that the immense army on the northern frontier had revolted.

"I have awaited it long," cried one of the Plebs to another, on the Capitoline Hill, "and Decius is to be sent to them!"

"Decius? How know you?" eagerly interrogated a tall, stately woman, closely veiled, who was passing at the moment.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Per Jove! By my learning, good woman!" but his interrogator had already left him, and was sweeping swiftly down the Sacra Via. Crossing the forum with a light but commanding step, she stopped before the amphitheatre a moment, where two men were leading a royal Bengal tiger in chains, and heavy with narcotics, towards his claustrum.

"On whom is he to fatten?" asked she, of the keepers.

"On whom the emperor wills," said the first.

"That is," added the other, "to starve. For

neither gladiators nor Christians shall we see torn up this two months; and he and his fellow, a Nubian lion, that would make your mouth water, may lose their claws in case, for aught he careth."

"Christians?" asked she, "anything that way?"

The drowsy beast slowly turned his green, cavernous eyes upon her.

"Less asked, less known. Yet they do say, that Vitellius," and he looked up, keenly, "is preparing us some work." But the woman was gone ere he finished.

"A Christian herself! I'll warrant her!" the other added.

"Not she. It is Marina, thou clod! who was, last idea, the emperor's wife."

Meanwhile Marina went on her way, and finally disappeared beneath the peristyle, and within the arch of the palace on the Palatine. Sweeping aside a heavy curtain, she came at last to a large apartment opening on the inner court, and whose tessellated pavement was kept always cool by shade, and whose air, by a fountain, that, dashing aloft through a far dome, iced the temperature of the upper apartments. Lying on the pavement, pillowed only by her white arm, lay another woman, younger, perhaps, and fairer than Marina, for unveiling herself, the other displayed eyes, large, black and hollow; cheeks, from which a fortnight's trouble had rubbed the bloom and roundness; lips, pale and bleeding, where she had slightly torn them with her teeth. Her black hair was coiled around her head and fastened by a silver arrow, and her tall figure was almost disproportionately round and slender, as she bent above the sleeper. The golden hair of the latter, broken from its gemmed netting, streamed in curls over the black squares of the pavement, her thin, white garments showed the symmetry of her limbs. Not so tall as Marina, she still might have been above the medium size. Her lips, parted above pearls, were crimson, and a soft flush of health glowed on the cheek just touched by long, brown lashes. From her hand a scroll had fallen. Marina took it up; it was the gospels in Greek.

"As I expected," murmured she; "the book I gave her, foul wretch of a Christian! But I have brought her to it. I have sealed her fate! and she the daughter of Vitellius, high priest of Jupiter. I could destroy her!" and she looked it. But the next moment changing her manner, as the sleeper opened a pair of hazel eyes: "News, dearest!" she whispered; "guess, Valeria, what it may be."

The daughter of the high priest rose, and concealing the scroll within her drapery, questioned quickly, "Good or bad?"

"Both. And as you take it."

"Decius?"

"Is to be sent to the revolted army."

"That is foolish in Philip. The soldiers love Decius, and will proclaim him."

"Have a care what thou sayest!"

"Dost thou hope, Marina, to be empress again?"

"Not Philip's. And scarcely do I regret that I am not now. See. I am free from a chain I loathed, though the chain was gilded and I was proud to wear it!"

"Tell me how it was, Marina!" and the gentle girl laid her hand on the other with a caress, and seated her beside herself. Marina waited an instant, and then vehemently burst forth:

"If I was an unfaithful wife, Philip could not have known what I took such pains to conceal! If I loved another—if I loved Decius—"

"Decius?" cried Valeria, involuntarily pressing her hand to her heart, as if to still its beating, while her eyes revealed a sudden depth of feeling.

"Ay, Decius, I tell you!"

"One thing, Marina. Did he love, too?"

"And if he did?"

"I could not think of him then, as now. He would cease to be noble."

"You speak plainly! It matters not. No. Think nobly now, as ever, of Decius. He scorned my advances. Do not dream that for that I despair. If we three live, *thou shalt yet see me die a conqueror!*"

"Nay, nay, Marina, thou wert Philip's wife—"

"I am not now!" she answered, exultingly.

"That day! All the caresses he ever afforded, had he repeated; kissing my lips a thousand times, twining his white fingers in my long hair—it was perfumed and loose then, and I had color in my cheeks, my eyes were not hollow, and my lips were full and red—I was magnificent! I knew it. I obeyed him, and loved—"

"Hush! do not say it."

"That day," as if it gave her a pleasure to repeat it, "I woke early and called my maids. When my toilet was completed, I looked round for my bunch of keys, small, golden keys, and I wore them, though useless, as every Roman wife does, at my waist. They were not where I placed them, nor on the floor, nor in the caskets. My maids knew not what I sought. They were missing! Valeria, when a Roman matron is bereft of her keys, she is irrevocably divorced. I leaned one hand on the table, and pressed the other on my heart, as you did just now, Valeria. I could almost have pitied you. The great polished mirror hung opposite me; I saw myself pictured there, just as the truth flashed down on

me. I left my astonished maids, and sought the atrium, where I knew Philip would be breakfasting alone.

"My keys!" demanded I, authoritatively.

"Without rising, he answered: 'I have sent the imperial keys to the Empress Julia—my wife!'

"Your wife? And who am I?"

"That, at least, is not your title," said he, with a short laugh.

"Who was I yesterday?" I questioned.

"Ah!" he returned, 'yesterday I was besotted and adored you. To-day I am undeceived.'

"Why not have killed me, Philip?"

"It will be greater pain for you to live. Leave me. My messengers are already escorting the beautiful Julia hither; well pleased to be an empress!"

"And the Empress Marina?" asked I, doubtfully.

"There is no such person. You will leave me!" said he, coldly.

"All things grew dark to me, the room and the light. With my former rank and power, I could obtain all; now, I was obscure and impotent. I sat down and thought. A shout arose without, a confusion within. I looked up and saw Julia standing like a thing of light, shrouded in green and gold, a crown on her head, my keys at her waist, smiling, radiant, within the door. Then I came to you. It is eighteen days since. Julia was buried yesterday. Beware now! the keys may, nay will come to you!"

"To me?" cried Valeria, "O Heaven forbid!"

"Die, then?" interrogated Marina.

"If it must be."

"Die, quotha! Dying is fine sport! But die if thou wilt!"

"And why should any one die just now?" asked a deep, manly voice, and looking up, the lofty form of Decius stood before them. Athletic, sinewy, graceful, and with a face exhibiting on its handsome exterior the singular mixture of a smile for one, and a seriousness for the other. Valeria sprang to her feet, blushing and joyful, but Marina, raising her languid eyes to his face, only said: "We thought you with Philip."

"I go at once, madam," he answered, respectfully. "But may I ask the lady Valeria will she accord me a few words alone with herself?"

Valeria hesitated a moment, half drawing her hair within the net, then said, "Willingly!" and led the way into the gardens, while Marina, only following them with her burning eyes, remained where she was, even after they disappeared in the winding walks. They proceeded some time in silence, and at last passed under an ilex tree.

"Well," said he, at length, looking down at her and smiling.

"Well," she returned, half mimicking his tone.

"What is that scroll you have?"

She grasped it fervently.

"It is my strength."

"And what may that be?"

"Nay, of what use? Decius is a Christian, too."

"How know you that?"

"Marina told me and led me to the meetings."

"Marina is not a Christian. Marina deceiveth thee. Beware of her, I pray you."

There was an ineffectual assumption of pride in Valeria's manner, instantly yielding, however, to gentleness, as she answered:

"Not a Christian? Marina is my friend! Do not speak so. I pity her."

"Has she confided in you?"

"She has told me all."

He looked down at her.

"And can you trust her now?" he asked.

"Valeria, I go away commander, I shall return Imperator. If she has told you so much, you well know that your life will be her first step to the throne beside me. She has brought you into Philip's fancy, and she has stirred up this revolt for my elevation and your destruction. I am to be sent away, because he knows that I love you. That I love you, Valeria." And he grasped her hands, looking into her eyes that vainly endeavored to evade him, till coming back, something within her forced them to answer the earnest gaze.

"Valeria, darling! Is it true that my heart tells me, that I shall bear you by my side through all the shocks of time, my wife?"

Timid and bashful as she was, his lips were too near hers to receive any but one answer, and then she hid her face, ashamed, on his shoulder.

An hour passed ere Valeria entered the place where Marina sat.

"Where is Decius?" asked the latter.

"Gone to Philip," answered the sweet tones that could scarcely catch their breath for joy, while she stood there palpitating with happiness, and treasuring every word and smile of that last hour. A heavy footfall was heard, and the dark-bearded face of Vitellius, as he advanced, trailing his dark robes on the pavement, became visible.

"Hail lady!" he said to Marina, with an obeisance, and then folding his daughter in his arms, gazed proudly at her beauty, softly stroking her shining hair.

"And so Decius," said he, "hath asked me for my pet! Think you I can lose her?"

"Never to leave you, father! Never to leave you!"

"My little rose! my Hebe!"

They were standing directly before Marina, who, rising, stumbled, and in regaining herself caught at the garments of Valeria; the Christian scroll fell to the ground, half unrolled, and Marina glided away. Vitellius relinquished his daughter, and picked it up, holding it at arm's length and perusing it an instant. Still holding it he slowly turned, and with a terrible brow confronted his trembling child.

"Is it thine?"

"Mine."

"How camest thou by it? Answer me! By the sacred twelve! who gave thee this?"

"I cannot tell thee that, father."

"Valeria, my child, my only child; vision of thy dead mother! dost thou, too, my last and best, fail me? O, better be dead! better be annihilated, than live a Christian! Where gatheredst these accursed lies? Tell me, child! Art thou a Christian?"

His voice grew dreadful, his face livid, his eyes transfixed her. Calmly extending her hand, she laid it on his.

"Father! Better not to know. Thou wilt not wish to be the instrument of thy child's murder. Wait. Thou canst even then punish."

He turned away with a bitter face and left her.

The sun was setting, and still Philip and Decius, the same day, were closeted in conclave. The former rose and walked the room with quick steps.

"I am determined," muttered he, inaudibly. "He threatens me with loss of empire; if he can, he may and will! But I shall have entered on a costlier kingdom. I shall have made Valeria my empress! He will hardly wish to dethrone her, thus I shall be safe there. But till he is gone, I cannot obtain her."

"What say you, sire?" asked Decius.

Philip wheeled about.

"I say this!" retorted he. "Go, thou shalt, and this night!"

"As you please. Yet Philip, I go, but I return! and return no subject of thine. If thou wilt envoy me, it is at that price! Thou fittest thy crown at my feet, for I re-enter Rome, wearing it. Thou hearest me? I speak truly, I shall dethrone thee as surely as thou forcest on me this unwelcome task! I shall be—"

"Emperor!" laughed Philip. "Be not so earnest, good Decius! if you can, you are at liberty. None but you can quiet this revolt, and as we are speaking plainly, I have you in my power. I can afford to laugh. Hasten, now, the die is cast. Farewell!"

As Decius withdrew, Vitellius, his pale face wearing a look of weary earnestness, and telling of the storm he had passed through, entered.

"Welcome, Vitellius! And what are the omens to-night?" asked Philip.

"Prosperous for your majesty, bitter for others."

"That is well; they were so that morning I took my keys from Marina."

"Prithee, great Philip, why did Marina seek my house that day?"

"The hag! She knew well the future. What a morning that was! To what discoveries did I awake from my voluptuous dreams. Then how like a wild, mad creature she demeaned. Never, Vitellius, shall I forget her as she sat there in that low chair; the yellow, morning light flooding this black room and those panels of dark citron wood; her brow bound with a band of gold, and the great masses of her almost purple hair; her eyes shining steadily at a fixed point on the lower wainscot, and the rich crimson never varying on her brown cheek; the breath coming evenly through those half open lips; slightly bent forward; her long, white arms, her long, white hands clasped above the knee;—till Julia came standing before us, bringing the sunshine with her, laughing, radiant, crowned, and making music with Marina's keys. They were two splendid creatures! Valeria will live and reign longer."

"Valeria? Hast thou no heart, Philip? Valeria!"

"Ay, I said it. Last night I watched the stars from twilight to dawn, and they all said it. Think not my Arabian lore deceives me! I said Valeria, but not just at this moment."

"Philip! It cannot be. She is betrothed to Decius."

"Tush! I am at this hour amiable. Decius and I understand each other, it is a trial of strength between us. We have measured swords. Not a month, and we shall see who conquers. Go now, Vitellius, and tell me if the fates ordain Valeria's union with the Roman emperor!"

The words trembled on the faithful subject's lips, could his daughter be empress and Christian both? True to his faith, even if it tore out his own heart by bleeding roots, he could destroy her, but now, the father in him was still stronger than the priest, though it should not be so long, as he silently vowed, and left the palace.

Meantime, two figures stood beneath an arch at no great distance, the moon illuminating with a warlike glitter the steel greaves and casing of the one, and nestling lovingly, as it were, in the golden curls and snowy folds of drapery that adorned the other.

"And remember, Valeria," said Decius, "that if Philip insists, thou must hold him off awhile; but twenty-one days from this evening, and I shall save thee. I cannot be here sooner. Thou art strong in thy very weakness, brave in thy pretty bashfulness; be faithful, and I shall yet crown thee, not only empress of my heart, but of Rome. And Rome is our right, not that of a foreigner, an Arabian!"

"I will never be false!" she returned; "and rather than surrender to Philip, I will die on the sword, as Roman women have done before me!"

"God bless and protect you, my treasure!" And he was gone.

Seven days passed and no disturbance of the quiet air within the palace of Vitellius, gave warning of advancing terrors. Marina, pale and quiet, ruled the household, Valeria, joyous and confiding, pursued her happy course, and Vitellius, endeavoring to propitiate his offended deity, constantly kept watch in the temple. The morning of the eighth day dawned.

"Wake up, Marina!" cried Valeria, merrily calling the maids between, "time flies, my dear!"

But Marina was already awake and watching from a high window the procession forming at the imperial palace.

"Valeria," she said, "the keys are coming."

Her companion sprang to her side, it was true.

"Silence!" whispered Marina, "let your veil and pallium be brought. I will wear them and go in your place!"

"O, Marina! dare you?"

"Dare? I glory in confronting him! Not to save her," she murmured, as Valeria went to see her orders obeyed; "only to snare her deeper ere Decius return!" The light step of Valeria returning with the garments silenced her, and assuming them, she descended as the praetor, ediles and lords of the household entered.

"His majesty," said the smooth praetor, "sends by his unworthy slaves, the keys of his household to the lady Valeria! May he hope that she will accept them?" and he extended the golden bunch. The veiled lady bowed, affixed them to her girdle, and passed out with them.

"I scarcely dreamed the lady Valeria of such stature," said Philip, as he watched her coming, and ere long she stood alone before him in the place where he had a month before, received Julia.

"And is my conquest," said Philip, exulting in his apparent success over Decius, "to remain always veiled before me? Suffer me to remove the folds that hide the ravishing beauty of Vitellius's daughter from my eyes." And lifting the veil, he threw it back over her head. The

basilisk eyes of Marina pierced him, as she uttered a short laugh, and made a profound reverence.

"A month," she said, "makes a difference in my ravishing beauty!"

"In truth it does, Marina!" answered the emperor, recovering his self-possession, "and another month will work further wonders in my dungeons or my arenas."

"Thy wife torn by wild beasts?" echoed she, mockingly.

"How often shall I tell thee, thou art no wife?" he cried.

"But I am, and thy words cannot alter it!"

He stepped towards her, and lifting his arm, he struck her fiercely. She met the blow without a quiver, but her pale face shot forth paler sparkles of wrath, as she returned: "I expected it. It does not take much to strike a woman. But neither dungeons nor bolts can confine her who knows every secret path and lock in Rome! One thing more I came to tell thee. She is a Christian!" Philip staggered back aghast.

"And now take her if thou darest!"

"Marina, thou omniscient—"

"Silence, blasphemer!"

The emperor turned away thoughtful a moment. "Ah," said he, at last, "that explains why Saturn Malevola was uppermost on the horoscopes last night. I could not divine Tush, woman! What difference will it make? I am not supposed to know, and if it be discovered in the future, let her die! What carest thou?"

"Heartless wretch! I care only for revenge on thee. If thou persistest in taking her, I will proclaim her faith in the streets, ere she reach thy palace! She shall be rent in pieces before thy longing eyes!"

She seized his hand and wrung it violently; when she dropped it, unperceived by him, in the fervent pressure, his signet ring was no longer on his finger. Philip grasped her shoulder, and called loudly for his slaves.

"The western closet," said he, significantly, when they appeared, and taking the keys from her girdle. The western closet was a cell in the top of one of the vast columns that surrounded the upper gallery, and within it Marina was thrust and left. But artfully concealed, the emperor's signet ring was on her finger, ready to aid her at any moment.

Hardly daring to connect himself with a Christian, Philip remained alone, closely shut up for three days, watching his calculations, observing the stars, consulting black letter chronicles and never missing his signet. The fourth day he came out, once more determined.

"Decius has already been two days with the

army,—I must hasten," said he, and a second time the procession of the keys entered the house of Vitellius. Valeria herself met them this time, serious and calm.

"I cannot accept the emperor's keys," she answered. "Bear back to your master my faithful assurances as a subject, but never as his wife!"

The astonished courtiers, suddenly enlightened on recent proceedings, turned away with mortified eyes, and carried her words to the emperor. Shortly after the noble guard returned, and bore her off by force of strength to the judgment hall of the praetor Urbanus.

The elevated portion of the hall at the other extremity, where usually sat the praetor, being most gorgeously draped, a separate dais beneath a sumptuous canopy was raised upon this. On the dais, Philip was regally enthroned; by his side stood Valeria's father; below them in his usual seat, the praetor and the functionaries of the day filled up the intermediate spaces, as the maiden entered and stood plainly before them all.

"Lady," said the praetor, "you are here to answer an accusation of treason and disobedience to the royal command. Have you any defence?"

After the first moment's amazed shrinking, she looked clearly up, answering: "If what I have done is treason—none!"

"Let the witnesses be brought forward!"

A tedious time she stood alone without support, while a throng of servile courtiers only too gladly rehearsed the occurrences, commencing with the imposture of Marina, and adding original embellishments.

"And the prisoner has no defence?"

Valeria only shook her head.

"Pause, lady, ere sentence is pronounced!" ejaculated Philip; "accede even at this late hour to my request, and the empress of Philip will find no accusers!"

Valeria's lip curled in contempt, as she answered: "It were indeed gratifying to rule these wretches who were a moment since eager to betray me!"

"It were happiness!"

"I scorn such happiness!"

"By Venus! thou shalt not thus disregard me! Thou shalt be mine if every god in Olympus cried 'nay.' Thou shalt! eh?"

"I shall not," she answered, seeking her father's eye, which met hers as calmly as a stranger's. He had conquered himself—or more truly, the evil powers of superstition had conquered him, and perhaps there was a proud pleasure out of reach of the sting, in seeing his gentle child thus withstand the man whom all Rome feared.

"Give me," cried the irate Philip, "give me some reason."

She stepped forward, slightly extending her hands and gazing at him with clear hazel eyes.

"Sire," she said, "I am a Christian!"

A bolt from heaven seemed to have descended, transfixing spectator, guards, courtiers, praetor, emperor and priest. Though the last two knew it before, totally confounded by her unexpected declaration, and their own sense of guilty participation in the knowledge, they seemed to be struck into stone, and dead silence filled the place.

"Thou liest!" at last roared the emperor; "it is false!"

"I can call witnesses if necessary, but my own confession is sufficient," she said. "Let my father confirm my words!"

They all turned with terrified aspects to Vitellius, who, pressing both hands upon his aching heart, and bowing his head, said: "It is true."

"And thou, Vitellius?" asked the praetor.

"Am ready," returned the priest, "to offer her to the offended gods!"

A great cheer at the father's stoicism arose, while the steadfast smile on his daughter's face assured him of her undying love. The emperor bent forward to the praetor.

"When are the games appointed?" he asked.

"For the ides of October."

"And it is now the kalends," mused Philip.

"They await the return of Decius with captives," added the praetor.

"They must be earlier—much earlier," said the emperor. "I have well nigh lost my kingdom in a passion for this mad girl. The populace must be appeased. Earlier, I tell you!"

"The gladiators are in training. If your majesty found prisoners, it might be two days previous."

"Very well. There are twenty already, and I will add another, winding up performances by the sacrifice of Valeria. That will do for one afternoon, with a play in the evening, I think!" And Philip rose to sentence the prisoner. "The lady Valeria has chosen her lot," he resumed. "At the next games she will be sacrificed by her father on an altar raised in the arena, to Venus!" And waving his hand, she was borne away to the dungeons.

Marina, those four days, had sat silently pondering in her cell, and when that night the curator brought her food, she displayed the signet ring and commanded him to free her. Astonished, the man examined the ring again and again; it was real; he dared not disobey, and suffered her to step down upon the gallery and leave him.

It was no matter that it cost the poor fellow his life the next morning. Hastily crossing the well known ways, she entered the imperial sleeping-room. The emperor lay in profound oblivion. She bent over him. By a flame fed from a perfumed lamp, an instant a dagger gleamed in the air; another, and it had shrouded itself in flesh, while the blood of Philip spouted warmly into her face. A long, deep groan, and everything was still again, far stiller than before. Coolly wiping the dagger, "Not the first, thou shalt not be the last!" she said. "I hated thee always; now our accounts are squared!" And in the darkness of the night she glided away.

Her path lay by the Flavian Amphitheatre, and the signet ring still upon her finger, opened the way for her.

"I wish to feed the tigers!" she exclaimed; and the basket was put into her hand, the keepers accompanying her with torches. She entered the cage, throwing him the bits of meat one by one, till entirely gorged the beast refused more, and suffered her to stroke his tawny hide with her long, white fingers. For seven successive nights she repeated her visits to the amphitheatre, and in a few more the great games would come off; but secluded in the ruined *Thermae* all day, she heard nothing of the occurrences in the city.

"Valeria, at least, is done with! I will throw her dainty limbs to my tiger for a last meal, and then he may starve. And Philip! Philip is dead!" she murmured, exultingly. "I alone shall live to welcome Decius!"

Her path lay over the long since disused aqueducts. Was she mistaken in the sound behind her, like the march of many feet? No, she turned and saw the corslets of a manipule of soldiers sparkling in the moonbeams. Stumbling in her haste she fell, knocking aside a stone, and found herself in the centre of a trembling band of Christians below assembled in that unfrequented place for their devotions.

"Escape!" she cried, trusting to find safety with them. "They are upon you!" But before the words were fully uttered, the tribune, followed by his soldiers, leaped in amid them. Resistance was useless.

"A good two score added to the games!" cried he with an oath, securing the prisoners.

"Ha! whom have we here? Lady!" he said, throwing the chains round Marina: "We have most noble company for the beasts, yet I hardly dreamed of seeing an ex-empress devoured!"

"Nor wilt thou!" answered she, proudly, while something like despair, nevertheless, seemed to wrap her hitherto indomitable spirit; but they had been warned of her signet, and she dis-

dained to disclaim Christianity. A few moments more and the old aqueducts rung to the departing steps, and subsided into primeval stillness, broken only by the distant sentry's cry. But hundreds of leagues away, there were other footfalls, to be counted only by thousands, steadily and tirelessly echoing through the Northern forests, and seeking Rome with one accord, after their adored chieftain who had so many times led them forth to victory. Scarcely halting for the briefest rest, and snatching their rations by morsels, they thundered on, for if Decius was too late, he had sworn to deliver them to the anger of Philip, and hurl his proffered crown in their faces. And far within and below the heart of the great city, Valeria sat alone in her cell, ignorant of the passage of time, apparently deserted by father, lover and friend; betrayed and wretched, yet humbly trusting in God and relying on his will. * * * * *

The last day dawned, hailed by all the barbaric gala splendor of the Roman holiday. Half the population were in the streets, and thousands already bent their steps to the amphitheatre, to secure seats. The keepers were sprinkling the arena with fresh sand, and the distant growlings of the savage beasts, who had received no food for one or two days, elated the populace. Morning deepened into noon ere the bolts of Valeria's dungeon were withdrawn, and the gaoler entered with her last meal. Setting the untouched viands aside :

"How long have I been here?" she asked.

"This is the ninth day," he gruffly returned.

"The twenty-first since he left me then," she murmured. "There is yet hope. But no. I dare not think of it, I was resigned before." And turning to him, "Where is the army?" she asked.

"Well, lady," he replied, "there are strange rumors that it is not far off, and that thus the games are hastened. But who knows? Come, I have orders that you be taken to the bath!" And he led her up from the dungeon into the cool, fresh air, and left her among her own sobbing but well-guarded hand-maidens. A few hours later, and she lay dressed in fragrant white, her long, bright curls bound by the sacrificial fillets of white wool, on a couch where all the winds that blew might cool and quiet her ere she appeared to furnish a moment's amusement, not only for the mob, but for those lords who had sighed at her feet, and those ladies who had made her protestations of eternal friendship. Cruel the agonies of that tender soul, as each moment her ears were mocked with the shouts that would soon peal over her, and the suspense,

and hope of rescue from Decius grew momentarily more terrible and faint; and not even to speak one word, to give one kiss to her father, before she died. Almost, she prayed that her swelling heart might break. The acclamations from the amphitheatre grew fainter and fainter, and showed that the people were fast becoming dissatisfied at the paltry show prepared for them, when the blood-soaked arena was covered with fresh sand, and the ediles proclaimed the speedy entrance of the Nubian lion and the Bengal tiger, kept for the last, prior to the sacrifice; while a light altar was borne to the northern side, and a small, perfumed flame kindled upon it. All around, beneath, the arches of the dens yawned to let out their raging occupants, and the eager faces above were bent forward to watch the egress of the reserve. The emperor, pale, and by no means recovered from his recent wound, lay above on the imperial cubiculum; but raising himself on his elbow, better to gratify his fierce revenge, waited as breathlessly as any.

The moment came. A gate was slowly drawn aside, and a tall woman—in long, imperial robes, looped on the shoulder above each bare, white arm, by a golden shell; her jetty hair bound beneath a crown, and a small dagger hanging by her side—stepped proudly down. The air was rent with shouts of joy, showing how well pleased the people were indeed, at so gorgeous a phenomenon. Philip waved his hand for silence, then looking down upon the victim, he pointed to his own wound, bowed and smiled.

"Thy Christian faith," said he, mockingly, in tones low, but distinctly heard through that vast space, "teaches thee peaceful deeds!"

The consternation of Marina on seeing Philip alive, whom she had, as she believed, herself slain, was instantly succeeded by a coolness equal to his own, while the red, so long banished from her cheek, once more enriched it.

"Philip knows," answered she, clearly, "how much his wife holds to a Christian creed; but false though her accusation be, do not let him think she quails! for as truly as I believe in the immortal gods, so would I never accept life from thee, thou craven! My revenge is complete."

If she would have said more, it was lost, for with a gesture from the emperor, the gates of two different cells, widely apart, flew open, and goaded by the tumult of the spectators, the two fearful beasts dashed into the ring with a yell, circling round and round, and lashing the sand with their tails. More erect than ever, Marina turned and followed them with her eye. The tiger, his eyes like great coals of fire, glowing in his head, gaped on his adversary, and came

nearer her in the swift circles. Suddenly the scent must have touched him as familiar, for leaping forward in a straight line, he knelt down licking her feet; it was evident that he remembered the bountiful feeder of so many nights, while crouching close beside her. But the lion—shaking his tawny, bristling mane, with his red jaws hanging wide, and his eyes sparkling beneath their fringes—paused, growling low, then reared, and with a terrific roar sprang upon her. The long, white arm was extended, with the dagger at its end, and as the beast bounded, received him on its point and sheathed the dagger to the hilt, in his heart. The roar changed into a snarl, and the Nubian lion fell backward, dead. The ediles gazed confounded at the throng, to see what should now be done. Charmed for once from their brutal teachings, to the nature of human beings, every thumb pointed downwards, signifying life and favor, but planting her foot on the dead lion with the tiger still crouching beside her, Marina curled her lip in defiant scorn.

"A queen," she cried, "in the depths of Asia, gave me life! And do you think I would a second time receive it from a Roman Pleb? No!" and glancing like lightning, she buried the dagger in her own bosom.

Yells of execration burst from the thronging benches, increased by the confused tramp of a million without; just as, to appease the multitude, the massive slides were removed, and Vitellius, stern as fate, and armed with the sacrificial knife, stood in full sight, while opposite, stepping cautiously down with ponderous feet, an enormous snow-white elephant slowly entered, bearing upon his back a flat car, like a broad, crimson leaf, with slightly curled edges, in which half-lay the beautiful white-robed sacrifice. Raising his trunk, and entwining it round the leaf, he lifted it gently to the ground, and stationed himself beside it.

The murmuring outside the amphitheatre swelled in a vast volume, mingling with the exultation within, at this last spectacle; and with loud blasts of the trumpet, and neighing of steeds, while trampling down the few unwilling guards, a cohort of horsemen dashed within the place, and drew up at the northern side of the arena, around the altar.

Philip sprang to his feet with an oath, calling on his guards, and vehemently cursing their treachery.

The leader of the cohort rode out to the centre. "I told thee, Philip!" cried Decius, "that I came back imperator. Behold! my conquering legions are within the walls. Your senate hails me, and your people proclaim me!"

"Balked! Balked!" groaned Philip, tearing the bandage from his wound, and thrusting his hands in the half-closed seam, till the blood gushed out and covered his royal robes, while he fell exhausted and dying in the very place where he had prepared death for tens of thousands. But Valeria's eye wandering round, had fallen, long since, on Marina, and springing from her car, she lifted the crowned head, and was completely absorbed in vainly seeking to staunch the blood.

"And that woman," muttered Vitellius, "would have slain her, and yet she strives to bring her back to life!"

"Surely, surely, Vitellius!" cried Decius, catching the expression of the priest's face, "a religion that makes us like that, a religion that is worth dying for, is worth living for! Decius, your emperor is a Christian! Hearken, all ye good people! Let the place be cleared, and come forth into the street. Bear that dead king to his solitude."

Awed and admiring, the populace obeyed, till Decius remained alone with Valeria and Vitellius in the arena. He dismounted and stood beside her. With a sigh she relinquished her efforts to restore Marina, and turning quickly sprang to his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" she murmured. "By you, my love! I could not have borne it from any one else!"

"Our prayers have been heard, my darling! Another moment had been death. Vitellius, would you really—"

"I should have slain myself afterwards!" returned the priest. "Can a faith that requires such deeds of a father be of any worth? Nay. Vitellius will forget it, and learn of his child the elements of a new manner of life!"

Still holding Valeria in his arms, Decius remounted and rode forth to meet his shouting subjects.

Philip the Arabian had been entombed several days, when the great triumph of Decius took place. Chariots laden with gold and ivory; tablets heaped with jewels; gigantic Goths from Northern wildernesses, leading huge, wonderful beasts, fresh from the jungles of India; kings walking in captive chains, and thirty crowns, borne by swarthy Africans, preceded him, gay as the perpetual carving of a Bacchanalian frieze. Vain were it to mention the wealth and splendor of that unsurpassed pageant; and equally vain to picture the beauty and joy of the Empress Valeria, enthroned beside the all-conquering Decius, with the golden keys of another household hanging at her girdle!

WELLS OF THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM BODENBROOK LAWRENCE.

The wells of thought are deep,
 Few know from whence the flood
 That swelling, surging fills
 Hot drops of crimson blood;
 With a resistless sweep,
 That weaker sense appeals.

Deep under-currents flow
 Circuitous and still,
 In silence, stealthily,
 That numerous meadows fill,
 O'er many an island slow
 Doth glide most warily.

Upon the surface oft
 A bubble may be seen
 To sparkle and to die;
 Like some oasis green—
 With verdure tender, soft,
 Beneath a brazen sky.

But as some seeds are borne
 Upon the trackless gale,
 To spots of richest mold;
 Thought's rarest gems may fall—
 Others defying scorn,
 Will live—of wealth untold.

And rarest beauty shed
 Through many a longing heart,
 Inspiring thoughts beside,
 Cause tears and smiles to start,
 Down rosy pathways led,
 Or dreamily to glide.

Where the pure spring o'erflows,
 Immortal in its course,
 Beyond the sea of time.
 Immortal as its source,
 It ever onward flows,
 Through every land and clime.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

DAY was just breaking, and the sun was tipping with gold, crimson and purple the spires of the different churches in Rheims and the heavy clouds which were rolling away towards the north, when a door of one of the handsome houses opened, and a young man slowly descended the steps and as slowly mounted a handsome bay horse which, held by a groom, was champing his bit and pawing the ground with impatience. After speaking a few words to the groom who held the horse, the young man gave his impatient steed the rein and dashed up the street, closely followed by his valet, who was mounted on a large gray horse. The hoofs of the steeds changed merrily on the pavements, as they cantered up the silent and almost deserted street, starting here and there an early pigeon.

While the young man and his attendant ride on, we will pause awhile to look back a few years and become more acquainted with him.

Jules Demares, for that is the young man's name, is the only son of a rich merchant of Rheims. When Jules was fifteen, his father went to Paris, taking him with him to see an old friend, Monsieur Montalegre, who had only one child—a daughter two years younger than Jules. The two fathers, whilst sipping their wine together, concluded an engagement between the two children, the marriage to be consummated when Jules had attained his twenty-first and Blanche her nineteenth year.

The day was near at hand, and Monsieur Demares, now rendered almost helpless by the gout, had ordered his son to go to Paris and see Mademoiselle Blanche Montalegre, and make the necessary arrangements for their marriage. In strict and prompt obedience to his father's wishes, Jules set forth upon his mission. It was not with a very light heart that Jules proceeded on his way, for he was very brave, much admired by the ladies, and withal a passionate admirer of female beauty, and his only recollection of Blanche was far from pleasing. He had seen her but once while visiting in Paris with his father, and she seemed then thin, rather tall and awkward, a pale face rendered paler by a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes, over which the lids habitually drooped, which, together with the straight though well formed mouth, gave to the face an expression of sadness mixed with indolence and sullenness.

Scarcely, however, giving a thought to the object of his journey, Jules jogged on, allowing his horse to choose his own pace, enjoying the beautiful scenery, stopping occasionally to lounge idly beside a brook, so that the sun was almost set before he reached the town where he had decided to pass the night. He dismounted at the door of the inn, and throwing the reins to his servant, he entered the parlor where, to his utter astonishment, he was greeted with a roar of laughter from a man, a stranger, who stood at the front window.

"Well, well, my fine fellow, that horse 'of yours, which you ride with such a grand air, would look better if he was killed and stuffed with straw!"

The young man's eyes flashed, but he proceeded quietly to the other side of the room, paying no attention whatever to the insolent remark of the man, and flung himself upon a rough, wooden sofa.

"What immeasurable dignity for a boy!" said the man, now turning his jokes upon Jules.

Curbing still further his fiery temper, Jules continued gazing idly out of the window, striving to keep his temper down by thinking that the man was surely demented; but when the man approached him and bending his face so as nearly to touch that of Jules's, said with a jeer and laugh:

"Now don't take it as an insult, my dear fellow, but really if you were to spread some cream on your face and let a large-sized cat lick it, you would find you had no need to call for a barber!"

His control gave way, and it was with no light hand that he brought his light riding-whip across the insolent, coarse man's face, saying:

"Let any weapons, at any time, wipe away that mark, if you choose!" and he coolly sank into his seat, while his tormentor, Chevalier Polissart, raged round the room swearing and stamping his feet.

After awhile, he cooled down enough to appoint the yard behind the inn as the place, and swords the weapons, and the meeting to take place immediately. Jules Demares had seized his own sword and was about to follow Polissart out of the room, when a servant entered with his supper, and Polissart kindly consented to put off the affair of honor until he had supped. Jules Demares carelessly lounged in his chair, refusing the repeated invitation to sup given him by Monsieur Polissart, who recommended him to take all the comfort he could before he died, and proceeded to devour all set before him—chickens, muffins, cake, wine and many other condiments. He was just finishing the last muffin and chicken's wing, when the door opened and a young girl entered softly, and modestly approaching Jules, asked what were his wishes. Jules was on the point of replying, when Polissart rising from his chair, swaggered up to the blushing girl and thus addressed her:

"Ha, my pretty girl! have you come to gain that young fool's heart when you know you have mine—eh?"

The girl blushed painfully and stepped back with an air of disgust; but the bully was not to be put off so easily, and nearing her, he laid his hand upon her soft, white arm, and attempted to pinch, playfully, her chin, when he again felt the smart cut of the riding-whip and Jules drew the young girl from the rude hand, saying:

"This girl is under my protection, and unless you are a coward, as your behaviour seems to prove, you will not be slow in resenting the insult of my lash!"

Obedying a sign from the young man, the frightened girl left the room, and Jules followed

the now almost insane man from the room. Swearing and kicking at everything that came in his way, Polissart proceeded to a place in the large garden, almost wholly hid from observation by a luxuriant grape vine. Here he delayed much—wiping his sword, bending it, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, until Jules lost all his patience and coolly told him he thought him a coward and bully. Apparently he had by this time screwed up sufficient courage to take the first position, for he rolled his eyes, and declaring he would show the youngster what he was, he placed himself in a fencing attitude and began to count in a loud voice. He was to make a thrust at seven, and had in counting just reached five, when a servant poked his head through the bushes with:

"Monsieur Polissart, there is a lady in the parlor who wishes to see you."

"Let her wait till I have run this fool through the body!" returned Polissart, with an additional stamping of his foot and flourish of his sword.

"But the lady said her errand was life and death, and my orders were to bring you to her, dead or alive," replied the man in an earnest tone, while a side glance and merry twinkle in the eyes showed him to be enjoying some merry joke.

"Young man, you see I must go. I shall appear in an instant. Do you wait me here, and I will be back to settle my little account with you!" And sheathing his sword with an air of great vexation and disappointment, Polissart started off.

Young Demares leaned quietly against the trunk of a tree, and began to trace figures in the gravel. The footsteps of his adversary had scarcely reached the inn door, when the servant approached Jules and said, with a respectful bow:

"Monsieur need give himself no trouble, for Monsieur Polissart will be careful not to find himself near his cool opponent!"

Jules laughed heartily, and desiring the man to show him to a private room, he followed him into the house. While Jules is discussing with much relish part of a cold roasted chicken, we will return to Monsieur Polissart. Although he set off towards the house with such speed, he entered it very slowly, and stopped and had a long talk with Alexis, Jules's servant; then he proceeded at a snail-like pace to the parlor, and with a reluctant hand turned the knob and entered the room. Upon his entrance a very handsome, black-eyed woman, who was impatiently tapping on the window-panes, turned and ran towards him.

"Polisart, I have been searching for you a long time. Where have you been?"

"I've been," replied he, looking up at the ceiling, down at his boots, and in fact everywhere but at the lady, "I've been—here—at this inn."

"Very well, monsieur, you won't remain here long, if you have. Polisart," she repeated, laying her hand on his arm, "you have been trying to elude me. You will do so no longer, for I shall not leave you again until you are irrevocably my—husband."

Horror-struck he started back, and stammered out:

"But I have changed my mind altogether. I—"

"But I have not, monsieur, and shall hold you to your promise." And Mademoiselle Melami laughed maliciously as she said this, and carelessly threw herself into a chair and motioned Polisart to take a seat by her side.

Mademoiselle Melami was an actress, lively and handsome, and being heartily sick of stage life, had determined to marry some rich man and retire to private life. Polisart came across her path, and though vulgar, rude and old, he was far more wealthy than any of her younger and more prepossessing suitors, and perhaps more easily deceived, and after flirting with him, Melami had succeeded in obtaining from him considerable money and a written promise of marriage. This promise he had no sooner given, than he repented of having done so; and feeling sure that the lively actress would hold him faithfully to it, he fled and ensconced himself in the retired inn, thinking he stood in no fear of being discovered there by her, and besides, he found that the inn contained a pretty black-eyed maid, to whom he instantly made love—and it was thus matters stood when Melami made her unwelcome appearance.

Polisart fidgeted in his chair, hummed, bit his lips, but his companion's equanimity was not so easily disturbed. Melami sat quietly, leaning back on her chair, tapping the table near her lightly with her restless little fingers, and seeming to wait for Polisart to say something. At last Polisart, with a desperate effort, broke the silence with these words:

"I have considered it, and think I have hit upon a plan that will suit exactly. I know, and you may too, if you choose, a young man, Jules Demares, whom I was just going to kill, who is on his way to Paris to find a young lady to whom he has been betrothed for six years, and has never seen her during that time. He is wealthy, an only son and very handsome, and by a little

management you might pass yourself off for the lady in question, Blanche Montalegre by name, and secure at once a rich husband with the addition of beauty and youth. What say you, my dear?" asked Polisart, with an uneasy look.

"Blanche Montalegre!" exclaimed Melami; "why, she is the young lady whose father has lately died, and she has disappeared, and I have lately purchased her house and came in search of you to live with me in it. Strange! However, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! How can I be so sure that I shall catch my rich young gentleman?"

"Admirable! This I will promise you, that if you strive to pass yourself off for the lady-love, and do all in your power to gain the young man, and in two months you do not succeed, I will fulfil my promise and marry you myself. Are you satisfied? You have now two birds in the bush, and if you do not succeed in catching one, you will the other. Are we agreed?"

"Perfectly. Now I wish you to give me all necessary instructions. But first"—and a doubtful smile played over Melami's face—"I wish to know where you got this information?"

"On my honor, my information I gained from the young man's rattle-pated servant. But what matters it to you? If you do not succeed with the young bird, you have the old one fast!"

Melami laughed a light, heartless laugh, and begged him to proceed in his lesson. He whispered for a long time, while Melami smiled and nodded in the pauses. Sometimes she fumed and shook her head angrily, but the conference ended, and Melami rose and said she must depart instantly, and Polisart with officious eagerness conducted her to a carriage which was waiting for her. They smiled and parted with great good humor.

Jules had finished his supper and pushed himself back from the table, and was enjoying the luxury of smoking, when the door was suddenly opened and Polisart unceremoniously entered the room.

"I am ready!" exclaimed Jules, springing up, throwing away his cigar and drawing his sword.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Polisart; "put up your sword, young man, and hear me. If I hadn't been called away, I should have made a terrible mistake, for I should have killed the betrothed husband of my best friend, little Blanche Montalegre!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Jules.

"You hear the truth, young man. Just as I was going to seek you, I met your servant, who in an agony of grief at the idea of your being

killed, threw up his hands and almost in frenzy exclaimed: 'What will his faithful affianced, Blanche Montalegre, do, when she hears he is dead?' The exclamation and name caught my quick ear; I asked him what he meant, and he told me the cause of your journey. I almost foamed with rage to think what I might have done. In one moment more, you would have been dead. When old Montalegre died, I was by his bedside, and he said to me: 'Polisart, I give into your charge the greatest treasure I had on earth; guard it carefully till young Jules Demares comes, or you hear that he is dead. When he comes to claim your treasure, give it up cheerfully.' Those were the last words the good old man ever spoke." And Polisart drew out his handkerchief and wiped his old, hypocritical eyes, while he heaved a deep sigh. "I cannot help thinking," he resumed, "that it was the hand of Providence that was stretched out to save me from rendering my dear child miserable, and gaining for myself an uneasy conscience the rest of my days. Accept my hand, and to-morrow, or any day that suits your convenience, I will conduct you to my sweet charge."

Jules stiffly took the proffered hand, and declared decidedly that he couldn't possibly leave for three days.

"Very well, very well, my young friend, I will not hurry you; and now I will leave you to your thoughts, which must be pleasant, as in a few days all your hopes will be fulfilled, and you will meet your beautiful bride." And with a laugh and flourishing bow, Polisart withdrew.

"What can I hope," exclaimed Jules, as he paced restlessly up and down the room after his hated companion had fairly gone, "what can I hope to find Mademoiselle Blanche, if that old scamp has had the guidance of her for even one day? and Montalegre has been dead some months; and besides, if he was a friend of Montalegre, Blanche has probably seen more or less of him all her life. Bah! were it not dishonorable, I would go home instant. What care I? I have seen the girl but once when we both were children, and since then I certainly have not built any castles in the air in which Blanche had any interest, and I am also perfectly heart whole, and it is not likely that a charge of Monsieur Polisart's will touch it—so why should I be disappointed?"

Polisart and Jules presented themselves, one fine morning, at the door of a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris, were admitted, and shown into a spacious drawing-room by a smart servant. The room was

elegantly fitted up, and bore marks of great taste and refinement. Jules was fast losing himself in meditation, when he heard a light footfall, and upon looking up, he saw a graceful, pretty woman, dressed in some light floating material, gliding across the room. The face was very fair—black eyes, very white teeth, and a mass of black hair falling in ringlets over her shoulders, which were only covered with a light fall of lace, and her beautiful, white arms were wholly bare. The girl bounded lightly up to Polisart and threw her arms round his neck, while she said, in a low, soft voice:

"Dear old Monsieur Polisart, how glad I am to see you back, and safe and sound! You don't know how much I have missed you, and how lonely I felt until that sweet little pet of a waiting maid came. How kind of you to put yourself to so much trouble—and all for me! Cecile is very amiable and pretty, too! Why, I am almost afraid to let her be seen, and feel tempted to keep her in almost close confinement. Indeed, I am afraid I shall get to be jealous of my little maid ser—" Here she suddenly stopped, as if conscious for the first time of the presence of Jules, and blushed deeply, looked confused, and as if she would fain have run out of the room to hide her embarrassment.

"This, my sweet Blanche, is Monsieur Jules Demares. Never heard of him before—eh?" asked Polisart, as he playfully pinched her cheek.

Blanche smiled shyly, and with an air in which were mixed in a charming manner both timidity and cordiality, she extended her hand and welcomed Jules in gentle tones to her house. Jules was charmed with the childlike simplicity and grace, and was almost ready to take her without further acquaintance. They sat and chatted away until dinner was announced, and Blanche led the way to the dining-room. Blanche made herself very agreeable, and soon chatted without reserve with Jules.

After that time, Jules became an almost constant visitor at the house. Sometimes he would come away feeling almost disgusted with some levity of the lady's, and he would then stay away for a long time; then, again, he would be pleased with her gentleness and simplicity, and go away vowing that the next day should decide his fate. It was with this determination that he mounted the steps and entered the house one morning. The servant said his lady had been called out unexpectedly, but had left word to have him come in and make himself at home. Accordingly Jules proceeded to the drawing-room and prepared to settle himself comfortably, when he saw his lady's work-table standing by a

window, and looking as if it had been closed in a hurry. Jules walked up to it and with a sudden impulse he opened it, saying: "I must see if my lady is neat." The contents of the table were various and in a great deal of confusion, but laying on the top of all the articles was a gold miniature case, with the back uppermost, on which was engraved: "Blanche Montalegre—aged fifteen, June 11th, 1813."

"Taken four years ago! I wonder if she has changed much since then!" murmured Jules, as he slowly turned the face uppermost.

He started with surprise, for he immediately recognized, not the features of Mademoiselle Blanche, but of the young girl he had defended from Polissart's rude advances.

"How is this?" he exclaimed; "I must get at the bottom of it!" And scarcely knowing why, he rushed out of the room and up stairs to the little boudoir of Blanche, where she sometimes allowed him to come.

He was yet more astonished when he opened the door and espied, sitting in a chair, her hands clasped, and tears coursing each other in quick succession over her pale face, the young girl of the inn. She gave a slight scream and attempted to leave the room, but firmly, though gently, Jules made her retain her seat, while he kindly asked her name.

"My name, monsieur, is Blan—I mean Cecile Montaigne. I was thinking of my mistress when I spoke," she replied, modestly.

"Be not alarmed," said Jules, gently. "I am your friend, and will assist you in your trouble, if you will confide to me the cause. Will you not do so?"

"Monsieur," gravely returned the girl, "you were kind to me once, and I will trust you, for I have no other friend in this world—no friend save God!"

"I assure you, you will not repent doing so."

"I know who you are, for I have often heard my mistress speak of you, and I know that you two will be united shortly. Your wedding-day seals my doom, for the day before the one fixed for your marriage, I am to marry Polissart—my mistress sells me to him. I cannot help myself, for I am poor and dependent, and almost a close prisoner, never being allowed to go out alone."

"Can it be possible? I will aid you, but you will keep up a brave heart. Fear not—I shall never marry your mistress. I will only—but I hear voices in the entry. Conceal me somewhere, and let me out as soon as you can."

So speaking, Jules sprang into a wardrobe just in time for Cecile to close the door as the boudoir door opened and Blanche, followed by Polissart,

entered the room. Blanche sharply bade Cecile leave the room, though Polissart begged she might stay; but Blanche coldly repeated her order to go, which was obeyed with trembling alacrity. No sooner had the door closed, than Blanche burst forth with a volley of reproaches and sneers.

"Polissart, you are an infernal old scoundrel!" she almost screamed. "You promised me that if I did all as you directed, the young man would marry me in two months. Four have passed, and he is no nearer that than he was a year ago. Now listen: You sent me Cecile Montaigne as a waiting-maid, but only that you might be able to see her, and I have given you every opportunity of doing so, and—"

"Well, you vixen, haven't you in the meantime been able to flirt and cajole the young man? If you have lost him, it is through your own shrewish disposition and intolerable nonsense!" retorted Polissart.

"Cease, you old prater, and keep your ears open till I tell you something which will spoil your fun as well as mine. Cecile Montaigne is the true Blanche Montalegre!"

"Diable!" exclaimed the old rascal, while his broad face paled.

"Yes, what I tell you is true. I thought she seemed strangely well acquainted with this house and all its windings, and you know how many and crooked are the passages in it;" and Blanche half closed her eyes and drew up the corners of her mouth with a malicious expression. "She can go all over the house in the dark, which she could not do unless she had lived here very long. To-day my suspicions have been confirmed, for I happened in one of the upper rooms to find in an old box filled with rubbish a miniature marked Blanche Montalegre—a perfect likeness of Cecile. I have questioned her respecting her past life; but she says only:

"I was once such as you, lady, and lived in a large house, perhaps this very one, but my father died and a wicked, heartless man took all the property left me to liquidate a debt my father had contracted and never paid. I was obliged to seek for a livelihood and so became a waiting-maid."

"That is what she says, and I know the man of whom I purchased the house to be a great rascal. Another thing, the poor child loves Jules, for she says he protected her from insult. I don't care, for I have a written promise of a certain person to marry me if Jules Demares does not." As she said this, she drew her hand lightly across Polissart's face, asking if he was dreaming.

He pushed the woman aside and rushed from the house. Blanche laughed a moment, then turned to the glass and began to arrange her toilet, laughingly exclaiming:

"I must look simple and piquant, for that pleases my dear Jules."

"It pleases him no longer!" exclaimed a voice; and turning, the astonished woman saw Jules standing in the room regarding her scornfully. Recovering her self-possession, she ran towards him with a smile and word of welcome, which he repelled, saying: "I overheard the conversation between you and Polisart, for I was in the wardrobe. I heard all, and it has only confirmed my suspicions. Prepare instantly to leave the house. When you are once out of it, I will refund to you the money you paid for it, and all the expenses you have been obliged to incur to keep up your shameful deception."

Melami—for we will now call her by her right name—buried her face in her hands, then raised her head, rose and rang the bell. In a moment Cecile appeared, but started upon seeing Jules standing there. Melami took the girl's hand and leading her up to Jules, said:

"Here is the true Blanche Montalegre. Take her and love her and cherish her always, for she is worthy of all affection. I began the deception, caring little for the person, merely wishing to obtain a rich husband, but I ended by loving you, Jules Demares. My dream is over and I will go now, but daring to hope that when you have sweet Blanche by your side, you will forgive but not forget the misguided and unfortunate Melami."

With tears in her large eyes, Melami bowed and disappeared.

One week afterwards, Jules and Blanche were united; and Jules had the affair of the seizure of old Montalegre's property investigated; but though it was proved to be a fraud, but very little of the property could be recovered. But that grieved him not, for he had more than sufficient for all his desires.

Polisart disappeared, and it soon became noised about that he had gone to America. Melami followed him, discovered his whereabouts, and at last succeeded in making him fulfil his promise of marrying her. A few years they lived together, leading a cat and dog life, when Polisart died, leaving considerable riches to Melami, who immediately returned to Paris, where she resumed her vocation of actress. She saw Jules and Blanche frequently, and was always treated with great kindness. They lived a very happy life, and Jules never had occasion to repent that he had taken his wife FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

TO LITTLE ELLA.

BY ELIAN LYLE.

Laughter-loving little Ella,
Gentle, playful, frank and kind,
Unto thee are kindly given
Beauties both of form and mind.

Smooth and fair thy soft round cheek,
Rich thy dark eyes' lustrous glow;
While thy braids of shining hair
Fall around thy neck of snow.

Of thy white arms round my neck
All lovingly are thrown;
And oft thy little rosy cheek
Is pressed unto my own.

There's music in thy whispered tones,
And in thy shouts of glee;
And the pattering of thy busy feet
Is music sweet to me.

May God protect and guide thee ever,
My darling little one!
And shield thee from the blight of sin,
Thou thy last setting sun!

Then gently when 'tis thine to die,
And life's last throbb is given,
May thy pure spirit pass away,
To rest for aye in heaven.

EVELYN ARMITAGE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I MET Evelyn Armitage at Madam Lombard's school. She was my first friend in that dreary establishment—my first and only companion in that unutterably hard bed. She sat beside me as I ate the dry and heavy slice of bread, spread with butter of unmistakable strength; and together we sipped the muddy and almost milkless beverage which they called coffee. Together we mourned over the toughness and hardness, the scantiness and shabbiness which madam contrived to mingle with every portion of our daily fare. Together we recalled, with the keen appetite of growing youth, the delicious compounds of our home cookery.

Let me describe this beautiful Evelyn. It was her fifteenth birthday when I arrived. She was not very tall, but there was a perfect fullness of figure, such as is rarely seen in girls of that age. Her face had a radiant fairness, a sort of glittering white, unlike the chalky cheeks of which there were a profusion in the school. Blended with this, was the slightest perceptible roseate hue; but the lips were crimsoned deeply. Eyes of that soft, velvety black, as far removed from that class of eyes usually called brilliant

as they were from those called tame and expressionless. No pen can describe those eyes—no artist could paint them. Like her glorious hair, the peculiar shade of color could never be identified. It was indescribable. Hands and arms of the most exquisite moulding and color, and feet just of that peculiar adaptation of size to the rest of the person, were hers in perfection. Her manner of carrying her head, that small and faultless head, set so beautifully upon the slender neck, was not less observable.

All these things I saw, for I was a worshipper of beauty in all its forms. One thing I did *not* see, until it was forced upon me by long suffering. It was that, under this beautiful exterior, there was an icy coldness, that arose from her deep, unconquerable *pride*. This was her besetting sin. Vashti herself never queened it more stately than this youthful school-girl. Her whole bearing was superb.

How I loved her! It was as if I had a lover, my devotion was so deep, so earnest. It was that sort of love which is the type and the prophecy of the heart's future devotion. She received my love as though it were her due, but she took small pains to return it. I was jealous of any rival in her affections, and when she bestowed her smiles upon Catherine Moore or Sybil Ackerman, I reproached her bitterly. Her calm, unmoved way of taking this irritated and mad-dened me. She was not to be scolded or re-proved. She was impenetrable as ice; nay, she was ice itself. I do not now know how I came to love one so unimpressible, when my own nature was so fiery, except on the principle of attracting opposites.

With all this ice, however, there was a certain inner temple in her heart, to which this column of ice helped to form the pillars of the vestibule—a sanctum, kept for some presiding deity, who should come in the aspect of a lover, and dwell there forever. Evelyn could love but once, and that would be always.

In her school exercises Evelyn was always perfect. Her coolness and self-possession were invaluable to a student; and her pride never permitted her to allow any one to distance her in the pursuit of knowledge. She was thorough, real, practical. Once learned, her lesson was always hers. She could not transfer nor forget it. She could not commit a lesson so quick as I could, but when hers was fixed immutably in her mind, mine was scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Evelyn had no imagination. She read page after page of the most burning poetry with perfect coolness; and even would criticize the

rhythm or the sentiments, when others were thrilling with the glorious inspiration they brought from the hearts that conceived them.

Glorious, radiant, beautiful Evelyn Armitage! How many times have I heard her called by these names. How many times have I heard her called proud! But never did I hear her called gentle, tender, or sensitive., I, who loved her so fondly, never gave her these names.

I had supposed, from the number and quality of Evelyn's dresses, that she must be the daughter of a rich man. Her imperial taste selected the richest of material, the most faultless of fashionable shape for her garments; and she wore them as a queen her coronation robes. She did not love jewels. Her own superb beauty needed them not. Nor did she affect the simple decoration of flowers. She loved best to array herself in a single dark, rich dress, and to dress her magnificent hair in large bands and braids, simply around her head. If a loving hand laid a splendid flower amidst the braids, she would allow it to remain; but never was one there by her own wish. We passed one year together. We were of the same age, in the same class; we left school together, and together we travelled towards home.

Not until we neared the town where I was to be left, did she tell me that she too was an inhabitant of the same town. She had hitherto concealed it because her father was only a mechanic! *Only a mechanic!* Only one of those whom the world could not do without, while it would dispense gladly with hundreds of the useless and miserable *gentlemen* whose presence is so unwished for and so unsought!

False pride (Evelyn had some true pride too) prevented her from avowing this mortifying circumstance. During the year at school, she had been especially careful not to associate with the daughters of any but the wealthiest and most fashionable, and even to them, she had maintained an air of quiet but conscious superiority. But each one supposed that her circumstances warranted it, and they gave way to the influence which she silently exerted over them.

Soon after our return from school, we exchanged calls, and then my intercourse with Evelyn ceased. I still loved her—still thought her the most beautiful of beings—but some troubles arose in her family of a nature so unpleasant as to preclude my visiting there, and I saw her no more.

Not long after this, I heard she was married, and had gone to New Jersey. I asked to whom, and received for answer the name of one whom I well knew, but who, of all beings, was the

most unfit to be the husband of Evelyn Armitage. Indolent, unattractive, careless of exterior refinement, I could not conceive of any one more unsuited to the fastidious, sensitive taste that she had ever exhibited. I wept that night, for the life to which she must awake, when the temporary delusion should be over. And yet, I had not imagined the half.

Pleasure-loving people are sometimes at a loss how to invest their time so as to cover the largest ground of enjoyment. Travelling offers the strongest inducements in the way of variety; and, nine years after I left school, still unencumbered by lover or husband, I joined a party of these same pleasure-lovers, whose route of travel was to lie just where inclination might lead. It was delightful to be in this perfect freedom; not to have friends at home waiting for letters to tell them the exact day on which we should reach certain destinations. We were to turn aside whenever we saw a prospect of enjoyment by so doing.

It was delicious summer weather, our party were in the highest spirits, our travelling costumes in the best order, and we were on good terms with each other. What more could we ask? It was a season long to be remembered, and it dwells on my memory yet, with a richness and raciness that time has not been able to diminish.

If M—— still lives to read this, will he not remember, in his dwelling far away towards the setting sun, the day in which we two left the lagging travellers behind, and rode forward to secure a resting place for us all in that embowered farm-house? Will he not remember that avenue, where the trees met in a long unbroken arch above our heads, and the cool springs that bubbled up by the wayside, the perfume of sweet brier in the greenwood, and the delicious poetry which flowed from his lips?

Perhaps to him it is all a blank. Farms, the rise and fall of stocks, monetary affairs, the cares of wife and children and servants may have banished from the memory of the man the fresh and glowing happiness of the youth; but to me, who have wandered on in single blessedness, a poor, solitary old maid, the remembrance of such hours comes back to me "like the green spots that bloom o'er the desert of life."

On our way, we passed a poor, shabby, unfinished frame house, standing very desolately in the midst of a small cleared space. It was the first house we had seen for an hour's riding, and it had altogether an unprepossessing, nay, a repulsive appearance. Loose boards hung here and there, the yard was in bad condition, and

everything betokened poverty and indolence. Two or three children, one a mere infant, were playing by the roadside, and the eldest, a little ragged boy, but with a face beautiful as an infant Guido, ran directly before my companion's horse, and fell. The horse merely touched him with his fore foot, as he fell, and then stood perfectly still, while M—— dismounted and took up the child. It was not hurt, but frightened; and fastening the horses to a tree, we carried the little one into the house.

A woman stood at a table, performing some household duty, with her back towards us. She evidently had not witnessed the accident. As we entered, she looked round. Even in the midst of surroundings so opposite to what I had ever seen her before, it was impossible to mistake that face for any other; and yet, had my life depended on the words, I could not have addressed her by her name. It was Evelyn Armitage, but so altered that, except for the glorious eyes, and soft, beautiful hair, I should never have known her. Exposure to the sun and wind had roughened and darkened that *glittering*, satin skin; sorrow, perhaps *want*, had sharpened the once rounded outline of form and face; but in the eye there was the same majestic look of superiority which here, in this solitary place, and under such circumstances, would have struck me in any one else as simply ludicrous; but in Evelyn it was innate, and could not be altered or affected by any mere outward surrounding.

Beautiful she was still—proud she was still—and I thought so then, in the brief moment in which my friend was explaining to her the slight accident which had so frightened her child. She was courteous enough, but it was evident that she was restive under our eyes; and not wishing to prolong an interview so painful, we departed. I do not know to this day, if she recognized me, but I believe she did. Pride would prevent her, indisputably, from making the first recognition, but I had not changed, and she must have known me. The children were lovely. The boy was beautiful as an angel—and yet she showed no affection for them, even when the frightened child was brought in, apparently hurt. The old ice had not melted.

For the next two miles I wept unceasingly. M—— left me to cry to my heart's content, before he asked a question. Then, when I had become quiet, I related to him the history of this glorious creature. He was intensely interested, for he had known her husband many years before.

"Yes; Theodore Grainger was well known to me, and still better known to my brother. We

liked his amiable disposition, but we had a great contempt for his indolent, unthrifty ways. He was a gourmand and epicure; but he would not lift his hand even to procure luxuries for himself. He was just the being who would cause a proud wife to bury herself from all the rest of the world. If she could be contented with his affectionate manner towards her, she would not, perhaps, kill herself, but if she was passionate and exacting, there must be some terrible hours for her."

As M—— and myself rode on, we talked long and freely of Evelyn's besetting sin; and I related to him many circumstances of her early youth, at Madame Lombard's school. Her youth! why Evelyn was yet but twenty-six years old, and age had come upon her with its blight already, or else she had become "older than age, with sorrow."

It was a sad drawback to the gaiety I had promised myself for the next three or four weeks—this little episode of Evelyn's:—but I strove to forget it. Evelyn had chosen her path, why should I mourn her mistakes? So I became as selfish and as gay as pleasure-seekers generally are.

If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget that season. It gave me an idea of what life might be if people would but lay aside their senseless devotion to fashion and folly, and dwell with simple nature, "who never *did* betray the heart that loved her." It initiated me into a thought of what paradise must have been before the bitter tree of knowledge had given its fruit to the lips of our first parents. M——, you will read this when you are sitting by that clear spring which you say bubbles up so sweetly by the green bower where you can overlook the broad prairie; "you will read and remember and understand!"

Ten years after this happy year of my life found me a helpless invalid, weary of life, heart-broken at the loss of parents, sisters and other dear friends. I felt myself a stray waif on the ocean of life, which it would be well for the billows to roll into the abyss below. Useless, useless was my thought from morning until night, and often through the dark and dreary hours too, I would lie awake and think how utterly vain was my living at all.

But when the sweet, dewy June came, with its wealth of roses, its pure refreshing airs, and its thousand melodies, my best of friends, Kate Dalrymple burst into my chamber one morning, and with a voice as cheerful as a lark's, she bade me rise and shake off my illness and dejection, and let her pack my trunks for a journey, with

herself and her husband. It was like an electric shock, but I submitted, too weak for resistance.

"But what shall I wear, Kate? I have nothing but morning wrappers."

"Look here," said she, and she pointed to a basket of clothes, which her servant was bringing in, with two complete travelling dresses, and everything requisite for a long journey.

"O, Kate!" I began, but she stopped me.

"We start at half-past one," she said, "so let Nanny and me get you all ready now, and then you can lie down again until I call you."

Under her gentle hands, I was soon equipped. A handsome, fashionable habit, yet made loosely, as it should be for a invalid, everything in good taste, yet easy fitting, so as not to annoy or distress me, bore witness to her careful and thoughtful love.

At half past one the carriage came. It was an open one, and Charles Dalrymple was to drive, while his wife occupied the seat beside him, and the ample back seat was reserved for myself and Kate's sister, a cheerful, happy girl, who had often cheered my sick room with her joyful laughter.

"Drive slowly, at first, Charlie," said Kate, as we started, "Fanny will soon get used to the motion." I did so—and every mile that we passed I became refreshed and invigorated. We made short stages; and by the time that we reached our longest destination, I was a new being. Change of air, different scenes, beheld under the delicious blue sky of summer, and the heart-felt kindness that prompted the excursion for my sake, all did their part, and I felt myself re-created. I could not realize, at the end of a fortnight, that I had lain on a sick bed so long, thanks to the kindly love of my companions, who consulted my wishes in all things pertaining to our journey.

We were on the sea-coast now. The weather had become warmer in the inland towns, where we first went, and the breeze from ocean drew us to its side. O, how sweet were those hours, passed on that beautiful beach! How delicious the shadow of that mighty rock, under which we sat and inhaled the sea-breeze! How well Kate and Jennie looked in their pretty bathing dresses and straw hats, when they ran across the beach to plunge into the waves; and how awfully they looked when they came out, with their wet, limp skirts clinging to their slight figures, and their hats heavy with water!

Among the innumerable children whose little feet paced the sands daily, I had always noticed a beautiful boy, of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, who seemed to shun the rest, and who

walked, generally, apart by himself. His face recalled another, but whose I could not remember. He was always accompanied by a lady in deep mourning, who wore her veil down. As I did not bathe, I had leisure to observe others; and this group interested me much. The lady was usually left alone, for the boy walked, as I said, mostly by himself, and one day I spoke to her upon the beauty of the sea, which was then calm and serene in its summer stillness. Her voice startled me, it was so like one that seemed to come up to me from the very depths of my memory.

Just then, the boy, whom she called Reginald, came up, and one look at his eyes brought the whole before me.

"Is it you, Evelyn?" I said, forgetting that in our last interview I had not spoken to her.

"It is Evelyn," she said, mournfully. "I have known you every day, Fanny, but I could not bear to reveal myself to your remembrance. I wished you to speak first."

We talked together long and earnestly, and for several succeeding days we sat under the shadow of the rock, and she told me all her trials. Her pride had been brought down so low—she was so subdued now. Her husband had continued his idle and miserable habits, until she was obliged to support him entirely. They had lived where I had last seen them, until she could no longer endure it. By a great effort she succeeded in inducing him to remove, and to take up his abode in the city. Here her two youngest children died. She pressed down the tears that welled up from her maternal heart, and tried to thank God that they were taken away.

Her husband had some talent, and she besought him to write, encouraged him in his feeble efforts, and after all, she, who, at school, would never (if possible to get clear of the task) so much as answer a letter, now wrote for bread. She took the pictures out of her own heart, and the scenes she drew were too touching and natural not to charm. O, ministry of sorrow, what beauty of thought and expression is thine!

After a while, he fell sick, and then she had suffered still more intensely. His selfishness, his querulous repinings, his exacting temper—she touched lightly on these—but I saw them all, running, like a dark thread, through her narrative, and shadowing her face with a deeper grief than that even for which we mourn the good.

"Had it not been for Reginald," she said, looking at the boy, as he stood on the beach, with an expression of such unutterable love as I could hardly think it possible for Evelyn to feel,

"had it not been for that beloved child, I must have sunk under my trials. His love, and my remaining pride kept me up."

I looked at the boy. What a glorious creature he was, as he stood there, with the slight breeze lifting his hair from a brow such as I had never seen before. I did not wonder at her love and pride now.

After her husband died, she had met with a relative of her own, who had been absent several years in India. He threw himself upon her cares, for he was a sad invalid; and he rewarded them by leaving her his worldly store. She had placed Reginald already at college, and was looking forward to his future with a hope that seemed likely to be realized. I parted from her with half my old love and reverence for her renewed. She had proved herself worthy of it.

I sometimes hear from her now. She and Reginald are all the world to each other. He is all that she could wish; and he thinks that his mother is an angel. Their beautiful devotion to each other is the theme of all who know them. Evelyn's sunset seems to be drawing onward without a cloud.

A SMART MILKMAID.

The worshipful Sir Digby Somerville did keep a bountiful house full ever of brave company, at his seat in Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time going into the fields with his host, they did espy a comely milk maiden with her pail.

"Prythee, Phillis," quoth the courtier, leaning the while at the girl, "an I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware?"

"In the meadow," quoth she, "thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kin."

The court gallant looked in the mead, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic," quoth he, angrily, "thou lookest as if thou couldest barely say boo to a goose."

"Yea, that I can, and to a gander also."

Whereat she cried out lustily, "Boo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertain his guests with the tale.—*Book of Morris Jesters*, 1609.

GREAT MEN.—The great village politician is lost in the town; the town lion is regarded as a mere kitten in the metropolis. The city alderman is lost in the world. Country clergymen and rural justices, who command infinite respect on their own glebes and acres, cannot understand, on coming to London, how it is that all Cheapside and Regent Street to boot, do not touch hats to them.—*Blackwood*.

FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA LOGGETT.

Nay, nay, my mother, chide me not,
Nor bid me check the tear;
Nor tell me in those bitter words,
That I must tarry here;
For since young Leon left his cot,
Beneath the willow tree,
My heart has shared the wanderer's lot,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

I love my home, my sunny home,
I love the silvery Rhine;
Each vesper bell, with lute-like tone,
Peals forth a hallowed chime;
The fragrant flowers, the wild bird's song,
They have a charm for me;
But ere they greet the spring I'll go
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Then chide me not, my mother dear,
Nor bid thy child to stay;
Though basking 'neath thy sunny smile,
My heart is far away!
But when I'm in those solemn woods,
How oft I'll think of thee;
Then, mother, bless me ere I go,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Speak not of perils I must brave,
Nor dangers on the deep;
I will not shrink, though winds and waves
Their ceaseless vigils keep;
For He who guides the wild bird's course,
Will ever watch o'er me;
Then, mother, let me go in peace,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

ON A LEE SHORE.

BY FRANCIS W. SAWTELLE.

QUITE a number of years ago, when your father was a little shaver, who played marbles, and was spanked for being late at school, the clipper schooner *Flirt*, of Baltimore, left that port on a trading voyage to the west coast of Africa. Her captain was a jolly old rope hauler, of great weight in the community, and measuring almost a thousand miles from the middle waistband button in front, through to the waistband buckle in the rear. This, I am aware, seems almost incredible, but as you were not born at that time, and consequently can know nothing whatever about the matter, it is not in good taste, to say the least, for you to dispute me.

It was the custom at that time, on board the smaller crafts, for the officers and crew to eat and live together, on a footing of equality, as is the practice to this day, on board down-east coasters; the semi-barbarous people of that benighted region seeming to think that a man,

although he happen to be a sailor, is nevertheless a human being, and deserves to be treated as such; their half-civilised ideas being very much the same as were entertained by the Irishman, who, upon being asked if in his opinion one man was not just as good as another, replied: "Faith, yes, and better, too."

On board the *Flirt* the most perfect equality reigned; indeed, a stranger would have been somewhat puzzled to decide whether old fatty Flukes was the captain, or the cook's private secretary, without he had looked on board of us at about meridian, when he would have seen our ponderous commander standing upon the booby hatch, with the pig yoke to his eye, shooting the sun. Mighty free and easy times did we have on board the old schooner, but the work was nevertheless carried on with as much regularity and promptitude, as in one of our monstrous modern packet ships, where every order from an officer is given *under oath*, and nine times out of ten, enforced by a blow with a belaying pin over the head.

Our destination was the Guinea coast, where we expected to trade in palm oil, ivory and so forth, and as in those days particular attention was given to the *so forth*, as by far the most profitable, we had very little below the deck beside water casks and provisions.

The first part of our passage across the puddle, was particularly prosperous, with leading breezes most of the time, until well up with the coast, and near the entrance of the *Bight of Benin*; when the sun, upon turning out one morning, showed evident signs of having been on a spree all the previous night, being very red in the face, and looking uncommonly cross and snappish; while the sky all about him wore that peculiar brassy appearance which is a sure token of something or other, when observed in the horse latitudes; added to which, a little dyspeptic-looking, Norman arch of a rainbow showed itself close to the horizon, beneath the rising sun.

"I shouldn't be astonished to death, if we caught a pretty considerable long and strong spell of weather, before soon," said Captain Flukes, after a protracted stare at the heavens, and muttering to himself the ancient couplet,

"Rainbow at night, gives sailors delight,
Rainbow at morning, gives sailors the warning,"

he dove down the companion way to have a look at his chart.

For the next half hour or so, there being no perceptible change in the weather, we allowed the schooner to jog along with the light air then stirring, while the mate and most of the foremast hands stood around the cabin table, watching,

and making suggestions to the captain, as compasses in hand, he picked out our course and distance on the chart.

"I tell you how it is, Mr. Midships," he exclaimed, throwing down the compasses, and giving his capacious trousers a hitch up over his hips, "if this here gale o'wind comes out of the south'ard and west'ard, we're jammed like Jackson, with the Guinea coast on two sides of us. If it comes out of any other quarter, it's all right, and we shall have plenty of sea room; but I'm feared it won't. If you ever took notice to it, you are always sure to get the lee shore, whenever there's a chance for a proper bad one."

"True bill," responded the mate, "but there are exceptions; for instance, when we were round on the Zanguebar coast last voyage, we got a slant at the last pinch of the gale, that took us out as clear as a pike staff. However, it would not be a bad idea to get the old dug-out in trim for a snorter, for there's no knowing how soon we may catch it; things work curious sometimes in the low latitudes, 'specially on the woolly coast."

The mate's proposition coincided with our own ideas of the fitness of things, and all hands going to work with a will, we got both anchors over the bow, the jibs and foresail furled, a close reef in the fore-topsail, and a balance reef in the main; by which time it had fallen a stark calm, although the sea continued to rise steadily, while the schooner, without steerage-way on, headed all round the compass.

The few clouds that were visible at sunrise gradually cleared away, and a lurid, brassy haze covered the sky, obscuring the sun and imparting to the smooth, unbroken swell of the waters a sickly purplish hue, that would have looked very beautiful in a painting, but which excited anything but pleasant sensations in the breasts of anxious mariners, dreading an equatorial blow-out. By six bells, the silence of the unbroken calm was interrupted by a low, rushing sound, filling the entire space around us. It was the shrieking of the hurricane careering through the air, high above our heads, while as yet not a breath was stirring on the surface of the ocean. For nearly twenty minutes the mournful sound continued, growing louder and nearer, until at length, a sudden darkening of the air, and a long line of white foam, away in the southwest horizon, announced the coming of the storm from the quarter we had most reason to dread. Our vessel was lying with her head directly towards the point from which the gale was coming, and before any effectual measures could be taken to work her round, we were struck flat

aback by the whole fury of the storm. The fore and aft stays tightened and cracked with the tremendous strain, until it seemed almost a miracle that they did not part; the back stays slackened until the lanyards hung in bights over the lower dead eyes; the masts swaying far away aft over the deck, seemed upon the very point of coming down by the run, when the schooner gathering stern way, rushed backwards through the water, the bows rising high in the air, and the quarter settling in the waves in a manner that showed us that we must get her to the wind speedily, or expect to see her go down stern foremost. There can scarcely be a more dangerous position for a vessel, than to get stern way on, in a heavy sea.

"Port your helm—hard a port!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder. "Haul in the starboard head braces—brace up the fore, and fore-topsail yards—sharp up, my lads, sharp up—stand by, one of ye there for'ard, to cut the seizing of the fore-topmast headstay!"

This last order, which would have at once relieved the schooner of her masts, was, of course, to be executed only in the last extremity; the other commands were obeyed almost as soon as given. The spars were light, the vessel well manned, and the head yards swung round in a twinkling; the staysail sheet was hauled to port, the main sheet drawn flat aft on the starboard side, and the schooner, after a momentary indecision, fell slowly off on the wind, the fore-topsail shivering and slatting fearfully for an instant, then catching the gale abast, filled away, bellying out with a bang, and gathering headway, the schooner's stern rose from its perilous depression in the water, and we flew onward through the boiling foam, with all the safety, if not all the speed, of a full rigged, clipper built porpoise.

"Good enough," exclaimed the captain, rubbing his great fat hands with satisfaction, "we've saved our sticks this time, anyhow. Mr. Midships, keep her a good full and by, so's to make as little lee way as possible, while I go below and take another peep at the Coast Pilot."

The gale continued to increase in violence, and the height of the sea was absolutely appalling; but the schooner being only in ballast again, rose easily and lightly on the very summit of the waves, without labor, or taking a spoonful of water on her deck, and but that the Bight of Benin terminated in dangerous rocks both on the north and east, we might have lashed the helm a lee, and all hands gone below to sleep in perfect safety. We were a good hundred and fifty miles from the coast, however, and trusted to a change in the direction of the wind, before we could drift that distance, although we were making be-

tween six and seven points lee way, and the set of the sea was driving us with tremendous force towards the northeast. Flattering ourselves with the belief that noon would bring a shift of wind, we busied ourselves through the morning watch, lashing the water casks and provisions below, that had broken adrift and shifted over to leeward in the heavy lurches that the vessel was making. But eight bells passed, without bringing any signs of the wished for change. The same ghastly sky lowered above us, while the gale continued on the increase, singing through our rigging with a shrill, ominous sound; and far as the eye could reach over the raging waters, the angry, leaden waves leaped fiercely up, and with eager, hurrying motion, rushed towards us, breaking with a prolonged roar beneath our counter, and throwing the stinging spoon-drift in our faces, as if in defiance and threatening. As the afternoon wore on, we began to experience not a little anxiety as to the termination of our cruise. That it would be impossible for the craft to drift through the night, as she had all day, without fetching up against something harder than salt water, was evident to all. Indeed, it would not only have been running into the very jaws of death, but absolutely jumping down his throat.

"What d'ye think, Mr. Midships, will the old boat bear any more cloth?" asked the captain, looking anxiously to windward, and at our swaying spars.

"She's got to bear it, whether she will or no," responded the mate, resolutely. "We must claw out of this hole somehow, and we might as well lose our spars before we go on to the rocks, as after."

"That's gospel," returned the captain. "Shake a reef out of the main, and drop the foresail."

This was a work requiring careful management, for, aside from the danger of the masts being at once carried over the side by the increased strain, the schooner was very light, and might at any moment be shoved keel out. Slowly, and one by one, the reef points were cast off from the main, the earings slacked off gradually, to avoid a sudden strain, and the sail hoisted. The schooner feeling the increase of sail aft, without a corresponding trim forward, very narrowly escaped broaching to; but by carrying a large weather helm, we managed to keep her away until the fore tack was boarded, and the sheet hauled aft, when bringing her again to the wind, she laid over to the work, and began drawing to windward quite respectably, considering her scant canvass, our wake being now well on the quarter, whereas before it had been very little

abast the beam. But notwithstanding the increased spread of canvass, we were still making large lee way; our reefed fore course and mainsail, being all that we could with any degree of safety show to the breeze, were almost wholly becalmed under the lee of the monstrous waves, as we settled in the trough, and almost driven from the bolt ropes, upon catching the gale as we rose upon the crest of the billows.

Thus far, we had been running with our larboard tacks aboard, heading, when jammed on the wind, about north-by-west, making our true course, with allowance for lee way and what she fell off, nearly nor'-west-by-north; a course which was rapidly drawing us in towards the coast of Dahomey.

"What's your opinion now, Mr. Midships?" asked Captain Flukes, as the sun, looking red and angry, disappeared below the misty horizon.

"Why," responded the mate, with a doubtful shake of the head, "there is but one thing we can do, and that is to go about on the other tack and stand more to the south'ard; if we can only weather Cape Formosa, we could make a long stretch to the east'ard, into the bight of Biafra, and perhaps get under the lee of Fernando Po, between the islands and the old Calabar coast."

"Yes, that's all plain talk enough," replied Captain Flukes, pettishly, "but how the deuce are we going to do it? The schooner hasn't got sail enough on to go in stays, and if we undertake to wear, we shall we pooped by one of those big combers, as sure as taxes, and then, sir, your wife will be a widder in the twinkling of a catharpin's leg."

"Pooh!" ejaculated the mate, somewhat contemptuously; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about Mrs. Midships; she is a lady who can stand being made a widow of, quite a number of times without any very serious consequences. And suppose we do take a sea that knocks us down among the ribs and trucks of Davy's locker a little sooner than we expected, why, that's what the owners pay us for, aint it? If the schooner hasn't got sail enough on, just put it on, that's all. For my part, I say tack and bear up to the south'ard at any risk, if you don't I shall desert the craft, and paddle ashore on the sheet anchor."

Captain Flukes was as brave a man as you will often find, but he was very cautious, almost too much so at times, while Mr. Midships, on the contrary, was a man of prompt action; when he had once made up his mind as to what was proper to be done, he did it without hesitation. And upon this occasion, the captain, either stung by the tone of his remarks, or catching his spirit,

fortified himself with a big hunk of tobacco, and hailed the fore-castle.

"How is that fore-topsail, boys?"

"Furled with a close reef, sir," shouted one of the men.

"Well, lay aloft and loose it."

The sail was dropped to leeward and the clew hauled chock home to the sheave hole, without any other effect than to cause the schooner to lay over still further to starboard, but no sooner was the gasket cast off from the weather yard-arm, than with a shivering crash the sail was torn from the bolt ropes, and disappeared in the darkness to leeward.

"What d'ye think now, Mr. Midships?" asked the captain, somewhat triumphantly.

"I think we've lost a good fore-topsail, and will have to heave in stays as we are," coolly responded the mate.

"We can but try," said the captain, doubtfully, then raising his voice: "Ready about, there, for'ard!"

"Ready about, sir!" responded the men, springing to their stations and laying down the rigging clear for running.

"Keep her off a couple of points and give her a good headway!" he continued, to the man at the wheel.

"Keep her off it is, sir!" replied the man, easing her half a dozen spokes, and the schooner taking the wind further aft, darted through the water with considerably accelerated velocity.

"Are you all ready there for'ard, Mr. Midships?" he screamed, using his fist for a trumpet.

"All ready, sir!" screamed back the mate, from his station on the fore-castle.

"Put your helm down, my son!"

"Hard down, sir!" replied the helmsman, with a rapid revolution of the wheel.

"Hard a lee—ce—!" roared the captain, dwelling long and loudly on the double vowel, as is the invariable practice with all ship masters with whom I have ever been acquainted; from which a landsman might be led to suppose that a ship would utterly refuse to come about, if the word was pronounced in any other way.

"Hard a lee!" responded Mr. Midships, emphasizing the first word, after the manner of all mates.

The schooner being under good headway, came promptly to, taking the head sails aback, with the wind dead ahead, and everything seemed to indicate that she would go in stays finely; but just at the critical moment, when the order was being given to rise tacks and sheets, the crest of a broken wave came roaring and tumbling down upon us, striking on the bluff of the bow,

flooding the fore-castle, carrying away the fore-staysail, and effectually deadening our headway. With a shake, the schooner paused in her course, neither falling off, nor coming to, and gradually gathering stern way, slid backwards through the foam.

"In irony, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the mate, in a tone of perplexity and alarm.

"Missed stays, or I'm a heathen!" ejaculated the captain, excitedly. "Round in on the head braces—slack off the main sheet—put your helm amidships!"

There was no chance to obey these orders, however. A monstrous wave rose black and threatening upon our larboard bow; higher and higher it rose, gathering strength as it swelled upward, completely becalming the schooner under its lee, until to our excited imaginations it almost seemed to reach the clouds, and we really longed to have it break and do its worst. At length it came. Toppling over from its perpendicular height, it fell with a dull, heavy roar, upon the deck, crashing through the bulwarks and burying everything deep in the weltering vortex. Every timber in the vessel's hull moaned and quivered, as though with fear, while the escaping air through the openings in the deck, was like a prolonged and mournful sigh. For many seconds it was a matter of uncertainty whether the vessel was going down or not, and the temptation was strong for the men to quit their hold upon what seemed a sinking ship, and struggle to gain the surface. At last, with a shake and a groan, the schooner freed herself from the mass of water, and darted off before the wind. We had been turned completely round, by the force of the wave.

The mate had saved himself by clinging to one of the windlass bits, and, as half stunned and gasping for breath he struggled to his feet, all eyes were turned to him, as the most reliable man in such an extremity.

"What say, Captain Flukes, shall we wear round on the starboard tack?" he vociferated, brushing the salt spray from his eyes.

There was no answer.

"Where's Captain Flukes?" he exclaimed, earnestly.

"He's for'ard, sir," replied the helmsman, who had maintained his position, by being lashed to the wheel stanchion, and was the only man aft.

"No he ain't! Jump down in the cabin, one of ye, and see if he's there."

"There's nobody there, and the cabin is more'n half full of water," was the reply.

"He's overboard! He's gone!" was the ex-

clamation that broke from all at this announcement.

"Who saw him last?" inquired the mate, gloomily.

"I saw him standing abaft the mainmast on the hen coop, when the sea boarded us. I caught a glimpse of the coop going over the starboard rail, a minute after, and supposed the captain had gone for'ard," replied the helmsman.

"There are just two things we can do, boys," said the mate, after a short pause. "The captain probably fastened himself to one of the coops, as they went over together; we can either make an effort to pick him up—in which case we shall probably go on to the rocks, or we can claw to windward, and do the best we can for ourselves, though there's a slim chance any way. What d'ye say?"

There was a moment of indecision among the men. At length the carpenter broke the silence.

"It seems rather too bad to leave poor old fatty Flukes, without even having so much as a try for him."

A general murmur of approbation followed this remark.

"Talk enough, boys; if that's your wish, we'll see what we can do," said the mate, evidently much satisfied with our decision. "Stand to the braces, and let us get her on the wind again."

Since being boarded by the sea, the schooner had been going off like a shot, directly before the wind, and it was no easy matter to get her to it again, without shipping another, which might be even more disastrous; but by the more skilful management or better luck of the mate, we finally worked round to the starboard tack, and ran back as nearly as we could judge, towards the spot where the captain had disappeared. By this time it had grown intensely dark, making it difficult to distinguish any object at more than the schooner's length from us, while the wind and sea continued to increase in height and violence. Two or three successful tacks brought us near to where we supposed the captain must have drifted, in the event of his still being above water, which was far from probable, in such a sea. All hands were now upon the lookout, at both mastheads, on the forecastle, and on the quarter, while the mate—who took all the blame of the captain's loss upon himself, as though the storm had nothing to do with it—paced the deck with agitated steps, glancing anxiously in all directions, and constantly repeating his injunctions to the men to keep a bright lookout. That there was soon to be a change in the weather now became apparent. The wind which had

all day been a steady gale, now came in violent squalls accompanied with rain, with short lulls between.

"I think we must be very nearly on the spot now, Chips, don't you?" he asked of the carpenter who stood by his side, leaning over the lee rail. But what's that?" he exclaimed, with great earnestness, gazing wildly to leeward. "Main top there—fo'kettle, do you see anything?"

"Nothing, sir," was the reply from both lookouts. But the mate in great excitement continued to strain his eyes through the darkness. At this moment occurred a short lull in the breaking hurricane, and a low, faint sound, very low and indistinct, but inexpressibly mournful, came in a tremulous murmur to our ears.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

"Nothing, sir, but the sound of the wind and the waves," replied the man from the top.

Again the long continued, fluttering, mournful sound.

"Do you hear that? Fo'kettle—main-top, don't you hear something? Good God, are you all deaf?"

"I thought I heard a distant hail come up against the wind," replied the lookout on the forecastle.

"That's no human hail," said the carpenter, with an ominous shake of the head, "that is the sound of broken water moaning on the reefs."

"I fear you are right," returned the mate. "He could not have drifted so far to leeward, as where that sound comes from, and if it is a reef, it's all up with us, without a change of wind."

"Something on the weather bow!" sung out the man on the forecastle.

"Breakers broad on the lee beam!" hailed the tops, almost in the same breath.

The cry of breakers, usually so startling to the ears of weary mariners on a lee shore, was almost wholly unheeded, and all hands rushed to windward to see what the object might be that had been discovered on the weather bow. Igniting a blue light by a smart rap on the weather rail, the mate held it high above his head, throwing a lurid glare far over the toppling crests of the black and surging waves. At the distance of about a hundred fathoms, some dark object was drifting slowly past us, and as the light increased its brilliancy, we distinctly made it out to be one of our hencoops, to which a human form was clinging, apparently in an exhausted condition. It was too far to windward to reach it on that tack, however.

"Ready about!" shouted the mate.

The men sprang to the braces, the wind favored us, and never was the schooner hove in stays in shorter time. Upon this tack we weathered the coop; but it would not answer to run too close, for to have been dashed by the waves against the schooner's side, would have been certain destruction. All hands were stationed at short intervals, along the lee rail, with lines in their hands, while the blue lights succeeded each other as soon as one was consumed.

A few moments brought the floating object on our lee bow. A line was thrown from the fore-castle and fell short, another and another with like ill success; at length, one thrown from the quarter passed over the coop; the captain made a feeble effort, but was too much exhausted to pass it round his body. He was drifting rapidly astern.

"Stand by to haul in on this line!" shouted the mate, passing the end of a studding-sail tack round his waist, and springing from the taffrail. A moment of intense suspense followed, as he struck and disappeared beneath the water. Presently rising to the surface, a few vigorous strokes brought him alongside the coop, and the bight of a rope was made fast around the almost inanimate body.

"Haul in!" he screamed. And the next minute they were hoisted over the rail.

The captain was borne to the cabin and placed in his berth. The motion revived him.

"Never mind me, boys," he said, seeing us grouped about him. "I'm all right enough, only a little water-logged or so. You'd best look out for the schooner."

And it was certainly time that we did so, for upon going on deck the sight that presented itself was absolutely appalling. We had drifted to within half a mile of the reef, over which the waves were breaking with tremendous fury, throwing the spray high into the air, forming a long, unbroken wall of ghastly white foam, at least sixty feet in height, with a roar like nothing else in nature.

The hurricane had entirely passed away; the clouds cleared from the heavens, leaving a bright starlight, and it fell a flat calm; but the monstrous waves which still felt the force of the gale, and would not so readily subside, were driving us swiftly in toward the rocks.

"Are the anchors all clear there for'ard?" the mate hailed from the quarter deck.

"All clear, sir," answered the carpenter, who had charge of the fore-castle.

"Let go to starboard!"

The shank painter and ring-stopper were cast off, and the heavy mass of iron fell with a plunge

into the water, drawing the chain cable like lightning round the barrel of the windlass and through the hawse-pipe, a stream of sparks following, until the last link surged round the windlass and the strain was brought upon the clinch.

"Does she hold?" asked the mate, as she pitched, bows under, with the sudden check.

The carpenter placed his hand upon the bits, but the dæd, tremulous jump, jump, jump of the cable showed that we were yet moving.

"No, sir—she drags," was the reply.

"Let go to port!" returned the mate.

Another plunge, and another long continued rumble of the cable followed the order; but the chain passed out less rapidly, until when about two-thirds the length had passed over the windlass, it stopped, and was only taken by jerks in short lengths as the vessel rose on the swell; even this stopped presently, leaving a whole range of cable lying slack abaft the windlass.

There was now no longer any danger, although the schooner buried herself clear to the main-mast at every wave; but the ground tackle held, the sea was falling, and the sky was serene. There was no necessity of a watch that night, and worn out and exhausted we sought our hammocks, which we lost no time in stowing full of extra quality snoozing.

THE CALLIOPE.

This steam musical instrument, it seems, produced a tremendous impression when it was first started on board a boat on the Hudson. It shrieked out "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," so that they were heard for miles. Its effects on board of another boat some half a mile off are described as both appalling and amusing. One lady fainted dead away; others screamed and stopped their ears. An Italian singer attempted to throw himself overboard, and was only saved from destruction by the combined efforts of the captain and clerk of the boat. The negro firemen threw themselves into indescribable contortions, while an unhappy dog rushed about among the passengers, with his tail between his legs, setting up the most dismal howls in expectation of some horrible calamity. The sturgeons rushed out of the water, and threw a vast number of summersets on the surface, wagging their tails, as if they alone of all the auditors enjoyed it. But people will get used to it in time. We have no doubt it will be introduced into every steam navy in the world, supplying the place of marine bands at a great saving of expense. Bat, seriously, an ingenious mechanic of this city has invented a small machine, which, without any human agency, blows several bugle-calls, producing very pure and even pleasing tones. At any rate, the calliope is certainly a great curiosity.—*Flag*.

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.

REMEMBERED.

BY MRS. D. G. ELDER.

Thou art remembered at the twilight hour,
 When I am gazing at the star-gemmed sky,
 When most I feel affection's thrilling power,
 When pearly teardrops moisten my dark eye;
 'Tis then I think of dear ones far away,
 Then holier thoughts with all my feelings blend,
 And when alone in solitude I pray,
 I breathe thy name in every prayer, my friend.

Thou canst not dream of the calm, deep devotion
 That forms a part of such a sister's love;
 Full many a tender thought and fond emotion,
 Full many a tear, is trembling on its shrine.
 Oft, when I've whispered of the dear departed,
 So early called to heaven's fair home above,
 I've crushed the teardrops that would fain have started,
 And smiling turned my longing eyes above.

Thou art remembered with a deep affection,
 As pure and hallowed as a sister's love;
 How oft I've craved our Father's kind protection,
 How many a faith-winged prayer I've urged above;
 Deep, deep within my heart thou'rt fondly cherished,
 No common friendship binds my heart to thine,
 'Tis soul-felt, only with my life 'twill perish,
 To be renewed beyond the shores of time.

Thou art remembered with a silent yearning,
 Friend of my childhood's bright and sunny years;
 When from false friends I have been proudly turning,
 I've dreamed of thee mid all my doubts and fears.
 Shouldst thou prove false to friendship so devoted,
 One pang perchance this wounded heart might feel;
 Then would I crush each hope on which I've doted,
 Then woman's pride will prove a steadfast shield.

THE BITER BIT.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

It is something over four years now since Bitemely sent me on my tom-fool's errand. I said then, that next year my pretty cousin was coming from Maryland, and after a dreary winter, in April come she did. I don't know if I've mentioned that I live, when at home, with an aunt of mine, five or six miles out of the city, in a delightful old country house, full of must and spiders. The house is mine, but the servants and our tempers belong to my aunt, who, by the way, "exercises" them well. A pond is situated at the foot of the garden, and many is the time Bitemely and I have angled with wonderful success in its waters, I hinting of better fishing by-and-by. I say *Bitemely and I*, because it is not to be supposed that I quarrelled with that gentleman; on the contrary, better friends than ever, he almost made my house his home, the remainder of that summer and fall, till Aunt Jane was quite put to her trumps; and as my

business only demanded a few hours' attention daily, and Bitemely invariably closed his office early, we became almost inseparable. I really couldn't say it was intentionally that, thrusting on my smoking-cap, or poking my feet into my slippers, I always deferentially addressed my invisible cousin Mary, whose handiwork they were, in a manner that at first surprised Bitemely, but into which he gradually fell himself whenever he leaned his head back in his arm-chair, whose sumptuous velvet covering had itself been wrought by Mary's fairy finger-tips.

"My dear, be careful of that lampshade," my aunt would say, if she saw either of the bachelor legs tending as if they would very much like to make a resting-place on the table. "I should feel so sad to tell Mary her pretty drawing was soiled." In short, my cousin Mary became one of my Penates, and when I told Bitemely that she was coming in the flesh in April, and perhaps he would see her, I noticed him pull up his shirt collar and glance at the looking-glass with his most irresistible air. Now I'm not a baby myself—my last birthday was my thirty-fifth,—but as to being overcoming to my pretty cousin, I should as soon have thought of prinking for the Princess Royal; and as for Bitemely, he is at least a half dozen years ahead of me. Nevertheless, when May Day should come, Mary would enter on her twenty-second year and a handsome property—of which facts Bitemely was quite aware—and she preferred celebrating that day in company with her own aunt and her own aunt's nephew than away among strangers; for I have not stated that she was an orphan. In fact, I am not quite Mary's cousin; she is my aunt's niece and I am my aunt's husband's nephew; that's the relationship.

My buggy is a fine little vehicle, a little too little for two persons, as I found late that afternoon, when one of them is a vessel of wine measure pipe, tan, punchbowl, hoghead, barrel, or anything else that is hooped, and the other has to sit somewhere in the region of the hub of the wheel; but one can forgive a beauty for following the fashion, and hoops have been in, gone out, and come again since then. Thus with Tim lumbering after, with the baggage in a wagon, I drove my pretty cousin towards home. Just as we rattled off our last pavement, I saw Bitemely. "How are you, old fellow?" said I, looking triumphantly. "Coming out, to-night?" Bitemely's hat went up perpendicularly about half a yard, and came down diagonally a yard and a half before it alighted on the excruciatingly bowed head. "What exquisitely high bred gentleman is that?" Mary ought to have asked in.

order to meet Bitemsy's expectation; but, on the contrary, merely remarking, "Bless my heart! what a guy!" she rattled on in her own delightful way about everything in general.

All her vacations, from her twelfth to her twentieth year, had been spent with Aunt Jane and me, and a year's distribution of herself among her intimate acquaintances having passed, she had decided to spend the residue of her days, till death or a husband should remove her, with us, her only relatives.

"O, but my sands are running out, Joe," said she. "I suffer a depression—an empty, deadening feeling. I am pining slowly; my digestion is dreadful; I shall certainly either die or go crazy"—I looked in amazement at the plump, rosy girl, who sank back in the carriage,—“if you don't put this nag to his paces,” she continued; “for I haven't tasted a morsel since six this morning!”

Under such a dreadful penalty we cleared the ground at railroad speed.

"Good gracious!" said Aunt Jane, as Mary, running up the steps, entered the dark hall with extended arms and a mouth puckered up for kissing, preparatory to an onslaught on my aunt. "Good gracious! how do you think I can ever get at you, my dear! I might as well try to kiss a man looking out of the top of a balloon! Why in the world you've got so much in the way of skirt and so little in the way of bonnet, I can't see. I can't kiss you—it's of no use trying!"

"O, it can be done, ma'am," said Mary; and twisting off the butterfly she wore on her "back hair," she rushed at Aunt Jane and demonstrated *how*, while smothering the affectionate little woman in kisses. "There, sir," she said, turning to me, "I dare say you'd like me to perform the same operation on your blushing cheeks, but I shan't!" And now going round and shaking hands with Mrs. Archer, the cook, Isabel, said lady's grandchild, a damsel of fifteen, Joshuay and Isaiyeh, who worked the farm, she made herself generally merry and agreeable. "Now, Mrs. Archer," said Mary, a little 'summat' to eat, do—I'm ravenous! There's that canary piping up over the door; I noticed it when I came in, and if I hadn't been afraid the feathers would stick in my throat, I should have devoured it long ago!" And she plunged after Mrs. Archer into the buttery. "O, here's just the thing," cried Mary, on tiptoe, peering over the shelves. "A chicken pie, as I live! Prepare fingers to play the shovel! Do you suppose I am going to wait for a knife and fork?"

But Mrs. Archer had taken down the pie, and

holding it ominously on one side, pointed to a vast extent of its uncovered surface where the pastry had been delicately picked away.

"It never wor the cat," said Mrs. Archer, shaking her head. "Joshuay, have you been to this pie?"

"No," sang Joshuay, through his nose from the kitchen, "I haint, mum."

"Isaiyeh, then, have you been to this pie?"

"No, mum," shouted Isaiyeh, with a little variation, "I haint."

"Isabel! Isabel!" screamed Mrs. Archer, "have you been to this pie? Yes, you have! I know your long, slim finger. It's you, miss! you go right to-bade—not a mouthful of supper shall you have this night!"

"And meantime," said Mary, who had been murmuring that nature couldn't sustain it any longer, "I'm starving. Here, Mrs. Archer, give me the pie. Joe, give me a fork! Isabel, help yourself to a spoon. There now, little girl, we'll finish it together. You needn't wait, Joe; you won't get any. I'm not quite an anaconda that you need to stare as if I were swallowing a goat whole with the horns!"

I beat a retreat to Joshuay's domains and consulted with him quite a time, concerning the crops, etc. Returning, I stopped at the buttery door; Mary had finished the pie, and was standing up, imbibing a glass of foaming milk, while, as if pretending to pick up a fork, Mrs. Archer stooped down to the floor.

"Sweet, pretty stuff that of your gownd, light and delicate like, feels soft, too," said Mrs. Archer, as she took the hem between her fingers to examine the texture; "raal putty, I declare! I spose you gave as much as four-six a yard, for that, now," and lifting the hem the least in the world, she obtained a glimpse of the wondrous hoops and dropped it. "Ahem," said Mrs. Archer. "Yes, I thought so. You wear one of them parrot cages, do you? Well—I suppose now we shall have our Isabel cutting up all the clothes lines to rig herself out. The hencoop that's broke and put away in the barn would do every bit as well."

"Don't get into a puncheon when a barrel will hold yer, grandmar!" suggested the daring Isabel.

"I thought I sent you to-bade, miss," was her response. And in a state of virtuous indignation at "them new-fangled fashings," Mrs. Archer sent Isabel away leaving Mary to her milk.

That evening we were all sitting in the garden chairs on the terrace, when Bitemsy cantered up, and giving his horse to Tim, joined us. After a repetition of the afternoon's bow,

he tried to feel at home, but evidently didn't succeed till taking a seat below us, he surveyed my plump cousin's beauty, now considerably enhanced in the splendor lent it by the rising moon. Before midnight, Bitemslly, it was plain to see, had plunged in reveries, and was over head and ears in the flood of the river *Amoris*. Indeed, as he confidentially informed me the next day, he dreamed of drowning all night, and of being interminably hauled out by the ears by my angelic cousin in the form of a pair of pincers.

Thus days and weeks flew by, till June slid in the gates of the year, and pleasure parties, where my aunt and cousin, Bitemslly and myself, were the principal parties, made a perfect *fête champêtre* of the summer; during which, it may be believed, Bitemslly was by no means slow in evincing his devotion to Mary, who, skilfully parrying every open attack, prevented any proposals from him, and always treated him as if he were a harlequin who amused her, or an amiable child whom she ought to amuse.

One evening he and myself were strolling along, when a light figure tripping a few rods in advance on the other side of the fence, caught our eyes. It was Mary. Bitemslly darted forward to assist her in crossing the fence, but as I caught her eye with its laughing appeal, I don't know how it was I reached the point first, lifted her across, and took her bundle from her. She was going to Mrs. Sprague's, one of the poor of the parish, and we accompanied her.

"Mrs. Sprague's son," said Mary, gaily, to hide her well-doing under an assumption of nonsense, "has been a convict in the State prison for six years, and was just let out this afternoon. I thought I'd like to see a real, live State prison bird for once, and make it a little pleasant to him to be good, and so forth, you know, by a tart and some sandwiches and tea—you understand!"

Yes, kind-hearted little woman, I understand very well; but Bitemslly, who was always rather tight at a bargain, seemed to think it an unnecessary expense, while Mary, with an "O, no matter," and much the same manner as that with which she would pat a great Newfoundland, took no further notice of his remarks. As we passed Mrs. Sprague's window, natural curiosity turned our heads that way. The table was already laid, and the family were sitting down to tea. As they drew up their chairs, the recent convict pushed his back with a scrape, stood upright, and shutting his eyes with the tightest squeeze, uttered a long and elaborate blessing. Opening the eyes with an effort at the close, he glanced round.

"Well," said he, with considerable exultation, "reckon ye didn't expect that from this quarter! Well, it's true—the place which I come from is the place for moral rectitude and no mistake! If we had short commons, we got moral rectitude, which is as good as bread and fat, and what's better'n that?" After which poetical essay, he proceeded to bestow a liberal allowance of the last named articles upon himself.

Mary, who was already intimate with all the ragamuffins of the village, softly opened the door and beckoned Mrs. Sprague out.

"Here, Mrs. Sprague," said she, "pretend you forgot these, and go to the closet and appear to take them out, so that it will appear pleasant to your son; and when you have finished tea, I'd like to see you again, please. We'll wait here."

The old woman thanked her warmly as she took the dainties, and went in. Meantime, a little Sprague, who couldn't sit at table because there wasn't room, and who entertained fears of the tart, started a mighty bawling that quite nipped all Bitemslly's attempts at conversation; whereupon, after considerable meditation, Bitemslly put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a cent as if it were a tooth, handed it to the youngster, who, delighted at such, to him, fabulous wealth, suspended operations in a state of ecstatic silence. In about half an hour, Mrs. Sprague returned.

"I've brought some shoes to see if they'll fit you," said Mary, as with her own hands she tried on several pairs till they arrived at some which Mrs. Sprague pronounced "cumfble," and Mary rose. As we stepped out, Bitemslly lingered behind—"probably," whispered Mary, "to bestow some greater charity." But alas! low as he spoke, his voice was audible.

"I'm looking for a piece of money, a small coin, madam, that I let your little boy take; has he got it?"

The child put the cent in his mouth and his hands behind him, shaking his head very emphatically.

"Come, sonny—that's a good sonny," said Bitemslly; but sonny was not to be coaxed.

"But I must have it, little boy," continued Bitemslly. "A cent spoils the face of a dollar."

The indignant mother, seizing a shoulder, shook her child violently, determined the cent should leave his mouth one way or the other; and fortunately for him, it rolled from his lips to the floor. Bitemslly picked it up, coolly, and dropped it in his pocket, pleased to hear the welcome jingle, and rejoined us.

Mary and I stared at each other.

"I hope it don't burn your pocket," said she.

"O, no," he returned, "not in the least. A penny saved is a penny gained, you know—and besides, my pockets are lined with leather."

"And your heart with something harder," muttered she, but he didn't hear her, and politely offered his arm.

As we passed the outer door, Mrs. Sprague, holding back her dress that she might admire her new shoes, was displaying them to advantage, while applying their extremities to the sides of a yelping canine.

"Always the way," said Mary. "I never gave her a pair of shoes in my life but she immediately went to work kicking that poor dog. I should think *he'd* hate the smell of leather, too!"

It was a midsummer night, and the bells were ringing nine. We had nearly reached home, when we came where four roads met, and a little brook and bridge intersected them. Here some extraordinary operations appeared to be going on. Miss Isabel Archer, with a napkin spread on the ground, illuminated in the centre by a lantern, and on which were two plates with a piece of bread in each, and a cup of tea, was mumbling a rhyme of mysterious import, while winding a ball of yarn, one end of which was in the brook:

"Whoever is my true love to be
Let him come wind this yarn for me,
Come eat this bread and drink this tea."

"If she hasn't got my purse silk winding there!" whispered Mary. "Mr. Bitemely, if you'll go pick up the end in the brook, I'll knit you a purse this very evening! And Mr. Bitemely, you said you wanted this rose. You may have it if you'll stoop down, as you go to the brook, and see what's in the plates—I can't imagine."

Bitemely sprang up obediently.

"She's trying a project," said Mary, almost dead, as she declared, with laughter, "to see who'll marry her—the little toad! O, isn't it fun?"

As for Bitemely, stooping down to view the contents of the plates, the lantern light suddenly gleamed on his face, appearing out of the darkness, and gave it a ghostly effect. But poor Isabel! Although she had been hoping for somebody's appearance, this was too much, and with open eyes and open mouth, uplifted hands and hair like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," she stood stone still. Running along, Bitemely seized the other end of the fabulous purse silk, and as soon as Miss Archer felt the

pull upon it, she left all, and with a series of voluminous shrieks, turned about, and scampered home as fast as her long legs could carry her. "O, wont I shake her!" said Mary; but I never heard that she did.

Bitemely went into the city, as we thought, the next morning, and I took Mary out in the skiff for a jaunt on the little island in the pond; she to procure some specimens of wild flowers, and I for the pleasure of giving her pleasure. What was our surprise, then, to behold Mr. Bitemely sitting in a lovelorn attitude on the bank and tearing the little willow stems.

"He looks as if he had better wear the willow than tear it," whispered Mary.

But Bitemely's face grew radiant as he beheld her, and immediately he left his employment. Wandering with them over the island, I at last threw myself on the sward beneath a bowery thicket, while Mary strayed round at no great distance, followed assiduously by Bitemely. They soon were beyond hearing; but after a time, evidently unconscious that they had returned to the same spot, I heard their voices approaching the place where I, without intending it, was quite hidden.

"Ah, Miss Mary," said Bitemely, "I must tell you how perfectly charming you are!"

"Well," said Mary, laying a gentian root on one side, "tell away, how perfectly charming am I!"

This was rather a damper, but after a while the swain began again:

"I cannot repress my emotions. You must allow me to beg you to listen."

"I'm all attention," said Mary. "Hand me that little trowel first, if you please. There—now!"

"The sight of you," said he, making another vain attempt, "fills me with the warmest admiration."

"I wonder where Joe is!"

"Fills me," reiterated Bitemely, "with the warmest admiration. I—"

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted my pretty cousin. "There never was a woman yet who didn't like to be admired, though some are ridiculous enough to be particular who the admirer is."

Bitemely took this as encouraging.

"You are glad of it!" he ejaculated. "O, Miss Mary, you have made me the happiest of men! I love—"

Here I thought Mr. Bitemely was going a little too far, and announcing my vicinity by a yawn and a tumultuous fit of coughing, I appeared before Bitemely could declare whom he loved.

"Fly in your throat, Cousin Joe?" asked

Mary, whose face was fast losing the surprise called forth by Bitemsky's remarks.

"Not at all," I replied; "one on your hook, though."

"I'm not angling," said Mary.

"No, but angle-worming," I returned, as she untwisted one of those delightful creatures from her fingers.

"I'm sure," retorted Mary, pouting, "I have not hung out any bait!"

"No. You've caught your fish," I laughed; for Bitemsky was tumbling down the bank to unloose the boat.

"Don't let him say anything more, Joe," pleaded Mary. And acting upon this hint, I contrived to allow Bitemsky no corner for a sentence till we reached home, where he found a letter, announcing that a valuable tract of land in Michigan was about to find a sheriff's sale, owing to the fact that his agent had absconded without seeing fit to pay the taxes, and his own presence was needed in that quarter. Thereupon bidding Mary an overwhelming farewell, with a smile of ineffable pity that she must endure the loss of his company, Bitemsky, who had been made—Heaven alone knew how—"the happiest of men," departed.

Now I had never fallen in love with Mary myself, *that I knew of*, and so when I found another man who *had* made himself so foolish, I at first wondered, and then thought, what if Mary had accepted him, how I should like that. It is unnecessary to state the process by which I arrived at the conclusion that I shouldn't like it at all, and that—that—it would be pleasant to have Mary always here; but it never occurred to me to ask her about it. By-and-by—it was dusk now—the subject of my thoughts appeared on the grassy terrace above, and then danced down the garden, and taking my arm, she gently drew the cigar from my fingers and threw it away.

"Well, Mary," said I, "is my pretty cousin to be merged into Mrs. —?"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "But what shall I do? The wretch has gone away thinking I've accepted him, and I never had such an idea!"

"I don't see myself what—unless you undeceive him!"

"And how shall I do that?"

"Well—really—"

"I don't see how," said Mary, "unless—" and dropping my arm, she turned round and confronted me, "unless—I marry you, Joe!"

"Will you, Mary, will you?" uttered I, but my cousin's boldness was all gone in an instant; and as for the rest—find out, reader, if you can.

"Aunt Jang," said I, when I went in, "how should you fancy to keep Mary always here after three weeks from this day?"

"Ah!" said my aunt. "Why, really—you don't—it can't—Mary? I—marry her, Joseph?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Marry her in three weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mary, is he in earnest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, to be sure you don't need anything particular, the way most girls do, in the way of new clothing, a—what do you call it?—trousseau. You've got enough; so you don't want six months to sew yourself to death in. But, heavens and earth! how can things be got ready in three weeks?"

"It will be nice and quiet, auntie," said Mary.

"Only the minister and a half dozen friends."

"Well, my dears," said my aunt, who could not be gotten to give her consent outright to what was none of her business, "suit yourselves and you'll suit me. If you've no objections, I'm sure I needn't have any."

As I am not writing "Letters to a young man on the art of courtship," I shall not detail the proceedings of those three weeks. But at last the eventful sunshiny morning dawned. The company, who exceeded the original half dozen by some fifty or so, were in the drawing-room; the minister had arrived, and I was taking a settler in the way of a cigar, when a light foot ran up the staircase, and Bitemsky, in full toilet (in which, by the way, he had always taken pains to present himself to Mary), entered my sanctum.

"How d'ye do?" said he, in a delighted way. "How's Mary? Couldn't see her anywhere when I came in. What in the deuce is all that row in the parlor for?"

"O, some of my good aunt's works," said I.

"Come, I guess we'll go down," for I saw my aunt beckoning me. "Mary'll be along in a minute." And we sauntered down together.

As we opened one of the drawing-room doors, my aunt and Mary entered at the opposite one. Bitemsky started terribly. Mary was all covered up with lace, and her head was converted into an apparent basket of white morning glories, which looked decidedly as if they ought to wilt at this hour of day—but couldn't, being made of white satin. My aunt hovered like a little gray boat on Mary's Niagara-esque flow of drapery behind her, although the fashion had considerably collapsed; but if ever any man was brute enough to criticise his bride's appearance, let him be hung, as I was; for meeting Mary

half way, I slipped my head into the noose, and was incontinently swung off.

Bitemely, astonished, aghast, shivering and silently raging, had fallen back, but was now pushed forward by the crowd behind, who rushed up to pour out their stale congratulations. Apparently without knowing what he did, he dived at my hand and brought it up. "I—I—I—" said he; but I finished the sentence for him, by adding—"had better seek health and solitude in the wilds of *Scatuskillcat!*"

I noticed, shortly after my marriage, that Isabel had disappeared. She was sent to school, as Mrs. Archer told my aunt; and when, three years after, a wedding card, said to belong to one Bitemely, was read, there was neatly engraved in one corner thereof, "Miss Isabel Archer."

Mrs. Bitemely, who looks, as my wife declares, half the time pinched to death, and the other half frightened to death, declares that to the day of her death, she shall believe in projects tried on a midsummer night—I don't know whether she wishes she hadn't tried it or not.

THUMBS BEFORE KNIVES.

There was one, a girl of some eighteen years of age, who might have sat for a Hebe; she came to the river-side, bearing on her head a species of tub, such as the washerwomen in Brittany use for kneeling in while they wash. She stopped close to me and put her tub down, which was filled with enormous slices of black bread flanked by huge lumps of butter. She then sat on one of the stepping-stones, within a few of me. Thus far all her motions were graceful; but alas! how small a thing destroys sentiment! Seizing one of the black wedges in her delicate white hand (blanched by washing), she plastered one side with butter, using her right thumb for the operation, and handed it to one of her companions. In this manner she dealt with all the slices, distributing them to the women around her, who seemed to relish them not the less for the absence of a knife.—*Wald's Vacation in Brittany.*

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The nurse of a Parisian lady fell ill, recently, and her mistress gave orders for a physician to be sent for.

"But, madame, they are so dear!" remonstrated the woman.

"No matter, my poor girl," replied the lady, "my own physician must see you at once."

"Then perhaps madame subscribes for a doctor as we do?"

"Subscribe! What do you mean?" asked the mistress.

"Why, madame, you see at home," exclaimed the girl, "we pay twelve francs a year for the whole family; and one year there was a great deal of sickness in our house, and I assure you, madame, I had a bad typhoid fever for nothing!"

Saturday Courier.

ONWARD AND UPWARD!

BY GULA MEREDITH.

Though dark be the tempests that over us roll,
Though friends may forsake and may leave us forlorn,
Let this be our motto, 'twill strengthen the soul,
Though shattered our shields, and our banners be torn.

Let the proud world deride us, and think what they may,
Let the powers of darkness against us combine;
For help in temptation to God we will pray,
And move "onward and upward, and true to the line."

'Tis the watch-cry of faith, and we'll bravely go on
In the course we have marked, for the goal is divine;
And when dangers are over and victory won,
Sing "onward and upward, and true to the line."

In the "battle of life" it has borne us along;
In the "valley of death," when our spirits decline,
We'll treasure it still, and well sing the good song,
Of "onward and upward, and true to the line."

LUCY EVERTON.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

It was nearing the sunset of a beautiful day, early in the opening summer. The orchard trees were loaded with fragrance. Their white and pink blossoms grew in thick snowy clusters, and whitened with their falling petals, as with the stainless harvest of the bygone winter, all the emerald turf below. Except where, near the foot of the old orchard, away from the trees, wound a narrow foot-path, crossing the hillside.

It was up this path, long and long ago, in the years that are far gone, that a pale, thoughtful-looking, dark-haired boy walked slowly, in the closing day. He was slight and tall for his years, which could not have been more than eighteen; but there was nothing of the awkwardness of boyhood in the graceful mould, and free though quiet motion of the slender form. Already, in that young countenance, the traits of manhood were visible. The shadowing forth of a high and earnest soul, early maturing for its future labor, was there. The soul of one already learning the lesson of life; that lesson, so sweet yet so bitter; the lesson that we must all learn, whether it is pleasant or painful; that must be learned perfectly, and only finishes at the grave. It was just opening to him.

Richard Everton was thinking of it to-night; thinking that so far it had been very pleasant and peaceful to him. That he had reason to be grateful that it was so; and was looking forward with calm faith to the future. He could not see—he only trusted. It was with a meditative brow, that leaving the shady path he was pursu-

ing, he crossed the foot of the old orchard, and entered the field beyond, that lay broad and clear in the sunset light, with only the lengthening shadows of the distant trees, intersecting the golden bars of the evening sunshine, that grew softer and paler every moment. A soft breeze, springing up, sighed gently around him, and lightly rustled through the deep grass. It bore faintly to his ear the sound of distant voices—the approaching tramp of horses' hoofs.

Light and musical laughter rippled along the evening air; and lightly leaping the low wall separating the field from the road that bounded it, he observed a party of three persons drawing near, on horseback. The party consisted of a gentleman, handsome, dark and haughty-looking, and who bore himself gracefully and well; and two young ladies, who, though of various styles of beauty, yet bore to each other a certain resemblance which showed them to be related. For Madaline and Lucy Everton were sisters. Madaline, the elder, must have been nearly eighteen; fair in complexion, with large, deep blue eyes, and abundant golden hair; and a countenance so perfectly beautiful, so sweet and charming, that one must be fascinated by its loveliness, despite himself.

Lucy seemed some twelve or eighteen months younger, and she, too, was fair, with the same large, deep-blue eyes, the same abundant golden hair; but the expression of those eyes was different—it was graver—softer—more thoughtful; in its pensive softness, her countenance was even more lovely than that of Madaline.

Richard Everton's color slightly rose, as he beheld this party; but his glance passed the other two, to rest on Madaline. He proceeded more slowly; they, drawing nearer, recognized him, and Madaline, reining up her horse, held out her hand to him, with a lovely smile, saying in her gentlest voice, "Good evening, cousin!"

A happy look beamed in his fine, hazel eyes, as he received with a timid pressure the beautiful hand so freely given him; and the soft color, that rose for a moment fluttering to her cheek, filled him with an emotion inexpressible.

Lucy sat silent till he turned to her. There was no flush of feeling in her cheek, as he bent over her hand; as she, too, bade him good evening. But her soft eyes grew gentler still; and their serious smile of welcome dawned with a tender beauty, and died lingeringly away again, unseen beneath the drooping lashes.

The gentleman merely bowed, with a half-haughty inclination, to Richard, and remained silent. Madaline, only, exchanged a few words with the young man, before riding on.

"Your father, I trust, is well this evening?" he said.

"He is unusually well, I thank you, Richard," she answered; then added in a low tone, as musical and winning as it was sad: "Oh, how I wish, cousin, you would come up sometime and see him! I am sure—I am very sure, he would welcome you. Indeed, I think—I am afraid—you judge him wrongly. I know he could not but learn to—to like you."

Her white little hand, as she murmured these words, was laid entreatingly upon his, that rested upon her horse's neck. The blood wavered in the young man's brow, with the emotion pervading his breast, at the seemingly unconscious tenderness of that voice and touch. How sweet they both were to him! But he shook his head.

"Nay, Madaline, I fear it is impossible for me to win your father's affection. Nay—do not look so sad, dear cousin! One day, perhaps, he and I may know each other better than we ever have yet. I must wait patiently till then. But," glancing towards Madaline's companion, "I fear I detain you, cousin. Let me say good-by."

"Good-by then, Richard."

She allowed her hand to rest in his an instant, even softly returned its pressure; and then, with another of her rare, sweet smiles, turned away. Lucy saw his eyes lingering on her sister's face, with unutterable tenderness of expression. When he turned to her, there was an unconscious cloud of trouble on her sweet face. It was with an accent of sadness in her kind voice, that she bade him adieu, and then, with downcast eyes, rode on.

"That was our young divine, I believe—was it not, Miss Everton?" asked Madaline's cavalier, as the party proceeded. "For really, I am not certain, although I think I have had the honor of being introduced to him." He spoke in a light tone, and a faint glow dawned in Lucy's fair cheek.

"That, Mr. Cameron," she answered, quietly, without waiting for Madaline to speak, "was our cousin, Richard Everton."

The gentleman slightly bit his lip, and colored at the rebuke. Madaline, too, seemed somewhat confused, but covered Lucy's grave answer with some gay rejoinder; and so they rode on; but Lucy spoke no more on the way homeward.

She knew that her cousin Richard loved Madaline; it needed nothing more than her own woman's heart to tell her that. And she knew that Madaline, pleased with the knowledge of her power over his affections, delighted to feed her own vanity by encouraging them—by coquetting with and deceiving him. For it amounted only

to that—all the notice Madaline Everton bestowed on her cousin Richard. He was only a poor student—he was only to be a country clergyman. It was presumption in him to look upon her with the regard that every glance and tone of his betrayed. But his boyish love flattered her, nevertheless; and so, herself half bewildered by her gratified vanity, she led him on, knowing all the time that it was only to make him miserable at last.

She did not call it wicked, or cruel, or even wrong, thus to encourage him. If there were ever times when her conscience told her that it was so, she turned away from the accusing voice, and hushed it, saying to herself: "I know he never can hope to marry me. He must know it himself. For my father looks coldly on him. He does not like him, and never would permit me to marry him. Richard must know this, but he cannot help caring for me still; and would it not be more cruel in me then, to treat him with indifference? to deny him even the brief happiness I can give him, by allowing him to believe his affections returned?"

With such sophistry as this she glossed over her own selfishness. It was true that Sir James Everton did not look with favor upon his young nephew. For Richard Everton's father had won for his bride the first love of his elder brother; and the baronet, embittered against him on that account, had treated him and his family thenceforth as strangers. Richard's father and mother were dead; but the hard feelings Sir James had entertained towards them, were extended even to their child, after their death. He seldom saw Richard, and only favored him with a brief and constrained sign of recognition, when he did so. But this was no excuse for Madaline's indulgence in the spirit of coquetry natural to her. Lucy felt it. But she had never, by word or sign, touched upon the subject of her sister's conduct, in any of their conversations. She avoided—she shrank from it. Only, when she beheld Madaline thus coquetting with him, a deep pain was in her heart, and she said to herself: "O, if Madaline only knew what such love as Richard's is worth!"

"Lucy?"

"Well, father?"

"Where is your sister Madaline this evening? I have not seen her for the last hour."

"She is walking with Mr. Cameron in the grounds, I think, sir. She went out with him a little while since."

Lucy had suspended her sewing, for a moment, as she answered her father's questions, and

regarded him questioningly; for there was an unusual cloud on his brow this evening. He paced the room slowly to and fro, with folded arms, his eyes downcast with an expression of serious—almost stern thought.

"Lucy," he said, again, presently, "Madaline sees her cousin Richard, occasionally, I believe?"

"Yes, father," Lucy answered, in a subdued voice. The question agitated less than surprised her; for it was the first time, almost, that she had ever heard her father speak Richard Everton's name.

"They must have met frequently, I think?" was her father's next question.

"Yes, father." And her voice slightly trembled. "Madaline rides out a great deal, and the road, you know, winds directly past his house. And we have seen him very often at Dr. West's."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, briefly: "So I had concluded. I happened to see them in conversation, this morning, and observed them both. They did not see me. Lucy," and he paused before her, with a sudden decision of manner, "Lucy, tell me truly, do you know anything of the sentiments with which they regard each other?"

She hesitated and trembled.

"I think that—Richard—likes Madaline, father," she said, at last.

"Ay, likes."

It was all he said—those two words. But they were uttered with a stern significance, that showed how well he comprehended the thoughts which she failed to express freely.

"Well, Lucy—and she—Madaline—the type of her sex? She 'likes' him also?"

The young girl was silent.

"Lucy—tell me," and he spoke with grave command, "you must know something of this: do you not think your sister is deceiving him—Richard Everton, my nephew? Do you not see that she is coquetting with him—amusing herself at his expense—making a temporary plaything of the boyish heart that he has placed in her merciless keeping?"

"Yes, father."

She could but just whisper the words. She bent over her work to hide the slow, large tears that filled and blinded her blue eyes.

"I thought so. You may wonder I see so far, Lucy, but I have not been quite oblivious of all that has been going on around me. No! Good cause have I to watch in scenes like these, where my own child is concerned! She would deceive him—I see it!—as one equally beautiful once deceived me."

He paused abruptly. The table on which his

hand rested, shook beneath its pressure. He was strongly agitated; a single moment, and he rallied.

"I have never been kind to Richard, Lucy," he said. "I regret it now." Next to you and your sister, he is my nearest of kin. He is not to blame for the deeds of his parent. But even were he my enemy, I would not see him made miserable as I have been, and by a child of mine. I am going to examine this matter, Lucy."

He stood there in stern and silent meditation a moment longer, and then, without speaking a word, went out. Before the sun had sunk in the horizon, he came back, but not alone; one was with him, in whom it was easy to recognize the boy-student we met something more than three years ago. In these three years, Richard had finished his theological studies, and already he was ordained for the ministry. And still, through all his labors, he never ceased to love Madaline Everton. Mr. Cameron had been absent from England all this time, and had but just returned. That night, Sir James Everton went to repair the error of years. No little astonishment it created to see him come back to Everton Hall, accompanied by his long-estranged nephew. His uncle had sought him out, and asked his forgiveness for the neglect of past years. He had asked frankly and as frankly received an assurance of the good-will of his nephew. It was as a token of their reconciliation, that Richard entered to-night, his uncle's house, by his uncle's side. He could scarcely credit the words his uncle uttered. For Sir James Everton had made Richard confess his love for Madaline; and while the young man had sat silent, awaiting a harsh reprimand for his presumption, his uncle, with a voice strangely unsteady, had said:

"Then, Richard, if you love her, and believe your love returned, go and seek Madaline out. Learn what her feelings truly are. If she reciprocates your attachment you shall have her."

"Sir," uttered Richard, tremblingly, "sir, you will then permit her to wed a poor man like myself?"

"Richard," answered his uncle, excitedly, "if you had not a penny I would give her to you with freedom. For she has led you to believe that she is not indifferent to you."

"Yes—she has—she has!" uttered Richard, with impetuous earnestness.

"Yet, Richard," and the old man was pale with emotion, "let me warn—though it is with the deepest pain that I utter it—I would have you prepare yourself for disappointment. She may have been deceiving you."

"Deceiving me!" Richard's countenance

grew colorless as marble. "No, no, anything but that!"

"Come and see, then, Richard. Satisfy yourself. Learn her sentiments towards you from her own lips. Then, if she loves, and is thus worthy of you, my blessing shall be upon your union. But if not, then—"

He did not finish, and they went forth in silence. But on their way, he said, in a voice of emotion, "Richard, I dread the coming hour, for it may be like one that has brought to me the greatest suffering my life ever knew. Too strongly does Madaline remind me of one who once played me false. It would be a bitter thing, to feel that a child of mine should cause another the unhappiness she brought to me."

Looking from her own little casement, Lucy Everton had seen him coming towards the hall, and with mingled happiness and sorrow, went down to welcome her cousin to her father's house. She knew what he had come for, and how hopeless was his errand.

It was with complete astonishment that Madaline beheld Richard, and learned that henceforth her father welcomed him for all time, to his heart and his home. Greater, still her agitation and confusion, when, sanctioned by her father's approval, Richard asked her, trembling between hope and fear, to be his wife.

But the trial had come, and must be passed. So, while he waited, with a brow pale with suspense, to learn his fate, she answered, calmly:

"I am very sorry, Richard, if you have misunderstood me. I am betrothed to another. Mr. Cameron is to-night to seek my father's consent to our union."

"Madaline, Madaline," he uttered, "can this indeed be so? O, if looks and tones are not to be trusted, how wofully have I deceived myself!"

"You are right, Richard," she answered, haughtily. "You have deceived yourself. I do not know what right you have to believe that I could ever marry a poor country clergyman."

Feeling that she was guilty of meanness towards her cousin, her anger rose, and displayed itself against him for forcing the consciousness upon her. In a hasty moment her incensed feelings found vent in this unworthy language.

For one moment the blood rushed painfully to his brow, then receded. He rose.

"Madaline," he said, "I have been presumptuous. I should have known better than to offer you my poor fortunes. But it was more—it was a true heart's love that I brought you. It has returned to me now. Forget, Madaline, as I shall do, that it ever existed."

"O, Madaline, Madaline! how could you be so cruel to Richard?"

The cheek of Madaline flushed angrily, as Lucy's sorrowful voice uttered its gentle rebuke.

"Cruel, Lucy? I do not understand you. I do not see any cruelty in refusing a man whom I do not care for in the slightest degree."

"But you made him believe you liked him—you know it, Madaline. You know how he hung on every look and word of yours. You knew it, Madaline, and it was cruel to lead him on to the very last and then cast aside the heart he offered you."

"It was his own fault. He should not have presumed as he did. And now let us leave this subject. It is one I do not choose to discuss further."

So Madaline Everton married Mr. Cameron, and left Everton Hall for a new home. But it was with many a pang of conscience that she prepared for all this. Her father never smiled on her after her heartless rejection of Richard. His demeanor, cold, constrained and severe, punished her for her unworthy conduct, in its change from his former free and affectionate manner. But so it continued to the last moment of her departure; and she went away with her husband, knowing that she had lost her father's respect, and feeling and seeing that Richard, seeing her in her true light, that of a heartless coquette, had completely thrown off the thralldom in which her charms had held him. She felt that he, in his noble, lofty manhood, looked with compassion on the littleness of her nature; not despising her, because he was too gentle—too truly good to despise a living creature—but pitying her sincerely, and loving her no longer. For he saw her now as she was.

Lucy and her father lived alone at Everton, now, and the place was very quiet. Madaline's departure from it had necessarily made it so; while the memory of her falsity and unworthiness combined to cast a shadow over the hearts of those she had left.

"Richard," said Sir James one day, "we are lonely at Everton. I am growing an old man now. Will you come and dwell there with me? You have no ties to keep you away."

The gentle friendliness always marking Sir James's manner towards his nephew since their reconciliation, had won Richard's heart. He had grown to respect first, then to love his uncle. No sad remembrance of Madaline intruded now to render painful to him the thought of dwelling in the house so thronged with associations connected with her. He knew that his uncle needed his society. He experienced some pleasure in

being so near him and Lucy; and he went away from his own quiet home to theirs. They were all happier for his coming. The old mansion seemed to grow pleasanter than it ever had been, after he came. The long, bright summer days grew brighter, though they fled more swiftly in the sunshine of Richard's presence.

They were beautiful Sabbaths, too, when leaning on her father's arm, with Richard on the other side, Lucy walked to the little village church; and then, within its gray old walls, they listened to his voice from the sacred desk, and gathered his gentle teachings up in their hearts.

They were pleasant Sabbaths to Sir James. He learned the full worth of Richard, both from his precepts and his daily life. He saw him beloved and revered by his parishioners, and he himself grew to honor no less than love him.

And who shall say how gentle Lucy Everton revered her noble cousin? Ever near him, she saw more fully and clearly, day by day, the value of that which her sister had so wilfully cast aside. She looked up to Richard with quiet, earnest, silent affection—a blending of love, respect and reverence, such as her gentle and thoughtful nature must feel for that which was beautiful and noble and good.

"O, Madaline, Madaline!" she murmured mentally, sometimes, "why did you reject him? How happy, how enviable would have been your destiny, as the bride of Richard."

But all things were as they should have been. Far away from Everton Hall, in all the bustle and whirl of the gay metropolis, Madaline was leading such a life of splendor and of worldly triumph as was best suited to her nature; and Richard Everton, hearing of her brilliant existence there, realized the wisdom of that Providence by which all things are rightly ordered, and gave no sigh or regret to the hour when his path was so ruthlessly turned aside from that of his vain and beautiful cousin.

Quietly and happily a few brief years glided away; and then Sir James Everton was gathered to his fathers. He died a peaceful death, blessing Richard and his children in his last fleeting moments; conversing seriously and affectionately with Madaline, who, forgetting her vanity and her heartlessness, mourned with the keenest distress for his approaching loss, and beseeching the weeping Lucy to Richard's care.

Richard went away after his uncle's death, on a journey; and Lucy, in her mourning solitude, dwelt alone at Everton; for she would not go to her sister's splendid home in those sorrowful days. She preferred retirement, more suited to grief. Everton was Richard's now, and all that

belonged to it. The title of his uncle, with the bulk of his property, was bequeathed to him. Lucy's property consisted of one or two estates which came to her from her mother. She only remained at Everton now, till her cousin should return. Then she was going away. She told him so, on the wild November evening when they sat together in the old drawing-room by the fire, after he came back.

"Going, Lucy?" he echoed, gently; "no, no. Everton is your home."

She shook her head, sadly, without speaking. Richard regarded her tenderly for a moment, then laid his hand on hers.

"Lucy, Everton would miss you a great deal; do you not think it would?"

Still she did not speak; but the tears filled her eyes.

"Yes, Everton would miss you much; but I should miss you more," he said, in a tone of sweet and serious affection. "Lucy, I should not be at rest, if you were not here. It is very, very sweet to have you near me. Lucy, you will not go away from home—from me? I would have you stay, dear one, as the mistress of Everton still; as Richard Everton's wife. Will you wed him, my beloved cousin?"

It was a moment for Lucy Everton too sweet to be real. "*Richard's wife.*" But it was true; and now the tears were happy ones that fell from Lucy's eyes, as Richard drew her to his breast.

HOW TO SEE A BROTHER.

The following anecdote is told of Prince Oscar of Sweden: When a boy, he was one day roaming over his father's palace in quest of his brother, who was lately appointed Viceroy of Norway. Not finding him, he asked a chamberlain he happened to meet, where he was.

"His royal highness," answered the officer, "is now under arrest?"

"For what?"

"For having in a passion broken the mate to the porcelain vase you see on the mantel-piece."

"Well, I would like to see him."

"Impossible," was the answer; "his majesty, your father, has given me orders to the contrary."

Whereupon young Oscar, walking up to the mantel-piece, snatched the costly *Sevres*, saying as he did so:

"Now, sir, you will please have me arrested, and mind you see to it that they put me in the same room with my brother.—*Albion.*"

A modern writer says: "I never give a man credit for having the power of doing what he never does. Plausibility is very imposing, no doubt; but when I see one of whom people say, 'He has talent, he has genius, if he would use them right,' I think it is a sham, and not the real thing; for sound talent and true genius don't go with a laggard spirit—they are like a spring in the heel to keep a man advancing."

SONG.

BY J. P. STONE.

Dear Nell was bright and fair to see,
As a balmy orient day;
And we vowed to each other a constancy
That never should dwindle away.
But I sighed and smiled; when she swore by the gods,
That her love was forever and aye.
Sing heigho! Now loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

Her eye was of night—her cheek of warm day,
And her lips were an endless feast.
Her step cheered the shore where we walked, as the morn
Cheers hilltop and lee in the east.
And we leaned o'er the lake, and could see but ourselves
And heaven just beyond,—and were blest.
Sing heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

To trust a woman and be deceived
Is more foolish than children's play!
Nell had sworn by the gods to her love; I believed,
And went dreamy and glad on my way.
My vows of love are each moment fulfilled,
And here—I will not say!
But heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream how still!

THE WRECKER BOY:

—OR,—

THE FIGHT ON THE BEACH.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

By the sea-side, on a high cliff which formed part of a long reach of rocky coast, stood Manrice—a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years. He was a stout, handsome youth, with more thought and manliness in his bearing than is common to that age. His dark eyes scanned the waste of rolling waters with a calm, steady, melancholy gaze, as leaning upon an oar, a net which he had been repairing, at his feet, he awaited the approach of a boat which was rounding a headland some three miles distant. He was attired in a fisherman's garb, and as the ribbon from his tarpanlin hat and the red scarf about his half-exposed throat fluttered in the breeze, he stood a picture of humble and unconscious grace, such as an artist's eye would have delighted to dwell upon.

Behind him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, stood a number of rude fishermen's huts some hundred rods apart, and before them, doors of some of them the fishers, or rather wreckers—for such they were—were busily engaged in repairing their fishing tackle and otherwise providing for the equipment of their boats.

"Ronald is doing," said one of them, "for

see! Maurice is making the sign to us. Rely upon it, he sees a storm in the wind's eye as well as we do. Heaven send us a good wreck this time! The last was all work and worry, and little profit."

"The devil send you a wreck, you mean!" at this moment interposed a rude, weather-beaten, hard-visaged woman, who was standing in the door-way of one of the cottages, and had been watching Maurice with interest long before he made the sign. "You don't flatter yourself that Heaven has anything to do with your murdering and robbing the poor, helpless castaways, whom the less cruel sea surrenders to your clutches, do you?"

"How now, old woman!" returned the wrecker who had spoken; "what has stirred you up this morning? You must have got out of the wrong side of the bed—eh? How should we live except by knocking the brains out of those who were half-dead already, as they were washed ashore? Our lives are as good as theirs, and we're not going to starve. If they don't want to be killed, they mustn't come ashore, and cheat the sea of its due. Let 'em drown! What we get, we'll have."

"You'll have a rope round your neck one of these days, and I shall live to see it," retorted the woman. "I only hope poor Maurice may never learn to do as you have done."

"O, let Maurice alone," said one of the wreckers; "he'll be the very prince of wreckers yet, if you don't make a weak fool of him with your nonsense. He's nigh as strong as a man already, and there's not a better hand among us with a boat. He pulled me from the undertow, the last stormy night we had, when I thought nothing could save me. And nobody else would have risked it but him. Perhaps it may be in my way to do him a service, some day. If so, I'll do it at any sacrifice, as sure's my name's Bob Hammer."

"And as sure's my name's Joe Darby," said the one who had first spoken, "if Ronald don't do better by me than he has done the last three or four times, in sharing, I'll take what proportion I earn, come what may! I won't be fooled any longer with his captaincy and his equal divisions—not I!" And he took a huge chew of tobacco to fortify and give emphasis to his resolution.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the woman.

"Don't laugh at me!" fiercely exclaimed Darby.

"Ha, ha!" repeated she; "you will, if you can, Joe Darby—not without. Both my husband Ronald and you are brutes—sure enough;

but as he is the bigger brute, he'll have his own way, I reckon." And without another word, she went into the hut—Darby still muttering to himself.

"Here comes the captain, with Maurice," said Hammer, as the twain were seen leaving the cliff's edge. "It's blowing a stiff breeze already, and those clouds tell us there'll be work to-night."

At the appearance of Ronald Marksley, seven or eight men from the various huts of the group were seen hastening towards his house, where, on their arrival, a conference was had regarding his disposal of the common stock of plunder, the tidings from the neighboring town, preparations for the storm, torches, etc., etc.; and after an hour's talk, they separated—the breeze, meanwhile, having increased into a strong gale and the rain pouring in torrents.

"Why do you act so mysteriously, mother?" asked Maurice of Dame Marksley later in the day, as she beckoned him, with significant looks, from the apartment where her husband lay asleep, stretched upon the floor. "What is it you would say to me?"

"Maurice, my boy, long I have wished to disclose to you an important secret, but fear of him, and the thought that it might do no good, prevented me. But he treats me like a slave, and I so wish that you may not follow in the bloody track of these dreadful men, that I will reveal it to you—and may God turn your knowledge to good account! Maurice, you are not our son!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed he, starting and turning white. "What! are you not my mother?"

"Hush! Ronald may feign sleep and overhear," replied she, with her finger on her lips. "You are the sole survivor of a ship which was wrecked on yonder shore when you were about four years old. You, too, would have been murdered, as was he in whose arms you were washed ashore by a mighty wave, had I not stayed Ronald's ruthless arm, after he had given the finishing touch to the unhappy man who had folded you to his breast, to save or perish with you. Yielding to my prayers, he consented to let you live, and adopt you as our son. Whether the murdered man was your father, I know not; but certain it is you are not our child, and I thank God that you are not! I tell you this, my lad, that you may turn with loathing from the bloody ways of these relentless monsters, who fatten upon misery, and who take a mortal's life with as little compunction as they would hook a fish. Keep this a secret, Maurice, and while you stay with us, do all you can to save, instead of taking

life. Be a saviour, instead of a destroyer, and by every safe means thwart the assassins in their dark hours of cowardly pillage. So God will prosper you, and his vengeance, which will surely light upon them, will be averted from your head."

"I will save all I can, hereafter," replied the wrecker boy, gravely. "I never liked their ways nor deeds, and have never yet harmed a castaway. But O, this news makes me feel so strangely! I don't know whether to feel glad about it or not. You don't think," he added, earnestly, pressing her arm, "that it was my father that he—murdered, do you?"

"Perhaps not, boy—perhaps not. I remember his face; I don't think he looked like you."

"O, I hope it wasn't. But then, even if he were not my father, perhaps my father was on board, and then—then"—and he burst into tears and sobs—"he must have died, at any rate!"

"Here, Maurice! Run over to Bob Hammer's and ask him if my knife is ready. He was to put a new handle on, and sharpen it. Be spry!"

These words proceeded from Marksley in the next room, he having just awoke. The forlorn wrecker boy brushed away his tears hastily, and went upon the errand—his heart heavier than it had ever been before. He now felt alone in the world—and amid such associations!

As night came on, the sky became charged with furious clouds, and there was a mighty moan, which swept across the black ocean, seeming like the voice of some monster of the waters yearning for his human prey. The vaulting billows appeared to leap, in fiendish gladness to the clouds, which were preparing food for them, and their white crests smiled in anticipation; while their steady, rolling, irresistible gush, as they swayed along together, sounded like whispers of the fury which was to come. Awful was the voluminous gloom of the waste of dark and billowy hills! awful the Cimmerian canopy which made earth and ocean cower, beneath its frown and portentous sigh. O, who are on the deep to-day? Will they reach their port or their doom to-night, or struggle triumphant through an open sea? How many thousand prayers are offered for them! Will they be answered by Him who poured the flood, or shall they be as fruitless as the sea-bird's cry?

The league of wreckers—some eight or ten, sworn solemnly to stand by each other in secrecy to the death—were prepared to answer such a question in their own way. For many miles, the coast, of which they were the hunting de-

mons, presented no point upon which, should a vessel be driven there, there was the most remote chance of escape from shipwreck. Many were the stout ships which had dashed to pieces on that dread shore, the terror of the mariner, the delight of the ravenous fish and ocean-fowl, and of the wreckers more savage than they.

"O, this is a glorious bluster, men!" exclaimed the remorseless Marksley, as they assembled on the cliff just as day went down, with sad face, behind the veil of heaven, as if hiding in grief for the wretchedness which was impending. "And see! four—five—seven ships in the offing! We shall be the most luckless dogs alive, if some of them are not ours."

Repairing to a boat-house on the beach, the party, of whom Maurice and Mrs. Marksley were members, with provisions for a rude lunch, and with bludgeons, knives, etc., awaited the expected sounds of distress—signal guns or lights booming or glaring over that mighty graveyard! Nor had they long to wait. A gun was heard—the sound muffled by the roaring waves—and the men sprang to their feet and went forth upon the rocky shore to watch. Other guns, nearer and nearer, were fired in rapid succession, and a light was seen not more than a mile from the frowning shore.

"Poor wretches! God have mercy on them!" ejaculated Mrs. Marksley, who had remained in the boat house with Maurice. Tears started into the wrecker boy's eyes, for he thought of all she had told him that day, and had brooded, ever since, over the probable fate of his father. The old woman continued: "Wind and wave are driving them directly on these accursed rocks! There's not the slightest hope for them. Merciful hands might save a few, but they would as well fall into the tiger's clutches as among these. Better that they should drown at once!"

The wreckers had kindled a bonfire—sad misnomer!—on the shore, as if in sign that friendly aid might be expected; and the helpless vessel, a ship of large size, all management of her having finally been abandoned as useless, drove, headlong, upon the rocks—horrible cries of despair mingling with the noises of the storm, as she went to pieces in the dark.

"Maurice, you may have a chance to night to do God and man service," said Dame Marksley, hurriedly, as they prepared to go forth. "If you do, lose it not. Thwart these demons, if you can. Remember your own wrongs, and should you see a struggle going on, give aid to the unfortunates, not to our men—not even to Ronald, should he be in peril of his life. I will be at your side to direct you."

"I will do as you say," said Maurice, firmly, "as surely as I hope to see my father in heaven, where, you have taught me, I can never reach, should I shed blood of any human creature. O, my poor father!"

They stepped forth from the boat-house into the wild scene of darkness, danger and death. The crash of broken timbers mingled with the roar of the elements and the cries for help. The surging waters answered with relentless dashing, and engulfed many a hapless wretch forever.

"They are about it! Look, Maurice! They are dashing the brains out of those men yonder. And see! Ronald is struggling beyond, with one of those who are washed ashore. If we have not strength, let us use craft. If he prevails, let us try what art will do to save the man. Come!"

The two hastened to the place where, stumbling and struggling among the rocks, sometimes knee deep in the breakers, Ronald and the stranger tugged for life. The latter proved a match for his antagonist, despite the exhaustion resulting from the shipwreck.

"Here, Maurice, Helen, help!" cried the wrecker chief, as his strength began to fail him.

Maurice ran to the stranger, and fastening about his neck, exclaimed in his ear:

"Fall, friend! fall, and I will save you. Fall!"

Whether the man believed, or whether his feet slipped at that moment on the seaweed which mantled the rocks beneath his feet, the desire of Maurice was gratified—he did fall; and Maurice, as if by accident, stumbled between the legs of Marksley with such force, as to pitch him headlong upon the sharp rocks, where a wave rolled over him, bruised and bleeding by the fall.

"Blundering fool! Is this the way you aid me?" were the first words which escaped the lips of the enraged and baffled wrecker, as, pretending to be anxious for his safety, Maurice hauled him roughly away from his adversary up the beach. "Where is he?" he added, looking round in the darkness for his opponent in vain.

"I saw a heavy wave roll back with him into the sea," said Dame Marksley. "It's all over with him by this time."

"Are you there, Helen?" exclaimed Marksley, feeling for her. "I would you had been here in time to have hit him with a bludgeon. But we shall find his body, I suppose. Where's Maurice?"

Maurice had suddenly disappeared. Through all the excitement of the scene, he had not lost sight of the stranger, and had now gone to his relief. The man was scrambling, exhausted, up the rocky acclivity slowly on hands and knees, when, just as Maurice put forth his hand to assist

him, a broad and awful mountain wave thundered up over them both. Quick as thought, the Hardy wrecker boy sprang forward and fell, clinching with an iron gripe the rocks on which he lay prostrate. The retiring wave left him there; but not so fortunate was the stranger. He had been borne back into the trough of the sea. Maurice sprang up, and at this juncture Bob Hammer came along, with a coil of rope which he had found, upon his shoulder.

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty—how goes it?"

"Bob, I saved your life once," said Maurice, hurriedly. "Now return the favor. You see that man. I'll hold the rope. Fasten it round you and plunge! Quick, or it will be too late."

"I'll do it, my lad, if it costs me my life." And in less time than it takes to relate it, the grateful wrecker bounded forward into the yawning, death-fraught element, white with hissing foam.

"Hold hard, boy, and I'll have him," gurgled Bob Hammer; and rising on the top of a billow, he disappeared behind it.

The huge hill of water rolled forward and fell, bathing the legs of Maurice, to whose aid was lent the strength of some mighty stones, behind which he had taken foothold. And now, by the dim light of the distant torches on the shore, Maurice saw two dark objects floating in the trough of the sea.

He heard a faint, bubbling cry—that of a "strong swimmer in his agony"—and knew that it was the signal for him to hail; and with all his might he did so, but the burden, and the force and weight of the waters would have proved too much for him had he not fortunately been aided at this crisis by the timely arrival of Dame Marksley.

"Pull! pull! or they'll drown—pull!" cried Maurice, panting with fatigue and excitement; and the wrecker's wife bent to the task, and her sinewy arms were exerted to good purpose. A rising wave assisted their last efforts, and brought the rescued twain high up the rocks, several feet beyond them.

"Whew!" sputtered the woman, as drenched by the billow, and with her mouth full of gravel and salt water, she scrambled up from the awkward position into which she had been thrown, "that was the biggest wave of to-night."

"Bob," cried Maurice, running to him, "how do you feel?"

"Well enough, only a little out of breath."

"Will you do me another favor?"

"Yes, a hundred!"

"Then help carry this man to a place of safety."

ty—any nook high up in the rocks will do. And keep this a secret; this man must not die.”

“Not if he ben’t dead already, you mean.”

The man lay motionless where the wave had left him.

“We’ll see how that is; but let us be quick, or we may be seen by the captain!” And they lifted the insensible man along to a more secure place, while Mrs. Marksley repaired to where the other wreckers were busy securing their plunder, as the waves gave it to them; ever and anon giving a fatal rap on the head of some half-drowned creature, that the morning might bring them no disputants for their prize.

When Maurice disappeared, Marksley, taking it for granted that his late adversary was drowned, had hurried towards that part of the beach where the most of his men were engaged, and on the way he ran against Joe Darby, whom he found busy rifling the pockets of a corpse which had been flung ashore.

“Ha! are you there, Darby? A prize, eh?”

“Ay, and a rich one, too; and *mine*, mark you, *mine*, all mine. No sharers in this, you may be sure of that.” And Darby held up a gold watch and chain, and a large and apparently well-stuffed leather pocket-book, dripping with brine. “Who knows but there’s a fortune there.”

“If there is, or whatever there is, it will be shared equally among us,” insisted Marksley.

“Will it, though?” sneered Darby, about to stow it away.

“Ay, will it!” quickly returned Marksley, enraged at this dishonest braving of a compact which all had sworn to observe; “and *this*—” and he adroitly snatched it as he spoke,—“*this* to make sure of it!”

In the next instant they were engaged in a deadly embrace. Mutual hatred so absorbed them, that while they grappled they would have been engulfed by the breakers had they not suddenly been parted by three or four of their comrades, who came up, crying, “Boat! boat! Wreckers ahoy!”

A boat, bottom upwards, to whose keel clung half a dozen men, was on the point of being hurled ashore, and the wreckers were desirous of mustering all their strength at that point that not one should escape to tell the tale of that awful night.

“Fighting among ourselves! For shame! Let’s look to the boat first!” exclaimed the remorseless villains, ravenous as sharks for their victims. “Let us attend to their welfare, and then, when they’re sent *home*, fight after, if we please. Hurry!”

The combatants desisted, and all sped to the

spot whereon the boat was now cast, like a toy, by the mighty sea. It had evidently come from some vessel which had foundered, since otherwise no boat would have ventured to try that wrathful waste of billows, and miraculous indeed was their preservation thus far.

The wreckers, with murderous intent, had grouped together to make short work of those whom the hand of God had protected; and just as the boat dashed with a thundering shock upon the dark beach, Dame Marksley arrived, and seeing how matters stood, hastily collected such sticks as she could find, which might be used as weapons, designing them for the use of the shipwrecked strangers, should they be so fortunate as to be able to wield them.

“Now, men,” shouted Marksley, “death to all!” And they brandished their clubs, as the hapless men were jolted, sprawling, among the surf-boiling rocks.

“Death to *you*, first!” at this instant shouted Joe Darby. And he plunged a dirk deep in the side of his unsuspecting leader, who turned upon him, the blade still sticking between his ribs. Thus two of the wreckers were prevented from at once pouncing upon their intended prey, and the odds in number were now made about equal. The renewed strife between Marksley and Darby so disconcerted the others of the gang as greatly to paralyze their efforts, and ere a blow was struck, four of the strangers were on their feet, and were armed and warned by the resolute Dame Marksley; and at this juncture, Maurice providentially appeared with Bob Hammer, and together they dragged the remaining two from the surf, just as they were being swept back into the roaring, tumultuous waters.

Blindly obedient to the wrecker boy, in fulfilment of his gratitude, Bob Hammer sided with the strangers, Maurice and he each lending them a knife; and when the onset came, the wreckers met with a stout and most unexpected opposition. Their leader, still contending with his implacable foe, Joe Darby, rolled with him beneath their slippery feet, scarce minded by them in their new apprehensions for their own lives.

“Take that, traitor!” said one of them, dealing a deadly blow at Bob Hammer, as he was found arrayed against them.

“Thank you, I’d rather not!” cried Bob, expertly dodging the unfriendly manifestation; and the force of the blow, spent upon air, precipitated the giver headlong among rocks and seaweed.

“Take this, with my compliments, Pete Wyvil!—and it’s the last you’ll ever want, I hope,” said Bob, bringing down a crushing blow which fractured the fellow’s skull.

The conflict was now general, and as fierce as may be imagined among men striving for dear life. Though much exhausted by their struggles with the waves, the men who had just escaped shipwreck—the value of life and the hope of it having now grown stronger and dearer than ever,—became inspired with a new energy, which made them equal to the fearful occasion. And they were doubly encouraged at finding friends in the midst of their dastardly enemies.

The wrecker boy moved in the thickest of the conflict—which was waged by the solitary glare of a torch, stuck in the rocks a few rods higher up the shore,—like a sprite, dashing in where he could render assistance to the strangers, and ever and anon dealing a serviceable stroke upon the arm or head of some wrecker at the very moment when he imagined his victory secure. Deep and ferocious were the curses heaped upon him, upon the “old woman,” and on Bob Hammer, by the baffled, panting, bruised and bleeding wreckers, as they found themselves forced finally to yield, step by step, and to fly before their desperate opponents, leaving three of their number dead and horribly mutilated upon the resounding beach.

“Victory!” shouted Bob Hammer, as the last of his late comrades fled up the cliff, or along the shore. “Victory! Maurice, my lad, I never felt the joy of doing a good action as I do now.”

“You did nobly, Bob, and I hope this will be our last occasion to do anything like it throughout our lives. But see, friends!” added the wrecker boy, as the strangers gathered round their preservers, tendering them their thanks in half exhausted accents, “who are those coming this way, with lights?”

“More enemies!” exclaimed some, grasping their weapons with what remaining strength they had.

“No, no—you are mistaken,” said the wrecker boy; “they are people from the town. You will find no more fiends to deal with.”

He was right. In a few moments a crowd of men arrived, and learning the story of the affray—having been attracted to the beach by the signal guns that had been fired long before—they attended the exhausted participants in that terrible struggle up the cliffs to the habitations of the wreckers, all of which were now deserted, save by their wives and children. Among these was not forgotten him with whom Marksley had first striven that night, and who had only been left by his preservers after they had restored him to consciousness.

When morning broke, the golden sun shed not more light upon the brightening sea than did the news which enraptured the soul of the wrecker boy. In the stranger he had first been the means of rescuing, he found—his father! learning from his lips the strange tidings that he, with a few others, had alone escaped the wreck which thirteen years before had sent, as he had thought, all other of his fellow-voyagers to eternity, including his brother and his infant son. That brother had died by the hand of Marksley!

Explanations on both sides were now followed by a vigorous pursuit of the old offenders, who had been for years “unwhipt of justice,” the terror of the coast, no evidence before having been positive against them. Some escaped, and the remainder, though murder could not be proved upon them, were condemned to expiate their crimes in prison. Against Bob Hammer no proceeding was made—the story of his services on that thrilling night making him the object of general sympathy and applause. But where was Marksley and his brother murderer and plunderer, Joe Darby?

* * * * *

On the ensuing morn, when beneath the smile of the refreshing sun the subsiding ocean danced in silver, and search was made for the victims of the storm and of the fight, a dark mass was seen floating not far from the shore, rolling slowly toward it. “The anxious searchers waited till it came within reach, and then pulled it from the reluctant surf. It was found to be the dead bodies of Marksley and Darby, fast locked in each other’s arms. The waters had evidently been their winding sheet, as they had fallen in the death grapple. They and the other wreckers who had been slain, were buried on the shore they had so long contaminated.

Far away from that region of unhappy memories now lives the wrecker boy, his sire grown gray with years, sunning the winter of life in the constant affection of his manly son. Oft to his grandchildren he relates the story of Maurice, with natural pride and gratitude to God; and when they look up, for corroboration, to their father’s face, they wonder that ever he was a WRECKER BOY.

A VILLAGE SPIRE.—The spire of a village church, seen in the distance, gives a charm to the barrenest landscape. Channing says: “An humble spire, pointing heavenward from an obscure church, speaks of man’s nature, man’s dignity, man’s destiny, more eloquently than all the columns and arches of Greece and Rome, the mausoleums of Asia, or the pyramids of Egypt.”

THE ROSES ARE FADING.

BY ROBERT R. KATON.

The roses are fading
Like darkness at morn;
The roses are fading,
Their beauties are gone.
Those ones that were brightest
Are passing away;
To cheer and delight us
Why do they not stay?

The queen among flowers,
No perfumes now shed,
Though still in our bowers,
She's withered and dead.
O why doth she leave us?
Why will she not stay?
When the parting doth grieve us,
By hastening away.

But thus it is ever,
With ones that are dear;
Death soonest doth sever
The brightest ones here.
The ones that are nearest
And twined round the heart;
Those ones that are dearest,
The soonest depart.

And so with the flowers,
Like things here below;
When we think they are ours,
No more them we know.
They leave us in mourning,
The spots of their birth;
Still they leave us a warning
How frail is all earth.

MY COUSIN ANNIE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"I HAVE news for you, Mary," said my fair young cousin, entering my room one morning with her sweet face all smiles and dimples, and something evidently amusing her very much.

"It must be very pleasant news to judge from your bright eyes, Annie, so let me hear it at once. Good news has been very scarce at Birch Hall of late days."

"I am not certain that you will call it 'good,' but it is none the less amusing." And then she laughed outright. "Violet is very young to be married."

I was astounded at her words, and well I might be, for Violet was my cook, and all unrivalled as she was in her profession, and setting aside her many other good qualities, she was without exception the most hideously ugly black woman I ever beheld; the African features were actually caricatured in her countenance, and not even our long acquaintance with her could soften

in the least the impression of her unchangeable ugliness. That she should ever marry had not seemed to me within the bounds of possibility, and I felt inclined to doubt the truth of my merry cousin's communication.

"I can see in your eyes that you don't believe me, Mary, but it certainly is true; and the happy lover has just returned from California. He is cook on board some vessel, she says."

"You seem to be much interested in the match," said I, a little crossly.

I did feel annoyed at losing the best cook I had ever had, and could not help feeling vexed with Annie for appearing so delighted at what gave me uneasiness. It also struck me as something strange, that the beautiful, wealthy, accomplished Annie Weston should give even a passing thought to anything so far removed from her usual sphere of observation, as the marriage of my cook. In fact, I was quite puzzled to account for it, and told her so.

"We, dear Mary, we are such strangers to each other yet that it is no wonder you are unacquainted with my 'loves and aversions,' but know, O most doubting of cousins, that weddings are my chiefest delight in this world, my strongest passion; that, in fact, I have a marriage mania. A wedding! My dear girl, what visions of cake and compliments, wine and white satin, kisses and kid gloves, bouquets and bridesmaids, the word calls up; what recollections of fun and flirtations, mirth and music, of pretty faces, merry laughter, and happy hours. And yet, will you believe it," and here her face lost its joyous expression and became very sorrowful, "some of the most painful recollections of my life are connected with weddings."

"I can scarcely remember when I first acquired this taste for weddings, but have a vague idea that it was from seeing my Sabbath school teacher united to our young minister, on which occasion we children, some fifty or sixty in number, were all invited to take tea in the great dining room of the bride's father's house, and where we all assembled, trying to look very stiff and womanly in our white dresses and flower wreaths, and where I tried to seem unconscious that my wreath was too large, taking sly opportunities to push it up on my head and keeping very still, until, unluckily, the 'happy pair' came in to speak to us, when in the excitement my unfortunate garland slipped down over my eyes, and from that unto my shoulders, where it remained in spite of all my efforts to put it in the proper place again. I have attended numerous weddings since then, and as I have — give you a sketch of my life, I —"

will be to give you a short history of each of these affairs, as they will serve to illustrate my otherwise uninteresting story."

As I knew my cousin was an interesting "story teller," I willingly agreed to this pleasant proposition, only stipulating that she should commence at once with her history; but this she would not agree to. "O, no, not this morning; but you make haste and get dressed while I tell Moses to get the carriage out."

"Why, where are you going?" I asked, in astonishment.

"To the city; but there, don't ask questions, and do have your bonnet on when I come down." And she hurried out of the room as if something of the utmost importance filled her mind, while I, knowing what a tyrant she could be, never thought of disobeying her orders, but proceeded to dress as fast as possible.

"Come, Mary, Moses is waiting." And drawing on my gloves, I hastily followed my little torment to the door, where our sable factotum was trying to soothe the impatience of the prancing ponies.

Seated and off, I found time to admire my beautiful cousin, as she leaned back in the carriage and appeared lost in some interesting calculations, to judge from her frequent use of tablet and pencil.

It was a clear, cold, wintry day, and the frosty air gave a brighter hue to Annie's fair cheek, and slightly tossed the bright, golden curls that clustered under the becoming little bonnet. And that bonnet itself, what a charming little contrivance it was!—what a wonderful combination of blue velvet and black lace, ostrich plumes, French flowers and blonde bordering. But then everything that Annie Weston wore looked well on her, from the magnificent Cashmere that she wrapped about her so carelessly to the little glove that seemed made for her hand, or the black satin slipper that so well became her pretty foot. And now while she is so busy with her pencil, I will take the opportunity of telling the reader a little more of the history of my fair cousin than he or she already knows.

Annie Weston's father was a captain in the British army, and having lost his wife at the time of his child's birth, he ever after devoted himself to that child, and supplied as far as he could the place of the parent she had lost. His love for his daughter was boundless, and consequently he always arranged that wherever his regiment was ordered there his child should also come, and being a man of handsome property, these ~~things~~ were made very delightful to the new but little of the hardships

and miseries that so frequently attend military life.

As Captain Weston's regiment had for many years been on foreign stations, and continually moving, Miss Annie had seen no small portion of the world, and naturally of a happy disposition and bright, intelligent mind, she had become at nineteen, a most interesting and agreeable companion. To her father, she was the sunshine and joy of his existence. With him her word was law—hence her wilful ways,—and to please her, his constant aim and attention.

It was at this time that the Eastern war broke out, and several of the regiments stationed at the "British Colonies in North America" were summoned home and despatched to India. Captain Weston was overwhelmed with anguish when the order came for their immediate embarkation (I should have said before that they were at this time at Bermuda), and knowing well the impossibility of his daughter's going with him into the interior, and the dangers that would surround her if left alone at Calcutta, in that strange land, without one friend, and liable at any moment to fall a victim to the death-dealing fevers that prove so fatal to European constitutions in India, all these considerations induced him to leave her in America under my care and protection.

For three years I had led a very quiet life in the comfortable home left me by my husband, and so contented was I with the state of my affairs that I felt some little selfish regret when my cousin's letter arrived, asking me to take charge of his young daughter. I was his only near relative, and the moving appeals that he made to my feelings were not to be denied. I wrote to him immediately, consenting to take the responsibility, and sympathizing with him in the keen suffering such a parting must bring.

I immediately made preparations for the arrival of this strange cousin, of whose existence I had hardly ever heard before, and recollecting that she was motherless, and with scarcely a female relative, save myself, in the world, I resolutely banished all regrets about my invaded solitude, and when she came, gave her as warm a welcome as my calm, reserved habits would allow. There was soon a great change in my hitherto quiet, steady-going household, and this change was brought about by the presence of my beautiful charge, who effectually banished gloom and silence from the old mansion, and in their place brought sunshine and mirth.

But I have devoted space enough to these remarks, and will let Annie tell her own stories in her own way. I was soon enlightened as to the

cause of our hasty journey to the city on the morning I have mentioned, and could not forbear laughing to myself as I saw of what her purchases consisted. It was all very well to give Violet a white dress and ribbons, but the sight of an enormous pair of gloves, a quantity of delicate blonde, and a magnificent white rose, quite upset my gravity, and I volunteered some remonstrances that were very coolly disregarded. My wilful cousin paid for her purchases, had them placed in the carriage by the bowing and obsequious shopman, and in five minutes more we were on our way home.

"Woe she be a beautiful bride?" was the first remark my hopeful companion made.

"But, my dear girl, don't you think you could have given Violet something more suitable—something she could have worn afterwards?"

"There now, no lectures; you know I can't stand them. Besides, Violet is the vainest creature I ever knew, and I am determined her love of finery shall be gratified for once. Only fancy her great black head decorated with such a cap as I intend to make her, and that beautiful rose in contrast with her horrible face! Of all the weddings I ever saw, I know this will be the best." And she laughed long and loudly at the ridiculous picture her fancy had conjured up.

As it was useless to expect anything rational from Annie until the momentous preparations for "Sweet Violet's" wedding were well under way, I lent all the assistance I could; and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little wilful beauty quietly seated at the formidable task of hemming the fair bride's snowy flounces, of which there appeared to be an indefinite number, and the first of which she so daintily held in her little fingers.

I must here just mention, as an illustration of my spoiled pet's eccentricities, that she had never in her life made herself a dress, or in fact scarcely any article of attire; that she had a great dislike to that delight of more domestic and steadier females, viz., a quiet afternoon's sewing; and yet she voluntarily undertook the preparation of my Violet's "bridal array," and that with an intense interest that actually puzzled me to account for.

"I know you are dying for a story this afternoon, my most patient cousin, and as all virtues ought to be rewarded, yours shall not be the exception. But, seriously, I don't feel in a very sprightly humor to-day, so if you have no objection, I will give you a little history that I alluded to the other day, when I said that one of the most painful memories of my life was connected with a marriage. Perhaps you don't know—and

if you don't, I must tell you—that three years ago this winter, we were at Quebec, and papa quite unexpectedly met an old friend in the person of a Major McIntire, who had left the army and settled down on a comfortable little farm in Upper Canada, on the banks of a river between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay.

"It did not require much persuasion to induce papa to let me accept the old major's warm invitation to return home with him and see his children,—said children, by the way, being half a dozen full grown men and women, not one of whom acknowledged to less than six feet altitude, and of whom I must confess I stood in most abject fear for the first forty-eight hours after my arrival; but their warm-hearted kindness soon made me forget their dangerous size, and finding that they had none but the kindest intentions, I overcame the imaginary terrors that at first made me run for my life, if one of the 'boys' even looked towards me.

"I must not stop to tell you all the sleighing parties, skating parties, dancing parties, quilting parties and sewing parties I attended that winter. In fact, our lives were one constant round of excitement, and as that is an atmosphere I was born to live in, you may be sure I lost no opportunity of dipping into the cup of pleasure so freely offered to me.

"One only drawback there was to my delight, and that was the uncommon scarcity of weddings. The very height of my expectations would be crowned, if I could only see a real country wedding, and when hope had almost given way to despair, the welcome news was announced at the breakfast table one morning, that the owner of the next farm was about to take unto himself a wife, and that the affair would come off on the evening of the third day hence.

"At first it seemed too good news to be true; but when a formal invitation came, with a special reference to "Miss Weston," there was no longer room to doubt, and we were at once plunged into a sea of confused preparation, of which I have but a very indistinct recollection, save that there was an indefinite quantity of pink and blue muslin cut up, and that Mr. Allan McIntire brought home a new plaid vest of the most alarming pattern, giving me an unpleasant impression that he was partly enveloped in flames. The eventful evening arrived at last, and as the weather had been unusually mild for the last three days, it was not considered safe to cross the river on the ice as we had always done, and a longer route, that took us over a beautiful bridge, was preferred.

"On arriving at the house of the bride's father, we found quite a large party assembled, including the minister; but the hero of the evening, Walter Allison, had not made his appearance. The bride was a pretty, little, delicate thing, with dark blue eyes, that filled with tears every time she looked at her mother, and soft, shiny brown hair that needed no ornament to add to its beauty.

"I had felt so much satisfaction, and indulged in so much excitement, that the reaction that now took place occasioned me to feel quite sad, and I sat in a shady corner of the room watching the fine young bride, as she quietly moved about among her friends, with a strange foreboding at my heart that I could in no way account for. How much longer I could have borne these distressing sensations I am unable to say, but just as I was deliberating on the propriety of going across the room and joining a party, who, in low tones and with much suppressed laughter, appeared to be enjoying themselves very well, a loud, rumbling noise filled the air, causing every one to start to their feet, while a dozen voices exclaimed with one accord, 'The river! the river!—the ice! the ice!'

"The first roaring was succeeded by a louder noise, like heavy thunder, and then came a crash that shook the house to the foundation, and every one rushed to the door and out on the little field in front of the house, where they could overlook the rushing and roaring waters that now swept past, carrying enormous masses of ice, sometimes high out of the dark stream, and again tumultuously rolling over and over each other.

"The crashing and thunder-like sounds were awful in the extreme, and for some minutes not a word could be heard by any of our party. But gradually, as the waters grew clearer, the noise became less, and the first thing I heard was Allan McIntire shouting in my ear something in which the words 'Walter' and 'on the ice' were painfully distinct. I could not hope to make him hear me, but I knew by his look that he understood my mute assent, and that we shared the same fear.

"The moon, which all the evening had been hazy and dull, now shone out bright and clear, and we all saw the dark figures of a number of men moving about the opposite bank, and from the flashing of lights, and hurrying to and fro, it was evident that something was wrong. One glance at young McIntire's pale countenance and eager eyes was enough for me, and with a sickening faintness at my heart, I returned to the house.

"I cannot describe the look of utter despair that had settled on the young bride's fair face, or the helpless grief that showed itself in her attitude, as she sat with her head leaning on her mother's arm, and her hands, weak and nerveless, hanging at her sides.

"There was something singular in the general conviction that seized the wedding party, that young Allison had met with some dreadful accident, for as yet we had no proof of such misfortune, save that he had not made his appearance among us. But those who attempted to comfort their friends with this suggestion, did it with pale faces and trembling voices, and all felt that silence and patience were the only resources left us. It came at last, the expected blow, but none the less severe that we had looked for it.

"There was a sound of many horses in fierce, wild galloping—a shout, loudly answered from the groups within and without the house, and then the door was flung open, and a dozen pale, dripping figures burst in among the now terrified and screaming guests. One, only, of all the females present was calm and tearless, and that was the pale young girl, whose bright hopes the past few hours had so cruelly crushed.

"'There's a jam at the lower bridge,' said the foremost of the intruders, in low, hurried tones. 'Come, every man of you, we may yet save the body!'

"The pale girl had half crossed the floor towards the speaker, but as these words rung through the room, she fell lifeless at his feet, and was carried to her chamber, while the hurried tramping, and then the dull silence, told us that the stranger's request had not been unheeded. Wearily, wearily the long hours that night dragged past; but daylight came at last, and with it the party from their unsuccessful search.

"It was my first experience in sorrow, and months passed ere I could recover from the effects of the shock received that dreadful night. It was an awful awakening from the childish dream that I had indulged so long, of earthly happiness; but time soothed my shattered nerves, and at last I could listen calmly to the sequel of this sad story, as it was told to me by Miss McIntire, some three or four months after my return home. The young bride had long wavered between life and death, but at last the worst danger was over, and she once more moved about her home, silent and uncomplaining, but with feeble steps and bowed form, as though her great sorrow had bereft her of strength or support. The mother—Walter Allison's mother—had gone down with sorrow to the grave. It

was too heavy a blow for the poor widow, whose only hope and comfort he was, and from that dreadful night she lost all interest in worldly affairs, and was only impatient to leave the scene of her sorrows.

"I thought I never should like weddings again, that my passion was completely cured; but change of scene, and the constant round of visitors and visiting, that papa liked so well, drove my sad thoughts away, and in less than a year afterwards, I had a hand in a little romance that nobody suspected anything about. But I shall not tell you any more stories to-day, for I cannot sew fast enough while I talk, and you know there is no time to be lost."

"I am only going to give you a little sketch to-day, Mary; so don't be disappointed if it does not come up to your expectations. It is a particularly interesting recollection for me, as I was a prominent actor in the affair, but to you it may seem dull. Nearly twelve months after my visit to Upper Canada, we were in H—, and I renewed an acquaintance I had formed some three years previously, with a Mrs. Captain Belson.

"As Mrs. Belson had no family, was very rich, lived in splendid lodgings, and was very fond of me, it pleased papa that I should often go to see her; but though we kept up an apparent friendship, it was all on one side, I never liked her, and it was no use for me to try to. The most extravagant, careless, fretful, repining disposition that you could imagine, would fall far short of Mrs. Belson's; and yet she was surrounded by every luxury that wealth could command, or the most capricious taste could fancy.

"To her husband she was not even civil at times, and the only earthly thing she appeared to love was an asthmatic spaniel, so fat and lazy that life seemed a burden to it. She kept a young girl purposely to wait on herself, to read to her, and to be scolded when she had nobody else to vent her ill temper on. I was much struck with the beauty of this poor victim, and on learning her history, felt a deep interest in her. She was an orphan, and one of a large family, who, on the death of their father, had been obliged to leave a comfortable home to seek a living in the city. Having been recommended to Mrs. Belson by a lady who took an interest in her, she was gladly taken and offered such wages as she did not feel herself justified in relinquishing, hard as her lot proved to be.

"There was a look of patient trouble in her large black eyes that always made me feel unhappy, and I sincerely wished that I might in

some way be of service to the poor slave of my friend's caprices. I little thought, then, how soon my wish would be granted.

"In answer to a hurried note from Mrs. Belson one morning, I went directly after breakfast to see her, and found her in the last stage of ill temper, so perfectly exhausted with rage that she was all but speechless. On inquiring the cause of this display, I learned from Laurie, her French dressing-maid, that poor Bessie Mason had confessed to her mistress, the night before, that she had a lover, that he was a soldier, and worse than all that he was one of those under orders to leave, and for whom the transport was waiting in our harbor. Laurie did not attempt to describe the scene of the previous night, but shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head in a manner that was very expressive.

"'Bessie go, madam, de fit after de fit,' was her mode of describing Mrs. Belson's hysterics.

"Finding I could be of no service, I went home and spent the day in sorrowful regrets over the fate of my pretty favorite. I knew she would not be allowed to go in the vessel, nor would her lover be allowed to marry her even under a promise that she should remain behind. I puzzled my head all day about her, and when evening came, was as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever.

"Papa was on duty, and I had no one to advise with; but I was very glad afterwards that it happened so; for after the servant had carried away my tea things, and I had composed myself for the evening with a good fire, a bright light and a pleasant book, I was startled by a sharp knock at the door, and before I could lay down my volume, my parlor door was hurriedly opened, and in came Bessie Mason.

"There was a wildness in her black eyes that almost frightened me, and as she stood for an instant and looked steadily in my face, I saw that her countenance was deathly pale, and not a vestige of color remained even in her lips. It was but an instant she stood; the next moment she was on the carpet at my feet, grasping my hands in hers, and with the tears streaming down her face.

"'Help me! help me, Miss Weston—you are the only friend I have now.'

"'Sit down calmly, Bessie, and tell me what the trouble is,' I replied, trying to steady my voice and to raise her from the floor.

"'No, no—I shall never be calm again. Do not ask me to get up until you say you will help me.'

"'I will help you, Bessie, as far as I can, but I am afraid my influence will be of no service to

you. If it was our regiment, now, papa might be able to do something for you.'

"No one but you can help me, Miss Weston, for Colonel Martin positively forbade William to get married, and we were married last night.'

"O, Bessie!' I exclaimed, really frightened now; for I knew the consequences of such disobedience, 'I am afraid you have done wrong to let William disobey such orders.'

"No, no! not wrong. I could not have lived here, knowing he was going away off to the war alone. You would not say I had done wrong if you ever loved any one as I love him.'

"Well, I am very glad I never did love anybody, Bessie; but that does not prevent my pitying you, and I will do anything at all for you if you will only tell what it is you want.'

"I want to go with him, Miss Weston, and I must go; but I cannot carry out my plans unless some one will assist me a little; and since my sisters have found out that I was keeping company with a soldier, they won't speak to me, nor let me come to the house; and so, in my trouble, I thought of you, Miss Weston—for you always seem as if you liked me, and that's why I took the liberty of coming here to-night.'

"Well, that's all right enough, Bessie, and I am glad you thought of me; but even now, I don't see how I can help you. What are your plans?'

"I am going on board the vessel to-morrow as a sailor boy.'

"Why, Bessie, they will find you out and send you on shore in half an hour. I am afraid that plan won't answer.'

"O, I have thought of all that, and William says that one of the ship's boats will be ashore to take in some of the officers from the 'Lower Fort;' that I must be there and ask them to take me to the ship with them, and when once out to sea they can't send me back.'

"There was something in Bessie's plan that rather interested me, and I willingly assisted her to make the necessary disguise—cutting off her beautiful black hair to the proper length, and collecting such articles as she had forgotten to bring with her, viz., a pair of worsted mittens and a colored comforter for her neck, as they were all helps to assist in the disfiguring process.

"I did not tell papa anything about my project, as I thought it was not worth while to involve him in it, and he could do no good. Bessie slept in my room, unknown to any one, and at early dawn we were up and busy with our preparations. The transport was to sail at eight o'clock, and we had three miles to ride before we could reach the place of appointment; but

as papa went on board to spend the last few hours with his friends, we had an excellent opportunity to carry out our designs undisturbed.

"Bessie's lover had provided her with a sailor suit, which was twice too large for her, but we covered up all defects under an overcoat that Mrs. Belson's brother had left at our house, and for the appropriation of which I promised to be answerable.

"You know I am not of a very nervous temperament, but I can assure you my heart beat quickly as we left the house and walked to the coach stand. Bessie was admirably disguised, and the knowledge of her danger seemed to inspire her with courage; for she stepped with a firm resolution, as if prepared to dare the worst. I wore her bonnet and shawl, with a thick veil drawn over my face, and at that hour in the morning did not fear meeting with any of my acquaintances.

"Our ride was a silent one, both hearts being too full for words. We stopped within a few rods of the landing place below the fort, where I paid and dismissed the driver, and then, as we stood on the rising ground, we could see the tall masts and snowy sails of the transport, just coming round the point, while over the blue waves came the expected boat, tossing the white spray from her bows, and steering directly for us, and at the same moment a party of gentlemen came round a sudden turn in the road on their way to the landing. I never felt so much at a loss what to do in my life, for their inquisitive glances disconcerted me, and I felt that one wrong move now would end poor Bessie's hopes.

"They passed us, gaily laughing and chatting, all but one, and he, after a moment's hesitation, came up to where we stood, and very politely asked if we wanted to 'send a message by the boat.' There was something in his tone and manner so kind and friendly, that I instantly resolved to ask his assistance, and in a few words told him that the boy wanted to go on board, but I feared the sailors would refuse to take him. He gave one quick glance at Bessie, and another at me, and I saw that our secret was known; but my fears were as instantly relieved, for he turned carelessly towards the landing, and said:

"I will do my best to persuade them to take him. But come, my lad, we must not keep them waiting—the boat is here.'

"I held out my hand to Bessie, and I saw the stranger smile as his eyes rested on my fingers with their beautiful rings, so dreadfully in contrast with my common bonnet and shawl, but again he turned away, and I knew that I might trust him.

" 'I am not going on board myself, but I feel certain that my friends will interest themselves for this young man.' He bowed low, and I hastened away.

"For twenty minutes I hurried up the hill on my homeward way, and then I stopped to look for the vessel. She was just opposite where I stood, and half way between her and the shore was the boat, and—O joy!—there was my sailor boy's rough fur cap, in striking contrast to the glazed hats of the men and the neat military caps of the officers. Again I hastened on my way, and now, the excitement over, I could not keep back the troublesome tears that blinded me. A quick step at my side startled me, and there was my new friend.

"Before I could speak, he raised his cap, and with the most respectful bow, begged leave to accompany me to the city.

" 'You must pardon my presumption, but I am confident you are not used to walking unattended, nor is it proper that you should do so on this road.'

"I felt annoyed for a moment, but thinking how kindly he had relieved my anxiety a few minutes before, I conquered my pride and accepted his offer of escort as candidly as he had made it. We stopped for an instant to take a last look at the noble ship, now under full sail and fast leaving the land; and then, as we pursued our walk, I told him Bessie's story, taking care not to give him any clue to my own name.

" 'I guessed your secret,' he said, laughing.

" 'I knew you did,' I answered. 'But now that I am within the city, I cannot consent to detain you any longer.'

"And so we parted, Mary, and I have never seen him since. We soon after went to Bermuda, and when I told papa what I had done, I was very careful not to say much about my polite friend, for he had such objections to my making acquaintances among his military friends that I thought the least said the better.

"Bessie wrote to me when they arrived in India. She was not discovered until they were far out to sea, and then the gentlemen with whom she had come on board, interested themselves so much about her that one of the officer's wives took her under her protection. The ladies all joined in fitting her out with plenty of clothes, and she was comfortably cared for during the whole voyage."

"And did you never learn your hero's name?"

"No. I never dared to make inquiries. Besides, there were so many officers in garrison at that time that it would have been useless to attempt to find out by describing him."

"And have you never felt as if you would like to see him again?"

"I have, many times. Often, when out riding with papa, I have looked up at the grim walls of the old fort, and wondered if he was there yet, and once when I was shopping in H—, with some ladies of our acquaintance, I thought I saw him crossing the street; but I was mistaken, and they teased me not a little for starting and turning pale at the sight of the handsome Captain Belmont. But what makes you ask me so many questions about him, Mary?"

"Because I think I can tell you the name of your unknown cavalier."

"Nonsense, Mary, you don't mean it."

"I do, indeed. I once heard a young gentleman speak of that adventure in this very room, and from one circumstance of his seeing your hand, I know it must be the same. I could not attempt to repeat all he said about the 'little white fingers' that so cleverly betrayed you; but he is quite as anxious to discover who the 'unknown' is as you are."

"But his name, Mary—his name."

"Captain Percival Stewart, and he is the only son of that dear old Mrs. Stewart that we went to call on last week."

"What! at the little Paradise?"

"Yes."

The day came at last, so anxiously looked for by my cousin, when Violet was to become Mrs. Caesar Diggs, and I was to lose the best cook I ever had.

It was not until the very last minute that Annie was satisfied with her arrangements, and then having hung up the last garland, and pinned the bride's last white ribbon, she ran up to her room, and in a few minutes came down again, looking so fair and beautiful with her white dress and sunny curls, that I could not help clasping her in my arms and kissing her again and again. She was in high spirits and laughed and talked with almost childish glee about the grand wedding, the beauty of the bride, and the comic gravity of the whole party assembled on the occasion.

She had insisted on bearing the expenses of the little festival herself, only getting my permission to hold it at our house, and several times during the evening she came to tell me how pleasant it was to see people happy. "I am so happy myself that I enjoy seeing the others merry, too. I feel to-night as if I should never be sad again in the world."

Poor child, at that hour, next evening, she lay

prostrate and weeping on her couch, in silence and darkness, suffering the keenest sorrow that could rend her heart. Her father, her kind, indulgent father, was no more! He had died on shipboard, and his child in the first paroxysm of her grief, wildly reproached herself for not accompanying him. It was a severe blow, and for months I tried in vain to cheer her drooping spirits, and divert her mind from the one sad thought that continually occupied her.

The spring came with its birds and flowers, but my cousin had lost all interest in her once loved employments, and passed the beautiful days in her chamber, with closed doors and darkened windows. I was unceasing in my endeavors to save her from the consequences of her injurious indulgence of sorrow, and one day heard some news from a gossiping neighbor that gave me fresh hope.

I hastened to Annie's room and asked her to accompany me on a visit to a sick friend. I expected a refusal, and was prepared to meet it, and so pressingly urged my request that she at last complied, though very unwillingly. I gave her no time to repent of her promise, but hurried her off, and kept her so busy talking that our walk seemed much shorter than it really was.

Looking with astonishment at the house where we stopped, she asked, eagerly, was "Mrs. Stewart ill?" but our entrance prevented my giving her an answer, and as the lady herself came forward to meet and welcome us, Annie said no more until we entered the pretty little parlor, where we found an occupant in the shape of a very handsome, but exceedingly feeble and delicate looking young man.

One glance at my cousin's face was sufficient; I saw she recognized the stranger; and I introduced them, watching at the same time the effect of her voice on the poor invalid, for as such had Percival Stewart returned to his home. After we had conversed some time, Percival appeared to discover something familiar in his companion's tone and manner, for fixing his dark eyes on her, he asked her if it was not possible that they had met before. Annie blushed, and I hastened to say that it was very probable they had.

"I have almost lost my memory, and in fact my mind has become quite shattered from long suffering, but still I have a faint recollection of meeting Miss Weston somewhere before. I wish I could remember clearly." He put his hand to his head, and laid back again on his sofa cushions with a heavy sigh.

I saw the tears in Annie's eyes as she bent over him and half whispered, "Can I help you to remember?" She had drawn off her glove,

and as his eyes fell on the thin white hand, a flush of joy for a moment dyed his pale cheek.

"I searched for you till searching was vain, and now when I am dying you have come to comfort me."

He pressed the little hand to his cheek, and closed his eyes as if weary with the effort of speaking.

At this moment, Mrs. Stewart came to the door and beckoned me out. She was suffering much anxiety, and eagerly asked my opinion of the state of her son's health.

"He has so little hope that I am afraid to indulge any myself. God help me if my boy should die! He is my all!"

I comforted the mother as well as I could, and after some further conversation, we returned to the parlor.

Percival still held my cousin's hand, and I fancied, as we entered the room, that I saw him press it to his lips. Annie drew down her veil and rose to go.

"You will come again soon? Your visit has done me good already."

On my way home I asked my cousin what she thought of him.

"He is dying from low spirits and disappointment," she replied.

"We must try to cure the first, and he will soon be able to bear the last."

"Mary, you will think it strange conduct, but I have promised Percival Stewart that I will be his wife if he lives to claim my hand. I do not think he would have made such a hasty proposal if he had been quite in his right mind; but you see how weak he is, and I did not dare to refuse him."

"But you have done a very serious thing, my little girl. Are you sure that you can love Percival well enough to fulfil your promise?"

"Quite sure, Mary."

It has always been my plan to let love affairs take their own course, having long ago come to the conclusion that interference does no good, and frequently much harm. I had known Captain Stewart from his boyhood, had perfect confidence in his principles, and felt that my cousin could not bestow her hand and fortune on one more worthy.

I soon saw a change in Annie herself. She no longer secluded herself to indulge in unavailing grief, but joined me in my walks and rides as usual, and of course always accompanied me on my visits to the Stewarts.

Percival was long an invalid; but when the autumn sun shone bright and warm on our pleasant old mansion, he had gained sufficient strength

to return our visits, and wander through the fine old orchard, plucking the choicest fruit, and weaving garlands for Annie out of my most precious flowers. They were married in the spring, and Annie's home is in the "Little Paradise" she had so greatly admired.

Percival never quite recovered his health, but their ample means prevents all necessity for his exertion, and with his books, his flowers, his music and his lovely wife, he finds numberless reasons to be thankful, and I believe has a grateful appreciation of his many blessings.

Mrs. Stewart still holds her position as house-keeper and head of the family—Annie, with comic horror, having refused to touch the keys or assume the least control. I made no remark, but I knew that, with her usual tact, my cousin had done precisely what she knew would please her mother-in-law; and I felt convinced that she would be a source of happiness to the old lady, who never was blessed with a daughter of her own. My opinion has proved correct.

In the course of our acquaintance, Annie has told me a number of interesting recollections of military life, some of the best of which I intend at some future time to put into readable shape.

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, a "soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity, the companion of a clear conscience. It is sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow, than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in their day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, and when old age comes on, you may lay down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—*Christian Freeman.*

The foundation of all virtue is in home, and the cultivation of the social and moral powers by the fireside; and whatever will increase the number of happy homes, will increase the virtue and happiness of the nation.

THE MYSTERIOUS RINGING.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

We were moving gently along over a smooth sea, with hardly breeze enough to keep the sails drawing. The night was beautifully clear and starlight, and the weather being warm, our watch by the time two bells had struck, unable to overcome the sense of drowsiness with which they were oppressed, on account of having nothing to do, had, with the exception of a youngster on the lookout, stretched themselves upon deck, and not a few of them were wandering in dream-land. Silence reigned throughout the ship. Not a sound was heard but the occasional flapping of the sail against the mast as the wind sometimes died away for an instant and the "measured tread" of the officer of the watch as he paced up and down the quarter-deck.

Three bells were at length struck by the man at the wheel, and were immediately answered by the lookout striking three upon the bell on the fore-castle. This aroused the sleeping watch for an instant, but seeing every appearance favorable for a continuance of pleasant weather, they one by one dropped off to sleep again, after an injunction from one of the men to the boy on the lookout, to keep a good lookout—not only ahead, but to see if the mate started to come forward; and in case of his doing so, to "rouse 'em up, quicker."

But a little time had elapsed, however, before they were—to use the expression of the old salt "roused up quicker," not by the mate's coming forward, but by a violent ringing of the bell upon the fore-castle, which brought the sleeping watch to their feet so suddenly, that the very next moment when the officers of the watch came forward, he did not at all mistrust but what that portion of the crew of the old ship *Huntress* over which he was lord and master, at least every other four hours, was as watchful a set as ever sailed under the stars and stripes.

"Who struck that bell?" said the mate, addressing the watch.

As no one replied, he repeated the question; but not getting an answer, he turned to the boy upon the lookout.

"Joe," said he, "did you ring that bell?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, who was nearly frightened out of his senses by the "thunder-like tones" with which he was questioned.

"Do you know who *did* ring it?" continued the mate, in the same gruff voice.

"No, sir," said Joe.

"Men, did you hear that bell ring a moment ago?" said the mate, turning to the men.

"Yes, sir," was the immediate reply from them all.

"And does any one know who rung it?" continued the mate. No one replied.

"Singular, indeed," said he "that the bell should have been rung so violently, and yet, nobody knows who rung it; but never mind, it's all right *this* time, but recollect, if that bell ever rings again, anything more than the regular half hour 'striking,' I shall expect that you will all be able to tell who rung it, in case I should be so inquisitive as to wish to know."

He then turned and went aft, and everything was soon as quiet as it had been before the ringing of the bell; excepting the men were discussing in low tones the affair of the ringing, and wondering who could have been the perpetrator of such an imprudent act.

When our watch went below at eight bells, we had nearly forgotten the affair of the ringing; but we had hardly got "turned in," when what should we hear but the fore-castle bell ringing again, and this time louder than before!

"What the deuce are you ringing that bell for?" sung out the second mate, from the quarter deck.

The ringing suddenly stopped—but the next instant, the above named officer made his appearance forward amongst the men.

"What in the name of all that's salt, have you been ringing that bell for?" said he. He looked first at one and then another; but they all denied most vehemently having touched the bell-rope, or being within reach of the bell at the time of the ringing.

"One thing is certain, then," said he; "you either lie most prodigiously, or else some lubberly scoundrel in the other watch has had hold of the bell-rope; anyway, it wouldn't be healthy for ye to let me hear that bell ring in that manner agin, that's all."

Having thus delivered himself, he started to go aft, but he had hardly got abaft the mainmast, when ding-ding-ding, went the bell. He immediately turned and went forward again, but this time without speaking, until he had got amongst the men; when he merely remarked that he'd give a month's wages to know who rung that bell. He was interrupted by the oldest man in the watch, who stepped forward and said:

"Please sir, I was standing within fourfeet of the bell all the while; and upon my word and honor, sir, nobody touched the bell-rope."

"Mightn't it be a ghost that did it?" remarked another old salt. "It's more than once afore to-night I've thought the old ship was haunted; no longer ago than last night, sir—"

"Hush up that gab o'yourn about ghosts!" interrupted the second officer. "I don't believe in the article, myself."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when ding-ding went the bell: but this time only two separate strokes, and not nearly so loud as before.

Reader, if at that identical moment you could have seen the aforesaid officer, you would have been inclined to think that he did believe in ghosts; notwithstanding his disclaimer to the contrary; for his face was, at the least calculation, three shades whiter than before the last two strokes of the bell, and with his eyes fixed upon the rope, at the moment the bell struck.

"By Jove! Jack," said he, turning to the man who first hinted as to the probability of their being a ghost on board, "I agree with ye as regards the old ship being haunted; for I can testify that no live man was near that bell *that* time, anyhow."

It was now a fixed fact that the bell had not been rung by any one in either watch, and of course, if no one in the ship's crew had a hand in it, it must have been done by some supernatural agency; at least, such was the conclusion the watch upon deck had arrived at, when the captain, who had been awakened by the bell ringing out of time, came upon deck and made his appearance among them.

"What's all this disturbance about, Mr. Ashton?" said he, addressing the second mate.

The officer stated the facts to him, as related above, and was "backed up" by the statements of the whole watch; but for all that, the captain did not believe in the existence of ghosts in general, nor on board his ship, in particular. He resolved to investigate the affair himself; and much to the mortification of the second officer, he declared that he didn't believe the bell could ring when he was on deck without his knowing who rung it; but for all that, the bell *did* ring, the moment he ceased speaking.

He sprang immediately to the bell, and examined it closely; he saw nothing, however, which confirmed him in his belief that the ringing was caused by some one of the crew. The bell-rope was laying upon deck in plain sight, and he was certain that no one had hold of it *this* time. After giving as his opinion that it was "bloody strange," he went below, and made no further attempts to investigate the matter that night.

We heard no more of the mysterious ringing for some time; and, strange to say, for the past day or two, there had been *several things* spoken of on board, that did not in any way relate to ghosts.

This state of things was not destined to last,

however, for one dark night while our watch were sitting in a group on the fore-castle, spinning yarns, the bell suddenly began to ring. This caused a general stampede from the fore-castle, not one of our watch daring to remain. The captain was on deck at the time and immediately gave orders for calling the other watch; then after sending all hands to the quarter deck, he sent the lookout on to the fore-yard with orders to remain there until called down; then stationed himself within a few feet of the bell to investigate if possible the cause of the ringing. After waiting some time, without hearing anything more of it, he began to curse the author of the ringing, whether man or ghost, when he was interrupted by the bell slowly beginning to toll. If at that moment a hurricane had struck the ship with everything set, he would not have started to his feet quicker than he did then. As before, he examined the bell, but could find nothing in the least out of the way. The bell had ceased tolling, however, upon his starting to his feet.

He made no further attempts to investigate the affair, as he was pretty thoroughly convinced that his men were innocent concerning this matter, if never before.

We heard no more of the ringing during the rest of the voyage; but when we arrived at Calcutta, our men, with one or two exceptions, left the ship, declaring that no inducement whatever could prevail upon them to make the homeward passage in her.

For my own part, I resolved to stick by the ship; for I had no doubt that sooner or later, we should ascertain the cause of the mysterious ringing; and we did the very first night after getting in port, although up to the time of our arrival, I had not the slightest idea of how it was done, nor did any one on board know the cause of the ringing, with the exception of my humble self, until the arrival of the ship at New York.

Close by the after part of the fore-castle where the bell was hung, was a large sheep pen. The top of this pen was about upon a level with the lower part of the bell. Upon the night of our arrival at Calcutta, all hands went ashore, with the exception of the cabin boy and myself. We were to keep an anchor watch until twelve o'clock, then were to be relieved by the second mate, and the only foremast hand besides myself who had not left the ship. The cabin boy had the watch from eight to ten; then, as I supposed, went immediately to his bed. He did not sleep in the fore-castle, with the men; but he and the steward occupied berths in the store-room. I relieved him at ten o'clock, and had not been on deck

more than half an hour, when, as I stood leaning against the taffrail, I saw him come slyly upon deck and look around.

I thought in an instant that Jim was up to some mischief, and resolved to keep watch of his movements, although I pretended not to see him. Judge of my surprise, when I saw him go forward and climb into the sheep pen.

In a moment more, ding-ding went the fore-castle bell, in precisely the same manner it had done so many times at sea. I now saw through the whole matter. Our whole crew had been nearly frightened out of their senses by the mischief of that boy. Now that I saw through it all, the affair looked so perfectly ridiculous, I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was several minutes before I could compose myself enough to go forward and ascertain "how it was done."

As soon as I could check my laughter, I went forward softly and tried to look into the pen, but it was so dark I could see nothing. The greater part of the pen was covered with a flat roof. I went aft and got a lantern, and hiding it underneath my jacket crept forward to the pen, and suddenly taking the lantern from my jacket, held in over into the pen. There, underneath the covered part, sat Jim (the cabin boy), with a piece of stout wire in his hand, about four feet in length; and looking decidedly more sheepish than all the regular inhabitants of the pen put together. I burst out laughing again. Jim, upon seeing this, knew that he had nothing to fear from me, so immediately owned up; then showed a specimen of his ringing. The young scamp had left his berth, unnoticed, upon the nights when we had heard the ringing; and having watched his opportunity, had gone forward, and into the pen. The back of the pen was boarded up perfectly tight, but in one of the boards near the top there happened to be a knot which he could easily slip from the board into the pen. He could then put his wire through the knot hole to the tongue of the bell, and ring at pleasure; taking care, whenever they came to examine the bell, to withdraw the wire and slip the knot back.

The knot fitted so perfectly that if we had examined that part of the pen near the bell we never should have mistrusted that the unseen agent of the ringing was within the pen. Jim played a dangerous game, however, for if the captain or either of the officers had caught him at it, we reckon the *fun* would have all been upon the other side of the question. As it was, I promised not to report him, unless he should get to cutting up more "rustics," but to this day I cannot help laughing, when I think of the circumstances connected with the ringing of that bell.

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Onward, onward in the pathway
Which the pure and good have trod,
Never weary, never faltering,
Resting on the arm of God;
Wheresoever duty calls thee,
Where the truth demands thy aid,
Go thou to the mighty battle,
Firmly, boldly, undismayed.

With the flag of justice o'er thee,
And thine own true heart within,
With the hosts of wrong before thee,
Firmly stand amid the din.
As of old, lo! unseen legions
Help thee in the mighty fray,
And the smiles of God's approval,
Like the sunbeams, round thee play.

In the ranks of error are there
Legions 'gainst the little band,
Who for justice, truth and mercy,
Scoffed, despised, insulted, stand?
Heed it not; but if alone
Be thy banner still unfurled,
God and thou at length shall conquer,
Though arrayed against the world.

JACK WILLIS'S VOYAGE:

—OR,—

THE DOUBLE VENTURE.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"Six knots an hour, and only a fairish breeze. After all, the old Eagle is not to be despised, in the way of sailing."

"You are right, captain; and in the hands of her present commander, I do not doubt that she will be able to show Johnny Bull a good pair of heels, in case of emergency."

"I hope so," answered the first speaker, with a shadow of anxiety on his countenance; for if she should fall into the hands of the enemy, I should be done for most deplorably."

"Ay," rejoined his companion. "You are thinking of a certain agreement between yourself and Wetmore—is it not so? And by the way, if you do not object to imparting your confidence, I would like to be informed a little more minutely concerning the relation which subsists between yourself and Wetmore, and (pardon my mentioning her) a certain young lady of whom you have a pretty high opinion."

"I have no objection in the least, Chesley. And to begin at once, I think I have told you that my first meeting with Lucy Wetmore was at a ball, where I was captivated at sight, and was fully in love from the moment of my intro-

duction to her. Of course, I made it my business to see her again; and persevered, till, as I flatter myself, I succeeded in inspiring some interest in the object of my attentions. My acquaintance with Miss Wetmore commenced about a year before her father's death. While old Peter Wetmore was living, I was forced to pay my regards to Lucy rather 'under the rose,' as the saying has it. The old gentleman was very rich, as you well know, and estimated by many to be worth near half a million. I had nothing, or next to nothing, for I had earned but little, and most of that little had been swept away in the old barque Emerald, which was lost just about the commencement of the war. You knew Mr. Wetmore pretty well, and therefore may be aware that he had a great horror of fortune hunters, and kept a very suspicious regard on the train of admirers who clustered about his daughter. It was a very natural feeling, after all, and I cannot blame him much for it. But under the circumstances, it was impossible that I could gain anything by thrusting myself in his way. Indeed, Lucy and I talked the whole matter over together. She assured me that she had no thought of mercenary design on my part. We were young, and we could wait. I was determined to rise in my pursuit. When I got to be master of a good ship, and had acquired the reputation of one or two prosperous voyages, then it might be safe to show my designs more boldly.

"Several months afterward, Mr. Wetmore died. In his will, he left to his daughter the sum of fifty thousand dollars on the arrival of her twenty-first birthday. The sum of thirty thousand dollars was to be added on her attaining the age of twenty-five. The whole bequest, however, was holden under the following condition: That if, during the life of her brother and without his consent, she should marry a gentleman possessing less than forty thousand dollars in his own right, then the bequest should revert to her brother. Furthermore, while Lucy remains unmarried, George has the commercial use of these sums, giving security by mortgage, and paying a small percentage of interest."

"Capital!" observed Chesley, interrupting the course of the narrative. "The old gentleman has arranged a nice little scheme for keeping the daughter out of the bonds of matrimony. But if I am right, there is some understanding between you and George with regard to this."

"Exactly so. I will put the conclusion in a nut-shell. George Wetmore was not long in learning the attachment which existed between myself and Lucy. Nor was it intended that he

should be kept in ignorance of its existence. At last Mr. Wetmore and I had a talk about the matter. He told me that he had no disposition to go to extremes—said that he was willing to do what was right and fair, as far as he understood—and many other things which I can't now recollect. Finally, he told me that if I succeeded in closing up this present voyage safely, and secured the net profit which was hoped for (about a hundred and fifty per cent.), then he would stand neutral; and if Lucy gave me her hand, he would, for a reasonable bonus, affix his consent to the marriage contract. So here am I, Mr. Chesley, on a double venture; first for ship and owners, and last, but not least, Lucy and her eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Chesley, I hope you will believe that the money weighs little with me, in comparison with my thought of *her*. And I suspect that I should be selfish enough to ask her to be mine, if the marriage swept off every dollar of her fortune. But you were brought up in wealth, and you enjoy its benefits still. You can understand, therefore, why I dread to think of the sacrifice of all her property, and of the thousand comforts and privileges its possession can alone ensure her."

While Captain Willis was speaking, his friend regarded him attentively.

"I was never very intimately acquainted with Miss Wetmore," he replied, when the other had finished. "I have heard that she has the reputation of being a little coquetish; but she hardly *looks* it, to my idea. I am certainly not ready to believe that she would wantonly deceive so estimable a young fellow as Jack Willis. At all events, I am willing to take it for granted that all is straight between you and your lady love. But to speak plainly, I have no faith in George Wetmore beyond the extent of absolute legal obligation. He is not troubled with any nicety of moral principle, and will not hesitate to trample on the rights and feelings of others in order to promote his own interest. I have had dealings with him, and know the truth of what I say. He will not scruple to deceive you, to overreach you, and to cast you off altogether when you have served his purpose. And, Captain Jack, to speak honestly, I believe that George Wetmore has not the slightest idea of giving consent to a marriage between yourself and his sister, and that he would, on the contrary, throw every obstacle in the way of its occurrence."

"You surprise me, Chesley," he replied. "I have always found the Wetmores fair dealers, both father and son. Surely, you must have stated matters rather strongly?"

"It may be so," answered the other, after a

short pause, wherein he seemed busy in thought. "Men are not always the same to different persons and under different circumstances. My statement may be a rather strong one."

The conversation ceased. Captain Willis, with spirits slightly depressed by Chesley's words, rose from his seat and went on deck. Hardly had he arrived here, when his ear was greeted by a familiar sound, but one less pleasing now than it would have been in other times.

"Sail ho!" shouted a voice from the foremast head.

"Where away?" cried the master, leaping into the main rigging.

"On the larboard quarter."

"Mr. Matson, hand me the glass, if you please," said Captain Willis, mounting still higher. "As I live," was his muttered soliloquy, while he carefully examined the stranger, "we are in for it, that's certain. Mr. Jones," he said, as he coolly made his way down to the deck, "just see that every sail tells to its utmost. The breeze is somewhat fresh, but I think we can clap on a little more aft. At any rate, give her all she will bear; only see that you don't get her by the head. Cutter or no cutter, we will see what the fellow astern is made of. There's no doubt of one thing, and that is that he has got his mind made up for a slap at the old Eagle. It's not our business to fight with such fellows as long as we can run away; so we'll try the part of discretion for the present. Helm there, luff a little. So now, steady."

The tall masts bent under their weight of canvass, while the Eagle, leaning over from the breeze, rushed through the foaming waves. Captain Jack cast a look aloft, and satisfying himself that everything *there* was doing its duty, called his men aft and made them a pithy address, which was received with three hearty cheers; and each man proceeded to the post assigned him in case of action.

"No fears of them, Jones!" said Captain Willis, as he met the glance of his officer. "They well know the mercies of John Bull's prison-ships, and will not readily put them to the trial without a little fighting."

It was about sunrise when the strange sail was discovered. The Eagle was then some twenty leagues from the north shore of Cuba, with the wind at northeast. In two hours time the stranger gained so far upon the chase, that Captain Willis was able to verify by the glass a suspicion which had already entered his mind.

"That's her among a thousand!" he exclaimed, shutting the glass with a jerk. "It's

the Alert—one of the fastest vessels in the British navy, as I know to my cost. Well, well—if the cutter cuts us down this time, I won't be without our leaving at least the mark of our teeth upon her."

The brig continued on her former course, save that now and then her head was brought a little closer to the wind. This management was not uncriticised by some "old salts" of the fore-castle.

"Jim," said one, "what's in the old man's noddle to keep her up this way? I should think that rascally cutter gained full fast enough upon us already, without our trying to help her any."

"Can't say, Ben," replied the other. "But there's some crotchet or other in our captain's main-top, or he wouldn't be doing things this sort. Depend on't, we shall see before long what it means. There it is again. 'Luff—sheets aft!' work before us, Ben!"

At one o'clock the land was in full view, right ahead. The sailors obeyed the orders of their officers in silence, looking at each other in surprise.

"Jerusalem, Ben!" at length exclaimed a grizzle-headed Yorker. "Here's a fix! The skipper has put us where there isn't a ha'penny's chance to get clear; and if he knows what he's going to do, it's what I *don't* know."

"Call Black Bill," said Captain Willis.

The order was transmitted, and out of the cook-room came Bill, grinning with delight.

"Well, doctor," said the captain, "are you sure that you can accomplish all you promised? Can you put the good brig safely in?"

"Guess em *can*, massa," said the negro, bowing and scraping his foot with all due deference. "Know him berry well, massa. Many time come from Barbadoes here. Know him well, for sarten, massa!"

"Very well, doctor," replied Captain Willis; "I believe we must put you in pilot. There's no time to lose, for the tide has begun to ebb already. But mind what you're about, darkey. We'll make a man of you, if you do the thing as it should be."

The negro was duly installed upon the quarter. Every feature in his face seemed impressed with conscious importance. But "Black Bill" was no common serf. The royal blood of Ashantee coursed in his veins, and his new dignity at once developed in him a naturally strong and acute perception. The orders which issued from his sable lips were prompt, well directed and effective. His former acquaintances of the fore-castle looked on him with astonishment.

Very soon, the Eagle opened a narrow passage between two headlands, on one of which was situated a small lighthouse. Here was the entrance

to the tide harbor of Carrena, a port which had long been deserted by all commerce, save that of the little island coasters. The harbor was unsafe for anchorage of vessels of large size, and the entrance to other than an adept was peculiarly troublesome. But "Black Bill" was evidently at home. He noted the filling of the sails, the objects on shore, the bearing of the light; every change necessary in disposition of ship was accurately and promptly executed. In little more than half an hour from the time of entrance, the Eagle was at anchor near the town.

Late in the afternoon, the English cutter lay off the headlands which guarded the entrance into the harbor. Captain Tracy impatiently paced the quarter, and ever and anon cast an eye to leeward, as if debating within himself in what manner he should further proceed.

"Hab blue-fish, massa? Berry nice blue-fish, massa. Good for 'omach. Help um appetite, massa."

"Be off, you black scamp!" shouted the lieutenant.

Captain Tracy glanced at the countenance of the disappointed black, who was slowly turning away his boat.

"Jameson," said the commander, "you may tell the fellow to come aboard. He may possibly be of use to us."

"Hallo, darkey!" cried Jameson. "We'll take some of your fish, if you'll bring them aboard, and tell the steward how to dress them."

"Ki! not know how cook blue-fish? Ki-hi! Wall, we tell him."

Sambo was quickly on deck, and in close confab with the captain's steward, when Jameson called him away.

"Boy," said the lieutenant, "do you suppose you could show us a passage into yonder harbor?"

Sambo's eyes rolled with ecstasy, as he grasped the silver Jameson placed in his hand.

"Hi, massa! 'Pose I can. Have carry ship in afore now, many time, more'n I can count."

Captain Tracy, who had been overhearing the conversation, now stepped forward.

"Look here, boy!" said he, displaying to the greedy gaze of the negro several tempting gold pieces. "Look here. You say you can carry us into the harbor. If you do it safely, here is the reward you shall receive. But if you deceive us, or attempt to play the rogue in any way, *this* is the reward which we shall give you."

And the speaker drew from his breast-pocket a pistol, whose muzzle turned in quiet significance upon the negro. Poor Sambo started at sight of the weapon; his face turned of a sly pallor, while he ejaculated, with broken utterance.

"O, massa—don't! don't! Frighten poor niggah berry much, sah! Hab great dislike to loaded gun, massa."

"Stop, stop, Sambo!" said Jameson, who with much difficulty restrained his laughter at the ludicrous terror of the negro. "The captain wont hurt you, so long as you play us no tricks and tell us no lies. Do you know enough about the harbor to show us a safe passage in?"

"Yes, massa—I tole you so afore. Know ebbery ting about de harbor. Hab 'tand pilot much to sa'sfaction of commerce. But must wait now, till tide down on de bar yonder."

Tracy smiled, and turned to his lieutenant.

"Jameson, we must try it, I think. Were it not for the mishap which occurred to our two boats, we might be spared a slight risk. Put Andrews at the wheel, and keep a good lookout a-head. We must move as soon as the flood will permit. Our sable friend appears to have some knowledge of what he undertakes, but we must trust to him as little as possible."

Some time elapsed before the tide admitted passage over the bar which the negro had indicated. Meanwhile, Jameson took pains to sound the new comer concerning the landmarks and directions of the somewhat tortuous passage, and became convinced that the pilot, although simple and unsophisticated, was by no means devoid of intelligence and the knowledge conferred by observation and experience. Jameson communicated this conviction to his commander, who, when the moment of action arrived, felt a corresponding security regarding his movements.

"You are sure of your course?" was the anxious inquiry, as the cutter moved rapidly through the gathering shadows of night.

"Yes, massa—keep um light right ober de quarter."

"Well, sir, remember what will happen to you if you lead us into difficulty."

"Yes, massa. Know um berry well. Hab 'tand pilot berry much to sa'sfaction ob—"

He did not finish the sentence. A sudden shock made the vessel quiver in every plank.

"Furies!" shouted Captain Tracy, in a hoarse voice, springing from the deck on which he had been thrown by the violence of the shock. "The black scoundrel—by heaven he's gone! Hard-weather—hard-a-weather, man! Tacks and sheets—be lively there! We must have her aback, Jameson."

It was of no avail. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when there came another shock, a grating and groaning, and the noise of water gurgling between decks.

"Jameson," said the commander, "see that

our two remaining boats are in readiness; but be cool and steady. We must not forsake our poor Alert as long as she holds life and breath."

Half an hour afterward, the light of white sails came glimmering through the night.

"The rascally Yankee!" groaned Jameson, as the brig came rushing past.

"Know um berry well, massa!" shouted a well known voice from the deck of the Eagle. "Keep um light ober de quarter!"

In little more than a fortnight afterward, the Eagle was again fast at the southern side of Long Wharf. Fifteen minutes later, and Captain Willis had reached the counting-room of Wetmore. The latter expressed himself much pleased with the result of a voyage which he was informed had netted him two hundred per cent. profit. Nevertheless, he had much regret, he said, to be the bearer of intelligence which doubtless would cause disappointment to his esteemed friend. His sister was at present in New York, but had left in his care a letter directed to Captain Willis. The latter hastily read the note, which was in the handwriting of Lucy Wetmore. The purport of it informed him that the writer was much grieved at the necessity of declaring that her feelings had undergone a change, and that the relation which had formerly existed between them must henceforth cease. The close contained the additional intelligence that she had just become engaged, and would shortly be married to a merchant of New York, with whom she would return to Boston. There were frequent expressions of continued friendly regard to Captain Willis, and of sorrow at the disappointment which her words would be likely to cause him. With feelings of the bitterest chagrin, he crushed the letter in his hand.

"The business of the voyage must be finished at once," he said. "By to-morrow eve, I am ready for sea once more."

In an hour afterward, he hastened across the Common to the residence of Chesley, who had just arrived from the vessel. The captain received a warm welcome from his friend.

"What fortune?" inquired the latter, with a meaning eye.

"Read that," replied Willis, throwing the crumpled paper on the table near which they stood.

Chesley ran his eye over Lucy's note, and his face was flushed with indignation at its contents.

"I do not blame you for being a little down in the mouth," he said, "considering the turn which things have taken. But believe me, the fit wont last very long. You are well rid of her, captain. There cannot be much heart in

the girl, if, after having carried things so far, she turns you off in this cool way. For my part, I think that you have reason to congratulate yourself on your escape."

This well-meant speech had little effect towards soothing the pain which Willis experienced. He reached forth his hand to take the letter. But Chesley prevented him.

"Hold," he said. "Permit me to glance at this once more."

"Captain Willis," he added, after a momentary examination, "I wish you to leave this note in my keeping for a day or two. I have an object in view which I will not mention to you just at present. I give you my word that no improper use shall be made of the letter. And, by the way, there is a Miss Leeds here, on a visit to my sister. Our fair guest is well acquainted with Lucy Wetmore, and very probably can inform me of the actual whereabouts of that young lady—a point concerning which I have some curiosity."

He was absent from the room a quarter of an hour or more, at the end of which time he returned with a countenance plainly expressive of satisfaction in the intelligence he had obtained.

"If I am not mistaken, friend Willis," said Chesley, "we shall soon find a little light shining through the cloud which now overhangs you. If you will call on me to-morrow forenoon, between eight and nine o'clock, I may be able to give you information which will be for your advantage. Miss Wetmore has been at Watertown for nearly a month, and so—but stay! Whom have we here?"

A carriage stopped before the street door, and the driver, descending, applied himself to the knocker. In the carriage, which was open, sat Lucy Wetmore. Chesley, with the intention of anticipating the servant, flew down stairs and presented himself at the door. The driver had been charged to inquire if Miss Leeds was within. Chesley answered in the affirmative, and then, as if suddenly recognizing the occupant of the vehicle, stepped forward to the carriage and offered a courteous greeting. Inviting the lady to descend, he added a few words which produced a very visible agitation in her whom he addressed. Presently, accepting his assistance, she alighted, and with him entered the house. Willis could hardly contain himself during the minutes which elapsed before Chesley again returned to him. At length, his friend presented himself. His countenance was cheerful—even elate.

"I wish you joy, my lad," he cried; "for I think that a very short time will suffice to put an entirely different face on this matter. Come

down, and pay your respects to Miss Wetmore. Miss Leeds and I will shortly leave the coast clear for your honorable self, when I have every reason to believe that you will have no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory understanding with the lady of your regards. The fact is, my dear sir, that letter is a *flam*—a shameful forgery. I suspected it to be so the moment that I gave the note a particular examination, and the fact is now made plain to me."

Willis descended to the parlor, where the unaffected kindness with which Miss Wetmore received him did much to re-assure his hopes. Before she left the house, he had the pleasure of knowing that her sentiments toward himself had remained unchanged, and were like to remain so—notwithstanding the arts of her brother. When Willis communicated the state of affairs to Chesley, the latter was delighted with the added proof of his own penetration, and asserted his opinion that the play (as he expressed it) was rapidly drawing to a close.

"It so happens," he said, "that I have certain facts in my possession, which, if divulged, would seriously affect the reputation of Wetmore, not only in his private, but also in his business relations. It seems to me, now, that their publicity would affect him even more than I had once supposed. He is aware of my knowledge, to some extent; and I had occasion to tell him, near a year ago, that his way, henceforth, must be pretty straight in order to avoid disclosure of the facts to which I refer. As he has conducted himself so basely in this matter between you and his sister, I have no scruple in using both my powers of persuasion and my powers of compulsion to induce him to give his consent to your marriage with Lucy. I think that my efforts will be successful. Whether my opinion be correct or not, time will quickly discover."

The event proved him in the right; for, in the first week of August, there appeared in the city papers the following announcement, contained in the list of marriages:

"On Wednesday, at the residence of George Wetmore, Esq., Captain John Willis to Lucy, only daughter of the late Peter Wetmore."

In one or two of the journals there appeared, in celebration of the event, certain verses, which now rest in quiet oblivion with thousands of like effusions which have followed, or gone before. The wedding was a gay and brilliant one; and it was remarked by many of the guests, that their obliging host had made every preparation which could add to the zest and enjoyment of the occasion, and that he was, doubtless, well pleased with the match which had taken place.

MY LOVE.

BY E. J. A. EDWARDS.

In spring, when nature's waking smile
Is mingled oft with glistening tears,
My love is fond and true the while,
Rejoicing in life's early years.

In summer, when the fields are fair,
The groves with cooling shade invite,
I wander forth to meet her there,
While eve's dim hue fades into night.

How quickly then the moments fly,
Concealed by the fond dreams of youth,
When clouds veil not the beauteous sky,
And fancy, brilliant, seems as truth.

In autumn, when the drooping fringe
Hangs loose upon the golden corn,
I see, alas! no ruddy tinge
Upon her cheek in quiet morn.

When the bright frost has killed the flower,
And leaves are stripped from every tree,
Then comes the sad and lonely hour,
Which steals my love fore'er from me.

In winter, when the snow is deep
Within the churchyard damp and cold,
My love is sleeping her long sleep,
And white the snow and damp the mould,
In winter when the snow is deep.

THE CONSCRIPT:

—OR,—

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE day has dawned sad and gloomy. The roll of the drum has been heard since morning; the labors of the field are suspended; the inhabitants of the village are stationed by groups in the streets, and discussing, in a low tone, the chances of the young people summoned to put their hands in the fatal urn.* Every face wears an expression of anxiety, as if some calamity threatened the country. Each sighs and raises his eyes to heaven as he passes by certain houses silent as tombs. A few more hours, and sounds of joy or sob of sorrow will issue thence! Now the relatives, a prey to anxiety, remain sad and motionless, watching and fearing the progress of the hours which are to bring them joy or despair.

The young people, in the meantime, keep up good courage, and laugh and sing as they prepare to go to the place where the drawing is to be; but their laugh is hollow, their voices tremulous, and their forced gayety deceives no one. In fact, the fearful experiment of this day is to

decide their whole existence. Must they soop leave this village where they were born—their relatives, their comrades, their betrothed ones? for in the country, people marry young. At twenty, a young man has almost always made his choice. It is too soon—but what is to be done? Custom decrees it thus; and while in the fashionable world we see every day men of forty years and more marry young girls, a youth of twenty-eight rarely finds, in this country, a young girl who will marry him.

The bell of the church was ringing; the pastor was about to celebrate mass to invoke for the conscripts the protection of Heaven. All were present, accompanied by their families. Never had they prayed with such fervor. When men are powerless, the most skeptical have recourse to Providence; they are happy then to believe in Providence, for chance is blind and deaf!

The mass finished, the drum again sounds; it is the signal of departure. There are embraces, encouragements, and the conscripts march; the fathers accompany their sons; the mothers return to their homes to pray once more; the young girls sigh, and the silence of death reigns in this village, usually so brilliant and gay.

The fable relates that in the days of King Minos, the inhabitants of the Isle of Crete were compelled to deliver each year seven young men, and as many young girls, to satisfy the appetites of a monster called the Minotaur. A man, a prince, a demi-god killed the Minotaur and delivered his country. Who shall deliver us from war? What was this Minotaur, compared to that thousand-headed hydra who absorbs men by hundreds, thousands, millions? who changes wheat-fields into fields of battle? who makes the earth drink blood like water? who compels the nations, under penalty of entire destruction, to sell ranks of men like forest-trees? who removes every year from the family, from agriculture, from industry, the *élite* of the people? who makes widows by hundreds and orphans by thousands? who breaks the hearts of mothers and lovers, and who disgusts us ever with glory, when we think of the price which must be paid for it? Who shall deliver us from war?

"Louise, what o'clock is it?" said, for the twentieth time since the departure of the conscripts, one of the poor mothers, a prey to the suffering of anxiety and uncertainty.

"Two o'clock, aunt," replied a beautiful young girl, with a sad and pensive air.

"Only two? This day will never end!"

"Alas, poor aunt," replied the young girl, "if the news is to be bad, it will come soon enough!"

* Conscripts are, in France, drawn by lot.

— she embraced the mother with filial tenderness.

"True, my child, but if you knew how painful this uncertainty is!"

"Shall I go a little way to meet them?" said she. "I can see from afar the colors of the ribbons, and will run to tell you. You will know your fate a few minutes sooner."

"Do so, my daughter; as for me, I cannot walk. Anxiety has taken away my strength."

"I will go," said Louise. "But do not worry—what good will it do?"

And she went out, leaving the poor woman to her sad thoughts. When she had gone a few steps, she encountered one of her companions.

"Come with me to meet them, Charlotte," said she to her. "I am ashamed to be seen going alone; but my aunt sent me."

"Why, then, should you be ashamed?" said Charlotte. "Is not Jean your betrothed?"

"Jean is not my betrothed, any more than his mother; but I love them both as a sister, and I ought to do so, for my aunt has been a good mother to me."

"I think so. A niece who has two acres of land and a house of her own may well be taken care of, where one has two sons!"

"I do not know what her idea is," said Louise; "but she has never mentioned it to me."

"And they?"

"Still less! They look upon me as a little girl. Remember that I am only sixteen."

"Why, then, have neither of them made a choice elsewhere?"

"I do not know—ask them."

"But, according to your ideas, which is the best?" persisted Charlotte.

"They are both good, and I love one as much as the other."

"That is well," said Charlotte, laughing; "so if Jean goes, Jacques will still be left you."

"Let me alone," said Louise, pettishly; "I am not ready to talk of marriage! But apropos of Jacques," pursued she, "it is a bad sign that we do not meet him, for he promised, if his brother had a good number, to hasten home to tell us."

"O, he will remain to drink with the rest!"

"He is not in the habit of it!" said Louise, angrily.

"May we not jest a little about the boys?" said Charlotte; "they say what they please about us!"

"My cousins never speak evil of me, I am sure, and I will not hear it said of them."

"Your cousins! your cousins! Be easy—nobody will eat them."

At that moment the sound of the drum, heard in the distance, interrupted the conversation of the two friends. Very soon cries and songs were intermingled with it, and the conscripts appeared at a turn in the road. Louise became very pale.

"Do you see him?" asked she, with emotion.

"Not yet—they are too far off; but I shall soon be able to distinguish them."

There was silence. The two young girls looked earnestly. Suddenly Charlotte exclaimed:

"I see Jean! I see Jean!"

"Where?" said Louise, anxiously, for her short sight did not permit her to distinguish yet.

"Louise, you will marry Jacques," said Charlotte; "Jean is a soldier!"

"My poor aunt!" exclaimed Louise, clasping her hands.

At this moment, a young man detached himself from the group of conscripts. It was Jacques, who, having recognized his cousin, hastened to meet her. Her face was pale and anxious, and even if Louise had not then perceived the tri-colored ribbons with which Jean was decorated, the expression of his brother's countenance would have informed her of his misfortune.

"He has the fourteen!" exclaimed he, angrily, as he accosted the young girls. "My mother will be sorry, for she prefers Jean."

"She loves you both well," said Louise, without daring to deny the fact, which was known to every one; "but how shall we tell her this bad news? She sent me to meet you, and now I dare not return to her."

"Nor I," said Jacques.

"Well," said Charlotte, "you can both go. She has but to look at you to know the result, for you are as pale as if you came from the other world."

"She is right," said Louise.

And the two cousins, quickening their pace, took the road to the village, preceding the conscripts. * * *

Since the departure of Louise, her aunt had not moved. Seated in a low chair, in the corner, by the extinct fire, she was absorbed in sorrowful reflections, with her head buried in her hands. The door, left open, permitted the two young people to enter without being heard, and they were consulting each other with a look to ask what was to be done, when the poor woman, shaking off her torpor, suddenly stood up. Then only she perceived her niece and her eldest son, motionless before her.

"Ah," said she, falling back into her chair, "Jean is a soldier!"

Beth remained silent. The poor mother asked no questions; but she burst into tears. There could be no ray of hope, since Louise did not tell her to hope! The latter sat down by her, took her hand, which she pressed tenderly, and silently mingled her own tears with hers.

"Well, are you all crying here?" suddenly exclaimed a conscript, as he entered the house. "Good morning, mother; good morning, Louise; good morning, Jacques!" And he sang in a husky voice the song of departure.

The poor youth evidently made all this noise to conceal his regret; and repeated libations taken at all the cabarets on the route, had much to do with his resignation and good humor.

"My poor child!" exclaimed the mother, springing towards him, as if to defend him against an immediate danger; "they will kill me! they will kill me!"

"Do not cry, mother," said the young man, clasping her in his arms; "you will end by making me cry too, and I have no desire to pass for a coward among my comrades; that would not do for a soldier. What do you say, Louise?"

"My poor Jean!" said she, embracing him.

"What would you? I would rather have remained here in peace, to plant my cabbages, and perhaps by-and-by we might have been married; but now I have no chance. So much the better for Jacques."

"We need not talk of that," said Louise; "am I not the sister of you both?"

"For the present, sly one," pursued Jean, appealing to his brother, who, when he spoke of marriage, had cast down his head with an air of constraint.

"Louise is too young to talk of that," said the latter, with effort; "and besides, her position with our mother and her orphan condition impose the greatest reserve upon us. When she has attained her majority, she can choose for herself."

"I am rich," suddenly exclaimed Louise; "I am rich, and Jean is as a brother to me! Do not weep, aunt—Jean shall not go!" And she left the house, running.

M. Michaud, the guardian of Louise, whose godfather he also was, lived at the other extremity of the village. It was towards his house that she directed her steps. She entered it, all out of breath, and found her guardian occupied in taking his repast, in company with his son, a youth of about eighteen.

"Ah, it is you, goddaughter," said he, with his mouth full; "will you eat a bit with us?"

"Thank you, you are very kind; but I am not hungry—my heart is too full."

Then, as the impassible guardian continued to eat, without saying anything, she asked:

"You know that my cousin Jean has been drawn by lot?"

"He will make a fine grenadier," said M. Michaud, tranquilly.

"But, godfather," persisted Louise, "I do not wish him to go; do you not understand?"

"O, you do not wish him to go! But what will you do about it?"

"I will purchase a substitute."

"Ah," said the guardian, laying down his fork, "you have money then?"

"No, godfather," said Louise, embarrassed, seeing the expression of her godfather suddenly change; "but I have property, and you know it better than any one, since you are my godfather. This is the reason I came to find you, for Jean must not go."

"Why so, if you please?"

"Because his mother will die."

"That would be a pity; but what can I do about it?"

"Give me the means to redeem Jean by selling a little of my property."

"You do not know, then, that at your majority I must give an account to the last cent?"

"Well, it seems to me I have the control of my own property."

"A minor has the control of nothing. You must be twenty-one, or have a husband, before you can dispose of a cent; and your husband would be dissatisfied when I come to render an account, if I should dispose of your fortune thus."

"O, as for that, godfather," said Louise, blushing, "you need not be afraid about the future, for I shall perhaps marry one of my cousins, and Jacques could not reproach me for saving his brother—still less Jean, if I should marry him."

"Then you do not know which?"

"No, godfather; I had never thought of it until to-day—I am so young! But, on reflection, it is the best thing I can do. My aunt is a good mother to me, and I shall perhaps never like any one better."

"But your cousins are too old for you, who are only sixteen."

"I like it better so, godfather; it seems to me that if my husband was of the same age as myself, I could not respect him."

M. Michaud made a slight grimace.

"You are a child," said he; "in a few years, you will perhaps think otherwise."

"I do not believe it, godfather. But the business, at present, is to ransom my cousin—we can talk of the rest by-and-by."

"I tell you that it is impossible, and that neither you nor I can dispose of your property before your majority."

"And if I should marry immediately?"

"At sixteen! I would certainly not allow you to commit such a folly—you are too young! It will be soon enough when you are twenty-one; if you wish to make a foolish marriage then, you will be your own mistress, but not before."

"My good godfather, I entreat you!" said Louise, supplicatingly.

"I tell you it is impossible," said M. Michaud. The good Louise had really believed that nothing could be easier than to ransom her cousin. On seeing her hopes disappointed, she began to weep bitterly.

"My poor aunt, she will die!" said she. "Men are so hard-hearted!"

"I am hard-hearted because I will not let you ruin yourself. But I know my duty," said M. Michaud, with importance.

"Adieu, godfather!" said Louise, going towards the door. "I am sorry to have disturbed you." And she went out discouraged, sighing.

On re-entering her aunt's house, she found her as she had left her, in company with her two sons; for on seeing Louise go out, she had suspected the step she was about to take, and had detained Jean, until she could learn the result.

As for Jacques, he had incurred his mother's anger, by seeking to make her comprehend the vanity of her hopes.

"I will go in his stead," said he, suddenly. "The state demands but one soldier—what matters it? Is not this a good idea, Louise? What say you to it?"

"I say that it is you whom I love!" exclaimed Louise, throwing herself tearfully into his arms. "Whether you go or stay, I will have no other husband than you!"

"Is it possible? and I was going, thinking you loved Jean."

"As a brother," said she, extending her hand to the conscript. "But you shall not go. I will ask my guardian to let me marry you immediately, and then we will ransom our brother without needing his permission."

"No, Louise—no, that must not be; you are too young. It would be wrong to profit by a moment of excitement, which you would perhaps regret afterwards. Besides, seven years of my life do not seem too much to purchase the right to consecrate to you the rest."

"Ah, you are noble and good, and I love you!" said his mother, suddenly. And she embraced him as she had never done before. *

"It is strange!" said Louise to herself, on the evening of the same day. "Where were my eyes, that I did not perceive the difference between the two brothers? Jean is a handsome youth, doubtless, but common, coarse; while Jacques always appears like a gentleman. And then what a good heart he has!"

At the expiration of a month, the widow announced to her neighbors that her son Jacques, after having accompanied his brother to the regiment, had returned with a fever. A week more passed away; at last the invalid went out, and showed himself. It was Jean! Judge of the commentaries, the conjectures, the exclamations! Godfather Michaud said nothing, but he wrote to the prefect to inform him of this substitution of one person for another. The prefect, in his turn, wrote to the minister of war, who wrote to the colonel of the regiment where Jacques had enlisted instead of his brother. The colonel replied that Jacques was his best recruit, that he would make an excellent soldier, and that it was of very little importance that he had taken the place of his brother, since he filled it honorably—so that the affair remained there, to the great displeasure of M. Michaud, who was still persuaded that Louise loved Jean.

As for Jean, he was of too vulgar a nature to comprehend all the delicacy and greatness of his brother's conduct. Delighted, at first, to be liberated, he at last came to the conclusion that Jacques loved to travel, and desired a military life. Six months after his brother's departure, he offered himself to Louise, who refused him without hesitation.

"I love you as a brother," said she; "but do not speak to me thus, for I shall despise you and consider you my enemy."

"But if Jacques should be killed in war?" persisted Jean.

"I would put on mourning and remain all my life faithful to his memory."

"As you please; then I will marry Charlotte."

In fact, from this moment Jean declared himself the lover of Charlotte and their marriage soon took place.

Two years passed thus. Louise was eighteen. M. Michaud, reassured by the marriage of Jean and Charlotte, at last unmasked his batteries and proposed that his ward should marry his son. But the latter declared that she would await her majority before she made a choice.

About this time, she received a letter from Algiers. Jacques was in Africa, and was a sergeant. From this day, poor Louise had not a moment's repose. How could she, when he she loved was exposed to the balls of the enemy, to

danger from fever, to the teeth of lions? Her only occupation was now to read the newspapers. She eagerly sought the news from Africa. One day, she read as follows:

"We regret to announce that a part of the garrison of Nemours has just been destroyed by the heroic imprudence of its chief, who has himself found death in this unfortunate affair."

The paper fell from the hands of Louise. Nemours! The last letter of Jacques was dated Nemours! Poor Louise! At her request, M. Michaud wrote to the minister of war to learn the names of the men killed in the affair of Sidi-Brahim. A week afterwards, he received the list. Jacques's name was among the first!

Louise now renounced all hope and devoted herself to the education of her little godson, the eldest child of Jean and Charlotte. He came to her every morning and spent the day with her. One morning little Jacques arrived very animated.

"Godmother," said he, "will you give me leave to go and see the soldiers?"

"What soldiers?" said Louise.

"Those who are to pass the night here. They are going to Paris to be reviewed; there will be two of them at our house."

"By-and-by," said Louise, pensively. "The day is long; you will have time to see them."

The child pouted a little, and then began to spell with a bad grace in the book which his godmother placed before him. At the end of ten minutes, he stopped.

"Do you hear the drum?" said he.

"Yes," said Louise; "let the drum go, and continue your lesson."

The child sighed, and finished the page. After the lesson, they breakfasted as usual. Suddenly a double knock was heard at the door.

"Enter," said Louise.

The door opened, and an officer, thin and of dark complexion, appeared on the threshold.

"Pardon me, madame," said he to Louise, as he saluted her, "but I am taking my rounds! Have you any soldiers quartered here?"

"No, sir," said she, somewhat troubled; "I live alone, and never lodge any one."

"Madame is a widow?" said the officer, pointing to the black dress of the young girl.

Louise bowed, without replying. She was willing that this stranger should ascribe to her a title to which she felt she had a right.

"You have a charming child, madame," said the soldier, approaching Jacques.

"It is my godson," said Louise, blushing.

"It is astonishing," continued the officer, looking at the child, "how much he resembles a comrade whom I knew in Africa!"

"You have been in Africa, then?" said Louise, falling back into her chair.

"Yes, madame," said he, taking the one to which Louise pointed; for, incapable of standing, she felt that she ought also to invite the stranger to be seated.

A thought had occurred to the young girl: Could this soldier, who resembled little Jacques so much, have been—? A word would have dispelled her doubts, but she hesitated to pronounce it, lest the officer should utter a name unknown to her. She was silent for a moment to taste one sweet hope, like the prisoner, who, awaking after a dream of liberty, keeps his eyes shut that he may not see the bars of his prison! The officer had taken little Jacques in his lap, and was looking at him attentively.

"Does he remind you of some deceased friend?" at last asked Louise.

"He of whom the child reminds me is not dead, madame, although he has long passed for such! Escaped as if by miracle from a horrible massacre, a prisoner two years among the Arabs, he has been able at last, after infinite fatigue and suffering, to rejoin his flag."

"And—you left him in Africa?" asked Louise, in a stifled voice, while she stealthily observed the countenance of the officer who, on his part, manifested much emotion.

"No," said he. "On arriving at the regiment, exhausted by his long suffering, he obtained leave to retire from the service, and at present, has returned to his country."

At this moment, the hurried eyes of the soldier encountered those of Louise earnestly fixed upon him.

"It is Jacques! it is you!" exclaimed she, at last rising.

His only reply was to extend his arms to her.

"Louise," at that moment exclaimed the voice of Charlotte, "lend me some money, I beg of you. Jean has come home drunk again, and I have not a cent in the house."

Jacques smiled at Charlotte, who, surprised to find a soldier with her friend, had remained fixed in the threshold.

"Here, sister Charlotte," said he, presenting a gold piece to the young woman. "Louise and I are coming to sup with you."

"His sister!" said Charlotte, looking at Louise.

"It is Jacques!" exclaimed the latter.

"Impossible! he is so dark, so thin—and that beard! And then he is an officer!"

"A captain, my good sister," said Jacques, embracing her.

"But," said Louise, "you were only a sergeant when you arrived in Africa?"

"True; but in a campaign, one is soon promoted. And then balls and fevers do not respect officers any more than soldiers, so that those who fall give place to others. I succeeded a lieutenant who was killed, and when I escaped from captivity, he who had replaced me had just died of dysentery, and I re-entered the same regiment; then the general-in-chief, learning my return, appointed me captain."

"You will not return, then," said Louise.

"No," said he, smiling, "unless my life here should be made unhappy."

"But," pursued she, "why did you not inform us of your return?"

"I had my reasons for that; I had long passed for dead, and wished to know for myself how my resurrection would be received. After three years of silence, you might have been married. I wished to return here as a stranger, examine the ground, and depart without making myself known if I had been forgotten."

"Here is a surprise!" said Charlotte. "Jean will be happy, for he has regretted you much—even though he has become a drunkard."

"He will reform," said Jacques, smiling; "I will talk to him and you shall see."

"I will run and find him," said she, "and I am sure he will leave the cabaret quick, now!"

"No, do not; I wish to surprise him."

Little Jacques had profited by these explanations to run after the soldiers. The captain, in his turn, took the road to the door.

"Will you leave me already?" said Louise.

"I must return for an instant to the mayor's office to speak to M. Michaud. He did not recognize me just now, and will be surprised."

"And what is your pressing business there?"

"To give him your name and mine. To-day is Wednesday, and we must be published ten days, which will permit us to marry next week on Saturday."

GETTING AND SAVING.

It is not so much of an art to get money as to save it. The proverb tells us that any fool can do the former, but it requires a wise man to accomplish the latter. Still there is no need of being avaricious, like Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the Lord Chancellor of England, who loved money as well as he did, and what *he got, she saved*. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during his time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal bearer's profit, for she annually retained the purse herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state rooms at Wimpole. So many of them were saved that at length she had enough to hang the state rooms and make curtains for the bed!—*Eastern Argus*.

BOILING A TEA-KETTLE.

Which is the most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "wont draw" the day she expects company? Mrs. Jones hired the other day, a Miss McDermott, just from Cork. Miss McDermott was ordered "to boil the tea-kettle."

"The what?"

"The tea-kettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly—if I did not I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss McDermott obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation.

"Where's the tea-kettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, ma'am."

"In the dinner-pot!"

"Yes, ma'am. You told me to boil it, and I've had it on the scald for an hour."

Mrs. Jones could bear no more. She had a rush of blood to the head, and went into a swoon. The last we saw of her she was carried up stairs in an arm chair.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times*.

JUDICIAL INTEGRITY.

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, on hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop, upon which the hatter said to him: "Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit." "By no means," answered the judge. "If you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."—*Granite Freeman*.

THE GREATEST WONDER YET.

Calvin Edson, and all the fat women, dwarfs and giants, are eclipsed by a man now on exhibition at Havana, who was born without either legs or arms, but who, having tenaciously set himself to work to conquer the inconveniences naturally consequent upon such deprivation, has made himself a wonder by the variety of his feats. Among other things, he announces that he is able to spin a top with such perfection that it will hit any spot named, to spin a dollar over a table, and put it in his left ear and take it out again, to make a knot with a halter, to thread a needle, to ascend and descend a ladder, to uncork a bottle with a corkscrew, to load a fowling piece and kill anything designated, or put out a candle with a simple wad—quite enough wonders for a man without either legs or arms.—*Hingham Patriot*.

Thorough knowledge only enables a man to think more justly.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

In this country we have few or no female gamblers; and let us not malign our fair countrywomen by crediting the fact to the want of opportunity. Opportunity is never wanting where any passion is to be gratified. Let us rather attribute a freedom from this scathing and blighting vice to the high tone of mind and morals which seeks for a healthy excitement in ennobling deeds of charity and the refined pleasures of cultivated society. It is appalling to contemplate a man with his whole soul engrossed in the chances of the gaming-table; at one moment raised to the acme of feverish hope, at another plunged into the depths of a rayless despair. It is harrowing to watch his tremulous hand as he stakes the price of his children's bread with it, or draws towards him those guilty winnings which are only a snare and a temptation. What then must it be to a woman under such circumstances! Yet this is a common enough spectacle abroad, at the continent watering-places, and particularly at Baden-Baden, where gaming is authorized, and one of the real, if unconfessed, attractions of the place. An English lady thus records some of her observations on the conduct of her sex at the gaming-table, and the picture is a terrible one: "On no occasion did I watch higher play than on the evening of the dress ball. All the best company in Baden were assembled; the birds of prey, whose profession it was to watch them, doubtless, came armed for the encounter, and prepared to 'fool them to the top of their bent.' The following day was Sunday. We passed through the public walks on our way to church; and having time to spare, looked into the rooms, which even at that early hour had a crowd of people hanging round the gaming-tables. On our return, we entered them again, and then this frightful scene of madness was at its height.

"I doubt if anything, less than the evidence of the senses, can enable any one fully to credit and comprehend the spectacle that a gaming-table offers. I saw women, distinguished by rank, elegant in person, modest, and even reserved in manner, sitting at the *rouge et noir* table, with *rataeux* and marking cards in their hands; the former to push forward their bets and draw in their winnings, the latter to prick down the events of the game. I saw such at different hours through the whole of Sunday. To name these is impossible; but I grieve to say that two English women were among them. There was one of this set whom I watched day after day during the whole period of our stay, with more interest than, I believed, was reason-

able; for had I studied any other as attentively, I might have found less to lament. She was young—certainly not more than twenty-five—and though not regularly nor brilliantly handsome, most singularly winning both in person and demeanor. Her dress was elegant, but peculiarly plain and simple. A close white silk bonnet and gauze veil; a quite-colored silk gown, with less of flourish and frill by the half than any other person; a delicate little hand, which, when ungloved, displayed some handsome rings; a jewelled watch of peculiar splendor, and a countenance expressive of anxious thoughtfulness must be remembered by many who were at Baden, in 1833. They must remember, too, that enter the rooms when they would, morning, noon or night, still they found her nearly at the same play, at the *rouge et noir* table.

"Her husband, who had as unquestionably the air of a gentleman as she had of a lady, though not always close to her, was never very distant. He did not play himself; and I, fancied, as he hovered near her, that his countenance expressed anxiety; but he returned the sweet smile with which she always met his eye with an answering smile; and I saw not the slightest indication that he wished to withdraw her from the table. There was an expression in the upper part of her face that my blundering science would have construed into something very foreign to the propensity she showed; but there she sat, hour after hour, and day after day, not even allowing the blessed Sabbath, that gives rest to all, to bring it to her; there she sat, constantly throwing down handfuls of five franc pieces, and sometimes drawing them back again, till her young face grew rigid from weariness, and all the lustre of her eye faded into a glare of vexed inanity. Alas! alas! is that fair woman a mother? God forbid!"

THE BODY AVENGED.

By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—*Long-fellow*.

Brood no longer, ye dreamers, but awake, shake off your sloth and work, and when you work, look to it that you work in the right direction! Not for fame, for it will cheat you; not for what you call happiness, for it will slip from your grasp. Ascertain your duty, and then discharge it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE PRESS AND THE SWORD.

Bulwer says that "in the hands of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword." We, Americans, who claim to be entirely great, have found the means of uniting these powerful engines of civilization. We have brought columns of type to support columns of infantry, and covered the cannon of the artillery with the "shooting-sticks" of the printers. The army that marched into Mexico was largely recruited by disciples of Faust, so that, on one occasion, when General Scott, wishing to issue a proclamation, requested on parade that if there happened to be a printer in the ranks he would advance, two hundred stalwort men stepped forth two paces to the front. A day or two after the occupation of Matamoras by the American troops, the swarthy denizens of that old rambling town were startled by an unusual cry from the lips of an old gray-headed fellow, with a bundle under his arm, who, in a strange jargon of Spanish and English, proclaimed: "Here-ers the Republica of the Rio Grande and Amigo de los Pueblos—only one beet (bit)!" As he shuffled along the rectangular streets, there was none to impede his progress but the throng of customers. No policeman, with his badge, stopped the old boy to ask if he were licensed. Even the sentinels, along whose channelled bayonets flashed the rays of a noontide sun, forgot to challenge him: it was enough that he was a "member of the press," and on he passed. The dark-eyed and half-clad senoritas, spite of their languid habits of indifference, bent from their casements and gazed at him with a wondering interest. The sombrero-shadowed Mexicano lifted his corncob pipe from his lips, and perhaps a *Carrajo!* ascended with the smoke. And such was the *avatar* of the American press in Mexico—an historical event. The papers published in the different cities of Mexico during the campaign were really very creditable affairs. Their typographical appearance was as good as could be expected under the circumstances; they were edited with much ability, and many of their issues were spicy and sparkling. We hope that copies of all these papers have been preserved.

REMEMBER.—Good sense and sound reason should be the staple of our writing and speaking.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Some writer says, "women govern everything, because they govern those who govern everything." Their influence is not the less powerful, because, like the dew of heaven, it descends unseen. Though the fairer and better portion of humanity do not appear on the rostrum—and Heaven forbid they should!—yet as mothers, as wives, as sweethearts, their counsels are probably felt in the halls of legislation. In the old days of Rome it was said that Numa Pompilius consulted with the nymph Egeria on affairs of state. If Randolph of Roanoke had not lost his Egeria in early life, his public career would have been very different. Many, perhaps all eminent statesmen of modern days, have had their female counsellors. Madame de Stael was the adviser of Benjamin Constant in his happiest days, and the beautiful and unfortunate Madame Roland of her husband. Still later, we find Madame de Krudener, whose oracles were consulted by the Emperor Alexander, and the Princess de Dino, so propitious to the mind of Talleyrand, to whom she supplied wit and repartee. Many of the smartest sayings of this old diplomatic fox originated with this accomplished lady. The Countess de Meulan was the friend and adviser of Guizot, Louis Philippe's famous prime minister. But Guizot was also under the influence of the Princess de Lieven, one of the most famous political blue-stockings in Europe. It is observable, by the way, that while the lords of creation rely upon female wit for support and counsel, female sovereigns very rarely employ female counsellors. This tends to balance the reciprocal influence of the sexes in the government of the world.

COST OF DRESSING THE LADIES.—The imports of silks have risen in value since the year 1847 from less than \$12,000,000 to over \$34,000,000, and the customs from \$1,838,350 to \$6,129,563.

THE REASON.—A gentlemanly thief, detected in the exercise of his profession by a lady of this city, stated that "the times were so hard that he was obliged to steal in order to live."

Ballow's Dollar Monthly is the cheapest magazine in the world — *Oliver Branch.*

VANITY FAIR.

"Vanity of vanities!" exclaimed the wise man—"all is vanity!" And looking abroad in the world around us, how many proofs do we behold of the truth of the axiom. There is vanity in that gaudy bonnet, with its costly lace—in the sweep of those voluminous silken skirts—in the unnecessary display of those dainty French boots at the cleanest of street-crossings. There is vanity in that male D'Orsay-ish figure, with its curled hair, its diamond breastpin and its sparkling ring on the finger. But not alone in purple and fine linen does vanity stalk abroad. That garb of more than Puritanic plainness—the opposite extreme of attire—is quite as strong a proof of vanity as the tailor's gorgeous walking advertisement that just preceded it. Does not its wearer seem to say, "Look at me! How much meeker—how much holier I am than these gaudy butterflies of fashion that hover and flutter about me!" As proud a heart beats under that drab kersey as beneath that satin boddice or that embroidered vest. When Satan was walking in the environs of London,

"He saw a cottage by the wayside,
A cottage of gentility,
And he fully smiled, for his darling vice
Was the pride that apes humility."

But pride and vanity have been doomed to fall, from the days of "Lucifer, son of the morning," to this blessed Anno Domini. Christopher North somewhere tells a story of a young preacher who was one of the vainest of mortals. On one occasion he delivered a discourse on which he particularly prided himself, declaimed in what he considered a fascinating style, and produced, as he fancied, the profoundest impression. But among the auditors who seemed to be most attentive and moved, even to tears, was a poor woman in widow's weeds, who hung upon his lips and seemed to devour every word he uttered. Flattered by this attention, our youthful hero lost no time in learning her name and calling on the widow. She told him how much she was interested in him and the cause.

"My poor husband," said she, "was a gardener. We lived on the produce of a little plot of ground. He used to carry the vegetables to market in baskets on the back of a faithful little donkey. At last it pleased Providence to remove my poor husband to a better world. Then I was left alone with my donkey, and went to market myself. But misfortunes never come single. The donkey died, too. You can't think, sir, how much I was attached to him, and how much I miss him. Now, yesterday, the moment I heard you, the tones of your voice reminded

me of my poor donkey, and I couldn't help shedding tears—indeed I couldn't. I know it was wrong to be thinking of a poor animal in such a sacred place, but I hope I shall be forgiven, for you were so like him that indeed I couldn't help it, sir."

It is needless to say, that after this explanation the visitor hastily took leave, and that his countenance was not quite so conceited in its expression as when he entered the presence of the mourner.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The life of a female boarding-house keeper must be a wretched one. If the lady who wrote the following advertisement finds customers who comply with her terms, she will be fortunate: "The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in winter, nor out of the window in summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. If she uses an air-tight, she must regulate the damper herself, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at everything on the table, unless she has a natural pug, and none of the party must drink or talk with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal, board to be paid weekly in advance." This is certainly an odd mode of inviting customers.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—Once introduced to the family circle, this wonderfully cheap and charming magazine is sure to become a great favorite. Its cheerful pages should gladden every fire-side in the country. As long as bright eyes love to read delightful stories, its success must continue.—*Weekly Albion*.

We might fill our pages with commendatory notices like the above. The success of our Magazine has surpassed all former experience which we have gained in the publishing business. It is already second in circulation to but one other magazine in the world!

MORBID CURIOSITY.—The silver cream jug from which Sir John Sadlier is said to have drunk poison, lately sold in England for \$128, far above its value; and the rope which hanged Palmer was divided into inch bits and sold for a fabulous price. Poor human nature!

CASH.—The word "cash" is derived from the Italian *cassa*, the chest in which merchants keep their money. "A powerful gentleman is Senor Don Cash," says an old Spanish song.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

Jack Muggins! you have announced to us your intention of embarking in the next Liverpool steamer, to make what you call the "tower" of Europe, and you ask our advice upon the step, as people usually do after having fully made up their minds. Since you have honored us by requesting the expression of our opinion, we will give it to you for what it is worth: Don't you go. We think we see you opening your eyes, caressing your incipient mustache, and preparing to ask "why not?" We will therefore anticipate your question, and reply: In the first place, you are too young. We know that the blood of Young America rises at that suggestion, but we repeat that you are too young. Scarcely a year has passed since the ashes of the paternal Muggins were deposited in their resting-place at Mount Auburn, and not three since you came to years of discretion (?) and the possession of the handsome fortune left you by your progenitor. Youth and fortune combined under certain circumstances, are glorious prerogatives, but you, Muggins, do not possess those circumstances. You are young, but you are very green; rich, but very careless, and European capitals abound in sharpers that out-Yankee Yankee sharpers. You would come home shorn like a sheep; but more resembling that other quadruped so amply furnished with auditory organs.

And again, Jack: you do not know enough about your own country. A wealthy American, travelling abroad, is beset with interrogatories respecting our history, our institutions, our products, our manufactures, and our arts; for somehow or other, in spite of prejudice and incredulity, the idea has crept abroad that this is "a great country." Now we are constrained to say, Jack,—and we do it in no spirit of unkindness,—that your information on these subjects is extremely limited, and that you would find it difficult to substantiate even the single proposition which embraces the Alpha and Omega of your historical knowledge, viz., that "General Washington fit the Battle of New Orleans." Remember that every travelling American is to a certain extent the representative of his country, and has it in his power to increase or diminish the respect for our flag.

But, if you know little about our own country, you know still less about Europe. Your geographical deficiencies are of no account. Travel is the practical study of geography; and you would soon discover that Rome is not situated on the Neva, and that Great Britain is not an island of the Grecian Archipelago. But it is absolutely necessary to know something of the

history of the old world before visiting its celebrated places. You can't get up any enthusiasm about sacred localities, if you learn the event and its memorial at the same time. Besides, you know nothing about architecture, painting and sculpture, and it is art more than nature that challenges your admiration abroad.

Moreover, you speak only your own language, and that very incorrectly! Hence you would be compelled in self-defence to associate abroad only with Americans and English, and what sort of a change would that be? And you would have to see with the eyes and think with the minds of couriers, *ciceroni* and *valets de place*.

Our word for it, young man, you are not ripe for travel. Think better of your project, even if its abandonment costs you the forfeiture of your passage money. Get books and masters; read and study for five years, and then go abroad and you will travel with pleasure, improvement and credit. Such, Jack Muggins, is our advice, and there are many in your plight who would be benefited by the same counsel.

DUELLING.—Gustavus of Sweden had a very comfortable way of arranging duels. Two officers once called on him and asked his permission to cut each other's throats according to the code of honor. He consented, and, having intimated to them his intention of witnessing the combat, at the appointed hour appeared on the ground. Then turning to the officers who were about to engage, he said, "Now, gentlemen, fight—fight till one of you fall. And I have brought the provost marshal with me to behead the survivor." It is remarkable how suddenly the gentlemen discovered they could reconcile their differences without fighting.

A HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL.—That incorrigible wag, Punch, advertises "A handbook of travel round a lady in full dress, with a large folding map showing the utmost limit of patience and crinoline to which the circumference, as recently enlarged, at present extends."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.—What fruit is most like the capital of Maryland? An apple is (Annapolis). What tea is universally used in the United States? Liberty. Why ought short persons to be fond of the letter T? It makes *all tall*.

THE ALTERNATIVE.—An idle girl, recently arraigned before our police for some offence, was offered her choice between the House of Correction and a husband. She chose the latter as the lesser evil.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

Mr. Richard S. Willis, in a recent number of his excellent journal, the "New York Musical World," illustrates very forcibly the importance of an acquaintance with the modern European languages, and particularly French, to Americans going abroad for instruction or even amusement. Most of our travellers lose nine-tenths of the enjoyment and information they might acquire through this deficiency; and it is well known that many of our ministers and consuls, otherwise well educated men, cut a sorry and ridiculous figure in Europe, and fail of attaining the purposes for which they were sent abroad by our government. He says: "Without rushing into an extreme, and decrying all study of the classics, as men are perhaps prone to do on having their eyes opened, on the contrary insisting on them as the best allies in gaining the modern languages, I would as strongly insist, that from the freshman, or the first academic year onward, a course of French, at least, should industriously be pursued. Better one book of Greek or Latin the less, and one of a modern language the more. French will at least save a man from embarrassment and mortification—with this he saves his credit."

Mr. Willis also alludes to the importance of untravelled Americans acquiring at least the two great modern languages—German and French—with four or five millions of our own countrymen (by adoption) speaking the former. In view of the foreign immigration, he thinks it "not befitting" or even "paying, that this freemasonry of foreign languages should be filling our air—that men with whom we are daily trading and trafficking and *politicizing* should talk aside over the shoulder to their companions, and we know not a word they are saying, or planning, or plotting."

There is much in these hints worth pondering and acting on. Charles V. said: "Every language which a man acquires renders him another man;" so that the man who should be master of the five hundred different languages, of which specimens were recorded by Professor Adelung, would be equal to a little army. The acquisition of a modern language is not the terrific task it used to be when the initial step was the swallowing an octavo grammar and a thick lexicon. Labor-saving processes have been introduced in mental operations as well as manufactures; old routine has been discarded, and it is very possible for a student of energy to acquire in a few months a sufficient knowledge of French or Spanish to enable him to make himself understood and to transact business in their languages.

There is no excuse for Americans being behind-hand in this matter, for they have a remarkable faculty for the acquisition of foreign tongues.

PENMANSHIP.

We do not think half the attention is paid to penmanship in our days that used to be in the good old "slow and sure" times. The hurry of the age has led to a neglect of this accomplishment. But there is no economy of time in illegible writing. If a hurried scrawl saves time to the penman, it imposes a heavy sacrifice of time on the victim who is doomed to decipher it. Rufus Choate's manuscript is the despair of printers. It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm and eccentric character—such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey and Napoleon. Their thoughts flow too rapid to permit good mechanical execution. Washington wrote a fair, manly, straight-forward line, every letter legible and distinct, while his namesake, Washington Irving, writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself. Edmund Burke's hand was uneven and hurried; Lord Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink. Wellington's notes were exceedingly hieroglyphical; and Dr. Chalmers seems to have written with the feather end of his goose quill.

A REMARKABLE TOWN.—In the town of Harrison, Westchester county, N. Y., consisting of a population of upward of 2000, says an exchange, there is no church, unless the dwelling-like meeting house of the Quakers may be called one. The town has no minister, no lawyer, no doctor, and no drug store.

FOR EVERY FIREBIRD.—No family in the land is too poor to afford *Bulow's Dollar Monthly*. What a fund of pleasure and innocent enjoyment its visits afford to the home circle! What sweet sensibilities its well written stories give rise to; how delicately yet effectually is the goodly moral conveyed. The more of such works that parents put into the hands of their children the more enlarged views of life, the more refinement, and the more domestic pleasure will be disseminated.—*Saturday Courier*.

COMPOSITION.—In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

BENEVOLENCE.—There is an old lady in Greenbush, N. Y., so careful of her property that she wont allow her geese to go into the water without life-preservers attached to each.

IS IT TRUE?—A Mrs. Sally Sly says that "when a man marries he goes to the penitentiary for life."

THE INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

The errors and infirmities of genius have generally been treated in two ways, both alike erroneous. One party, making no allowance for the temptations that beset genius, both from within and without, have stigmatized its faults with unfeeling, unmanly and unphilosophical harshness, judging the erring man of genius by a severer rule than they would apply to common mortals; while another set of men have sought to extenuate and find apologies for every aberration from the right path on the part of the man of uncommon gifts, as if genius conferred an exemption from the rules of common morality. The time has arrived when men view this subject in a clearer light—or, rather, perhaps, the sphere and immunities of individuals are better defined. A man is no longer ostracised merely because he is a poet, or painter, or a sculptor, cut off from sympathy and regarded with suspicion, because differing from the mass in his taste and capabilities. But in fact, genius is no longer such an anomaly, because taste and talent are nearly universal, and men stand altogether upon a more level footing.

In speaking of Burns, Christopher North says: "While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to acknowledge the manifold temptations strewn around his feet, the enthusiastic and generous ran into the other extreme, and weakly—I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles—in too many instances to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them on the score of the poet's genius—as if genius, the guardian of virtue, could ever be regarded as the pander to vice and the slave of sin. Thus they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before their imagination should be degraded; and did far worse injury, and offered far worse insult to Virtue and Religion by their slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than ever was done by those offences themselves; for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil practice of one man can never do so much injury to society as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows that he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that law of right, which must on no consideration be violated by our judgments, but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign favor over all trans-

gressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom nature has granted endowments that might have been, had their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race."

These opinions, calmly expressed, must carry conviction; and the more especially since the individual selected for illustration was one whom the writer both admired and eulogized.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is larger than all New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland, Scotland or Portugal, and equals Belgium and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.—On the top of Mount Holyoke, on a clear day, ten mountains can be seen; one in New Hampshire, one in Vermont, one each in New York and Connecticut, and six in Massachusetts. The spectator always sees lying below him, thirty towns in Massachusetts, and six in Connecticut.

POETRY.—Literary productions in rhyme and metre do not comprise all poetry. The prose of Irving and of Hawthorne embodies the essence of true poetry. And, moreover, "the written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry acting."

NATURAL.—A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that she can cure all sorts of diseases, but particularly affections of the heart. This was always a speciality of ladies—and also to cause the heart-ache.

TO MAKE PRIME VINEGAR.—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rain water and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

OLD TIMES.—When Bishop Berkeley preached at Newport, in 1729, he wrote home, "The town of Newport contains 6000 souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness."

FUDGE.—The grant of a right to use a coat of arms in England is obtained by applying at the Herald's College, and paying about \$400.

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It is said that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. The next worst use is certainly to flog him. To lay the lash upon the backs of men to whom the honor of their country's flag is committed, on shore and afloat, is only to degrade them hopelessly, and break their spirit. This principle has been long recognized in this country, and is beginning to make its way abroad. Such were the views of a British officer in command of a regiment in Guernsey. Yet he was in a trying position, for liquor was cheap on the island, the soldiers would get drunk, and the lash had usually been resorted to as a punishment for the intemperate and a terror to their comrades. Accordingly this humane officer (we are sorry that we cannot recall his name) appealed to the honorable feelings of his men, resolved at the same time to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, without, however, resorting in any case to the lash. He issued an order saying that he would not flog, but trust to the soldier's self-respect for keeping sober on duty.

Next day a man was found drunk and confined. The colonel, accompanied by the surgeon, went to the guard-house and felt the man's pulse. He was declared to be in a fever. Nothing could be truer. He was therefore rolled in a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him. On reaching the hospital, the patient was put to bed and blistered between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week, and then discharged cured. He was then brought on parade, when the commanding officer congratulated him on his recovery from the fever, and sent him to join his company, where he was laughed at and jeered by his comrades for the space of a week. Many others underwent the same treatment, but the joke, though very amusing to the temperate, ceased to be so to the inebriates. The experiment was completely successful. Not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey after the blister system had been introduced, and in a fortnight after its inauguration, there was no such thing as a man drunk on parade; though the regiment had previously been in a notoriously bad condition.

THE CONFESSION OF A FOND MOTHER.—Over-indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.

FRENCH INGENUITY.—We have got plenty of sardines on our coast, but it requires French hands to put them into boxes.

FALSE PRIDE.

False pride—if indeed any sort of pride is otherwise—is a very ridiculous littleness. There are men who would blush up to the eyes if detected in carrying home a bundle. Yet this sort of pride frequently has a fall, and necessity sometimes works a radical cure. One of our dandy officers in Mexico, who, when in New York, voted it vulgar to carry an umbrella, made nothing of marching to his quarters the bearer of a roasted pig and greens, captured in a foraging excursion. Chief Justice Marshall, when living at Richmond, gave a lesson to one of these over-nice gentry. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a would-be-fashionable young man from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome—it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed: "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

MARRIAGE.—Dr. Franklin advises a young man in search of a wife to take her "from a bunch," because, in a family where there is a group of damsels, emulation induces them to improve and cultivate themselves, whereas only daughters are apt to be spoiled children.

MONOPOLY.—All the sword blades made for the English army are the work of four men, three of whom are brothers. There is a secret in the mode of manufacture, known only by these four, and which they jealously guard.

AGRICULTURAL.—The crop of hops was very large this year. It will be larger during the dancing season—which will also develop the corn crop.

WATER.—It is stated that there are 261 miles of pipes laid to supply the city of Philadelphia with water.

Foreign Miscellany.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 26 miles round. It had 100 gates.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,251 souls.

A man in England in pulling down an old house he had bought found 2003 guineas.

The censorship of the press has been rendered still more rigorous in St. Petersburg.

The late Crimean war has swept away the savings of England's forty years of peace.

The rumor is revived of a Congress on the affairs of Italy, to which the principal Italian States will be invited.

At Antwerp, on the 17th ult, there was a brilliant celebration in honor of the twenty-five years' peaceful reign of the King of Holland.

The widow of Lord Byron is yet alive and hearty. She has recently purchased the residence of the late poet Rogers, in London.

The Russian government is about to send out next month from Cronstadt, two corvettes on a scientific voyage round the world.

The number of newspapers published this year in Switzerland, which has a population of 800,000 souls, is 263, being twelve more than in 1855.

The grape disease is reported again to have appeared in the Canary Islands, to the despair of the people.

Marshal Lannes's widow, just dead, was one of the loveliest women of the first imperial court.

Lord Clarendon has received from the American government testimonials to be presented to British seamen for services rendered to American vessels in distress.

Mr. Heald, the young Englishman of fortune who married Lola Montez shortly after her separation from the king of Bavaria, died at Falkstone, England, last month, of consumption.

An original sketch of a Holy Family, painted by Raphael for Francis I., of France, has just been discovered in Florence. The possessor of this treasure is an Italian refugee.

Madame Pfeiffer, the celebrated female traveler, is on her way to Madagascar, into the interior of which savage country she intends to penetrate.

Sardinia contains over 9000 schools, with over 400,000 pupils, besides numerous classical institutions, and three great universities with over 6000 students.

The height of that sacred spot, Mount Zion, is two thousand five hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about three hundred feet above the valley below.

It is calculated that £12,000,000 have been spent in draining and subsoiling land in Ireland during the last ten years, and an immense increase in production has been the result.

At the Crystal Palace in London, when the fountains are in operation, they have 11,788 jets playing, and the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in them is about 120,000 gallons per minute.

There are in Russia 6000 miles of telegraph used for government messages.

In England they post the "Times" leaders in the country towns like bulletins.

A cunning Frenchman has invented a parasol which serves also for a fan.

Paris proper has increased two hundred thousand in population since Louis Napoleon's first assumed sway.

The two Chambers of the States General of the Netherlands have voted funds necessary for converting all the paddle steamers of the Dutch navy into screws.

The Council of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus of Piedmont has subscribed the sum of 2000*fr.* for the ordinance intended for the fortification of Alessandria.

The Sisters of Charity have purchased a large property at Baktche Pacha, on the Bosphorus, for the purpose of establishing an hospital for the aged of both sexes.

In the interior of Peru there has been discovered a beautiful tunnel under a river, the work of the old Inca Indians, and a lasting proof of their civilization.

A singular phenomenon lately took place at Ronen, France, about 11 o'clock at night. An immense cloud of small white moths burst over the town, and completely covered the ground in a very few seconds.

Mr. John Frost, a chartist, who returned to Newport, England, lately, after fourteen years' banishment, was received by hundreds of people, who dragged him along the streets in a coach dressed with evergreens.

In London, out of a population of two and a half millions, only five hundred thousand attend church. In Liverpool, the proportion of attendants on public worship is about one third of the population. The case seems pretty much the same in all great cities.

Paper is now made in Belgium from refuse tanned leather. After the tanning is washed from the leather, about twenty per cent. of old hemp rope is mixed with the scraps, and the whole is cut up and reduced to a pulp, from which the paper is made.

Mormonism is making such rapid progress in Denmark as to cause the religious and reflecting part of the inhabitants to look with dread to the future, as it may exercise a most baneful influence on the peasantry and lower classes, who are exclusively to be found among the converts.

There stands on the old market place of Magdeburg the statue of Emperor Otto the Great, almost 1000 years old, beside which are the statues of his two wives. Remarkable for their great antiquity, and as they have withstood even the destruction of the city in 1631, they are undergoing a thorough renovation.

Robert Schumann, an eminent musical composer and pianist, recently died at Bonn, Germany, aged 46. Some of his symphonies and many of his songs are familiar to American audiences, and have created genuine admiration of Schuman's great merit as a composer. For the last two years of his life he was a confirmed lunatic.

Record of the Times.

Mr. McCormick's reaping machines have been very successful in France.

Abdul Medjid is the best ruler Turkey has had for many years.

Actors and dancers are famous for reaching extreme old age.

According to Webster, there are 100,000 words in the English language.

In Hardenburg, Germany, they used to choose the man with the longest beard, burgomaster.

Marshal Pelissier has been made a duke by Napoleon III.

When a lady intends to blow you up, ask her to commit her remarks to paper.

The new dome of the capitol at Washington will cost a million and a half.

The most modest thing in the world is a clock—it is always "running itself down."

The population of California is generally set at from 350,000 to 400,000 souls.

A man who recently jumped from a burning house put on a life preserver to break his fall!

There are in New Orleans twenty-eight hundred drinking houses to a population of 80,000.

There are over eighty brickyards in the single town of Haverstraw, on the Hudson.

The victor in an argument can afford to dispense with "the last word."

There are thirty newspapers in Cuba, but with the government muzzled on, they don't amount to much.

Congress has passed an appropriation of \$88,000 for the Portsmouth (N. H.) custom-house and post-office.

The proprietor of a temperance nine-pin alley, in Charleston, offers "Harper's Illustrated Bible" as a prize for 300 pins! A new feature in nine-pins.

Longfellow, the poet, pays a tax of \$1000. This is something for a poet; that class are generally thought to be rather innocent of any taxes except of the brain.

Sulphate of zinc can be purchased at any druggist's, in the form of salt, and a pound of it dissolved in two pails of warm water and thrown into an offensive cesspool will soon deodorize it.

A cannon ball, shot from a British ship during the Revolution, while bombarding Amboy, was recovered a few days since in tearing down a building, deeply imbedded in a piece of oak timber.

The last Parliamentary return shows that on the 31st of March last, the amount of unredeemed national debt of Great Britain was £775,312,694 (\$3,876,563,470), and the annual charge for it upon the nation near twenty-four millions sterling.

In San Francisco a manufactory of sugar has just been established upon a large scale. The capacity of the works is said to be equal to refining 300 to 400 tons of sugar, and 20,000 gallons of syrup a month. Supplies of raw sugars are imported from Manilla and Batavia.

It is said that there is not an ounce of pure otto of rose sold in this country.

The art of photography is so advanced that books are illustrated by means of it.

Gutenberg and Faust printed the Bible with metal types in 1440.

A London paper says that bonnets are almost invisible to the naked eye.

It is said that the Turkish women will be allowed to go unveiled henceforth.

A gentleman should possess a man's courage and a woman's tenderness—says a lady.

Mrs. Dudley, of Albany, N. Y., has given in all \$76,500 to the observatory that bears her name.

A Benedict says it's not half so hard to get married as to get furniture.

A house without a woman is like a world without a sky—dark and dreary.

The valuation of Scotland last year amounted to more than fifty-five millions dollars.

The criminals in the United States cost nineteen millions of dollars annually.

An uncut gem is of no use—ditto an uncultivated man or woman.

It is impossible to live with one in whose truthfulness we can't confide.

A servant lately delivered this message: "Master's compliments and he's dead, sir."

Bayard Taylor writes that Thackeray's daughters are charming, unaffected and original.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Within the past three weeks nine marriages have been solemnized on the Fifth Street ferry boat."

According to official data, the whole number of persons who have emigrated to the United States during the thirty-six years, previous to Dec. 31, 1855, have amounted to 4,482,837.

Supposing the sea to have a mean depth of 1000 feet, it has been calculated that the amount of common salt it would contain would be equal, in extent, to five times the mass of the Alps.

Whitefield preached in thirty-five years eighteen thousand sermons. He once put himself on what he called short allowance, namely, three sermons on the Sabbath and one only on every week day.

Our colored brethren are not afraid to be funny at their own expense. On one of their New York houses of worship they have judiciously emblazoned the peculiarly appropriate words of Scripture—"The people that sat in darkness saw a great light."

Augusta Maywood is the name of an American danseuse, now preparing herself for the stage, in Italy, who is described as possessing, in combination, "all the grace of Cerito, the finish of Rosati, and the force of a Hercules, with the pantomime genius of Ristori." She will soon visit London, to bid for fortune's favors.

The stimulus given to the India trade by the Russian war seems to have infused new energy in the British home government in aiding the development of the resources of the East.—The crops this year are said to be large, and the exports from Calcutta, Bombay, and other parts, will be enormously great.

Merry Making.

What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? A draft.

We know a man, the tones of whose voice is so silvery that his words pass for shillings.

Why are kisses like the creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a watering-place is to call for a third cup of tea.

Why is the letter I in Cicero like Denmark? Because it's between two seas (C's).

Women dread a wit as they do a gun; they are always afraid lest it should go off and injure some one.

"What is the occasion of that bell ringing, Tom?" "Well, I presume it is occasioned by somebody at the end of the rope."

Why is a man who prefers his oysters on the half shell like a prima donna? Because both are fond of a *fu-ror*.

No proof of temperance—a man with his hat off, at midnight, explaining to a lamp-post the principles of his party.

The schoolmaster, who flogs the boy, feels it a great deal more than the boy he is flogging; at least the schoolmaster always says so!

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs and editors? Yet both are destined to be *bored*.

How can a man who has no wings, be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

A Hibernian Senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The only way to stop it, is to make it a capital offence."

Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A friend of ours on being told that, if he wanted good health, he must "forego cigars," answered that he "would rather go *four* cigars than forego one."

A witty editor, who has just failed, says he did it with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with colors flying—sheriff's flags fluttering from two windows and the door.

"Solomon, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day. "Yes, Sae," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you these two years."

An English journal lately contained the following announcement:—"To be sold, one hundred and thirty one lawsuits, the property of an advocate retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

A schoolmaster in Cornwall, advertising his establishment, says—"Every boarder must be supplied with a Bible and a prayer-book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver desert spoon; all of which, *except the books* become the proprietor's perquisite on the pupil's quitting school."

Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters *want washing*."

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to *run* when exposed to *fire*.

"I say, Tom, how is your wife?" "She aint no better, I thank you, doctor."

Compliments are only prismatic bubbles, blown with the aid of "soft soap."

When is a man shaved with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

It has been remarked that any man can be an orator who possesses the two great requisites of brass and volubility.

A shop in this city announces:—"Tonic Ale. For invalids by the dozen, in quart or pint bottles!" These invalids must be very small.

A cockney made his appearance in Sand Lake last week. He is an amateur sportsman. The last seen of him he was gunning after mud-turtle.

When a lazy man says "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted he'll never do it at all.

A baby is a living I O U—a "little Bill," drawn upon manhood, that is only honored when it arrives at maturity.

Even a railway engine is not the toughest material in the world, for it has its "tender" part attached to it.

An illiterate person once sent a note to a wag-gish friend, requesting the loan of his *noose paper*, and received in return his friend's *marriage certificate*!

It is said that after the murder of Captain Cook, the cannibals at Hawaii reversed the old proverb, and now have it that "Too many Cooks don't spoil the broth."

In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

"I say, Bill, 'ave you seen Wotdycallum?" "Wot, do you mean Wots'isname?" "O, no, not 'im; that 'ere tother." "O, ah! I seed 'im fast enuff."

When you hear an old bachelor inveighing against the extravagance of women, infer that he has never calculated the hundreds of dollars he has spent for wine and cigars.

A doctor told his patient that he must give him an emetic. "It's no use," said the patient, "I have tried it twice before, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

Dr. Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

The King of Denmark is selling one of his colonies, a newspaper paragraph says, "for a mere song." "We have made inquiries in the city, and have ascertained that the song alluded to is "I've no money."

A gentleman from the rural districts—after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing dishes, said: "Look-a-here, waiter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em billed down stairs. I don't want none of them darned little cook stoves."

Mr. White's Experience as a Painter.



Mr. White in a *brown study*.



An idea strikes him.



He proceeds to put it in execution.



Leaves his studio behind him.



Resolves to paint from nature.



Two horns to his dilemma.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



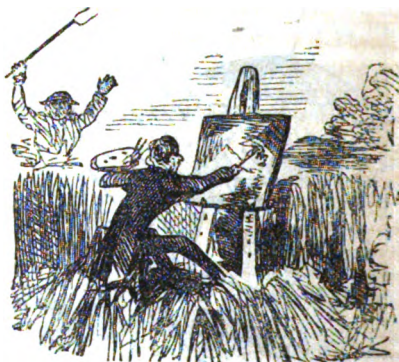
Flying under full canvass.



Resolves to become an animal painter.



Sitters multiply upon him too fast.



Adopts landscapes as more quiet.



Is politely ordered out of that tall grass.



Returns, slightly disgusted, and much dilapidated.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—No. 6.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1856.

WHOLE No. 24.

THE WILL.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Come in, Miss Ellen,—come in, child, out of the storm. I'm right glad to see you, my dear, for I have my heart full of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter, dame, that you should allow anything to make you low-spirited?" And the visitor flung off her hood and cloak, and revealed the form and features of a beautiful girl of seventeen. Her long black curls were wet with the snow flakes, but hastily pushing them from her forehead, she shook the particles off which yet remained on her dress, and then taking the old lady's hands in her own, looked smilingly up in her eyes while she repeated her question.

"What is the matter, dame? What makes you look so sad? Here I have come all the way up the mountain to see how you were this stormy day; and instead of being delighted to see me, you look as melancholy as if you had not a friend in the world. Give me my cloak again; I am going right home."

"No, no, Miss Ellen dear, you are not going home, and you know I am always glad to see you. But I have got a sick gentleman here, and I am afraid I can't make him comfortable, and sometimes I think he will die, and I have not had a wink of sleep these three nights, and I feel quite downhearted."

"Quite a list of troubles, dame; but don't despair. You know I am an excellent nurse, and will help you take care of your 'sick gentleman,' if you like; but first tell me who he is?"

"Ah, that I don't know any more than your-

self, Miss Ellen. He was on the mountain, and trying to get to the top of 'Owen's Cliff,' the loose stones gave way; he had a dreadful fall, and was bruised terribly with the earth and stuff that fell on him."

"I suppose he was searching for those curious stones the party made such a talk about last summer, dame. But he should not have ventured up there, poor old gentleman."

"Old! he is not old, Miss Ellen. He is a young man, with pretty black hair, and the handsomest eyes—"

"A young man! Dame, you must be mistaken. You don't mean to tell me that it is a young man?" And the speaker, in great agitation, stood before her companion, with pale cheek and quivering lips, while the old woman, frightened at the change in her looks, stammered:

"O, don't look so, Miss Ellen dear! You look just as if you were going to faint. What shall I get you? What will your aunt say if you get sick? O dear, O dear!" And in a perfect flutter of alarm, the easily excited dame ran about the little kitchen and clasped her hands in helpless fright.

"Dame! come and sit down here quietly by me." Ellen Thornton was quite calm now, though her cheek and lip were white, and her hands clasped tightly on her heart.

"Don't be frightened; you know I never get sick or faint, or scream, or any such nonsense; so sit down and tell me all you know about this stranger."

As all the dame knew had already been told, the conversation was soon at an end, and Ellen, with that calm, stern manner, so overpowering to her nervous companion, then said :

"Take me where I can see him. I think I know this gentleman ; and if I do, you must let me share your care and trouble with him."

"Do you know him, Miss Ellen?"

Dame Jones's whisper was a fond one, and the sick man raised his head and looked towards the half opened door where the two females were standing.

"Godfrey!"

The slight girlish figure crossed the room, and kneeling beside the low couch, bent over the feverish hands extended to meet her, and trembling in every nerve, poured forth a piteous confession.

"Hush! hush, darling! you must not blame yourself. It was impossible for you to know."

"But I tried to hate you, Godfrey; and O, I thought such wicked thoughts!—and you lying here so ill all the time!"

The poor girl moaned with remorseful sorrow; every nerve was quivering with mental agony, and yet not a tear came to relieve her.

"Ellen, I am very severely injured. You must not think on the past any more, but collect all your energies, and strive to assist me in this unforeseen difficulty. I thought to get better without a physician, but it is impossible. Even now I fear I have delayed too long. Send for one instantly; and while the messenger is away, give me that writing-case; a few lines I must write, let the consequences be what they may. And now, darling, kiss me once. In another hour I may not recognize you, for already I fear the fierce fever rushing through my brain; and even now, the events of the past few days are passing from my memory."

Poor Ellen Thornton! The touch of those burning lips was felt on her cheek for days, weeks, months—nay, when *years* had rolled round, long years of suffering and sorrow, of wretchedness and neglect, the recollection of that first kiss, of those fond love words, was sufficient to check the angry feelings rising in her heart, sufficient to calm the excited temper, to banish the whisperings of revenge.

Unweariedly she attended him in that long illness. What to her were cold and storm, the lonely mountain height, the snow-covered path, and the thousand dangers that beset her on every side? No pain, no weariness was felt, as toiling up the lonely way, she hastened to share Dame Jones's solitary watch. And the reward, what was it? Would you know? You shall hear.

After long weeks of suffering, the stranger recovered. He knew all that he owed to the confiding and innocent girl, whose heart he had won; and believing that he loved her, without one thought of the future, without once asking himself the question, "Is it right?" he married her. Yes, actually married her; but not under the proud name he owned, the name his wife ought to have borne. No, his pride would not allow him to do that; to introduce the uncultivated, passionate, beautiful girl to his patrician relatives, as his wife—never! But he married her, and for a few months they lived in a dream of bliss.

But soon came an imperative summons from his home—a summons he must obey. They parted, and never more on earth did Ellen see him she had so idolized. A few weeks of anxious expectation, followed by a few more of dreadful forebodings, and it was all over. There were no shrieks of agony, no tears, no outward signs, to tell of the broken heart; but Ellen Thornton never smiled again after reading that fatal letter. It was ever with her, ever before her eyes; and engraven into her very brain were the words, "You are not, you have never been, my wife. Before I ever saw you, another held that place; and though I loved you well, and even now think too often of you, I could not, if free, place you in the position my wife must occupy. Forget that you ever saw me; you have nothing to reproach yourself with and may yet be happy; but do not seek to find me—it would be worse than useless loss of time." Cold, cruel and selfish, his words quenched forever the joy of that poor girl.

Alone in her little cottage (for the aunt, who had taken her, a little orphan, was no more) she lived for five years after the birth of her child, and at her death, the boy—little Godfrey—became the adopted son of the good old minister, who had married his parents, and who never ceased to deplore the part he had taken in causing the misery of the once merry and beautiful Ellen Thornton.

When Godfrey became old enough to understand his position, his adopted father acquainted him with the events of his mother's life, and thenceforth arose in the boy's mind a burning desire to discover whose son he really was; but circumstances prevented his fulfilling his intention until the death of his old friend, which occurred when he was sixteen.

"I am bringing home quite an addition to our establishment, dear mother, in the person of a youth I picked up among the Welsh Moun-

tains. I met him at the funeral of his friend and adopted father, and as the poor lad was utterly alone in the world, and moreover won my fancy by his exceeding good looks and winning ways, I offered him the situation of my secretary—I had to create the office, for his pride would have taken offence at being dependent—and he gladly accepted the same. To my sister he will be invaluable, as in him she will find a kindred spirit in the pursuits she loves—natural history and botany,—but his knowledge so far surpasses hers that I sometimes feel afraid she will be jealous of him. Joking apart, he is a very gentlemanly, well-informed boy, considering where he has been brought up, and needs but very little polishing to fit him for any society. Of course, after taking him under my protection, I shall put him in the way of ‘rising in the world;’ and who knows but my protegee may become quite a celebrated character some day?”

“Have you well considered the responsibility you have assumed, my dear Arthur, in taking this young man under your protection?” asked Mrs. O——, some days after reading the above; her son in the meantime having arrived at home with his handsome young secretary.

“O, you know I never consider much about anything, mother,” replied the young man, with a happy laugh. “I saw him, took a fancy to him, and determined to be his friend. To be able to gratify such fancies is one of the privileges of our station, dear mother.”

“And one I am well pleased to see you exercise, my dear boy—only do so with discretion. If you will allow me to advise you in this instance, I should say, give young Thornton an opportunity of completing his education; he will then be competent to take a secretaryship from another, should you no longer wish to retain him near yourself.”

“The very plan I had arranged. It shall be put into effect at once.”

And forthwith Ellen Thornton’s orphan was put under the care of a clergyman—who increased his small salary by preparing young men for college—and when pronounced “finished,” was sent to Cambridge, and a salary allowed him sufficient, with his handsome face and figure, and gentlemanly deportment, to prevent too close inquiries into his birth and parentage.

The question of “Who is he?” was generally answered by some such remark as, “A protegee of Arthur O——’s;—the son of some Welsh parson, or doctor, or something; but a con-founded handsome, stylish looking fellow, isn’t he?” A question no one could avoid answering in the affirmative; for, in addition to the aristo-

cratic air he owed to his father, Godfrey possessed all his mother’s bright beauty; and the peculiar charm of his manner arose from its similarity to hers.

Ever an agreeable companion, his society was sought after by many of the young collegians, who, had they known his history, would have spurned him from their aristocratic presence. But Godfrey sought no one’s acquaintance; he had resolved to make the most of his advantages; time was very valuable to him now, and his very reserve and distance helped to make him thought of consequence by his companions.

“What do you intend doing with that Thornton, Arthur?” inquired Albert M—— of his cousin, as they sat in one of the spacious parlors of O—— House one day, some six months after Godfrey’s return from college.

“I have not quite decided yet; and, to tell the truth, I am so much attached to his society that I hate to think of parting with him at all. But why do you ask?”

“O, for no particular reason, save that I think the fellow puts on too many airs considering his position. I am astonished that you allow Caroline to be so much in his society, and I think he has a great deal of impudence to put himself forward as he does. Look at them now,” he continued, pointing to the distant conservatory, through the glass doors of which Godfrey and Caroline were seen busily examining some new and beautiful plants she had just received.

“Well, I see them; and what of it, Albert? Caroline loves her flowers, and is delighted to have a companion of the same taste; and Godfrey, in his gratitude for what we have done for him, seizes every opportunity of being of service to us. My mother would not allow them to be together if she thought there was any danger; but Caroline is only a child yet.”

“Well, if the fellow is so fond of flowers, you would have done better to have made him your gardener.”

“It was my pleasure to do just as I have done,” was the somewhat haughty reply; “and no one has the right to question me. The fact is, Albert, you have not forgiven poor Thornton for outdoing you at Cambridge; and considering your advantages, your spite is hardly worthy of you, my good cousin.”

A dark look of rage came over the countenance of the young man thus addressed. He clutched the arm of his chair violently, and turning to his cousin, exclaimed:

“I don’t pretend to disguise my feelings; I hate him, and have ever since the hour I first

beheld him. It is all very well for you to choose your own company, but I think some respect ought to be shown to your relations and their feelings. Do you suppose that I, the son of Sir Geoffrey M——, wish to be continually brought in contact with a low-born adventurer like that?—or that I like to witness the familiarity that exists between him and the lady I have long looked on as my future bride?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a hasty step crossed the room, a heavy hand was laid on the speaker's arm, and a voice, calm and distinct, exclaimed:

"Silence, sir!—nor dare to apply terms of disgrace to one of whom you know nothing ill or evil. You are well aware that I am no adventurer, that in every way I have striven to repay the kindness of your cousin, that again and again I have been overruled by him in my determination to seek my way in the world, and that it was by his interference alone that I was prevented from leaving England more than once. You have dared to find fault with my acquaintance with my benefactor's sister; I did not heretofore know that you had a right to do so; knowing it now, I can only say—I am sorry for her sake."

"Villain! would you presume to address me so?"

Albert sprang up, and his cousin's sudden grasp of his arm alone prevented the intended blow. The entrance of Mrs. O—— and her daughter caused them all to draw back, and Godfrey left the room. That night he refused to admit even his friend Arthur. The following morning a servant delivered a letter at the bedside of the latter, and in it he learned that his protégé had left his protection forever.

Hastening to his room, Arthur found that he had indeed left them. His clothes and some few of his books were gone; but the valuables with which from time to time he had himself presented him, were in their usual places.

"Let every article remain as it is," was the young master's orders to the wondering domestics. "Mr. Thornton will soon come home again, and I wish his room to be undisturbed."

But days and weeks passed, and no tidings came from the absent one, and Arthur mourned sincerely for the loss of his friend.

"But, aunt, my hopes have been so long centered on this, I cannot give it up."

"I have told you all that has passed, Albert. Caroline refuses you, and I have no wish to control my child in such a case, nor should I have supposed you would wish it."

"It is only girlish nonsense, aunt. I am certain you could overcome her objections if you tried. You know how much my father wishes it; nothing but his ill health prevented his being here to-day."

"You must see Caroline yourself, then, if you do not think I am telling you the whole truth; but I warn you that you will hear some things that may not please you."

"Caroline."

The young girl started at the voice. She had been carefully cutting the withered leaves from a beautiful white moss rose, and the occupation had given rise to painful remembrances of the past. That white rose, her favorite flower, was Godfrey Thornton's gift, and she never looked on its delicate blossoms without thoughts of him. The interruption to her reverie was disagreeable—the intruder, even more so.

"Caroline, your mother has given me permission to seek you here. I need not tell you for what purpose."

Albert M——'s voice trembled slightly, in spite of his habitual assurance. He did not like the cold, contemptuous look with which his cousin was regarding him.

"And did not my mother acquaint you with my wishes on the subject?"

"She did; but I could not take such a message as decisive after all the hopes I have cherished—"

"You had no foundation for hopes, Albert; and the decision my mother acquainted you with is my final one."

"And what objection can you possibly have to me, Caroline?" he exclaimed, his anger breaking forth and his face flushing, as he moved towards her and attempted to take her hand. "But I see how it is; that beggarly adventurer is still in your thoughts, and the love I once thought I possessed is given to him; the heart I have so earnestly sought for is bestowed on him without being asked for."

With a cheek whiter than her snowy robe, and a proud gleam in the usually mild blue eyes, Caroline stood before her cousin, and even he, fierce and ill-tempered as he then was, quailed before that look and the bitter words that accompanied it.

"Sir Geoffrey is very low, sir; he took a fit soon after you went away yesterday, and the doctors say he cannot live through the night. You had better not go up too sudden, sir, they told me."

"Stand aside, old man!"

The words were accompanied by a violent push, and as Albert disappeared up the wide staircase, the old servant shook his clenched hand after him and uttered bitter words and threats of vengeance.

"I'll teach him some day to call me 'old man,' and push me aside with scorn. He little thinks that I know what I know." And, muttering, he went away, to meditate on plans far from friendly to the imprudent young man.

"Father! father! don't say that, unless you would drive me to distraction at once. It is not, cannot be true!"

"My son, as certainly as I am to leave this world, so certainly have I told you the truth. You are my son, but your mother was not my wife. Before I married her, another had stood beside me at the altar; and though I cruelly forsook her, made her believe that she was the deceived one, and have never since inquired about her fate, she was my wife, my legal wife, and her child, if living, is my heir."

There was a stifled groan, and overcome with his various passions, the young man rushed from the room.

It was not until some hours had elapsed that he had sufficiently overcome his emotion to stand once more at the bedside of the dying man. Conquering every outward display of feeling, he made the most minute inquiries into the past, and learned the whole sad story of poor Ellen Thornton's cruel deception and desertion.

Many times had Sir Geoffery heard the name of Arthur's protegee, and yet the similarity had never occurred to him. As Ellen, alone, he remembered the beautiful girl he had betrayed, and her other name seldom or never came in his mind.

But with Albert it was different. The whole truth flashed on him at once. The names, the lonely Welsh hamlet, the likeness he well remembered to have existed between Godfrey and his own parent, all, all served to convince him that the hated intruder at his aunt's, and the long lost heir of his father, were one and the same.

The old man loved the son he had so long treated as his only child, and in his will he had well provided for his future. But he felt that he was dying, and to do justice to the long neglected offspring of his once loved Ellen was the one thought that engaged his mind. A will, in accordance with the extraordinary circumstances of the case, had been made in Albert's absence, and entrusted to the care of the old and faithful servant, before mentioned, with strict injunctions

to deliver it to the care of a certain lawyer, whose place of residence was too far distant to allow of his being summoned in time.

For many months this old servant had suspected his young master of being too attentive to his pretty grand-daughter, who resided in the neighboring village; and though his suspicions had not received complete confirmation, he had discovered enough to excite his anger, and induce him to drop hints to the young man relative to the same.

To one of Albert's disposition, this was sufficient to arouse his everlasting hatred. He had long pursued the girl, and the presumption of her careful relative excited him to the fiercest rage—rage, which had, however, to be hidden from the knowledge of his parent, in whose estimation old William was perfection itself, an opinion which manifested itself in the confidence he ever placed in his faithful retainer.

To overcome old William's conscientious scruples, and bribe him into giving up the will and keeping secret all he knew, was Albert's first determination, and he spent the interval between Sir Geoffery's death and funeral in fruitless endeavors to accomplish the same. As well might he have exercised his eloquence on the elements. The old man, true to his trust, scornfully rejected his glittering temptations, and ridiculed the idea of *his* being so lavish of what rightfully belonged to another.

One last endeavor Albert made, as useless as the others, and then he swore a solemn oath that the obstinate old man should never live to carry out the wishes of the dead. Suddenly changing his manner, he appeared to give consent to his departure, and urged the importance of haste, and the great saving of time it would be if William proceeded to the neighboring town over night.

A little suspicious that all was not right, but still far from imagining anything like the truth, the old man started on his journey and stopped at his daughter's home to spend the night. There were none to warn the faithful old servant of his danger—none to tell him that the murderer was on his track. He went to his chamber, deposited his precious charge safely beneath his pillow, laid down to slumber, and in the morning was found a disfigured corpse.

Taking advantage of the knowledge he possessed of the premises, Albert had effected an entrance, killed his enemy, and possessed himself of the fatal will. But alas for his wicked hopes, the unfortunate girl, whose destroyer he had been, at once saw the error she had committed, and filled with remorse for her conduct,

and blaming herself for the death of her grandparent, she fled at once from her home, intending to seek out the gentleman for whom that will had been intended and confide to him the whole story.

The story of the murder excited but little interest out of the county in which it occurred. It was generally believed that old William had started with a considerable sum of money on his person; that a party of miserable, distressed miners from the neighboring collieries—who had for some time infested the country round, committing various depredations—must in some way have discovered this, and killed him for what they believed he possessed.

Some efforts were made to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, a reward was offered, and Albert made a great show of anxiety and grief on the subject; but as nothing was elicited, it gradually died away; the widowed daughter received all her father's effects, with a handsome addition from the heir, and he, on his part, flattered himself that no suspicion would ever reach him.

Of the unfortunate girl, whose disappearance none could account for, nothing was heard for several weeks; and even her mother at last yielded to the conviction that she must have made way with herself, although many suspected the poor creature to have been implicated in the murder, if not the sole doer of the deed. It had been part of old William's plan to tell his granddaughter the story of the will, hoping, by exposing Albert's conduct, to put her on her guard against him. To the mother, he made no mention of his business, and hence the apparent safety of the guilty young man.

But in spite of his seeming security, Albert felt far from safe or easy in the position he had assumed on the death of his father. Occupying a place he knew rightfully belonged to another; suffering all the terrors of a guilty conscience, and much distressed at the disappearance of his unfortunate victim, his state of mind was in no respect enviable. To make another effort to obtain his cousin Caroline's hand was a determination acted on without loss of time. Should the truth ever become known, and he be obliged to resign his possessions to the rightful heir, Caroline's fortune would be a handsome addition to his own; and the connection would be a desirable one, if only to secure Arthur's protection for his sister's husband, whom it was most probable he would befriend, even when found to be guilty of the blackest crime.

All these selfish considerations induced him to once more visit O—— House in the character

of a suitor for the fair hand of the heiress; and as he did not hasten to unfold his purpose, but rather sought to interest his cousin in his recent afflictions by a studied show of melancholy, he seemed to have a fairer prospect than ever. Caroline's tender heart was melted with compassion at the visible change in his appearance—a change she attributed to grief for the loss of his parent,—and so kind and sisterly was her behaviour that he was at last emboldened once more to state his hopes.

It was in the midst of their conversation, and just as she had for the last time declared the utter hopelessness of his suit, that a letter was delivered to the young man. One hasty glance over it showed him the precipice on which he stood.

It was from his late father's friend, the lawyer, to whom the search for the missing son had been confided; and without scruple or hesitation, he avowed his knowledge of the whole transaction, his determination to see justice done, and his conviction of who the murderer was, as well as his intention of proving it.

To the guilty Albert, this letter sounded like a death-warrant. He instantly rushed from the presence of his cousin, procured one of Arthur's pistols, and when next seen was lying a disfigured corpse in a neighboring field.

“You do not seem half so much rejoiced as I had expected you would, Godfrey, under the circumstances,” said Arthur O——, as the two sat in the rooms of the former at Paris.

“My joy is considerably dashed with sorrow, Arthur, and if you think for a moment you must see, not without reason. In the hour that I discover my long sought father, I also hear that he is no more; I come into possession of a splendid fortune, and I learn that it is bought at the expense of my only brother's life. One other question yet remains to be decided; should that be contrary to my wishes, my fortune is valueless. I shall entrust it to you—to whom I owe everything in this world—and fulfil my intention of travelling; an intention my poverty has hitherto rendered impossible of accomplishment.”

“And that one ‘undecided question,’ Godfrey? Will you not give me a brother's privilege and tell me all your hopes and fears?”

“If favorable, that will give you a ‘brother's privilege,’ Arthur, and on that rests my every hope of happiness.”

“Godfrey, I have long suspected it—you will succeed.” And with a warm hand-clasp, the young man closed the conversation and left the apartment.

"Mama, do you not feel uneasy at Arthur's long absence? He went away so suddenly, too, and has never written yet."

"I received a letter from him this morning, dear. He will be with us to-night; and a gentleman accompanies him—a suitor for my dear child's hand."

Caroline O—— glanced at her black dress, and a visible shudder passed over her. The fearful shock of her cousin's death had occasioned a fit of sickness, from which she was only just recovering, and her pale cheek grew paler at the thought of the stranger and his errand.

"Mama, I cannot see this gentleman. Indeed, I am not fit to mix in society now. I shall never marry, I am certain I shall not; and Arthur should not bring a stranger here when he knows how ill I am."

"My dear Caroline, you will be allowed to follow your own inclination, as you have always done; but you must see him once, if only out of regard to Arthur's feelings."

"I may see him, mama; but I am firm in my determination never to marry. You do not wish me to leave you, my own mama?"

"A very wise resolution, my little sister; and I am glad my friend is here to learn his fate at once," said Arthur's cheerful voice; and turning, the young girl beheld her brother, and one she never hoped to meet again on earth.

"Godfrey!"

The voice was weak and faint, and she seemed on the point of falling from her seat. To spring forward and catch her in his arms, while Arthur beckoned his mother from the room, was the work of an instant; and then kneeling at her feet, he asked her to give him the love without which his path through life must be a dreary one.

It was not until after she had promised all he asked that Caroline learned the change which had taken place in Godfrey's fortunes. To her it made no difference; he was her Godfrey still. To him it was a most precious assurance, that for himself alone the gentle girl had loved him.

Six months after the restoration of the heir of M—— Manor, there was a happy wedding party gathered beneath the hospitable roof of O—— House. And if the bride did look somewhat pale, and glance timidly around her, as they stood before the altar of the old chapel, it was nothing more than a passing recollection of painful events. She felt the warm pressure of the hand that held her own; she looked in the handsome, beaming countenance of him who had just promised to love and cherish her through life, and with a smile and a tear at her

superstitious terrors, she clung to his arm, and went forth safe under his fond protection.

Arthur, pitying his mother's loneliness, promised to provide her with a daughter to take the place of the one she had lost, and true to his word, a very few months saw a young mistress of O—— House. Since then there have been no complaints of the dulness of the old mansion. Arthur's merry, bright-eyed wife—Arthur's beautiful, spoiled children—and Arthur himself, afford plentiful occupation for the time and thoughts of the affectionate old lady.

It is quite an event when she leaves home to visit at M——, those lovely, gentle, little grandchildren, who remind her so strongly of their mother in her childhood.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing great reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-pharse, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.—*New York Atlas.*

SMALL FARMS.

We desire to impress on the common-sense reasoning of every man, the great importance of having no more land in cultivation than can be well cultivated. By no means attempt to manage more than you can manage well. Be a farmer, not a mere scraper, lazily scratching up sufficient earth to destroy the face of the soil, and throw seed away, or you will always have to scratch hard for a living. But make your farm a source of pride, and it surely will become a source of profit. Make the object to be, not to have many, but rich acres.—*Ploughman.*

INGENIOUS PAINTER.

A famous artist made a painting in which all the different nations of the earth were represented in the peculiar dress of their country. Instead, however, of clothing the Frenchman, he drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of cloth under his arm. Being asked the reason, he replied: "The French dress themselves so many different ways, and change their fashions so often, that whatever dress I should put on him, in a short time he would not be known; having the stuff, he may cut it to his liking."—*Tribune.*

AT THE ALTAR.

BY BOLANTRIS.

She stood there at the altar,
Bright gems were on her brow,
And in a voice of music
She breathed the nuptial vow;
But yet she did not love him
Who stood there by her side,
And 'twas with deep reluctance
She vowed to be his bride.

But friends are rich and powerful,
She doeth as they say;
And thinks, with heart nigh bursting,
Of one now far away.
For, O, how will he judge her,
When hears he she has wed?
That henceforth he must view her
As one unto him dead?

O, cruel thought and bitter!
The crystal tear-drops start,
And down her cheek they trickle,
From out her pent-up heart.
A tear unto his memory!
Her love is not yet dead,
Although she's now another's,
And to another wed.

LILLIE HOLBROOK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"I WILL never marry a woman with red hair," said Aubrey Kinnard.

"Take care what you say, Aubrey," said his cousin, Margaret Ashton. "All these resolutions invariably end in doing the very thing protested against. I would not be afraid to stake a considerable sum, that you will marry a red-haired woman, after all."

"Not if she was as handsome as an angel, and as good as you are, Maggie!"

"Thank you, for writing me down good, instead of handsome, Aubrey—and there are not many ladies who would thank you for it either; so I suppose it is another proof of my goodness. But your compliment does not prove your assertion, and your assertion does not prove the fact; and my opinion is, that you will marry one whom I have in my mind now, although you have never seen her."

"And pray who may that be, Maggie?"

"My particular friend, Lillie Holbrook. She is coming to make me a visit, and I defy you to resist her, red-haired though she be."

"I defy her! Seriously, Mag, it is an objection I never could get over."

"Well, give me your word that you won't be engaged to any one till you have seen Lillie?"

"Very readily. I have no thoughts of giving up my freedom yet." And the good-natured, indolent fellow threw himself into a luxurious chair, and with his feet in another, he proceeded to smoke his fragrant Havana, in lazy forgetfulness of everything else.

"What do you live for, Aubrey?" asked his cousin, as she watched his placid countenance.

"To tease you, Maggie."

"Nay, you cannot do that, Aubrey, because I care so little for your talk. But I am really anxious about your state. Young, rich, not particularly good-looking! but passably so; with nothing to employ your time after two o'clock, and no incentive to active and healthful toil for the mind or body—at least no visible incentive—I am afraid you are passing away this season of youth almost too lavishly, and that by-and-by, when age comes, you will have no resources against it."

"What can I do, Maggie?"

"Read—for one thing. Those vile cigars stupify your brain, when you ought to be storing it with knowledge. You have talents, Aubrey, but you will not use them; and I believe the best wish for you from those who love you, would be that you should lose your property, and your present situation in the bank, and become dependent on your own invention for support."

"Thank you, dear! Your wish is very benevolent; but I cannot say that I respond to it."

"Very likely, and yet I believe your character would increase in value a thousand-fold. Life has been too easy to you, Aubrey. You have never known the 'uses of adversity'—your spirit needs uplifting, and it can never be uplifted, while these indulgences of life lie so thickly around you. You have never mastered a difficulty—never earned an enjoyment."

Margaret was right. Aubrey Kinnard needed discipline—the discipline of sorrow or of poverty, to bring out his interior resources. He had talents, but they lay dormant, because there was no outward necessity for their use. He had not genius—for that will always make itself known—but he really had talents, only that he did not see why he should trouble himself with application to any pursuit, when fortune had saved him the anxiety of providing for the future.

He had benevolence—that transient, sympathetic benevolence which cannot bear to look upon apparent suffering—but he had not that deep and wide-spread feeling which prompts to acts of self-sacrifice, and which seeks for objects on which to expend its energies. That was the benevolence which Margaret Ashton would have encouraged. Aubrey had seemed to her as a

brother. His father's house had been her home from childhood, and as he had no sister, he came to think of Margaret in that light. She, too, was rich in her own right. She was richer, too, in a strong and active mind, a firm will, a steady, inflexible sense of right, and an active and self-denying benevolence.

Lillie Holbrook was her dearest friend, and she had often wished that Aubrey could know her. She was just such a woman as he ought to marry, and although averse to match making in general, she determined in this particular case, to throw them if possible into each other's society.

Aubrey was out of town for a few days, and when he returned, it was to find Miss Holbrook fairly installed for a long visit. She was all, and more than all, that Margaret had so often painted to him, but alas! she had the obnoxious colored hair! True, it was long and soft and glossy, and hung in rich curls on her neck and shoulders, and in all other respects, she was a lovely and attractive girl; but he never—no never, could get over that objection, he told Margaret. He begged her not to talk of him to her friend, for he could fulfil no hopes that she might raise.

"Aubrey! Lillie Holbrook would never marry a man who was so indolent and purposeless as yourself. She told me so herself."

"Then you have already talked me over. Was that kind or delicate, Maggie?"

"Don't be so hasty, Aubrey. You have never been mentioned in any way; but we often converse upon preferences, and the very character which you possess, was this morning unconsciously described by Lillie, and her opinion given."

Aubrey was piqued and fretful—and as it was a rare mood for him to be in, Margaret rather enjoyed it. She did not irritate him by words, but she looked all that she felt, and he saw that she was thinking of his life, so unworthy as he knew she thought it.

At that moment, it made him unjust to both Margaret and her friend; although he could not but acknowledge, when his temper cooled, that they were so different to the common class of young ladies. Those with whom he had been acquainted, had flattered, rather than found fault with him, and he found a pleasant variety, from the sweets with which he had been too often cloyed, in this independent lady who dared pick flaws in characters which no doubt, she compared to his. At any rate, it made him resolve to cultivate her acquaintance more fully. But how should he do it? Lolling in his cousin's room all the afternoon hours, while they sat at work,

would not, it seemed, recommend him to those utilitarian ladies. What exploit should he attempt? He applied to Margaret, but she could not mark out any path for him. He must think for himself.

There was a long time, in which he forsook his usual seat in Margaret's room. Sayings that dropped from her, and harder still, from her friend, bore such a reproachful bearing upon the indolence and uselessness of his life, that he felt displeased and irritable.

"A good sign!" said Lillie. "Your cousin will be something yet! I knew there was good metal there, if you could but strike the right spot."

She had been talking to him of the grandeur of a life devoted to the interests of humanity, self-sacrificing, active, fearless of rebuke. She painted the glory of such a life, as compared with one given up to merely selfish enjoyment or inactive indolence. He applied all her sayings to himself, and was vexed with himself and with her, while he could not but acknowledge that he deserved it, when his life was so aimless. He could not but own that his chief purpose was to live for his own enjoyment—not mental enjoyment—but purely the enjoyment of the senses.

And now in his few and transient visits to his cousin's room, where the two sat in conclave, he laughingly told them, upon his faults, he began to feel that Lillie Holbrook was a woman whom a man might both love and reverence; love, for her beauty and genuine kindness of heart, and reverence for her noble independence of mere show and fashion.

"Is not Lillie's hair darker since she came here?" he asked Margaret, one morning, when, for a great wonder, he found his cousin alone.

"Much the same as usual, I think," said Margaret. "Quite red, isn't it? And what a pity it is, when she is so handsome otherwise."

"It does not strike me as being so very red, Maggie. At least it is not the color which I dislike so much. It seems to me that it is of that shade called amber by the poets."

"No, Aubrey, poor Lillie's hair is decidedly red, and she calls it so. She does not like it any better than you do—but she is too wise a girl to quarrel with nature about the shade of her hair."

It was all in vain. Aubrey grew deeper and deeper in love with Lillie, and one day, he made a desperate offer of his heart and hand, and was refused! Kindly and gently, it is true, but decidedly. And she was the only woman to whom he had spoken those words, and she, too, had the very obnoxious hair, and had refused him!

He was absent after this for some time. Even

his father and mother did not know where he was gone, and Margaret was quite uneasy. Lillie never disclosed to her friend what had passed between them; nor did Margaret suspect, when he returned, haggard and miserable, that her friend was the cause.

Aubrey had other causes too, of trouble. A clerk in the bank with which he was connected, was suspected of wrong. Aubrey had not left town as they supposed, but was watching him, unsuspected, night and day, and yet the man escaped him. The embezzlement covered the whole amount of Aubrey's property; and when he arose the next morning, he was a beggar! Much of his father's property was in the same connection, and of his, barely enough was left to secure the old people against the chances of poverty. Fortunately, Margaret's fortune was invested elsewhere. Such was the news which he had to communicate; and he suffered severely in doing so.

The next morning the bank declared its failure. The embezzlement was only one of a series of enormous frauds, practised by this clerk, and an accomplice, in which they were successful enough to escape detection, until it was too late.

"Where are you going, Aubrey?" said Margaret, one morning, a week after this affair, as she saw him come down stairs with his cloak on his arm and his valise in hand.

"I sail in the next steamer to California, cousin. I'm going to New York this afternoon."

"And never told me until now, Aubrey! I would not have thought it of you."

"I could not bear to talk about my resolution, Margaret, especially as it was the first one that I ever made in regard to business. I have not yet told my mother."

"Poor auntie! how will she bear it?"

"Poorly enough, at first, but she will get reconciled at last. It was no use to prolong her suffering, so I am going away, and shall then write her just before I sail. I must not have her tears shake my purpose, as I fear they will, if I tell her now."

"And is this to be our good-by?" said Margaret, as her cousin pressed her hand. "And do you say nothing to Lillie?"

"Where is she?"

"In the drawing room, alone."

Aubrey made a movement forward as if he would have gone in, but he came back to Margaret, and charged her with a simple farewell. "I shall return in a year, Maggie. Take good care of my mother, and write me every mail."

He was gone before she had recovered her surprise.

How lonely seemed the house without Aubrey! Lillie, too, was about departing, and urged Margaret to accompany her; but she would not leave Mrs. Kinnard alone. Margaret was ever self-sacrificing, and she remembered Aubrey's words. So she staid, and Lillie departed, with the promise of another visit soon.

Aubrey's first letter was calm and composed. He was looking round for something to retrieve his fallen fortunes. The next told of his success; and still another of discouragement. He had been very ill, but had now recovered.

Margaret noticed that ever after he had written one of despondency, he followed it up quickly with one of strong and hopeful cheer. There was an evident growth in his mind, which she rejoiced to think was genuine and progressive. Lillie came again, and the letters were duly shown to her. She read them quietly, without comment.

"You seem quite indifferent about Aubrey, Lillie," said Margaret. "I hoped you would be more interested." Lillie colored violently.

"Why, Lillie! there is some mystery here, with which I am not to be made acquainted, it seems."

"No mystery at all, Margaret. Aubrey wanted to marry me, when he was rich and prosperous, and indolent. I refused that Aubrey—but here is another Aubrey, who writes these letters, and who seems to be altogether of a different character. He is poor and struggling, it seems, for a living—but I tell you, Margaret, *this* Aubrey would have a different answer from me now."

Margaret sat speechless with wonder. She had not dreamed of it before. She sat so long without speaking or raising her eyes, that Lillie began to think that she was offended, but her bright and satisfied look, when she did look up, was sufficient.

"Just what I always wished, Lillie, and yet I am vexed that neither of you told me before."

"What was the use, when nothing was to come of it, Maggie? Of course, Aubrey would not trumpet his own refusal, and you would hardly expect me to boast of his offer."

"Right, Lillie, I see I was foolish to expect it," but still Margaret puzzled her brain about Aubrey's offering himself to Lillie. Had he not always disdained red hair, and Lillie's was indisputably red.

Another letter from Aubrey! and Lillie was as anxious to hear it as Maggie was to read it.

"Where do you think I am at this moment, Cousin Margaret? At the mines, where for the last fortnight, I have been hard at work, digging-

I am writing you on the leaf of a book, which I brought with me, to register my days' work. I have been successful beyond my most sanguine hopes. I work hard, sleep hard, and our eating is of the very *hardest* description; yet I am perfectly well, and you would be astonished to see me. I have expanded from a small man to a large one. Bone and sinew seem to have enlarged, and I breathe so easy here! Not a single cigar has profaned the lips which you kissed at parting. Maggie, I did not tell you that I offered myself to your friend, and that she refused me with a sublime indifference that was anything but complimentary. Well—I did! notwithstanding that I did not like her hair! But she is a noble girl—and when I return—who knows if I may not meet with better success with her. I know that she despised me for my indolent life. I wish she was here now to admire me, as I take the lead in our hard enterprise here.

"I wear a hunting-shirt and trowsers of a coarse, strong material; a leathern belt, in which is my knife. With this I cut all my food, holding bread, meat, etc., in my left hand. Boots of soles two inches thick, or nearly that, adorn my lower limbs, and a hat of almost fabulous size covers my head. Nothing superfluous—no cravat, suspender, vest, coat or stockings fetter me. I have a blanket, which I throw down on the grass, sometimes on a rock, and sleep so soundly! Life is worth something here. Sometimes, I think I shall never go back—but I yearn for home and friends—for Cousin Maggie, dear girl! and for Lillie—she *shall* love me when I go home. I am worthy of her now. I feel that I am worthy *now* of the love of woman. No wonder that she did not love such an effeminate, selfish fellow as I have been. You see now, Maggie, I am carrying out what you said of me. You encouraged me, when you said that I had talents. I am thankful for all the help you have been to me. If women only knew their influence, and would direct it aright, we men would be all the better. Now for hard work a few months longer, and then—for Lillie!"

"You may write him all that I said to you about him, Margaret, if you wish. I have no objection."

And Margaret wrote; and soon Lillie received a letter from him, and with it came a picture, taken in his miner's dress; and which, had they not known that it was taken for Aubrey, would have been perfectly undistinguishable. Were that flowing hair—that immense beard, and those broad shoulders, the adjuncts of the small, deli-

cate-looking youth, whose white hand rivalled a lady's, and who never lifted any burden heavier than his cloak, before he went away?

Do you want to know if Aubrey returned and married Lillie? Of course he did. Did you ever know any one to have a fixed purpose in anything and not carry it out? And Margaret—*she* is not married yet, for how could the two families get along without her? She lives to counsel, to aid and support their courage and strength in the great battle of life. She still loves an arch jest at Aubrey about red hair; but he declares that Lillie's is not red, and that her jests fall powerless. Still, she can well perceive that he is daily examining that of his little Margaret, to see if it will be darker then her mother's.

"I hope it will, Aubrey," Margaret says maliciously—"for it is an 'objection you never could get over,' you know."

CONCERN FOR OTHERS.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a distressed merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutter in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. O, learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lies an unconverted one, there is "another man;" let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" changed to one as welcome to the Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish!" —*Dr. Guthrie.*

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear even a provoking word.

SEVENTEEN.

A Birthday Melody for "HATTIE HATDER."

BY WILLIAM EMERSON.

Seventeen!

Witching time for merry maiden,
As she wanders o'er life's green,
With the flowers of pleasure laden.

Seventeen!

Spring-time this, of girlish splendor;
Hope of it alone is queen,
With but fancy to defend her.

Seventeen!

Angels, guard her in her beauty!
Let your white wings intervene,
Should her young heart stray from duty.

Seventeen!

This of life the vernal season,
When the trusting heart will lean
More to fancy—less to reason.

Seventeen!

When the young heart has some idol,
And the hopes of life are seen
Running to some sweet-toned idyl.

Seventeen!

Hattie's years thus far have written
Gladness on a brow serene,
And a heart by woe unsmitten.

Seventeen!

And we wish her in her beauty
Of some brave heart to be queen,
With true love the line of duty.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE:

—OR,—

POISONING A HUSBAND!

BY EMMA CARRA.

"If you ever take another glass of brandy in this house, Nelson," said his wife, "believe me, it shall contain poison; for I have lived a drunkard's wife long enough, and I care not how quick the world is rid of me."

"Not if they despatch you from a platform with a rope, Kitty?"

"No, not if they despatch me from a platform with a rope; for I repeat with emphasis, I am tired of being a drunkard's wife. I cannot walk the streets but there seems to be a mark set upon me more fatal than the one God caused to afflict Cain. I hear it whispered from almost every corner, 'there goes a drunkard's wife!' and then our children are pointed at as the children of a sot! Let me try as hard as I may to keep them clothed and sent regularly to school, they meet with nothing but jeers and scoffs; while I,

for the last ten years, have been a victim to your brutal appetite. So now I warn you in season that I will endure it no longer. If you place another bottle of brandy in that closet, and afterwards attempt to drink of it, you shall die! for I am desperate, nor care how soon the scenes of life close, if there is to be no end to your bestial habits."

And the wife's cheek was almost ghastly pale, and there was an unnatural expression in her eye which made her husband quail beneath her wild glance; but he tried to laugh—for he was sober now, and he wished to make his home pleasant until it suited his purpose to go out again and spend what rightly belonged to his family, to enrich the rum-seller. The wife had known him too long to indulge the delusive hope that kindness would bring about his reform; so, with a determined air, she made the threat that caused her husband to quail, though he tried to appear jovial and unconcerned. But the wife had a piercing eye, and with one keen glance she read his thoughts; but she did not falter or swerve from what she had spoken.

"O, Kitty, you wouldn't poison your husband, would you?" continued he, with a shade of anxiety on his face.

"Ask me no more questions," said the wife, with no smile on her lips; "you have heard what I said and now wait to see the issue."

"O come, Kitty—don't be so hard with me; you know, after all, I am the best friend you have, and that I love you and the children."

"Yes, but you love the bottle better than either, Nelson, and I have borne with meekness too many hard words from you—ay, even blows in your heats of intoxication, to expect now that I shall ever have a pleasant home again. When you are sober for a few hours, as you are now, your intellect is covered with such a mist that you are the Nelson Brewer that I married years ago no longer; so I cannot transfer to you the love which I bore him when the flush of youth was on my cheek, for you are a drunkard, and do not merit the love of a wife and children. When you lifted the cup so often to your lips, his spirit left your bloated body, and since that time my life has been worse than widowhood, though for my children's sake, and that they might have bread—though at times scantily fed—I have remained in your miserable home, and sometimes, when in a hopeful mood, I have thought perchance you might reform; but I have given it all up now! Hope has fled, and I see nought but the alms-house, and a drunkard's grave in the future."

Mr. Brewer made no farther remarks. He sat

in silence a little while, looking out into the narrow court, seeing his pale, meagre children playing with the children of the neighborhood—as miserable as themselves—and a sigh half escaped him; but he tried to smother it, and in a few moments inquired of his wife if she would soon have supper ready.

"There is not an ounce of food in the house," said the wife, with a mournful air.

"Well, it sha'n't be so long, Kitty," returned the husband, pleasantly. And as he arose and went out, he stopped on his way and encircled his wife's neck with his arm, and playfully gave her a kiss.

The wife for the moment forgot her serious mood, but ere she could give a response, he darted through the outer door and was gone. With a heavy sigh, she resumed her needle and listened to the voices of the children as they came in at the open window; nor did she expect to see her husband again till he came reeling in, as usual, at a late hour of the night. But scarcely half an hour passed ere she heard his footsteps in the entry, and in another moment he entered, bearing in his hands sufficient food, when cooked, to provide a comfortable supper. Mrs. Brewer did not utter any exclamation of joy at what she saw; she only arose quickly, put away her sewing, and went about preparing the meal. And when it was ready, it was eaten in silence by the parents; but the children could not restrain their joy, nor did their mother chide them for their manifestations of delight as their father reached them cake after cake, and served them liberally.

"Kiss me, Kitty," said the husband, pleasantly, as he arose from the table and passing around to where she was sitting, presented his cheek near her lips.

The wife was silent for a moment, and there seemed to be a struggle going on in her bosom, for a tear was in her eye and a changing expression on her face; but in an instant more, they passed away, and looking sternly into her husband's face, she said:

"No, Nelson, I will never kiss a drunkard's cheek again."

"I am not drunk now, Kitty."

"Well, keep sober long enough to give me confidence that you will reform permanently, and then perhaps I may feel some of the tenderness for you I felt in other days, but not now should I wish to bestow a caress on you." And Mrs. Brewer pushed her chair from the table, while her husband turned away and went out.

"Don't be cross to father," said the eldest born, a beautiful child of twelve years, "for he

has not been drinking to-day. And see what a nice supper he bought for us! So speak pleasant to him, and maybe he wont drink any more."

The mother drew her child nearer, and lifting the heavy chestnut curls that clustered around her neck and occasionally shaded her face, whispered in her ear something that pleased the child; and she broke out into a hearty laugh, which brought others of the group to their side with loud protestations that they, too, must have whispered in their ears that which made their sister Mary laugh. So Mrs. Brewer again pressed her lips to listening ears, but her words brought no merriment, although they seemed to satisfy the children.

Mrs. Brewer now resumed her needle, for it was by her industry and superior skill with it that her children were kept in as comfortable a condition as they were, while attending school, as her husband had long since lost all pride in the appearance of his family. The little Mary now cleared the table, and placed the coarse, scant furniture in order around the room, and then she, too, took her needle and seated herself beside her mother, and with an expression half merry and half in fear, said:

"And do you really intend to do so, mother?"

"I do, child; but hush! you must not speak so loud, for your brothers and sisters might hear, and they are not old enough yet to trust with important secrets."

Mary drew nearer her mother's side, and together they talked and sewed—the latter on garments for the family, and the other toiled on cheap slop work that she might obtain a pair of shop-worn shoes for the next Sabbath's wear, at an exorbitant price, now lying on the shopman's shelves.

And then when the sun withdrew for the night, and an artificial light was needed, the drunkard's children sought their humble beds, while the wife and mother waited at the window in darkness to listen for the coming of him she wished, yet dreaded, to see; for she knew not whether his footsteps would be steady. She heard the city clock strike nine, ten, and then eleven, and her heart grew faint, for every moment seemed to bring the time nearer when she would see her husband reeling in, and hear the fearful oaths that would come from his lips, and in imagination she felt his heavy hand fall with ponderous weight on her defenceless shoulders—heard the children, as in times gone by, when awakened at midnight, shrieking with fear, and then pass the night in sleepless misery. And now distant footsteps echoed up the street and

neared the door, and the latch was lifted. It was he! Nelson Brewer stood within his little kitchen and with kind words inquired of his wife why she sat so late and waited.

"That I might know if the bottle had been filled," answered the wife with firmness.

"And do you indeed, Kitty, mean to put poison in that bottle if I bring it home filled?"

"I do, Nelson;" and the same look of determination accompanied her words.

"Well," said the husband, "there it is empty;" and he drew from his outside pocket a large black bottle and turned the bottom upward. "But I can get drink and will; so you might as well be peaceable and let me bring it home and drink it, or I shall reel through the streets after I have drank it elsewhere."

"No matter," said the wife, sternly, "you cannot always evade me, and when you feel the death pangs shooting through your veins, you will remember my words." And she arose and went to her room.

Mr. Brewer took the seat his wife left at the window, and with the cool night breeze blowing on his heated brow, his mind went back to former years when she first became the sharer of his home—how beautiful she looked when he brought her from the homestead away up among the trees and flowers, and what a happy prospect was his the first year or two of his married life—for his business was prosperous and his Kitty proved to be all that he thought she was, faithful, loving and prudent. But temptation came, and he had yielded in spite of the tears and entreaties of her he had promised to love, cherish and protect—notwithstanding that the little flock which increased around him needed his active exertions to make them what society required; and he contrasted those first years of manhood with the last few of his life. What changes seemed to have been wrought in everything!—in his wife's love and in people's respect towards him—and he began to believe now, what had been hinted to him by a neighbor, that his wife was growing insane, for she seemed so strange—so different from her former self, that he felt frightened at her threat, and felt, too, that her determined manner was proof sufficient that she meant what she said. So as the drunkard sat and thought, ill's seemed to thicken, in his imagination at least, till with a troubled brow he arose, closed the window, and sought his pillow.

Mrs. Brewer was sleeping, and the husband tried to sleep too; but he could not, for he remembered even in his dreams the fearful threat of poisoning made by his wife, and he saw over again with mental exaggeration her wild ex-

pression and pale cheeks as she spoke, and he resolved that he would drink no more, but try to soothe her mind and restore it to its former state.

And the next day came and Mr. Brewer was sober, and the empty bottle stood in the cupboard untouched. A week went by and then a month or more, and still Mr. Brewer shunned his former haunts and went daily to his shop, and now his wife began to have hope that the fetters that once bound her husband were broken, and there would be no more misery in their home; so the old smile of other days came back again, and when he playfully caressed her, she did not turn coldly away, but spoke words of encouragement even stronger than she felt, and pictured happy days in the future. Her manner pleased her husband, for it rid him of his care for her intellect; but with ease of mind came longing after old companions, and once more he fell.

The contrast to the wife was dreadful, as he again reeled into his home, but there was no renewal of the former conversation about poisoning. And thus several weeks went by, when Mr. Brewer, forgetting his wife's threat and his former fears, staggered into his miserable home with a well-filled bottle secreted in his pocket. Going slyly to the closet, he pushed it far back into the corner of a shelf, and then crept along to his room and laid his head on his pillow to take a drunkard's troubled sleep. Though Mrs. Brewer did not apparently look up from her work, she noticed every movement of her husband. But she made no remark; and when he was gone, she told Mary to put the younger children to bed, for she had business out. Then wrapping a shawl around her shoulders, she sought the street.

The children were soundly sleeping when Mrs. Brewer returned. Even Mary, who was left as housekeeper, had leaned her head back in the rocking-chair and closed her eyes, and when her mother awoke her, she sprang suddenly up, and with a wild expression inquired if she had been to get the poison.

"Go to bed, child," said the mother, "for it is late." And Mary, with a bewildered air, obeyed.

When Mary had retired, her mother took from her pocket a folded paper, and taking the bottle from the shelf, poured the contents of the paper—a powder—into the liquid within, and replaced it in the corner. The next morning she aroused the children early, and after due preparation told them to go to the Common and play till school-time, and then from there go to the schoolhouse.

Mr. Brewer's potations seemed to have been deeper than usual the previous night, for he did not waken from his lethargic sleep until after the school-bell sounded, when with a fevered and misty brain he crawled from his bed and half staggered into his comfortless kitchen. There was no one present; so going to the cupboard, he espied, standing as he had left it, the dark bottle in the corner apparently untouched. His burning thirst was too intense now to remember anything but that the means to gratify his appetite was before him; he did not even notice the sediment in the bottom, nor the peculiar taste that lingered in his mouth after the liquid was swallowed. And now that thirst was quenched, he again with unsteady step sought the old-fashioned bed room back of the kitchen, and when he had once more pressed his pillow, he tried to sleep; but a peculiar sensation stole gently, at first, through his veins, that kept him wakeful, and then it gradually increased until pains began to shoot through his frame. The threat of Mrs. Brewer was uttered so long ago, and in her frenzied hours, that the husband had ceased to think of it; but now, as his pains increased and he could not account for them, the previous threat shot through his mind, and with a loud groan, he tried to raise himself from the bed; but his head was dizzy, and he fell heavily back, loudly calling on the name of his wife.

In an instant, the door that led from the kitchen was thrown furiously open, and Mrs. Brewer, with blanched cheeks and dishevelled hair, entered.

"Did you call me, Nelson?" said the wife.

"I did call you," replied he, slowly. "O, Kitty! what have you done?"

"What I said I would do—and now you must die! Ha, ha, ha! You have cursed the earth long enough."

Large drops of cold perspiration stood on the invalid's face, and his features were so distorted that none could have recognized in him the inebriate of yesterday, for the pallor of death was on his brow, and every limb was rigid. But Mrs. Brewer seemed to observe it all with joy, and gave vent to her feelings in a wild, idiotic laugh, while the husband, with failing strength, begged humbly, prayerfully, that she would hastily procure him an antidote for the poison, and he called on Him who alone has power to stay death to witness that he would never, *never* touch again that which would intoxicate.

"I believe you not," said the wife, "for you have promised me too often. I could save you even now, if I would, for I have an antidote; but I will not—you shall die!"

"Then I will save myself," half shrieked the husband, as with a convulsive movement he threw himself from the bed and tried to gain the outer door. But his wife sprang between him and it, and turning the key, she withdrew it and threw it out of a back window into the garden beyond. "Then I will leap from the window," said he, his voice growing fainter and fainter at every moment.

"*Never!*" shouted the wife, in a demoniac state; and she drew from beneath the small shawl that was thrown around her shoulders a pistol, and aimed it at his breast. "Dare take another step towards that window and I fire!" said she, assuming a determined attitude.

Mr. Brewer was overpowered! He felt that he had not courage to battle with death and a maniac; so sinking upon his knees, while his body was convulsed with pain, he offered up a prayer sincere and heartfelt that if he could but be once more restored to health no intoxicating drink should ever wet his lips again.

"If I could believe you!" said the wife, more calmly looking on.

"You may—you may!" he returned, almost gasping.

"Swear it again and again and kiss this book," continued the wife, "and then if I believe you I will save you; but if not, you have but a few moments more to live."

The husband grasped the worn Bible, and again and again repeated the oath, then sealed it with a kiss, and fell backward exhausted, fainting.

Mrs. Brewer stepped to the little closet and laid by the pistol; then returning, she raised his head from the floor and placed it on a pillow, and taking from her bosom a paper, she mixed the contents with water and held it to her husband's lips. With difficulty it was swallowed, and in a few moments after, Mr. Brewer commenced vomiting, and then his pains grew less.

Mrs. Brewer did not nurse her husband with tender care, but much the same as a maniac would nurse some favorite pet—anxious at times and then neglectful. But it was several weeks ere he ventured to go out from his home, for his wife acted so strangely that he feared she would do injury to herself or children—and well he knew if she had been sane, she would not have tried to poison him, even though he had been more intemperate than he was.

Mr. Brewer did not like to expose what his wife had done, nor did he allude to it even to her, for he felt that he was the cause of her mental derangement. But when, after his recovery, she proposed that they should move into another neighborhood where he would not meet with so

many of his old associates, he readily agreed to it, and from this time there was a gradual change working in Mr. Brewer's home. The black bottle was broken, the old furniture was cast off for some of better quality, the children went better clad to school, and little Mary no longer sewed on slop-work, that she might purchase shoes for the Sabbath. The wife's mind grew more calm and peaceful now, though she never alluded to the past; and so years rolled by, and the husband still kept the oath he took when he thought death so near him.

His sons and daughters had now attained to the stature of men and women, amid peace and plenty, and though time had added to the father's age, one would have thought him younger now than when he took the oath. And so had time dealt gently with the mother, for bloom still lingered on her cheek, and a happy smile rested permanently on her face.

One evening a dark-haired youth—the accepted lover of Mary—had closed the outer door and left the eldest daughter and her mother alone, seated beside the winter's grate.

"Mother," said Mary, "do you not remember, many years ago, when we were very poor and father was intemperate, what you whispered in my ear one evening?"

"I do, Mary."

"Well, I have often thought it very strange that you would never allow me to allude to it afterwards, but I knew something unusual took place about that time, for one day when I came from school, I found father very sick, and you would not permit us to ask him any questions. But I recollect well that from that time he never drank again, and we were better off. Say, mother, did you attempt to poison?"

The mother sat silent for a moment, and then looking up with a smile, she answered:

"No, Mary, I never did; but he thought I did, and I have never undeceived him. It was a desperate game I played—one in which I knew if I were successful, I should never regret it, and if I were not, I could not be more miserable than I was as I saw his intemperate habits increasing."

"And will you tell me all the particulars?"

"Yes, child." And Mrs. Brewer looked cautiously around the room to make sure they were alone—and when she became satisfied they were, she commenced. "When your father first became intemperate, is grieved me to the heart—and I tried to reason with him and convince him how wretched would be our lot, if he did not desist. But he paid but little attention to me, except for the moment, and then sought his old companions again. Then I begged him

with tears to shun intoxication—but all to no purpose. He would make me fair promises only to break them, and thus year after year wore on until I resolved to try another plan, and this I told to a neighbor whom I could trust, and to our family physician, who knew my trials and felt great sympathy for me. It was that before your father I should appear slightly insane, and then at a given time should threaten to poison him. I knew your father always had great dread of a maniac, and well he knew he had given me trouble enough to make me insane; so I acted well my part, for I was always called a good mimic, and now I had too much at stake not to do my best. You heard me make the threat, but I knew I could trust you; so I whispered in your ear it was all pretence. But still you feared, and I did not like to talk about it afterwards, for that morning's scene did well-nigh drive me mad, and nothing but the greatest firmness preserved me. Well, Dr. Selby prepared—I could not say what—but it had the desired effect, and I knew if he died it would be by fright alone, and that I had an antidote for his pains when I saw fit to give it."

"And would you indeed have shot my father?" inquired Mary, trembling.

Mrs. Brewer could not refrain from smiling.

"I guess not, Mary, as the pistol had no lock on it, or I should have been afraid to handle it. It was an old one I found in my neighbor's attic that morning, and I hardly know what prompted me to take it. But it answered a very good purpose, as he was too frightened to know a pistol from a cane."

"And when that scene was over, did you recover your mental faculties all at once?"

"Not before him, child, but gradually; and dreadful as seems that time to me when I look back, I cannot even now regret it, for we have all lived happily since. But I think it is not best to tell your father even now, for he might think hard of me for the stratagem I employed, but I meant it only for the good of all."

"O!" exclaimed Mary; and her mother, on looking up, saw a pair of dark, laughing eyes peering through the crevice of the door, and then her husband entered, and placing his arm around the neck of his wife, said pleasantly:

"I have heard all about it now, and the mystery is all cleared up, for I have sometimes had doubts about your ever really trying to poison me. But that pistol! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I believed it all then, and now I am very glad I did, for it worked a reform in me that has made my life happy since, and which will continue while God gives me strength to keep my oath."

SAYING, ALL IS OVER NOW.

BY WILLIE H. PAROE.

The regal summer's host of flowers
Were whispering to the wind,
And sombre shadows marked the hours
For lighter hues designed;
With meek hands folded o'er their bloom,
They to the cool breeze bow,
And, as if conscious of their doom,
Say, all is over now!

We sported through the sunny hours
In robes of gaudy hue;
We decked the green embosomed bowers,
Where maidens came to woo;
We lingered on the sunny plain,
We crowned the hillcock's brow—
The valley held its floral train,
But all is over now.

When Summer drooped her head and died,
She left her children lone;
And Autumn comes, with steps of pride,
To take her vacant throne.
We fold our robes—we hide our bloom,
And to the mandate bow;
The frost king reads our final doom,
And all is over now.

BERTHA ALTON'S COUNTRY LOVER.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

"It is not right, Bertha, you know it is not, to treat Harry Weston in this heartless manner."

"In what have I offended, gentle cousin?"

"You promised to go with Harry to the picnic to-morrow afternoon, and not five minutes since, I heard you make an engagement with that insufferable coxcomb, Fred Wilson, for the same hour we were to start for the grove."

"And is that all, dear Grace?" cried Bertha Alton, with a wild, ringing laugh; "but how can one expect you to understand such things, when you have spent all your life in the rural districts, away from civilization?"

"But I think you ought to have kept your engagement with Harry; for he is very sensitive, and I think he has met with but little of kindness. He has been left an orphan since he was an infant, and it is said Mr. Stanley has not treated him well. Come, send an excuse to Wilson, that you had made a previous engagement."

"I shall do no such thing; but you may tell Harry that I had forgotten I had made an engagement with Wilson. I shall not reject the attentions of such an accomplished gentleman as Wilson, for those of a country farmer. I relinquish all claims in that direction to your ladyship, and hope you will have a pleasant time at your excursion."

"But it will not be true, Bertha, that you had made a previous engagement with Wilson; therefore I shall not tell Harry so. I shall give him the true reason, or none."

"Well, please yourself, then, it does not matter much. I only flirted with Harry because he seemed to be the reigning favorite; but since Wilson's arrival the wind is in another quarter."

"I hope you will not suffer for this heartlessness, Bertha; you surely would not think of marrying Wilson?"

"Marrying Wilson! Who but you would ever think of such a thing? Still, I don't know, if he has a plenty of that 'root of all evil.' I have not ascertained yet how that is; but I tell you, Grace, I must be mistress of a splendid establishment; I must have the gay and fashionable world worshipping at my shrine. I must be second to none in wealth, rank and influence."

"But surely you would not purchase these at the expense of happiness?"

"At the expense of happiness! I tell you these things and happiness are identical. But I see you are displeased with me. Up here in the wilderness, you see, there is nothing to amuse one, but a little flirtation, otherwise I should die of melancholy. But, Grace, do not wear that sober face any longer, it is not becoming; and—hush—do not speak, I cannot listen to any more moralising at present; but to make some atonement for the slight you think a 'dear friend' has received, I will tell you a bit of a compliment. When you left the room yesterday, Fred wished to know if you could not be persuaded to accompany us to-morrow. I told him of your engagement, and he did not urge the matter, but replied, 'That cousin of yours is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, present company excepted; and what a graceful figure, and what a lovely complexion.' I declare, Grace, it is improving this minute. Ah! cousin mine, I would not like you for a rival after a year's existence in fashionable society; but what do you think of the compliment? I would like to know how highly you appreciate it?"

"At its true value, Bertha."

"O, there comes Fred up the avenue; and now for my bonnet and shawl. *Au revoir.*"

The reader must pardon us if we digress a little, while we give a short sketch of the individuals thus unceremoniously brought before them.

Harry Weston was the adopted son of a farmer who lived among the hills of the 'old Granite State,' and from his earliest youth was inured to labor and to poverty. From his childhood he had evinced a great desire for a thorough education, and at the age of twenty-one, he had, by

hard labor in the summer, and teaching in the winter, found means to fit himself for college, and was on the following year to enter an institution in his native State.

About this time he became acquainted with Bertha Alton, who with some good traits of character had two bad ones: one, she was a worshipper at Mammon's shrine, and prized wealth and display above everything else. Another was, she was a coquette; there was no disputing the matter—it had never been doubted since the time when at children's parties, she would deny a kiss in order to have it stolen, and then run pouting into the corner. She, like Harry, was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who, though not rich, contrived to keep up appearances, at the sacrifice of domestic necessities. She had early instilled into Bertha the idea that wealth was the one thing needful, and educated her with the end, that she was to be mistress of a splendid establishment, always in view.

She had come from her city home to spend the summer with Grace's parents, for the first time since she was a child of three years old. Young, and very beautiful, she had been completely spoiled by flattery the first season that she entered the fashionable circle, where her aunt had reigned before her, its brightest ornament. Nor was Mrs. Gray yet tired of the homage she had commanded so long, and there was but little affection between her and her niece, whom she looked on as a mile stone to remind her of the length of her journey.

What Bertha might have been with different training is not for us to decide. Now she was proud, imperious and impulsive, and encouraged and sought Harry Weston's attention notwithstanding the resolution she fancied he had made to avoid her. Previous to her arrival, he and Grace had many a pleasant walk through the village, for Harry loved to tell her his plans, while the blood would rush to her cheek, and the fire to her eye, and she would speak words of encouragement, and predict for him a bright and brilliant future. But on cousin Bertha's arrival, these pleasant walks were discontinued, and in their place were boat-rides, picnics, and horseback excursions, and various other kinds of amusement, until Grace thought she did not have a quiet moment to herself.

But notwithstanding all this, Bertha declared she had never seen so dull a place, and heartily wished herself back in the city. Grace wished she was there, too, though she never owned so much, no, not even to herself, but she saw Harry was changed since the arrival of her handsome cousin, and it was with pain she saw her trifling

with one whose every thought she believed was true nobleness. Bertha knew there was a struggle in Weston's heart, but she did not doubt that in the end she would conquer; for when had she failed in any conquest she had set her heart upon?

And she did not *now* fail. They went the whole round of lovers' experiences. They flirted and quarrelled, then became reconciled, and took morning rides and moonlight promenades; they read in the same volume, joined in the same dance at the village festival; but still the word love had not as yet been spoken by either.

But the time came. It is an old saying, that "birds of the air carry news;" whether true or not we do not pretend to say. But in some way Harry heard a rumor that he was not the only one the lady smiled on, and jealousy got the mastery; and in a paroxysm of doubt he revealed the full extent of his affection. Bertha smiled favorably on his suit, and with one of her most bewitching smiles, and with the most apparent earnestness, requested him not to doubt her; and for a brief season they were apparently very happy in each other's society.

Had Bertha fully understood the heart she was trifling with, she would have paused a moment ere she won and then cast it away for one with whom she had formed a slight acquaintance in her city home. Frederic Wilson had followed Bertha Alton, after a short acquaintance, during which he became fascinated with her beauty and brilliancy, into the country, to spend the remainder of his college vacation in her society.

Without being absolutely dissolute or vicious, he was possessed of no fixed principles, and without any particular aim in view, seemed to live a sort of butterfly life, thinking only of present amusement and gratification. Possessed of an ample fortune which would soon be at his own disposal, he did not see the use of troubling himself about the future, forgetting that in a country where the wheel of fortune is ever rolling, the princely merchant or millionaire of to-day may to-morrow be cast from his proud eminence, and obliged to labor with his own aristocratic hands for the comforts of life. There was a gleam of triumph on Bertha's face, as she saw Wilson had followed her to her country residence, and she thought he would be a far more eligible subject to display as a new lover, than the high-minded and honorable, though humble Harry Weston.

She had made an engagement to accompany Harry and Grace on a picnic excursion on the day of the commencement of our story. But a few moments after Weston bade her adieu, ere "Mr. Wilson" was announced; and Bertha, being a little ashamed of the unfashionable appear-

ance of her country lover, determined, during the stay of the city beau, to treat him with a cold indifference which she doubted not would be readily forgiven should she again choose to favor him with her smiles.

There was a shadow of disappointment that passed over Harry's brow, which Grace did not fail to notice, when she told him Bertha would not accompany them; and she thought he did not enjoy the afternoon much. When returning home they met Wilson and Bertha, who seemed so much occupied with each other's society that they did not recognize Grace or Harry until they had almost passed; and then a smile from the gentleman, and a cool bow from the lady, caused the blood to tinge her cheek and a tear to start to her eye, more for her companion's sake than for her own.

Every haughty feeling was aroused when Harry saw the true state of things. The idea that he had been deserted for one like Wilson, was very mortifying to his pride; and though he was not one to love, when esteem, the necessary prelude to love, was gone, yet it was a long time before he could meet her calmly.

But all this did not evidently cause Bertha much trouble; her pride was gratified, in the knowledge that he once loved her, and she gloried in the thought that one whom her cousin could not win in her whole lifetime, had offered his homage at her shrine on the short acquaintance of three weeks.

Wilson's visits were now made almost daily, while Bertha who had ascertained that he was the possessor of a large fortune, strove to draw him to her side by a display of all the accomplishments she was mistress of. But while seated at Bertha's side, and playing with her fan, or discussing the merits of the last novel, or the talents of the new theatrical star his eyes would seek the window where Grace was engaged with her embroidery or book, with no slight interest—It was late in the evening, and Grace sat alone in the little parlor. Bertha having got tired of waiting for Wilson, had retired to her chamber, a few moments previous. Grace was somewhat sad this evening, for Harry Weston had that day taken leave of her to commence his collegiate course at Dartmouth. He had always been so kind to her that she loved him as a brother—so Grace thought—for she had not yet analyzed the feelings with which she regarded him.

The door was softly opened, and before Grace was aware that any one had entered, a form was at her side, and the words, "Miss Lindon," caused her to give a sudden start, and she saw Frederick Wilson.

"Please to be seated, Mr. Wilson, and I will call Bertha directly."

"But it is not Miss Alton that I came to see; as I passed the window I saw you were alone, and I entered to have a few moments' conversation, if you will do me the favor to listen."

Again she motioned for him to be seated, wondering what he had to communicate. He placed himself at her side.

"It is but a short time that I have known you, Miss Lindon, but short as the time is, I have learned to love you; do not start, but listen to me—hear me, I have—"

"But Mr. Wilson, I cannot listen to you; you have been my cousin's constant companion for the last few weeks, bestowing on her all a lover's attentions, and now to insult me with a declaration like this. Go, and I will forget it."

"But I love her not! O, Grace, I love her not; ever since I have known your true, noble soul, uncontaminated by the conventionalities of frivolity and fashion, this heart has been faithful to its worship of thee. I am weary of the hollow show and glitter which have surrounded me from childhood; of the heartless, useless life I am living, with myself. I am weary of the world, and all but you, that it contains. But O, Grace, give me but leave to hope, and from this hour I will commence a new life; I will endeavor to make some being the wiser, and better, and happier, for my having lived. Give me only leave to hope, even at a far distant day, when I shall be more worthy of you, and you shall see that with that hope of your love, I will become a different being."

"I cannot give you a shadow of hope; but indeed I wish you happy; and believe me, you can be so without the poor reward of my love; there is a higher purpose to live for, than human approbation; there are tears to be wiped from the eyes of the sorrowing; there are many faint and weary ones that bow in anguish, not thinking that a kind Father ordains all in infinite goodness and wisdom."

"And with you to counsel and direct—but I see by your averted face, that it is useless to say more—Farewell," and pressing her hand to his lips, he was gone. * * *

"Strange, Wilson has gone without taking leave of me," said Bertha Alton one morning, as she and Grace sat gazing out of the window; "but it is getting so dull here. What has become of Harry Weston?"

"He went away last week to Hanover."

"O yes, I had forgotten. It was too bad to win him from his allegiance to you, sweet cousin; but, indeed, I did not know that it would cause

that cheek to flush and the voice to tremble at the mere mention of his name."

"It is not that, Bertha; you know he never cared for me, but I believe he loved you, and it was not worth causing a pang to a heart like his, for the mere gratification of an idle vanity."

"But then it is so pleasant to think I have listened to three declarations of love, and next Wednesday is my seventeenth birthday. It is strange Wilson should have left me as he did, after taking the trouble of coming here, when he might have been at Newport or Saratoga; but never mind we shall meet again, and I will repay him for past neglect." * * *

Four years had fled by, each one laden with changes and histories of its own, since Bertha Alton and Grace Lindon sat in the little brown cottage home of the latter. Those four years had proved sad pages in Grace's life history, for during that time her parents had gone to immortality, leaving their eldest daughter the guide and protector of their three younger children.

Mr. Lindon had not possessed a large share of this world's goods and the cottage was sold to pay the expenses of his illness. The clergyman who lived in Grace's native village, offered to take the two younger children until something could be provided for their support, and Grace had taken the situation of governess, and her salary enabled her to support herself and one of her sisters who was now attending a school a short distance from the city. * * *

"The invitations are all given out, Bertha, are they not?" said Mrs. Gray, as she sat in her elegant drawing-room, gazing intently into the face of her companion.

"They are all sent, with the exception of Mrs. Montague's, but I have hesitated about sending hers. She patronizes Grace so much, that I fear she will be angry if she is not included in the invitation."

"I invite a governess! and the talented and aristocratic Mr. Weston to be one of the guests! I do not fancy it would be a very pleasant party to her. With the exception of Mrs. Montague, there will be no one for her to speak to the whole evening."

"But she met Wilson the summer that I spent at Uncle Lindon's, and he would not fail to recognize her. But after all, I do not think Grace will accept the invitation. Your coldness has entirely frightened her away, and it is a long time since she has called here."

"Ah, trust me for that; I saw how it would be when she was so constantly calling to see you, and I took particular pains to let her know her visits were not acceptable. I do not think she

will come; and we may say in the note 'Mr. and Mrs. Montague and Miss Lindon, etc.' But this Mr. Weston; I never heard of him till the last two weeks. Since that time I have heard of nothing else; who is he? and where did he come from? He is wealthy, of course; did you not say he was intimate with the Pembertons?"

"He is very intimate with Colonel M——, and through him became acquainted with the Pembertons; whether wealthy or not I do not know, but it does not matter, for he has talents and eloquence that Colonel M—— says will win him a proud eminence in political life. I understand he has already received an appointment at Washington. I do not know what there is about this Mr. Weston, but there is surely something very familiar in his countenance; I think I must have met some one that had a slight resemblance, but I have never seen one half so noble and distinguished-looking; and then I think he must have felt the same with regard to me, for when I was introduced at Mrs. Hamilton's, he said something about its being so long time since had seen me, that he scarcely recognized me; and then when I looked up inquiringly, he saw by my looks that I did not know him, and apologised by replying that he met so many strange faces he might be pardoned if he sometimes made a mistake of the kind; but he showed me more attention than any other person present, with the exception of John Pemberton. I am glad he is so soon to be married; and aunt, you must spare no expense in my dress for this eventful evening, there is no knowing what the result will be."

"No expense shall be spared, Bertha, but you must remember that this game cannot be played much longer; and before two months have passed, the auctioneer's flag will wave over this door; but by that time you must be mistress of another mansion; and it will be your own fault if you are not so."

"Do not fear for me, aunt; it took some manoeuvring to bring Wilson to a declaration, but it came at last; when I replied, that never having thought of the matter, I would like a month to reflect on the affair, before that time the distinguished lawyer—but no more, it is time to call the carriage to go out and purchase the dress for the coming occasion."

It was late on the evening of the assembly at Mrs. Gray's, and anxious eyes were turned in the direction of the door, but all to no purpose. Bertha Alton had never looked more beautiful. The broad, dark braid of hair wound round her head, just above her forehead, gave an almost regal appearance to that superb face. The rounded arms were encircled with bracelets of pearls

sprinkled here and there with diamonds, which glistened like stars in the midst of clouds. The dress of white satin fell in graceful folds around the queenly form, as she moved around the apartment, while murmurs of "brilliant," "beautiful," ran around the room. If he could only see her now—so Bertha thought, but he came not; she had been told that he went but little into such assemblies, but she had thought he would come to-night. She did not condescend to notice her cousin Grace, who was quietly seated in a corner with her simple muslin, without ornament, save the single rosebud in her hair. Once, only once, Mrs. Gray had spoken to her, and then the words: "So you came this evening? Bertha thought you would not, you went into society so little since you lost your parent," caused the tears to start to her eyes, and the regret that she had yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Montague to be present at the assembly. But hark! Miss Pemberton, Colonel M—— and Mr. Weston are announced.

Bertha Alton was leaning listlessly on Fred Wilson's arm, without hearing half the remarks he addressed to her, but suddenly her eyes flash with new light, the smile plays around her mouth, and the bloom on her cheek betrays strong emotion. She withdraws her hand from Wilson's arm, and there was no lack of animation now, for she did her best to please, as she stood at the side of the admired and gifted stranger.

Weston was indeed a fine and distinguished-looking man, with large, full, hazel eyes, fringed with long, black lashes, and his countenance at that moment was half serious. His features were marked and fine, combined with great vigor and character of expression, varying with every changing feeling or momentary emotion. After conversing a few moments with Bertha Alton, he retired to the recess of a window, and stood gazing upon the crowd down the room; soon his eye rests on a fair girl, of a sweet loveliness that might have won from the most fastidious that admiration given to personal beauty. But Weston had grown indifferent as well as fastidious, and why should his eye rest there with more than its wonted interest?

Soon he crossed the room and with frank cordiality reached out his hand.

"I trust I do not need an introduction here," he said, a moment afterwards, placing himself by her side.

How little he needed it the flushed cheek and trembling hand which he had detained might have told him, but not for worlds could she at that moment have spoken.

"You seem quite retired, this evening, Grace;

you must still allow me to call you Grace, for it seems so cold and hollow to use formality to one who was my earliest friend and companion. But see, the guests are about descending to the refreshment room; please allow me to conduct you?"

Bertha saw Weston leading her cousin through the hall, and she gazed in amazement. Where could they have met? But from parts of the conversation which she heard, the past all came back to her mind; and overwhelmed with mortification and disappointment, she did not again seek his society, but at the expiration of Wilson's month of probation she became his wife, and removed with him to a distant city. * *

Years have passed away and Harry Weston's movements have been chronicled, as matters of interest to the public. But to sketch the progress of such a character through the shifting scenes of his upward career; to observe him in his associations with the great, the daring and acute, should be the work of a more gifted pen. One simple incident shall close our story:

"Who do you think, dearest Grace," said the Honorable Harry Weston, to his wife, "I have engaged for my private secretary?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine."

"The husband of Bertha Alton, that was; he has spent a large fortune, and this morning came to me for employment, so I took him for a short time on trial."

INVENTOR OF PICKLED HERRING.

Some of our most valuable inventions are of so simple a character that the only wonder about them seems to be that they were never found out before. It is said that the emperor of Russia has just returned from a visit to the little town of Borgo, on the Baltic, where he took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation of a monument to the memory of the fisherman Beukels, who first introduced the plan of preserving herrings by salting and packing them. Formerly the vast numbers of herrings which were captured on the northern and western shores of the empire, were lost to the world by the rapid decomposition of the fish. Beukels conceived the happy idea of salting them, and having instructed his neighbors how to preserve them by this process, went himself to Finland and taught the Fins how to deal with the fish. As a reward for his public spirit the name of Beukels has been handed down to posterity as a benefactor of mankind. The emperor Charles the Fifth visited his tomb; Peter the Great granted a pension to one of his descendants, and now Alexander has laid the foundation stone of a monument to be erected in his honor.—*Portfolio*.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever—no man to be happy but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself—no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.

LULEE :

—OR,—

THE FAIR SLAVE OF ISMID.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE city of Ismid is situated at the head of a gulf of the same name, and is touched by the great road from Constantinople to the southward. The place contains but little of material interest, save one old castellated structure, and the remains of antiquity which are to be found in the yards of the tomb-stone corners. It was anciently the seat of the kings of Bithynia, and once the residence of Hannibal, and if I may believe the begging *ishawooska* who acted as my guide, I had the pleasure of standing in the very apartment where that mighty general used to sleep. But what I saw has little to do with my story.

Ismid is the seat of a pasha, and at the time of which I write Benmousoff held that high office. He was a fat, lazy Turk, over half a century old, and if he was honest it was because he could make the most money by being so. The pasha had one son named Gaib. This was his only child, and he loved him well—so well that he would even stretch his authority at times to please him. Gaib was five-and-twenty when for the first time in his life the thought of marriage entered his head. He did once make some advances to the daughter of the Capitan Bey, but he was coldly turned away, and all thoughts of love were banished. The truth was, Gaib was not only of a wilful and ugly disposition, but he was very homely in person, having only one eye, and being otherwise disfigured. So the youth resolved that he would not force himself upon the fair sex again until he could find one whom he could command to share his lot.

One day Gaib entered his father's presence in great haste.

"What is it, my son?" the old pasha asked, noting the youth's excitement.

"In the market-place—at the shop of old Abraham—there is a Greek girl named Lulee. She is for sale. I want her for a wife."

"A wife, Gaib? And will my son take a wife from among the Greeks? Can you find—"

"Stop, my father. Go first and see Lulee. Such beauty ne'er before was meted out to human form. I must have her, and you must go and see her?"

"But how much does the old Jew ask for her?"

"He asks two thousand piastres."

"A great sum, my child."

"For great worth. But come—you must go with me to the market. My heart is set upon the possession of this slave, and I must have her."

The pasha saw that his son was determined, and he threw on his *beneish*, and prepared to follow on to the bazaar. When the father and son reached the shop of Abraham, they were at once admitted to the room where the slave was. Even the old pasha was wonder-struck by the girl's marvellous beauty. She was not over seventeen, and as fair as the very roses that clustered about the lattice near which she sat. There was much of the voluptuous in her round, full, perfect form; but in her beautiful face all was purity and native modesty, with a tremulous, shrinking expression, which revealed but a little of the anguish which lay at her heart. Her story, as told by the Jew, was simply this: About a year before she had been stolen away from her home in Greece and brought hither by a corsair. He (the Jew) bought her at once, and had since kept her at work in his kitchen. But now he had found a cheaper cook, and he wanted the money for the fair Greek.

Benmousoff acknowledged that he had never before seen a female so lovely, and knowing that no respectable free woman would take his son for a husband, he resolved to buy the lovely slave. Accordingly he paid over to the Jew two thousand piastres, and the maiden was delivered into his keeping.

"You are mine now," the pasha said, as he took the girl by the hand to lead her away.

Lulee crouched close to the old man, at the same time casting upon Gaib one of those frightened looks such as a fawn might give a wolf. She drew down her veil, and then Benmousoff led her from the place. When they reached the pasha's seraglio, Gaib followed them.

"Lulee," spoke the old man, "you may banish all your fears, for your station is to be an honorable one. My son takes you for his wife."

"Your son!" uttered the Greek, with a fearful start. "Where is he?"

"He stands by your side."

Lulee cast one frightened look upon the young man, and then, with her small white hands clasped, she uttered:

"Spare me—O, spare me! I can cook, and wash, and scrub; and I can be as faithful as the sun. But spare me from this! O, have compassion!"

First Gaib's countenance assumed a troubled, chagrined expression, but a look of anger quickly followed. He moved to the maiden's side and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Lulee," he said, in a low, hissing tone, "you are to be my wife. If you are wise, you will beware. There are tortures more painful than death—and fate may hold in store a position worse than that of wife!"

With a quick, cold shudder, the poor girl shrank back and covered her face. The wild heaving of her bosom told how deep was her agony, but no tears came to relieve her burdened soul.

"Yes, Lulee," said the old man, "thou art for my son, and he will make thee his wife. Be faithful, and thou shalt be happy."

Ere long the fair slave was conducted to the apartment which had been set apart for her, and here, when she was alone, she wept. Little dreamed the pasha and his son the secret of the Greek girl's heart.

Night came on, and a black slave came and lighted the lamp which hung in Lulee's room. It emitted a grateful perfume as it burned, and cast a soft light upon the place. Surely the apartment was a sumptuous one, and the eye tired not in viewing the costly trappings that decorated the ceiling and walls. Yet Lulee noticed it not. With her head bowed, she groaned in the deep agony of her soul, and anon a bursting prayer came forth from her lips. Thus she sat when her door was slowly, noiselessly opened, and a human being, muffled up in a long cloak, entered the apartment. Lulee started up, and the expression upon her face was a curious one. There was more of some strong, reckless determination, than of resignation. And then her right hand was hidden in her bosom, and one who had stood by her side might have seen that she clasped the jewelled hilt of a small dagger.

The person who had entered stood a moment near the door, and as he seemed to have recognized the maiden, he let the cloak fall from his shoulders and then turned his gaze full upon Lulee. He was a young man—not over three-and twenty—tall and nobly formed, with those dark eyes and richly flowing hair, and those pure, classical features which mark the Greek youth.

"Lulee," he said, in a low, sweet tone, "have I found thee at last?"

"Alphon!" burst from the maiden's lips, and she gave a spring forward. "I am not deceived! O, speak to me!"

But ere he could speak, she was folded to his bosom, and for a while the two wept in silence.

"Lulee—Lulee," the youth whispered, in a tremulous, fearful tone, "art thou yet a wife?—the wife of any man?"

"No, no, Alphon," the maiden quickly uttered. "O, no. So far God has been most kind."

"But the old pasha bought thee for a wife?"

"Ay—for his son. But no stain should have come upon me. I am prepared. Since first I left my native shores I have not lost this last, sure friend." As she spoke, she drew forth a small dagger, and the expression which rested upon her face at that moment showed that Gaib could never have found a living wife in his slave.

"Bless thee," the youth murmured, as he again caught the fair girl to his bosom. "Lulee, I have found thee at last, and henceforth we live or die together. For one long year I have searched for thee in vain. When they snatched thee from our home, I knew it not until two days had passed. Who was it that did the deed—and how?"

"A foul corsair—a Turk—landed near our cot at Dyro—and I was upon the beach. The demon seized me and bore me off, and brought me here and sold me to the old Jew, with whom I have lived ever since until this day."

"I sought that Jew, for I had learned that thou wast with him," returned Alphon, folding the maiden again to his bosom. "I saw him but half an hour after the pasha had taken thee away, and since then I have watched about this place. I was in the garden when they brought thee to this room, and I saw thee pass in. I saw the black when she came to light the lamp, and when she was gone I staked my life upon the hazard of reaching thee. A friendly vine gave me access to the balcony of the corridor, and with my dagger I easily picked the lock of the outer door. Now flee with me. A vessel awaits my coming."

"Flee?" murmured Lulee, gazing first into Alphon's face, and then bowing her head until it rested upon his bosom.

"Ay. Thou hast not forgotten our vows, sweet Lulee. Thy heart is not—"

"—eh! Mistake me not. O, Alphon, for this long year I have only lived in the love of thy noble heart. In the darkest hour of all that time I have never wholly lost my hope of seeing thee once more. Flee? O, yes. I could face a thousand deaths so that I only gained a step towards the land of my birth, and the home of my father. Lead the way, beloved."

Lulee raised her head from her lover's shoulder as she spoke, and she had just turned to obtain a light capote which hung near, when a heavy step was heard in the corridor. The lovers started with affright, for now each had something beside self at stake.

"Flee!" gasped Lulee.

"But whither?" asked Alphion, gazing quickly around.

There was no place within the apartment for concealment, and if there had been the youth could not have reached it, for hardly had the words passed from his lips when the door was opened, and Gaib entered the chamber; and as he gave utterance to an oath of astonishment and rage, Alphion drew his dagger. But Gaib moved not towards him. He took a wiser course. As soon as he could comprehend the meaning of what he saw, he leaped back into the corridor and called out for his slaves. It so happened that four stout eunuchs were engaged within a short distance, and they were quickly upon the spot.

"In there!" cried Gaib, pointing to the room he had just left. "Seize the dog and bind him!"

The eunuchs rushed in with yatagans drawn, and but for Lulee the youth would have been instantly killed, for he had prepared to fight to the last. She knew his bold, daring spirit, and she saw the danger which threatened him; so she threw herself upon him, murmuring as she did so: "Die not now, Alphion."

On the next moment the youth was seized by both arms, and he could resist no more.

"Away with him!" shouted Gaib. "Take him to the prison and tell the keeper the pasha sent him."

The ill-fated youth cast one look upon Lulee ere he was led away, and as he turned from her she fell fainting to the floor. Gaib raised her up and laid her upon a seat, and then called some of the women, who were quickly on hand. The young man waited an hour, but Lulee still remained unconscious, and he retired. Once she opened her eyes, and a ray of intelligence gleamed therefrom, but it quickly passed away.

Midnight came, and Gaib returned to the chamber, but he found the beautiful Greek now raving. He stood awhile by her side, but she seemed not to know him.

"That was a jacin, or some evil genie, who came in here," said one of the women.

But Gaib made no reply. He waited until he was assured that she had not her senses, and then he departed. Two of the females were left to watch by the couch of the Greek. It was some two hours after Gaib had gone that Lulee opened her eyes and found the two women asleep. She gazed quickly about, and then she clasped her hands and prayed, and the name of Alphion was in her prayer. While she was thus engaged, one of the watchers awoke. In an instant the expression of Lulee's countenance

changed, and only meaningless words dropped from her lips.

"Poor thing!" uttered the sympathising black. "It was surely some child of darkness who came here to see her—perhaps Eblis himself. Fair lady, how feel you?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Lulee, with a wild expression. And then she muttered over many words of no meaning.

The daylight came, and Gaib visited his slave again, but he gained no reason from her. He sent for the physician, and when the man of drugs came, he asked him to cure his beautiful beloved. The physician examined her case, and then shook his head.

"Her reason hath left her," he said.

"But what shall cure her?" asked Gaib.

"Some of my medicine, and patience," answered the physician.

Accordingly he dealt out some simple drugs, and promised to call again on the following morning, if not sent for before.

Once during the day Lulee was left alone, for her attendants thought her asleep. When they were gone, she arose to a sitting posture and clasped her hands.

"O God of all mercy!" she calmly but fervently prayed, "save him, O save him! Let not the hand of evil fall upon him." Then she bowed her head, and not until she heard the footsteps of the coming attendant did she lie down again. And when the attendant had come that look of intelligence had passed away, and the honest women who watched her thought her still insane.

And so the night came again, and when Gaib came he found his purchased bride still insensible to his presence. He gazed upon her a few moments in silence, and then, with a sudden earnestness, he clasped his hands and hastened from the apartment.

Alphion sat upon the cold stone floor of one of the deep, strong dungeons of the prison of Ismid. The day had gone, and the deep blackness of starless night was upon him. No chains were yet upon his limbs, for the dungeon was strong enough. He sat there, with his hands clasped, and he only looked for death to release him from the place. Thus he sat when the sound of feet were heard without—then came the creaking of the heavy bolts—and then the door was opened, as the prisoner could tell, not only by the grating of the rusty hinges, but also by the stream of light which came pouring into the dungeon. The new-comer was enveloped in a sort of long *perdjeh*, but for a while the sud-

den transition to such light deprived the prisoner of the power of sight.

"Prisoner," spoke the intruder, placing his lantern upon a low wooden bench, "I have come to ask a few questions of thee; and if you value your future welfare, you will give me truthful answers."

It was the voice of Gaib. The youthful prisoner knew it in a moment. But ere he answered, his eyes had become used to the light, and he could now quite plainly distinguish his visitor's features.

"Speak on," he calmly answered, rising to his feet; for until this moment he had remained in a sitting position.

"You were in one of the apartments of the pasha's harem last night, and with the young Greek girl, named Lulee?" said Gaib.

"I was," replied Alphion.

"Now tell me why you were there?"

The prisoner paused ere he answered, but he finally resolved to tell the truth.

"I will tell you," he said, at length: "Long ere the gentle Lulee was torn away from her home I knew and loved her, and, more than that, she loved me. I had asked her to become my wife, and she had promised. When the foul Turk stole her away I was absent. O, had I been there they should have found their graves in the sands of our coast. But I was away. When I returned, Lulee was gone. Her poor old father limped out and told me the sad story. He had seen the whole, but he could not prevent it. I started off, and for the long year I have searched in vain until yesterday, when I learned that she had been taken to your seraglio."

"And why came you to her?"

"To free her from your power."

"And for nothing else?"

"Else?" repeated Alphion, with a burning cheek. "Beware, sir, that you do not—"

"Hold," uttered Gaib, in a tone of relief. "I believe your words. I feared at first that you meant a more accursed blow than to deprive me of her presence. But I knew not why you were there, and hence have I come to see you."

"Did not Lulee tell thee?"

"No. She could not."

"Could not?"

"No. Her mind is unbalanced. She has spoken no word of sense since you were with her."

The Greek youth started as he heard this, and for a moment he stood as one fear-struck; but on the next instant he trembled as though an electric shock had passed through his system, and then his features settled into a look of strange intent.

"Is the maiden sick?" he asked; but in a tone which, to a close observer, would have shown that his real thoughts had nothing to do with the question.

"Not very," was the answer.

"Poor Lulee!" murmured Alphion, bowing his head and covering his face with his hands. "Thou art lost to me forever!" Yet the speaker lost not sight of his visitor, for had Gaib looked sharply he might have seen, like a diamond in the dark with a single ray of light reflected from it, the gleaming of the youth's dark eye.

But Gaib suspected nothing. He believed that the Greek's agony had reached him. He stood, with his hands folded in his capote, silently and earnestly regarding the prisoner. In an instant the Greek bounded forward and forced Gaib back upon the wooden bench, and, ere the astounded man could recover, his short sabre was taken from him and he was defenceless.

"Now, foul Turk," uttered Alphion, between his clenched teeth, "thou art in my power, and as sure as there is a Great Spirit who sees us both, I will kill thee if thou dost not obey me! Mark me—I fear not the taking of thy life, for well do I know that I have been doomed. I would kill thee as I would crush the asp I found among my choice fruit!"

"Mercy! Do not murder me here in cold blood! I will cry—"

"—ah!" interrupted the Greek. "Make but one sound above thy breath, and this weapon finds thy heart. I speak not idly now. But obey me, and thou shalt be spared. Do as I bid thee, and I'll harm thee not."

"And what wouldst thou?" Gaib gasped, utterly fear-stricken.

"Remove thy capote and thy beneish—thy sash and belt—thy shoes and trowsers, and cap. Come—hasten."

"But wherefore this?"

"To save me the work of killing thee, and then taking these things from thy dead body."

"But what want you with them?"

"Mind you not that. I only bid you remove the garments.—By the powers of heaven, sir, you live not a minute longer if you hesitate!"

Gaib gazed upon the prisoner's powerful frame—he felt the iron grip upon his arm—and, moreover, he saw the gleaming sabre pointed to his heart. With a deep groan he threw off his *fer-edjee*, or capote; then he removed his *beneish*—a cloth garment, worn over the linen jubbee. But here he hesitated.

"What would you do with these things?" he eagerly asked.

"Why, since thou art so inquisitive, I will

tell thee: I would make my escape from this accursed place; and when once clear of it I will never be found in Ismid again. Now off with thy shoes, and then the trowers."

"But—"

"Ha! Shall I strike?"

"Hold! Mercy!"

"Quick, then!"

Gaib quickly divested himself of his shoes and trowers, and when this was done the Greek seized him and threw him down. With his handkerchief he firmly bound the young Turk's arms behind him, and then with his red woollen scarf, or sash, he as firmly bound his legs. This done, he lifted Gaib to a sitting posture, and then, with the latter's own kerchief, he bound up his mouth so firmly that he could not utter a sound above a mere guttural groan.

Alphion's next move was to remove his own upper garments, and in their place he donned those of his victim. When he had wound Gaib's sash about his loins, and buckled on his sabre, and donned the heavily tasselled cap, he turned to the bound man, and said:

"Now I fancy that I may pass in the dark for the pasha's son. If the jailor treats you as well as he did me, he will bring you a crust of bread in the morning, and then he may set you free. Farewell—and if I never see you again, you may keep my poor garments in remembrance of one who has only placed you in durance for a few hours that he might escape an ignominious death."

The poor Turk made a desperate movement, but he could not arise to his feet, and without waiting longer, Alphion picked up the lantern and turned towards the door. When he reached the low vaulted passage, he closed the door after him and bolted it, and then he hastened away toward the stairs. He remembered well the way by which he had come down, and he had no difficulty in finding the same way back. He had to ascend only one flight of steps, and though the upper corridor was long and narrow, yet it was straight, and ere long the fugitive came to the office. There were two *Arnauts* there, one of whom was asleep over a sort of leewan, while the other sat bobbing his head over his pipe. But they both started up as Alphion entered, and looked as energetic and wakeful as two weasels.

"Suppose I leave this lantern here," said the Greek, imitating Gaib's voice as nearly as possible, and hiding the imperfection that might exist in a grunting, hasty whisper. He knew not whether the lantern belonged to the prison or not, but he was on the safe side.

"As you please, jewel of the age," returned one of the Albanians, bowing low.

So the youth set the lantern down; but as he was about to turn away, the last speaker interrupted him:

"Does the dog die to-morrow?"

"Yes. But you may carry him his breakfast."

"We will obey."

In a few minutes more the youthful Greek was in the street. He felt assured now, and with a bolder step, he hastened on. There was no moon, but the stars were all out, and Alphion knew his way.

Lulee lay upon her couch, and near her sat two female blacks. One of them was sleeping while the other kept watch. The maiden seemed to be sleeping, though ever and anon her eyes would open, and some incoherent sentences fall from her lips. Thus she lay when the door of the apartment opened, and a man entered.

"What is it?" asked Lulee, in a quick whisper.

"It is our master—Gaib."

"Slaves," spoke the intruder, turning his face from the light, and letting the heavy tassels of his cap dangle over his brow and eyes, "leave me with my betrothed for a while. Go to your own apartments and sleep, and when I am tired of watching I will send for thee."

This was spoken in a low, hoarse whisper, as though the speaker were afraid of disturbing the seeming sleeper. The slaves seemed glad to obey the order, for they quickly arose, and with low bows, they made their way from the room. When their footsteps had died away in the distance, the youth turned towards the couch.

"Lulee!" he pronounced, in a low, sweet tone.

The maiden started up with a wild movement.

"Who spoke?" she uttered, gazing into the man's face.

"—sh! Make no noise, loved one. 'Tis thine own Alphion. But say—is thy mind strong now?"

The maiden moved quickly forward and threw her arms about her lover's neck.

"Yes, yes, Alphion—and it has not been otherwise. It was but a deception of mine to stay the dreadful fate which seemed so near. But how is this? Surely, this is Gaib's garb."

"Yes; and Gaib now lies bound in the very dungeon where I was thrown. He came to learn who and what I was, seeing that he could gain nothing from you. But wait not now; we can talk of this hereafter. Hasten now and prepare thyself, for the way is open before us. Before I came up I saw that one of the gates was

open, and the coast clear. O, hasten, Lulee, and look boldly forward, for liberty and home are before us!"

Lulee needed no second bidding. She threw on such articles of clothing as were at hand, and then turned to her lover. He led the way to the corridor, and from thence out upon the balcony. There he unwound the long, silken sash from his loins, and quickly knotting the end, he bade Lulee seize it and hold fast. Then he lifted her over the railing, and without difficulty lowered her to the earth. Then he followed by means of the grape vine, which he had used once before, and when he reached the maiden's side he caught her hand and led her quietly away through the garden. The gate was found and readily opened, and in a few moments more they were in the street.

Once they were stepped by a janisary, who seemed to have just awakened from a sound sleep, but he detained them not, for he quickly recognized the son of the pasha. Alphon took his way towards the southern portion of the city, and with rapid steps they kept on until they had reached the foot of the hill upon which the town stands, and shortly afterwards the youth stopped before a small wooden house and knocked loudly, at the same time giving a whistle peculiar to the Greek boatmen. In a few moments the door was opened, and a man, habited in the garb of a Greek sailor, made his appearance with a small lantern in his hand.

"Otho," spoke the applicant, "I am here with my holy prize. O, if you love me, let us be off at once!"

"Ha! Alphon! By heavens, 'tis! But come in. My crew are all on hand.—And is this our gentle Lulee?" the sailor continued, as he entered the house. "O, 'tis. You know me, Lulee?"

"Yes, good Otho."

But enough of this. The stout sailor wiped a tear from his eye as he felt the gentle pressure of Lulee's warm lips upon his rough cheek, and then he turned and left the apartment. Ere long he returned, followed by three others of like profession, and Lulee quickly comprehended that the noble, generous Otho had volunteered himself, his crew, and his vessel, in the work of assisting Alphon to find and to rescue her.

The party soon set out with Otho now for their guide, and at the distance of half a mile they came to a small cove wherein lay a boat. They entered, and were soon skipping over the wind-ruffled waters of the gulf. The vessel was reached, and just as the moon arose, which told that 'twas the hour of midnight, the sails were spread, and under a fair breeze the little polacca started

off. Long before daylight the swiftly flying craft had reached the sea of Marmora, and by the morning of the day after she entered the Mediterranean. * * *

At the door of a small cot which stood close by the beach of Dyro, where the mountains of Maina sweep almost down to the water's edge, and where lived those hardy Greeks who had never bowed to the proud Turk, sat an old man who held in one hand a crutch. His head was silvered over with the frosts of many years, and his once noble face was deeply furrowed both by time and care. He sat there watching the movements of a polacca which had anchored in the little bay. A boat was coming off, and he could see that 'twas full of his own countrymen. Soon it touched the beach, and a light form sprang out upon the sand. It was a female form—and with a wildly beating heart the old man started up. On came the fairy-like form, bounding like a roe, and in a few moments more she flung her arms about the old man's neck, and as a flood of warm tears gushed forth she murmured the name of "*Father*."

"Lulee! Lulee! My own loved, lost Lulee!" gasped the transported parent, as he strained his child to his bosom.

Ay—it was Lulee; and ere long Alphon also came for the old man's blessing. And then Otho and his noble followers came to share the joy.

One bright Sabbath morning a happy party were assembled in the little chapel of Dyro. That same white-haired old man was there, and so were Alphon and Lulee—and there the old vow was repeated by the two youthful lovers, and under its virtue the priest made them one for life.

Lulee never heard from her Turkish master again, and the memory of her servitude in Ismid was but as the passing of a summer's cloud. It gave her no pangs of grief nor did it ever cause her to shudder, for now her happiness was the more apparent, and the breath of her native shores and mountains was made doubly sweet by the contrast. She kept the little dagger, for it was to that she had once given her all of honor in charge; while her husband kept the gaudy trappings of Gaib as a memento of that unfortunate wife-hunter, whom he had left locked up in a dark dungeon, and who had since, by the death of his father and sublime appointment, become a pasha, but without a wife.

Without reason, there can be no religion; for in every step we take in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A home in heaven! O the blissful thought,
How it should stir our inmost heart with joy;
And a free gift, by Jesus' suffering bought,
What gratitude should all our mind employ.

A home in heaven! it eases all our pains,
To contemplate the glorious, blissful theme;
Away, dull earth, with all thy sordid claims,
With all thy pleasing scenes thou'rt but a dream.

A home in heaven! could heart desire more?
To be with God in that celestial land;
O, bliss unspeakable! my cup runs o'er;
Great Father, take me quick to thy right hand!

A home in heaven! the summit of all bliss,
Where God the Father will be all in all,
And the bright home where Christ the Saviour is,
Before whose throne a ransomed world will fall.

A home in heaven! the climax of delight,
Where all the blest shall live and love forever,
And our bright sun may never set in night,
But endless day roll on, and on forever.

A home in heaven! unspeakable ecstasy!
Dissolve our hearts in fervid, perfect love;
O, the sublime and rapturous thought, to be
Submerged and swallowed up in God—above.

A MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATION.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

It was a still, warm, pleasant summer evening, and Mrs. Sherman had just succeeded in hushing the last baby into a sound sleep, and stood by the window looking out upon the quiet scene. She was a little weary, for the day had been warm, the children had needed a great deal of looking after, she was not very strong herself, and a feeling of relief came over her as she laid "the blessed baby" in its crib, safely for the night. The good man had gone out to a lecture, or concert, or something of the kind—she did not exactly know what—and as the evening was too warm for work, and the lounge looked very inviting, Mrs. Sherman threw herself down to indulge the weariness which the day's labor had induced. The soft evening breeze came into the open window and fanned her forehead as she lay there, and with thoughts of the dear children, the husband, and the many cares of her little household running through her matronly brain, she was fast yielding to the sleeping god, when the door-bell rung. One would have thought she had been attached to the bell-wire, by the suddenness with which she rose to her recumbent position.

"O dear!" said she, all in a tremor, "visitors, and I in such a state!" And she began to shake out her dress, smoothed down her collar, and ran

to the glass to brush her hair and make herself look presentable.

Her chamber door stood open, and while standing at the glass she caught sight of her domestic's face, which caused her to stop her preparations and turn short round with a "For mercy's sake, Bridget, what is the matter?"

"O, ma'am, the bell rung and I went to the door, and sure not a living soul was there."

Mrs. Sherman was easily startled, and her heart beat quick at the intelligence; but it would not do to let the affrighted servant know her weakness, so she merely said:

"It was some roguish boys, I suppose. Are you sure you fastened the door?"

"Yes, ma'am, but do you really suppose it was the boys?"

"Why, what else could it be?" said she.

"Goodness knows, ma'am, but the heart of me is leaping in my throat this minute." And turning on her heel she went down stairs.

Two or three minutes had scarcely elapsed when the bell rung again. Bridget went to the door, Mrs. Sherman leaned over the bannister—the door swung open—not a soul was there. Again the girl came rushing up the stairs.

"O, ma'am, nobody is there again; what can it be?" And her eyes stood out with fear and wonder.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Bridget, what it means!" And her own heart grew fainter every minute. "Don't go to the door again," said she, "no matter who comes, but stay up here with me."

In this state of fear and alarm the evening passed away, and when Mr. Sherman came home, he found, much to his surprise, no notice taken of his repeated ringing of the bell, and was obliged to walk round to the back door where his knock was answered by Bridget, in a great state of trepidation.

"Why, what's the matter, Bridget? Didn't you hear the bell?"

"O, Mr. Sherman, my mistress told me not to go to the door, no matter who rung."

"Why so, Bridget?"

"O, sir, such an evening as we have had; the house is surely haunted. The bell has done nothing but ring all the evening, and it's little but mistress and myself are frightened out of our wits!"

"What do you mean, Bridget? Who has been ringing the bell?"

"And it's just what we don't know, sir; but it rings when no mortal hand touches it."

"Some boys, I suppose," said Mr. Sherman, passing up stairs. Here the same story was re-

peated by his affrighted wife, and even while she was in the act of relating the strange events, the bell pealed forth again its startling summons.

"There it is again, George, what can it mean?" said Mrs. Sherman, clasping her hands over her trembling heart, for she was terribly nervous. Mr. Sherman went down and opened the door—not a soul was there. It was after ten at night; he went out and walked around the house; all was quiet; he even stood in the street watching the front door of his house, and even while he thus stood, the bell rung. It was very strange; no hand had touched the knob; what could it mean? He went in—his wife was in a terribly excited state, and Bridget was going round the house with wide staring eyes, calling upon all the saints in the calendar.

After much conjecture and cogitation they retired to rest, and for the remainder of the night the house was quiet.

The next morning they all slept late. The children woke first and clamored for their breakfast. Mrs. Sherman tried to shake off the effects of last night's fright, and proceeded to dress the little ones, when again the bell rung. She dropped the garment she held in her hand and listened. She heard Bridget open the door, but there was no voice, no inquiry. She rose and went and leaned over the bannister. The poor servant girl stood with the door open, staring with amazed looks into the street.

"Anybody there, Bridget?" she whispered.

"Not a soul, ma'am," she answered, in a mysterious tone.

"Shut the door, Bridget, and don't open it again." She obeyed.

"Sure it's as well not to be opening the door to folks who can come through the key-hole."

"What is to become of us, George?" said Mrs. Sherman, going back into her chamber. "I cannot live in this way."

"It does indeed seem very unaccountable," said Mr. Sherman.

Ding-a-ling, went the bell again, and Mrs. Sherman threw herself on the side of the bed and burst into tears. Mr. Sherman went down stairs and opened the front door, but not a soul was there!

"This is very strange," said he, with a half-foxed, half-puzzled air.

He passed out into the kitchen where Bridget was preparing breakfast, and here he was met with a most unwelcome surprise:

"O, what is to become of us," said she, "the silver spoons and forks are all gone. I have looked all around but I cannot find them. Sure, what has come upon the house."

The plot thickened; the spoons, the forks and other valuable articles were most surely missing, and Mr. Sherman began to think the house had been robbed. Just then his wife came down, and on hearing of the missing articles, it added not a little to her former state of nervousness.

"O, George, I cannot stay here! I cannot stay in this house another night," and she sank upon a chair and sobbed hysterically.

Some of the neighbors came in after breakfast, to whom the story was told, of the mysterious bell-ringing, and the missing articles. One said, some one must have been concealed in the house; another had not a doubt but it was spiritual manifestations; but Mrs. Sherman could not but wonder what use the spirits could have for spoons and forks. But all were puzzled and could come to no final solution of the mystery. Mr. Sherman asked himself a hundred questions. Could there be any one concealed in the house? and if so, could that person have rung the bell? for it was certain the bell was rung by no person outside; and then again, could a person concealed, ring the bell, the wire merely passing through the entry into the kitchen? This was preposterous. Could it have been rung without material agency? He believed not. As he was thus sitting in his study, he heard his wife's step as she passed through the entry to her chamber, she was going to get the babe to sleep. The house was silent save occasionally the sound of Bridget's footsteps as she pursued her work below stairs. As he sat thus, thinking what could be the cause of all this mystery, he began to feel himself yielding to the influence of sleep, when suddenly loud and long rung the bell, and almost simultaneously came a shriek from his wife's apartment. He started up and rushed to her chamber; she was pale with fright.

"O, George," said she, "what can this mean?"

"Be calm," said he, "I will go and see."

At this instant Bridget rushed up stairs.

"The blessed virgin protect me, but I cannot stay in the house another night!"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Sherman, who saw that his wife was growing paler and paler every minute, "what is going to hurt you? You needn't go to the door, and if robbers come, they cannot carry us off bodily."

So saying, Mr. Sherman went down and opened the door, and behold a form of flesh and blood stood before him.

"Ah, Sherman, how do you do?"

"Glad to see you, doctor, will you walk in?"

The gentleman proved to be the family physician; a small, brisk man, who carried a little cane, with which he was in the habit of giving

vigorous little strokes or thrusts to himself, or anything which came in his way. He had bright, twinkling eyes, which danced from object to object, with the rapidity of thought; he had a quick, nervous way of talking; his hands were never still, his eyes were never quiet; he never sat more than five minutes in a place; he was the very spirit of unrest and nervousness. Just the one to delight in a little mystery for the mere sake of ferreting it out.

He followed Mr. Sherman into the parlor and took a chair, then suddenly jumped up again. With a little stroke of his cane upon his left leg, he said:

"I heard that something mysterious had happened in your house—bells ringing without hands and spoons disappearing—is it so?" And down went the little cane upon the other leg, as he whirled completely round and faced Mr. Sherman.

"Something of the kind has happened," said Mr. Sherman.

"Ah," said he, rubbing his hands nervously, and walking back and forth in the room, "tell me about it." And he sat himself desperately into a chair, and fell to tapping his boot with his cane.

Mr. Sherman related the case in as few words as possible, and when he had finished, the little man jumped from his chair and rushed to the front door.

"Let me see," said he, and his eyes sought the bell-wire. "Ah, it goes right along the ceiling, through the entry into the kitchen, all in plain sight, no chance for that, I see. I didn't know," said he, to Mr. Sherman, "but I could explain it. I heard your bell had rung without hands—I thought I might explain it—I knew of a case once, where the bell kept ringing mysteriously—folks got frightened half to death—wife got nervous—husband grew desperate, threatened to desert the house—I called in—I traced the bell-wire—it was carried through the ceiling, where the rats in their peregrinations had got hold of it, and caused all the fright—did not know but this might be so here; but it cannot be."

"Even if the rats had rung the bell," said Mr. Sherman, "they would not have been very likely to have carried off the spoons and forks."

"No, no," said he, shaking his head, "it was not rats, that's certain. I understand your wife is very uneasy about these things."

"Yes," said Mr. Sherman.

At this moment Mrs. Sherman entered the room.

"Ah, madam," said the little man, going forward to meet her, "happy to see you—sorry that

you have such cause for alarm—very strange, very strange—but it will all come clear in time, you may depend; don't think it is spirits, or any of that nonsense. Little ones all well?" said he, abruptly.

Mrs. Sherman said they were.

"You are a little alarmed, I see—not to be wondered at with your nervous temperament—I would advise you to take aconite alternate with belladonna; you have the medicine, I presume? I have some patients to visit now; I will be back again soon." And the doctor hurried away.

When dinner was prepared, Mrs. Sherman was scarcely able to eat.

"I don't think, George, I shall be able to stay in the house to night, I am dreadfully nervous."

"I think," said her husband, "that after tea you had better take the children and go into Mrs. C——'s and spend the night."

This was agreed upon, and Mrs. Sherman took the children and went up stairs while Mr. Sherman, taking a book, went into the parlor. He laid down on the sofa and was fast asleep when his wife came in.

"George," whispered she, "I think Bridget is preparing to leave, for she came into my chamber, and the poor girl was dreadfully frightened, and said that for all the world she could not stay in the house another night. I told her I could not possibly spare her, she must not go. But she persisted, saying there were spirits about the house, she knew. She was sorry to leave me and the children, but she must go."

Mr. Sherman started up, and as he was going up stairs he met Bridget coming down, all dressed for her departure.

"Where are you going, Bridget?" said he.

"To my sister's, sir," said she.

"Not to-night?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I cannot stay in the house where there are such strange doings."

"Pooh, Bridget, go up stairs and take off your things, we cannot spare you; Mrs. Sherman is very nervous and wants you to help take care of the children."

"And indeed, haven't I nerves too?" said she, "and I cannot stay in the house another night."

"You needn't stay in the house to-night, you can go with Mrs. Sherman. I shall watch here so that your things will be perfectly safe."

Bridget looked sullen and displeased; however, she went up stairs, took off her bonnet and came down to the kitchen, where she was sitting moodily by the window, when the little doctor came in.

"Ah, how do you do, Bridget? I thought I would come in this way, so as not to disturb Mr.

and Mrs. Sherman. Has the bell rung much to-day?"

"Ah yes, sir, it is ringing all the time."

"And what do you suppose, Bridget," and he came close up to her, "what do you suppose is the cause of all this?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, sir."

"It frightens you a little, Bridget, doesn't it?"

"Ah, sir, and the life is scared almost out of me; and do you think it is the spirits, the same as the ladies tell about, that tips the tables and upsets the chairs?"

"I don't know, Bridget, but if spirits, they must be very bad ones. Is Mr. Sherman at home?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Will you call him?"

Bridget left the room. No sooner had she gone than the little doctor jumping into a chair, succeeding in securing a small piece of wire with a feather attached, to the tongue of the bell; after doing this he walked very quietly into the parlor, and was sitting there when Mr. Sherman, Mrs. Sherman and the children came in. They were talking very earnestly, when suddenly the bell was rung loud and long. They looked at each other a moment, then Mr. Sherman started for the door, followed by Mrs. Sherman and the children. The door was opened, no one was there. But where was the doctor? At the first alarm he had started for the kitchen where he found Bridget standing in the middle of the room, in a terrible state of alarm. He scarcely heeded her, but taking up the broom which stood in the corner of the kitchen, carried it into the parlor. Looking very attentively at this article of household labor, he pulled therefrom a small feather which he held between his thumb and finger with a very significant look. As his quick eye glanced over the group just returned to the room, he saw that Mrs. Sherman was very pale. He stepped to the kitchen door, "Bridget," said he, "bring a glass of water, your mistress is faint." He was still holding the broom in one hand, the little feather in the other, when she entered.

Mr. Sherman took the glass from her hand, and as she turned to leave the room:

"Bridget," said the doctor, "stop a moment." She obeyed.

"Bridget," said he, "I think you must know more about this bell-ringing than any one else, for it rings only when you are in the kitchen. What say, Bridget?" But Bridget said nothing.

"Without this broom I think you will be hardly able to go on with your operations, and as the amusement must be rather stale by this time, perhaps it would be as well to defer any more

manifestations of your skill in this line; all that remains for you now, is to bring forward the missing articles."

Without a word of reply, but with the strongest indignation in her countenance and manner, the girl turned and left the room.

"Why, doctor," said Mrs. Sherman, "why do you accuse Bridget of all this trouble?"

"My dear madam," said the doctor, walking briskly up to her, "listen for a moment, and I will convince you. I knew that the bell would never ring without material agency, so I cast about me to think what it could be—I thought of Bridget—I determined to test her—I took a small piece of wire which I succeeded in securing to the bell, to this I attached a feather, in such a manner that the least touch would brush it off. Soon the bell rings—the door is opened—no one is there—I go out into the kitchen—take up the broom standing in the corner—behold, there is the very feather which I had attached to the bell—you perceive, madam, the inference I draw from all this?"

"But why should she do all this?"

"That is more than I know. I merely deal in facts. Has she been with you long?"

"Some weeks, and we like her very much."

"It would be well to search her trunk, as no doubt she will be packing off as soon as possible."

"I think, doctor, you must be mistaken. I don't think Bridget could be guilty, for she has been as much alarmed as any of us."

"Can't help it, madam; but I am convinced that no stronger agency has been at work, than this simple broom."

"But what possible benefit could this be to her, she will only lose her place thereby?"

"But you forget, my dear madams, that she did not intend being found out."

"You are very hard, doctor," said the kind-hearted lady. "I think you will yet find she is innocent."

Mr. Sherman who had been absent from the room, now entered.

"I have, by Bridget's request, searched her trunks and found nothing to confirm my suspicions, and she loudly protests her innocence."

Mrs. Sherman looked at the doctor with a triumphant air.

"I cannot help that," said the imperturbable doctor; "the bell-ringing and the robbery are by some means connected. Call Bridget, if you please."

Bridget was called, but as she came down the back stairs, the doctor stepped up the front. He went into her chamber, looked into her closet, it was empty, every article was in her trunk. He

pulled the clothes from the bed—the mattresses from the bedstead—but found nothing—with his little cane he gave vigorous strokes to the feather bed, but nothing rewarded his search, and he stood for a few minutes as if nonplussed. Then he took up a pillow—pulled off the case—examined the ends very carefully—something attracted his keen eye—he squeezed the feathers in his hand—he pulled out his penknife and ripped open the end—out came the feathers—out came also silver spoons and forks—open came the other pillow, and out came more missing articles. He went to the stairs and called for Mr. Sherman; up came the gentleman and his wife.

"Look at here!" said the doctor, pointing to the feathers, spoons and forks, laying about the floor. "What do you think now, madam?"

Mrs. Sherman said nothing, but rushed to the door and screamed, "Bridget! Bridget!"

Bridget came, gave one look at the room and its contents, and stood as immovable as a statue.

"Do you know anything of all this, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am," said she.

"Have you any idea how all those things came into your pillows? Own the truth, Bridget and we will try and forgive you."

"I know nothing about them, ma'am."

"How can you say so, Bridget?" said Mrs. Sherman, the tears standing in her eyes.

"Why should I have done this, ma'am? What did I want of your spoons and forks? It's enough to have one's life frightened out of them by such doings. If I ever get out of this horrid house, sure and I'll never set foot in it again!"

"But how came these things in your pillows, Bridget?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," and so she persisted in her innocence, and left the house that very night taking all her effects with her; for Mrs. Sherman was so kind-hearted that she would not give her consent for her husband to pursue any vigorous measures against her, although circumstances went so much towards proving her guilt. Mrs. Sherman's shattered nerves gradually recovered their tone, the family quiet was restored, and whether Bridget was guilty or no, certain it is there was no mysterious bell-rings after her departure, and the silver was never after found stowed away in the pillows.

Some months after these strange occurrences, as Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were sitting together, the doctor came in holding a paper in his hand, and in his usual abrupt manner began:

"My dear madam, I have a paragraph I wish to read: "'Bridget MacCarthy was brought before the Police Court, charged with taking spoons and other valuable articles, from the family with

whom she was at service. The court brought her in guilty, and sent her to the House of Correction for three years.'"

Mrs. Sherman's work dropped from her hands. "Poor girl, I was in hopes that her experience here would have been a lesson to her. What can induce her to pursue such a course?"

"I suppose," said the doctor, with a very wise look, "it is an infirmity of her nature. I have heard of many cases of a similar character. In low life this disease is called the depravity of the heart—vicious propensity—in high life, it is treated with much more lenity, and is called, a monomania—a morbid state of the mind—and is considered more a misfortune than a fault; but it is my opinion that the disease is the same in both cases, and that a strict system of diet, and some wholesome restraint is necessary for the good of the patient; and even then, the disease often baffles all the skill and tact of the physician. I hope that poor Bridget's medical attendant will be successful in arresting the progress of her disease, for it is one of those complaints for which I am sorry to say homeopathy has no specific."

NOT TO BE DONE.

A pleasant correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New Orleans, gives the following incident:

You can buy nothing in New Orleans (which is the case I believe in most southern and western cities), for less than a "picayune," one-sixteenth of a dollar. Coppers are hardly known; and "nine-pence"—Boston currency—pass indiscriminately for "bits" or one-eighth of a dollar. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a "Sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime.

"What be they?" inquired the Sucker, turning over the coppers in unfeigned ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner. "Can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other; "and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, martin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see it says 'E. Pluribus Unum,' that's the Latin for 'Hail Columbia!' and here it's inscribed, one cent."

"Look at here, stranger," responded the sucker, putting the thumb of his right hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run that saw on a Hoosier, or a Wolverine, but I'm dod rotted if you Yankee me with the consutive stuff."

And he marched off to the social hall, to indulge in a drink of corn whiskey, in compliment to his own sagacity.

It is much better to endeavor to forget one's misfortunes, than to speak often of them.

LINES UPON A FINISHED JOURNAL.

BY JAMES F. FITZ.

An open record now before me lies,
 With "Fins" on the page. It is to me
 A mirror of my mind, wherein I see
 The full reflection of my thoughts—my eyes
 Now wander o'er its pages, tracing here
 Some well remembered incident, long past,
 And here some playful fancy—here in haste
 I've jotted down a phantasy—a tear
 Is dropped upon this page, for here at last
 I see the name of one who from the earth has passed.

And Memory, true servant, doth recall
 Each sad or pleasing circumstance—my grief,
 My joy, which I have written on the leaf,
 Are conjured up before me by her call,
 To be reflected o'er. The past is gone,
 And ne'er can be recalled by act of ours.
 "Thou unrelenting past!" The withered flowers,
 The sad misdeeds, for which no tears atone,
 All, all are thine. Thou dwell'st in gloomy towers,
 And naught escapes thy bleak, deserted, rock-bound shores.

Our lives are truly journals. May each page
 Be pure and white with record of good deeds;
 And as Time onward in his course proceeds,
 And outwardly we're changed by stealthy age,
 O, let not change pervade our hearts and souls—
 Let our life-journal be unsupported still—
 Let no dark stain disgrace it, let not ill
 E'er harm it, and when finally death rolls
 Our book of life—marks "Fins" at the last,
 We may lie down and sleep, unmindful of the past.

THE TREASURE OF THE STUDIO.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

THE winds and storms of half a century had swept about the half ruined walls of an old family mansion, located in the heart of the county of H——. It was a fine old aristocratic building, with balconies leading from the upper stories, large gothic windows with curiously carved shutters, that in the main building were closed throughout the whole season of storms and sunshine. The original part of this massive building had been for many years vacated; so long had human life been absent from it, that it had assumed a forbidding aspect. Its dark, sombre color had become even more gloomy by long neglect, moss clung to its roof, and rank weeds sprung up under the door sills and window crevices.

The older inhabitants of the town could remember when the mansion was alive with gaiety and beauty; young people and children kept away the sombre shadows by their gay voices, and the sunlight streamed into open windows, and lit up the dark panelling and carved ceiling

with a rich beauty. It was then the residence of an old English family, who brought from their native country all the national customs and habits in which they had been bred. The Christmas holiday and festival fetes were scrupulously observed, and hospitality reigned here from the beginning of the new year till the last hour of its ending.

James Gordon, with his parents and young bride, came to this country with no further intention than travelling for pleasure, and being attracted by the beauty and romance of this mansion, bought it, and fitted it up according to their English tastes, thinking to make of it a permanent home. In a few years the aged parents died and left their large inheritance to the son, who had accompanied them to this new land and administered to their last hours. Here children were born to the young emigrants, who grew up in the enjoyment of comfort and luxury. Tutors and governesses were provided for the education of the young people, until the sons were fitted for a college life.

The eldest son, Richard, was a boy of rare promise. He combined in his character a strange and wild recklessness with the most intellectual tastes, not only for books and study, but for art. He had all a woman's delicate instinct for beauty in nature and life. He was a poet in soul, and his inspiration found expression through the pencil and canvass, rather than through the usual medium of poetic feeling. His excessive love of art drew away his mind from classical studies, and thus disappointed the hopes of his parents, who greatly desired him to follow the profession of the law.

It was useless to strive to influence the mind of the young student. Nature had designed him for an artist, and in no other sphere would he succeed. At the age of sixteen he entered the university, and for the first time in his life went out from the influences of home. Tutors had been provided for his previous preparatory studies, so that life outside these mansion walls was new and strange to him.

Among the inmates of the family at this period of their history, was a young English girl, a distant relative, who was called by them Cousin Emma. She was the orphan child of an old and tried friend of James Gordon, who having died a few years previous, while in this country, left little Emily to the care and protection of his old friend. Her mother had died in the child's infancy, and the father's great anxiety and trust had been to educate and accomplish this one darling child. She was left in possession of a fortune, so that in a pecuniary point of

view she was wholly independent of the friends with whom she resided.

James Gordon and wife set their hearts, on the first appearance of this beautiful girl into their family, upon an alliance between her and their favorite son. According to their English customs, they made this wish known to the young people, and at the time of Richard's entering the university, he was formally betrothed to Cousin Emma.

There was still another young girl, a year older than Emma, who now became a resident of the mansion, occupying the position of governess to the two little daughters, Lily and Fannie. She was highly accomplished, and in every way amply fitted for her important office, as companion and teacher to the children under her charge. She, too, was an orphan, but, unlike Cousin Emma, she was not an heiress. Her father was a clergyman, who, by dint of great industry had contrived to give his children a fine education, knowing that in case of his death they would be thrown upon their own resources as a means of support. Mary, the eldest daughter, had been bred under refining influences, and her tastes were early cultivated for art and poetry, and all delicate and womanly accomplishments. She sang and played the guitar most admirably, having inherited from both her parents a natural talent for music.

There was but little sympathy between Mary James and Cousin Emma. The latter was more interested in society and fashion than in books or nature. She was beautiful, and possessed those charming, graceful manners that rendered her a most attractive person, and consequently she drew admirers wherever she appeared.

Before Richard Gordon left home for the university, he had arranged for himself a studio, where he employed every leisure moment in his favorite employment. The apartment was in the upper story of the main building, and was fitted up with the most exquisite taste to suit the fastidious young man. Copies from the best artists hung about the walls, and statuettes, and the finest models of sculpture, occupied the recesses and niches of the room. Here the young student spent many of his happiest youthful hours.

During the college vacations, Richard was at home, and as he grew older, his love for art increased and became an absorbing passion. He now found a new enjoyment in his work, from the sympathy of Mary James, the young governess, whose pleasing ways and cultivated mind had gained for her the companionship of the members of the family.

The four years of college life passed rapidly away. It seemed like a dream to the young people. Richard had looked eagerly forward to its termination, for then he anticipated a return to his artist employments. Cousin Emma had looked forward to it with all a young girl's pride for her lover. She hoped that Richard would decide upon the law, and enter a profession that would raise him, if successfully practised, to a high niche in fame. There was still another, who, in the silence of her heart, looked forward to this happy time. She longed to have the young student at home again, to enjoy his artistic tastes, to sit in his studio and quietly watch his pencil fly over the canvass, bringing life and beauty out of nothingness. She loved to trace his bold imagination dash off the wild images that flitted through his brain. She wished him near her to consult on all subjects of taste and literature. It had been an era in her life when she had been admitted into the confidence of the young artist.

Had not Cousin Emma been so self-conscious of her own power to charm and sway the hearts of those around her, she must have felt a woman's jealousy for her powerful rival, Mary James. She had indeed the greatest reason to be so, but Emma could not understand how the simple girl of questionable beauty, and quiet, unassuming manners, could take precedence of her. She placed no great value on the poetic tastes of the young girl, and never for a moment supposed they could influence others more than herself.

Richard Gordon, now a young man of rare personal attractions, was proud of his beautiful betrothed, and if the thought of marriage ever crossed his mind at all, it was as the husband of the heiress. In the enjoyment of his congenial pursuits, he very seldom gave a thought to that far-off event, and it lay in his mind as a part of his family history, a poetic idea, that one day might or might not become a reality. He did not reason about it, or ask himself the question, whether or no he loved his fair betrothed. It had been arranged by his parents that he should marry her, and thus far he had seen no cause to rebel. In his gay moments, when his mind needed reaction from his engrossing duties, he sought the society of Cousin Emma; her gaiety and brilliancy came in well at such times, and pleased him.

Far different was the influence Mary James exercised over the young man. When his mind was filled with his art, when images of beauty were flooding his soul, and struggling to gain expression on canvass, then he sought the sym-

pathy and refinement of Mary. He wished her by him when he sat in his studio absorbed in some new creation. She was his inspiration. Even her presence gave a new charm to his already brilliant works of imagination. From her face, he caught the light and shade that he wove into his work. Her grace suggested a new beauty to his figures, and if ever he was for a moment lost or undecided in the arrangement of his picture, Mary's instinctive love of beauty set him right.

In this way a year passed, and Richard Gordon was of age. This important era in the life of the young man wrought a great change in his character. Before this, he had naturally yielded to the will of others without arousing himself to question their authority. Now a strong, defiant spirit rose in his soul, and all at once he sprang up into a resolute man, that could no more be swayed by the mere will of others than the strong oak will bend to each summer breeze that sweeps through its branches. He was now of age. His parents and betrothed urged more strongly than ever their desire that he should throw aside his childish pursuits, and take some profession, and go out into the world to make for himself an honorable name among men.

This was the first great cause that Richard found for open rebellion to parental authority. He felt that he should never succeed out of his studio, and his hopes drew the most extravagant expectations for his advancement in this direction. He would go to Italy and study under the very shadow of the works of old and renowned artists. He would gain inspiration from the poetic influences of that golden clime. This was his dream, and woven in it was a still wilder scheme.

If Mary's quiet sympathy inspired him in his small efforts, how much more necessary would she be to his happiness and success as he rose in his upward path to fame. His whole soul was bound up in these two objects. Emma would only be a drawback to his life. Her beauty and accomplishments might gratify him, but he felt that they, too, might unconsciously draw him away from his beloved art. A life of hard, active labor was before him; he could not count on moments of leisure. His heart clung to Mary, and she seemed so connected with the past years of his growing experience that he could not imagine how life would seem bereft of her presence. For five years he had looked to her for encouragement and sympathy, and it had supported him, even with the whole family influence opposed to his pursuits.

With a manly pride, Richard made known his

feelings to his parents, and met with resolute opposition. Their whole plans for their eldest and most gifted child were being set aside and treated with indifference by his headstrong will. They refused to give their consent to the union. But they mistook the spirit of Richard when they passed this stern decree. They did not anticipate rebellion. It came, nevertheless, but so quickly, that they were wholly unprepared for it.

Before the end of one month, Richard fled from his home, taking with him his beloved Mary, for the land of his boyish dreams. A letter left upon his writing-desk explained in a cool, manly way his reasons for taking the step, and his withdrawal to all claims upon the family inheritance, excepting what had already been settled by law upon him previously. This scanty income would bring the necessity of hard, indefatigable labor. He accepted this life for the sake of what he had gained by the exchange; he uttered no word of reproach or unkindness. In fact, the letter to his mother expressed all the tenderness that he had ever cherished for her. Even then, in his rebellion to parental authority, he was not unworthy his good heart.

This event was the breaking up of the family. With their notions of honor, they felt that lasting disgrace had fallen upon the house that bore their name. They were completely crushed by the blow. The name of the loved one was erased from the family record, and ceased to be a household word. In this way they disowned the son who had brought such calamity upon them; but in their hearts they loved him still, and mourned and wept over him as their lost, erring son.

The family continued to live here for some time after this event, but it ceased to be the cheerful, hospitable mansion of olden times. They discarded all sympathy, and shut themselves up in their seclusion to brood upon their troubles. Then all at once the house was deserted; the heavy shutters were closed, and the gray old building left to its gloomy shadows. Thus it remained for many years. The people, who were acquainted with the events I have related, had mostly passed away, and their children now occupied the places of trust then held by the parents.

One summer day the curiosity of the town was greatly excited by an arrival at the old ruined mansion. A lady of perhaps fifty-five years came, accompanied by a young and pretty girl, and took up their residence in this old building. The main part of the house remained closed, and was never opened, even to admit a stray sunbeam. This was the condition of affairs at the time our story opens.

Very little could be gathered of the history of the occupants of the old building. All that was at all definite was, that the elderly lady was not the mother of the young girl under her charge. She was an orphan child, whom the good woman had taken from feelings of charity at first, but had afterwards adopted from a strong attachment. She had given to the maiden her own home, and in all respects was she as an own daughter to her. It was said that the lady had never married. She was still a beautiful woman, though her face showed traces of suffering and mental struggle. She was wealthy, as every article about her person and household arrangements betokened.

Mira, the young girl, possessed a dreamy, romantic nature, and her tastes were gratified by living amid the ruins of this old English mansion. She would wander alone for hours among the dim shadows of the main building, exploring the empty, solitary rooms, and penetrating into the most secret recesses of the gloomy old ruins.

On one occasion, in wandering about the mansion, Mira ascended the upper staircase, that tottered under her tread, and passed along a dark hall, following a streak of light that seemed to come from a crevice under the door of some small apartment. Her heart almost failed her as she placed her hand upon the latch, for she fancied she heard near her the sound of low sobs, accompanied by a faint moan. She instantly retreated, and secreting herself in a dark corner, she awaited the solving of the mystery. As she stood there, almost breathless, she continued to hear stifled sobs, and the broken words of some human voice. Presently she heard a light footstep sounding from within the room. She awaited now with anxious fear the appearance of ghost or human being, as it might be.

After a short interval, the door of the apartment swung open, and a lady, pale, and with the traces of tears still on her eyelids, passed out of the room, and hurried down the staircase. Mira sprang forward a few steps to catch one more glance of the person who had flitted past her, and this look convinced her that it was her own guardian and adopted mother. What could be the meaning of this strange event? Mira did not suppose her parent had ever seen the old ruins until coming to live among them. What could be the associations connected with that one little room, that had the power to draw the beautiful woman into its shadowy gloom to weep and moan?

Mira's curiosity was too much excited to be checked now when at its height. Instinctively

she pressed forward and entered the room that had been the scene of this strange drama. In an instant she found herself in the interior of an artist's studio. A faint light falling from the roof rendered objects half discernible. All about her lay fragments of paintings, some nearly completed, others just commenced, but all, save one, in a fragmentary state. The one that bore the marks of finished completion, was the face of a young girl. The dimness of the apartment gave a dreamy, spiritual light to the countenance, and Mira thought she had never seen anything so lovely before.

In a maze of wonder and delight, Mira sat down on a broken stool and gazed at this picture for many moments, unable to remove her eyes from the fascinating portrait. When she did withdraw them, it was to admire more works of beauty and art lying broken and half disfigured about the room. Here was indeed a mystery; her romantic tastes would have delighted in this dim studio, with its fragmentary ruins, as a daily retreat; but the thought of intruding upon the sanctity of another's grief might prevent a second visit to the mysterious apartment.

That night Mira lay in a wakeful state, and pondered the meaning of all this strange adventure. Weeks passed by, but she did not dare to gratify her curiosity by a second visit to this charmed spot. During this time she had been gaining some acquaintance with the walks and scenery about the town. She often took her pencil and sketch-book and wandered off on the hills, or in the woods, to take some one of the many fine views of the surrounding country.

On one of these excursions, Mira came suddenly upon a young man, to all appearances a stranger in those parts, who seemed to be engaged in the same employment as herself. He looked up from his work as the young girl passed down a path in the woods to gain an opening. Some movement of his arrested her attention, and she started in hurried surprise as she caught the eye of the fine looking stranger.

"Do not let me alarm you, lady," said the young man, rising from the bed of moss on which he had been reclining. "I see we are both engaged in the same employment. Let this be my excuse for addressing you. Will you allow me to look at your sketches?"

The courteous address of the stranger gained the confidence of Mira at once, and without any apologies or affectation, she placed her portfolio in his hand, claiming his in exchange.

"You have much fine scenery here from which to sketch. Look at this hasty outline I have just drawn, and tell me if you recognize it."

"Ah, that is very good—it is the old mansion where I dwell, with the hill and woodland back of it."

"Do you indeed live in this fine old castle? It reminds me of the buildings in my own land."

Mira looked up, surprised, and now noticed that the person before her bore the complexion of one reared under Italy's sun, although his accent was decidedly English. The stranger noticed her look of surprise, and said:

"I claim America as my original native land, for my parents spent their youth here on this soil, but Italy was my birth-place."

"You are an artist?" Mira ventured to say to the young man, as she continued to admire the outline she held in her hand.

"I hope to be one, lady, though I now dare not lay claim to that honorable title. I inherited a love of art from my parents. My father, I am not ashamed to call by the name of artist."

Mira wished to ask the stranger if he was stopping in their town, but feared to be deemed inquisitive; but her curiosity was soon gratified by the stranger himself, who informed her he was travelling for the purpose of improving his knowledge of landscape-sketching, and had been attracted by the romantic beauty of the scenery about this town and its surroundings, and had decided to spend a few months in the vicinity. They walked towards the mansion together, and their conversation turned mostly on painting and sketching. Mira had not very remarkable talent for art, but she had a delicate taste that had been but slightly cultivated, and she drew and sketched from nature simply for amusement, to fill up the long days with pleasant employment.

Now a new interest was excited in the mind of Mira for art in its high and beautiful relation to nature and life. A new revelation was being opened to her, and for the first time in her life did she begin to value aright what little talent she possessed. She felt the greatest desire to tell the stranger of the treasure she had found in the studio of the mansion. She knew the portrait was one of remarkable merit, and she longed to bring it out of its musty, shadowy retreat, to the admiration of the artist.

Mira thought to be very discreet, and keep the secret of the portrait in her own mind, but somehow, before she reached the mansion, it had escaped her lips. She reasoned to herself that it was too precious a relic to be kept out of sight, when here, before her, was a real artist, who might be able to trace its history, or at least be the means of bringing it to the knowledge of lovers of art.

The curiosity of the student was greatly excited, as we may judge, but he knew that it would be proper to first gain an acquaintance with the lady of the mansion before asking the privilege of examining the mysterious portrait; especially did he feel a delicacy in making a request, however much it might be to his advantage to do so, that seemed to be so painfully connected with the lady's happiness. It might awaken feelings in her mind that were too sacred to be probed, even by the hand of friendship, and as yet he was a stranger to her. He resolved to wait a more favorable time, and to restrain his curiosity.

Mira related to her guardian her meeting with the stranger, and requested permission to invite him to the house. The lady seemed interested in the recital and gave free consent. Soon the young Italian student was on terms of intimacy at the mansion. There was something in his looks and appearance that attracted the attention of the lady and elicited her confidence. She fancied she could trace resemblances that were so striking as to give her a painful pleasure in his presence, but usually she found delight and companionship in the society of the gifted young stranger.

On one occasion, when the artist called at the mansion to instruct Mira in some department of drawing, which he had been teaching her for a few weeks previous, the lady was absent, and a good opportunity seemed to offer for exploring the studio. Mira did not dare make the request of her protector, not knowing but some painful association might thereby be awakened, yet she felt an irresistible desire drawing her on to a closer examination of the beautiful portrait. The face, as she saw it in its dim, spiritual light had haunted her waking and sleeping hours.

Accordingly, they together ascended the old staircase, and passed through the dark hall, guided by the same faint light that had before attracted Mira's attention. On entering the studio, she perceived that some person had been there since her former visit, for the paintings had been differently arranged. The fragments of old statues and models had been carefully collected from the heaps of rubbish scattered throughout the apartment, and were arranged on shelves in an orderly manner. The paintings were leaning against the wall, all excepting the one portrait. She feared that this had been removed, but on further search, she found it, with its face draped in thin gauze, turned towards the wall, screened from the dust by many larger frames.

With an exclamation of joy, Mira drew out to

the light the treasure of the studio, and held it up before the eye of the artist. A deathly pallor spread over his face, as he gave a quick look at the beautiful picture, and he cried :

"O, Heaven!—it is the face of my sainted mother!"

Mira was half stupefied by surprise and fear. What had she done? What mystery had she, by her curiosity, brought to light? Whom would it affect?—and what would come of it? All these thoughts passed through her mind, as the stranger stood in mute delight and homage before the image of his dead mother. Neither of them heard the soft footstep that was approaching through the long and gloomy hall.

In an instant the lady stood in the presence of the young artist and his companion. All three were struck dumb, and for a moment no one broke the silence. The stranger was the first to speak.

"Tell me, my good lady,—tell me the history of this portrait. I have a painful interest in asking it of you. It is the exact semblance of my dear, sainted mother—Mary Gordon."

The lady uttered a low cry, and fell fainting upon the floor.

"O, mother, dear mother, I have killed you!" cried the frantic Mira. "What can I do to bring her back to life? O, my mother, my mother!"

The blow of the fall had already partly restored the lady. In an instant she seemed to summon all the resolution of a strong nature to her aid, to bring herself to consciousness. In a low voice, she said :

"No, Mira, you have not harmed me. Help me to the drawing-room, and I will relieve my heart of its only secret. Perhaps it will beat more calmly when it has thrown off this one grief that has kept us apart and separated me from the whole world."

She then related to the young people the history of the family who formerly resided in the old mansion—the same that we have already given to the reader. Richard Gordon, the heir to that proud inheritance, was her betrothed lover. Within these walls she had lived and loved, suffered, and received the retribution that followed her ambitious pride, that scorned the idea of an artist husband. This was indeed Cousin Emma, the beautiful heiress, changed by sorrow and disappointment into the noble, self-denying woman.

When the lady had finished her story, she begged of the artist to give her a faithful account of his life and all that concerned his parents.

The young student was indeed proud to tell

of the renown his father had gained as an artist in Italy. His pictures were already sought as models for young students; his name ranked with the proudest names in the catalogue of artistic fame. He spoke, too, with great tenderness of his poet mother, who had died but a few years before. She had been to her son what Emma knew she was in former times to her lover, inspiration in his art. Her love of beauty had been re-created in her son, and her last breath was devoted to encouragement and appreciative sympathy.

Thus after the lapse of a quarter of a century were the fragments of this broken family again brought together. Richard Gordon, on learning of the existence of Cousin Emma, crossed the ocean, to extend to her all the sympathy and affection she so much needed in her loneliness. They were the only surviving members of that once large family. Italy was the home of Richard Gordon. It was here he had commenced life and struggled on to a renowned manhood. Here he would spend his days, and live over again his youth in the hopes of his gifted son. After a sojourn of a year in the land of his birth, he returned to Italy, accompanied by his son and his young bride—Mira—and the dear good mother, who had been so faithful a guardian to the young girl she had reared unto womanhood.

Now, in a pleasant, luxurious home in sunny Italy, dwell in perfect peace and love the only remaining members of the family of Gordons, and in the artist's studio hangs the sacred portrait, and each heart cherishes it as a precious emblem of restored confidence and happiness. Even Cousin Emma now regards it with worshipful homage, feeling that if it once brought suffering to her soul, it has at length brought peace and restoration. It hangs there with its beautiful influence silently diffusing itself throughout that artist home, a part of its life, and an ever living, an ever inspiring joy.

TASTES.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment "in a bit of guano." The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs; an Esquimaux thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The fancy dish of the South Sea Islanders is broiled clergymen, while they never get hold of a grass-colored umbrella without boiling it up for greens.—*Traveller.*

The Lacedæmonians applied their minds to no learning but what was useful; and would not suffer the professors of any speculative sciences to live in their government, lest by their disputations, and empty notions, they should deprave the true excellency of virtue.

**"RUN OUT YOUR TONGUE, AND SHUT
YOUR EYES."**

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Old Dr. Jennings was a man
 'Twould do your soul good once to meet;
So full was he of tenderness,
 And yet of every odd conceit.
He had a way he called his own,
 With all his patients, rich and poor;
For this no better was than that,
 And all alike went through his door.

Among the host of sickly ones,
 Bent up of spleen and sluggish bile,
That sought his aid from day to day,
 Was an old lady, Mrs. Guile.
In truth, she was as well as he,
 Or you, good reader, if not sick;
But she was rich, and that was why
 Her ailments kept collecting thick.

The doctor could not go abroad,
 No matter where, or how, or when,
But he was haunted with her face,
 The wretchedest of wretched men.
He knew that *hypo* was the cause,—
 He knew her illness was all made;
And he resolved at last to try
 And put an end to such a trade.

One day she met him on the street,
 On every side with people jammed;
She stopped, of course: she always stopped:
 She coughed, and coughed; and he—he 'ham'd.'
"O, Dr. Jennings, sir!" said she,
 "I feel so bad to-day, right here!"
And put her hands across her chest,
 And poured her troubles in his ear.

"Let's see!" the doctor gruffly spake;
 "Run out your tongue, and shut your eyes!"
She did as she was bid; and he
 Passed on to some new enterprise.
For full three minutes thus she stood,
 Exposed to everybody's jeers,
And woke at last to find herself
 A fool among her lady peers!

She called upon him for his bill,
And never took another pill.

THE DREAM AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

THE wealthy mercantile house of Carmer & Co. had given the charge of the good ship *Albatross* to Captain John Manvers, a perfect sailor, and a master whose many successful voyages had given him a reputation significant of good luck to all ventures under his control.

The wife of Captain Manvers, though an accomplished lady, and a woman of sound common sense in other matters, was a firm believer in dreams, not altogether without reason, she hav-

ing experienced the fulfilment of many a dream, remarkable in itself, and more remarkable in its having been the prophecy of truth.

"Well, wife," said Captain Manvers at parting, "will my voyage be a prosperous one? What have you dreamed about it?"

"I know you smile incredulously, John," she said, "whenever I speak of my dreams coming to pass, and so often, I will not relate them to you, singular as my experience has been. At this time, for a wonder, I have no dream to speak of; but let me caution you—and I hope you will not think the warning a visionary one—against too much confidence in some of those foreigners whom you have enlisted in your crew. I have seen them, as you know, on board, and if there is a man among them all whom you should fear, it is your first mate, that dark-browed, mischievous-looking Luigi, the Portuguese. He looks like a pirate, and I believe that if he ever has a chance, he will be one."

"But the others?"

"Half a dozen of those swarthy countrymen of his, to me appeared like heartless and fierce-minded creatures, the very sight of whom made my blood curdle."

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Captain Manvers, "you must not judge hard-working men by their exterior. Some of the best and bravest seamen I ever commanded have been ill-looking fellows—at least not calculated to please a lady's eye. They are all right enough, never fear. And don't let superstition make you so nervously suspicious."

"I rely so much upon my superstition, as you call it," replied the wife, gravely, "that I wish I had dreamed about your voyage; but let me propose this to you. For curiosity's sake, suppose that on the fourteenth day out, we recall this moment, and you give heed to the dream which you chance to have that night. And whatever it may be, receive it as an index of what is to follow, and be governed accordingly."

"Be it so," replied Captain Manvers. "I shall not be forgetful; but I promise you I sleep very soundly on the water, and it is as likely as not that I shall not dream at all."

The ship *Albatross* set sail, and was soon filling her white wings over the blue waters, bound to a tropical port.

The ship's crew numbered twenty, all told, and of these but seven were Americans, about as many, including Luigi, were Spanish or Portuguese, and the remainder English and Irish. The Spanish and Portuguese had shipped ostensibly for the purpose of a conveyance to the first port at which they were to touch, where they

were to re-ship for home, if chance should offer, as was expected.

A few days after they had sailed, it was discovered that much of the stock of provisions was in such bad condition, that it was found necessary to put all on short allowance, and this caused no little discontent among a portion of the crew, making them very bellicose, particularly the Spaniards and Portuguese, to whom, the captain expected that Luigi had made false representations about the matter, as he gathered from their broken accents that they attributed the bad provision to meanness and design on the part of Captain Manvers. This dissatisfaction was shared by others of the crew, though not to so great an extent; yet there was such dissatisfaction evinced at mess, and when the men were about their work, that the captain's uneasiness daily grew greater. All he could do was to protest that he was innocent of any such intention, and to exhort them to be content with the misfortune.

But numbers of the crew shook their heads incredulously, and when they had an opportunity, conversed sulkily together in knots, or went about their work tardily and with ill-nature, often requiring orders to be several times repeated, before they would perform them.

Luigi, the captain remarked, seemed daily to be gaining ground in the favor of the men, most of them treating him with more respect than they did the captain; and Luigi himself took frequent occasion to exhibit to his superior officer signs of dislike, and disrespect for his authority; all of which, under the circumstances, the latter felt himself obliged to put up with, anxiously yearning for arrival at the port where he could get rid of so troublesome a set.

Before he was ten days out, Captain Manvers came to the conclusion that Luigi was the *real* master of the Albatross, and overmatched him in the good will of the crew; and this he attributed chiefly to the ill luck about the provisions; though the more familiarized he became with the first mate, the more he suspected that he was incessantly intriguing with the men, and the more he loathed the snake-like expression of his small, dark, sunken, glittering eye.

"My wife was right," thought he; "and never have I had such a vile set of fellows to deal with. But I will be wary with them, and strengthen myself as well as I can."

The fourteenth day came, and Captain Manvers remembered the proposal of his wife.

"Whatever I dream will bode no good, at least," mused he, "harassed as I am, night and day by these mongrels; and mayhap, however bad the dream may be, that it may prove true,

as she suggested; for I expect but little good from this half of the voyage, as things stand."

As he thus reflected upon his unpleasant position, there was a noise of a scuffle upon deck, and he hastened thither to learn the cause. He there found Luigi in a struggle with one of the men, an Irishman, who, though Luigi was a powerful man, was about to get the advantage of him in the encounter, when the mate drew a dirk, which he was about to plunge into the sailor's side, which the captain prevented, by rushing in and seizing the blade with his naked hand, succeeding in wrenching it from the bloody-minded Portuguese, and flinging the weapon overboard; at this juncture his presence produced a cessation of hostilities.

"Howly Mary! Captain Manvers, ye did that very nately, long life to you!" panted the rescued seaman, as he leaned exhausted against the bulwarks, adjusting his torn shirt. "May I never sup soup, but I'll do as much for you, some of those days."

"What is all this trouble about?" inquired the captain, turning to Luigi, who was quivering with rage, his snaky eyes glaring like a demon's. Luigi looked with intense hatred at the captain, and deigned no reply; while the Spaniards and Portuguese clamored in their peculiar gibberish, like so many crazy monkeys, for the refractory sailor to be put in irons, forthwith; one of them officiously bringing the "ruffles" to the spot.

"Avast there, John Portugee!" at this instant said an American sailor, stepping up between him and Captain Manvers, "or I'll shiver your top-lights in a jiffy! O'Rafferty's not to blame, your honor. The mate tripped over his foot, and struck him for his own awkwardness, and he resented it as it becomes a man for to do. You wouldn't iron him for that, captain, would you?"

"No, Peters, no, the man shall go free," replied the captain, looking proudly upon the listening mate, whose countrymen with the majority of the men, had ranged themselves together to watch the result. "If he did wrong in assaulting his officer, the wrong was offset by the drawing of a knife. It is a violation of my rules, for any one to carry a weapon about his person. Let me see no more of this wrangling, men," he added, turning to the throng gathered about Luigi. "There has been unnecessary trouble and disaffection enough already. I have marked it among you, and I wish to see no more of it. Be warned against ill advisers, men, or that may happen which you will bitterly repeat."

He walked away, overhearing the murmurs of that part of the crew who seemed inclined to side with Luigi, right or wrong.

"Cospetto!" hissed Luigi to those about him, as he ground his teeth at the double discomfiture, "worse *will* come of it, ere long!" And with a significant shrug and glance at O'Rafferty, who was now conversing with Peters, he held a low-toned interview with his companions, of no agreeable nature, judging from their looks and gestures. O'Rafferty caught the eye of Luigi, as its venomous glance was bent upon him for an instant.

"O niver mind, ye murderin blackguard. I fear neither yer ugly toad's eye nor yer knife, bad luck to it, that's to the bottom of the say, or will be soon. An O'Rafferty niver demeaned himself so far, as to take a knife upon his enemy. By the powers, if I had ye ashore, I'd—I'd—"

The sentence was unfinished, owing to the caution of Peters, who whispered to the irate Hibernian to keep cool and be on his guard; and during the rest of the day the affair was much dwelt upon by the men, who from that time took sides decisively, either for or against the captain, the majority being with Luigi—for they had been sounded by him often before, on a matter of darker import, and their piratical proclivities were found to be all that he could wish.

The fourteenth night had come, and Captain Manvers, as he retired to rest, knew that his wife was thinking of her promise; and musing upon her whimsical ideas of dreams, he fell asleep. He dreamed, and his dream was of no pleasant cast. In his sleep he saw afar off the shore to which they were hastening, and his heart beat joyfully as he thought how soon his difficulties were to cease. Suddenly the sky grew dark and the waters answered to the angry rumbling of the clouds. A storm was upon them! a tropical storm, and his men were ordered to their posts. They refused, Luigi demanding that first he should deliver up the command, or perish. Altercation ended in a quarrel. But few were faithful to him. They resisted. A bloody struggle ensued, himself encountering Luigi, and the villain's knife was raised to pierce his heart, just as a boat was leaving the ship with O'Rafferty in it.

With an herculean effort he strove to disengage himself, when—suddenly he awoke! Through the agony of his dream his brow was covered with perspiration, and his heart beat audibly. The light burned dimly, but with sufficient brightness to enable him to discover Luigi's figure stealing through the doorway.

"Who's there?" he cried, starting up.

There was no answer, but the door was slammed violently to. He sprang towards it and looked out, but nobody was to be seen.

"To thieve or murder, doubtless," he muttered, and trimming the lamp, he examined the pistols under his pillow. They were in order, and he determined, till they should reach their port, to keep them so, and carry them about him at all hours.

"She told me to be governed by the dream, whatever it might be, and I should be a fool to do otherwise, as I am situated. But I must do more. I must sound my men; and I think already I know whom I can trust—pity they should be so few!"

In pursuance of this resolution, that day he discovered, through the representations of O'Rafferty and Peters, who had not been unmindful of the actions of the others, that there were but eight in all, on whom he could rely.

He mentioned his dream, enjoining secrecy; and as if the vision had been a revelation from Heaven, preparations were made for the worst; first against surprise, and then for escape, should the faithful few be defeated. They were armed privately, and such weapons as they could not use were concealed in the hold of the ship. Things looked so menacingly that the captain decided for once in his life, to follow the counsel of a mere dream—but a dream enforced in impressiveness by dreary realities. Lashings were secretly prepared, and a boat so arranged, that, should a struggle come, and discomfiture await them, even in a storm, escape might not be wholly hopeless. These affairs concerted, they awaited the surmised event, of which none had any positive intimation.

For several days nothing unusual occurred on board the Albatross, and save the accustomed grumbling, dark looks, and reluctant labors of the Luigi party, no sign of mutiny was apparent on board.

One day, the breeze freshening into a gale, Luigi was speaking to the man at the wheel, in the hearing of the captain, in a boastful mood, how he had managed the tiller in a Mediterranean tempest, with no aid from a wheel or rope, steadying the swerving helm simply by his hand.

"Santa Maria!" said the helmsman, "not easy, Senor Luigi."

"Easy!" answered Luigi, scowling and looking darkly at the captain, "I could do it as easy—as I can fling Manvers into the sea!"

"Hist!" whispered the helmsman, in a serious tone.

The words were not lost upon the captain, who resolved, whatever might be his fate, not to allow himself to be a proof of Luigi's strength in such a feat.

Towards noon the gale increased, and the

heavens became rapidly overcast, while the hot breath of an approaching storm made foamy and billowy the scared waters.

"Fulfilment!" reflected the captain, as he paced the deck, pale and agitated, while the mate was giving orders. "I now believe that dream. Thanks to its warning, if it prove the means of saving life, though mine be forfeited."

The tempest increased. Cautioning his chosen men to be on the alert, the captain gave certain orders about the reefing of the sails, when suddenly the suspected men mustered together and Luigi stepped forward:

"Why do you not do as I ordered?" demanded the captain, expecting an outbreak, his men prudently disposed near by.

"Because we demand that you surrender the ship to us, unconditionally," exclaimed the mate, "or—" and he drew a pistol—"you see life or land no more!"

"That for your demand, mutineer!" shouted the captain, instantly presenting a pistol, already cocked, which he had held behind him, and he fired. But the eye of Luigi was quick enough to forewarn him. He sprang aside and the ball entered the brain of one of his comrades, who fell dead upon the deck.

"Revenge! Blood for blood!" was the piratical cry of the fallen man's companions, and they sprang forward, half-astounded at this sudden anticipation of their project.

The precautions of the captain's party having left them unarmed, save with here and there a dirk, they had thought to have overborne all resistance by mere main force, and to have cast all opponents into the sea.

As they leaped forward to their fiendish task Luigi fired at the captain, but only just as the latter closed with him, so that the aim was unsteady, and the bullet flew harmless through the crest of a wave.

"Boat! Rescue!" exclaimed the captain, as he grappled Luigi's throat, with the grasp of desperate indignation.

Half a dozen bullets responded to the cry of the captain, and sent three or four of Luigi's party, dead or disabled to the deck, so enhancing the surprise and dismay of the other mutineers, that they held aloof for a few moments, while the struggle between the captain and mate was going on.

Nor did the treacherous crew observe till too late, the activity of the supple O'Rafferty, who, with Peters, had quietly and quickly lowered the boat which had been fortunately prepared for this dream-foreboded exigency; and which, though it seemed scarce able to live in the heavy

sea which threatened to engulf it, had been laid alongside before the manœuvre was understood by them.

The remainder of the captain's party, huddled at that point, were stoutly battling with their assailants, when a mighty sea fell like an avalanche upon the ship, with such almost annihilating force, that the mutineers were obliged to desist, to save themselves from being washed overboard. This timely wave, too, saved the captain's life; for blinding the gaze and making uncertain the foot of Luigi, whose dagger, even as the dream had foretold, was uplifted for the life of his adversary, it completely foiled his purpose, and he fell with an oath to the deck, the captain tumbling, drenched to the skin, upon him.

As soon as the vessel righted, Captain Mannervers himself righted, and managed to plant a stunning blow under the ear of his not quite so active mate, from whom, by this expertness, he was released.

"Come, boat! boat!" now cried out O'Rafferty; "what's the good of a boat, ye spalpeens, if you don't get into it?" And indeed there was little prospect that the boat would be good at all, for anybody, for it was half full of water and in such a sea.

But no time was to be lost. The mutineers were on the point of a rally and a rush, but ere they had resolved upon it, their intended victims were beyond their reach, and pushing off, were soon tossing in their wooden shell, upon the uncertain ocean.

There was no attempt to guide or row her. Their reliance was only in the lashings which each had carried about his person, and with which they now fastened themselves to their frail bark; and upon the fact that they had converted it into a sort of life-boat, some days before, by means of tarred canvass, secured air-tight, beneath her seats. Thus, and with silent prayers to God, they trusted the heaving bosom of the deep.

As occasionally they disappeared in the trough of the sea, their late companions marked and mocked at them, thinking with the rise of every wave, to see them no more; but now the latter found work enough for themselves to do, for the dying and the dead were among them, they were short-handed, and the tempest grew fiercer and fiercer, and their terror-stricken hearts, made feeble by conscious guilt, made them despair of the help of Heaven.

And God helped them not. The frail boat of the faithful rode out the storm, and was borne to the coast in safety; and the strand, though foreign, was friendly, and they reached their homes

once more; but for them, the mutineers, no such happy end was destined; their manageless, unmanageable ship—the ship they so coveted the control of, and for which they had been willing to pawn their souls—tossed on and on, each moment yielding to the avenging thunder strokes of old Ocean, till when at last they were hurled among giant fragments to the shore, they fell there mangled, but to die.

Their bones have long bleached upon the floor of that watery realm, over which they thought to have sailed, through many a bloody triumph, and to guilty pleasures and fortunes, their joy the terror of their helpless kind. But the survivors, whose fidelity received its reward, by the interposition of the all-potent arm of Heaven, still live to tell the story of that voyage, and teach their offspring to believe in dreams.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour after receiving an affront to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckelmann, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children and our friends—and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

CHANTRY, THE SCULPTOR.

One day, when Chantry, the sculptor, had reached the height of his fame, and was paying a visit to Mr. Rodgers, at his residence overlooking the Green Park, he said, laying his hand on a pedestal, ornamented with a Grecian scroll—"Sir, do you remember a journeyman carver waiting, some years ago, in this room, to receive instructions respecting this identical stand, and the side-board at the other end of the room? I was that workman, then a journeyman, receiving 30s. a week."—*Art and Artists.*

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false that ought not to be true.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Provisionally he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction. "Run for your life! back! back!" cries the parson. "Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger. "I've seen the evil spirit himself; run! run!" "By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger; "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him that he, if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the parson, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."
"O, goodness! well, she is yours, then. Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, sir, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed! indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts."

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering that what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mancraft—a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless, except when it ran away, and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on roads by steam.—*Railroad Advocate.*

EFFECTS OF TEA.

Dr. John Burdell, a distinguished dentist of New York, boiled down a pound of young hyson tea, from a quart to half a pint, and ten drops killed a rabbit three months old; and when boiled down to one gill, eight drops killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes! Think of it. Most persons who drink tea, use not less than a pound in three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than seventeen thousand rabbits, or nearly two hundred a day; and if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time! Dr. Burdell made similar trials with coffee and black tea, and found the results nearly the same.—*Sunderland's Book of Health.*

STANZAS.

Among the grassy groves, where all was calm and still,
I sat me down, and let thoughts come and go at will.
Dost see yon little mound, with the lily on its top,
Approach not carelessly, it is a hallowed spot;
A mother's first young bud of promise is laid there,
Whereon in star-lit hours she often drops a tear.

Here, too, at matin hours she's sometimes to be found,
And whispers many a prayer for the rosebud in the ground.
O weep not thou, young mother, thy darling is at rest,
Escaped from this bleak world to its Redeemer's breast;
Our Father took it home, away from suffering here,
He called it up to heaven, to be an angel there.

Then weep not, young mother, or weep for those still here;
Think of its happy state in yon celestial sphere.
I know tears give relief when the heart is much oppressed,
But we should mourn in faith that all is for the best;
You will meet your babe again in yon bright home above,
When you leave this dreary vale for the haven of joy and love.

J. T.

THE BANK BILL.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE night was far advanced—the sound of carriages and of foot-passengers had ceased. I was slowly returning home, buried in the saddest reflections. I had exhausted my resources, wearied the good will of my friends; I had arrived at that degree of poverty which one conceals as a disgrace, and was returning in despair after a day of vain endeavors to improve my condition. I no longer hoped, except in a miracle. My head was cast down—my eyes fixed on vacancy. They were attracted by a little black object lying in the shadow of a building. I stooped. It was a pocket-book, about the size of a porte-monnaie. But a moment before, I had said to myself: "If I could only find a bank-bill!" and I had, for several minutes, sought minutely on the sidewalk, picking up all the bits of paper I perceived. I had quickly blushed for my folly, and recovered my senses. Now, it was precisely at this instant when I had been thinking so much of finding something that the idea did not appear absurd, that I held a pocket-book in my hand. It is impossible to imagine my sensations.

I had often reflected on an analogous situation, but I had formed but an imperfect idea of the emotion I then felt. I was overcome by a weakness which chilled my very marrow, a perspiration of the brow, a nervous tremor, dizziness of the head and violent palpitation of the heart. Reflection suddenly rendered me calm. I had so little faith in a fortunate chance, that I was convinced I should find in the pocket-book only insignificant paper. I put it in my pocket and continued my route.

I had taken but a few steps, when I saw in the distance, by the gas-light, a man coming towards me. Agitation disturbed my vision. It seemed to me as if this man was stooping to look for something. I am now persuaded that it was not so. But then the illusion was such, that I was overcome with fear. I suddenly imagined that this was the owner of the pocket-book, and that this pocket-book contained papers of importance. I will be sincere; a very dishonest sentiment spontaneously seized me. I turned and ran without knowing whither. In my confusion, there was a ringing in my ears, my breathing sounded like the bellows of a forge, which made me for a moment think myself pursued, and I felt almost sick. I suffered more than we suffer in nightmares in which we attempt to flee in spite of the inertia of our limbs. After a mad race through twenty streets, I at last reached my house and rang the bell. I rushed in and shut the door after me with feverish violence; there, I paused a moment to breathe. My limbs bent beneath me. I ascended the stairs to my room. The same reflection which had already calmed me, calmed me a second time. "I am mad, there is nothing in it," said I to myself. I entered my room more tranquil. I seated myself before a table and drew the pocket-book from my pocket. I noticed that, in spite of myself, my hands trembled as if suddenly attacked with the palsy.

It was a little pocket-book in shagreen, its color bottle green, and without a lock. Never did the most exciting romance awaken in me such lively interest. There were four pockets, of which one was closed by a clasp. I scarcely breathed. I emptied the three open pockets which contained, simply: First, a receipt for rent; second, two letters; third, a note for three hundred francs lent; fourth, a bit of court plaster; fifth, a piece of very old lace; sixth, the recipe for a cough medicine; seventh, the bill of an artist in hair. The closed pocket remained. I opened it, singularly cooled by the finding of the above-named articles. I was wrong, for I drew from it—and a powerful emotion like an electric shock seized me—a bill of a thousand francs!

O, what a sensation! I know not how long I remained in ecstasy before this little silken, veined paper, whose letters, M. I. L. L. E. F. R. A. N. C. S., flashed in my eyes like the blade of a razor. I scarcely thought that this bill might not belong to me. I was beside myself with joy. "A thousand francs! it is a fortune! it belongs to me!" An instant afterwards I doubted the legitimacy of my right, and suffered in proportion

to my joy. What a night! I did not fall asleep until daylight.

On awakening, my mind was clearer. I viewed the thing in a light which greatly diminished my satisfaction. I was not dead to all honesty, and in spite of myself was compelled to listen to the voice of conscience. Among the poor, there are very few who have not thought of finding something, and said, as they were returning home, fatigued and despairing: "If I could find a bank-bill!" Nothing is more common than discussions on this subject. We have heard these persons, twenty times, reasoning almost in the same manner, and nearly in these terms:

"If I should find a bank bill, what should I do? I would put it away safely, then wait. I would seek to obtain exact information respecting the person who had lost it, and the social position of that person. If it was a poor person like myself, I would restore it; but if it was a rich man, a Rothschild, one of those who light their cigars with bank-notes, I would keep it. In keeping it, what wrong should I do him? would he be more or less rich? would his business suffer? Yes, certainly, I would keep it."

I do not endorse the morality of this reasoning. I merely say that of a hundred persons who abandon themselves to these dreams, ninety-nine, at least, prefer this theory; for it is not exactly in order to restore it, that one wishes to find anything. I might be classed in this category of finders. I had therefore to inquire for the person who had lost the pocket-book, and this obligation troubled me. I feared lest my researches should terminate in discovering some unfortunate man ruined and perhaps dishonored by this loss. I thought, with an interest mingled with much anxiety, of the means by which I might arrive at the truth. I wished to know immediately whether or not fortune had seemed to smile upon me only to add to my misery.

The papers which were in the pocket-book, and which I had scarcely looked at, would doubtless put me on the track of the proprietor. I therefore took it and made anew the inventory of its contents. The first thing which fell into my hands was one of the letters. It bore the stamp of Rouen, and was addressed to *Mlle Turpin, Passage Verdeau, No. 4*. The writing and spelling were both poor. I give it as it was:

"MY GOOD TURPIN:—How I am tormented at not receiving news from you, I pray you if you are not sick to rite me immediately. I have so many things to tell you my poor heart is full to overflowing. If you could see how I am changed, you would no longer recognize your Louise.

"Adieu, good Turpin. I embrace you with all my heart.

"Your old friend, LOUISE.

"Madame Louise, care of M. Dubois, Rouen." I give you my address. I think you must have lost the other."

This was indeed surprising. Judge of my stupefaction! I remembered having seen this Louise at Rouen and to have spoken to her at the house of the very restaurateur where I had sometimes eaten. She was about fifty. Her husband, a pedler and a drunkard, left her whole weeks without a sou, and beat her when he returned home. She lodged in a garret in the house of the restaurateur. She had confided to me her poverty and desertion by her relatives, for the most part rich or well off. Was not this encounter extraordinary? I had found a pocket-book and in it a letter from this Louise! Chance is accustomed to similar facts, and yet I can never be surprised enough at these singular coincidences.

But who was this Turpin, to whom the good woman wrote a letter so tender and so pressing? I took up the pocket-book and drew from it another paper. It was the receipt for rent.

"I, the undersigned, proprietor of a house in Paris, Passage Verdoau, No. 4, acknowledge the receipt from *Mlle Turpin* of the sum of one hundred and fifty francs for one quarter's rent of the rooms she occupies in said house.

"E. RENAUDOT.

"Paris, April 8th, 1850."

This receipt somewhat relieved me. The pocket-book evidently belonged to *Mlle Turpin*. This lady occupied apartments rented at six hundred francs. I therefore concluded that she was well off—perhaps rich; that this bank-bill was not indispensable to her; that in appropriating it to myself, I should be subjecting her to very little inconvenience. I looked once more lovingly at the bill, and began again to enumerate all the pleasures connected with its possession. The examination of the other papers proved that my presumptions with regard to the fortune of *Mlle Turpin* were just. The tenor of the note and of the second letter attested that this lady was even in a situation to lend money to the people whose servant she had formerly been.

"I acknowledge the receipt from *Mlle. Turpin* of the sum of three hundred francs which I engage to repay on the 5th of April, 1850.

"LAURE DE G.

"Paris, Jan. 4th, 1850."

The letter, signed with the same name and relating to this billet, proved an important and decisive fact. As it seemed, *Mlle Turpin* prac-

tised extortion and usury in an uncommon degree. So at least thought Madame Laure de G., since she did not hesitate to write to her thus :

"Your threats of speaking to my husband afflict me much, my dear Turpin, and are incomprehensible to me. You have too much good sense not to understand that you would do me an irreparable wrong, and that without profit to you. Restore to me my note, and I will give you another for three hundred and fifty francs, payable the 8th of next month. I can do no more. In case that be not sufficient, I will pledge you jewels enough to cover twice the sum. But do not threaten us with such miseries. You have not forgotten how much I was attached to you when you were housekeeper in my family? Be sure that I still love you much.

"LAURE DE G.

"10th April, 1850."

What else need I know? According to my system, I ought to believe myself really and truly the proprietor of the bill. And yet the conviction did not fill my mind in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt. There was a struggle which caused me at intervals a painful heaviness of heart. An instant afterwards, there was an ineffable, extravagant joy, to be comprehended only by him who has nothing, and who knows the value of money.

In order to enjoy my fortune in peace, I had to combine the intrigue of a long comedy. I might awaken suspicion by an increase of expenses, since I was known to be poor. I must live in the sight of my friends as I had been accustomed to do, in apparent poverty.

To change the bill, was not a little embarrassing. It was possible that M^{lle} Turpin might have communicated her loss to the prefect of the police, and that a description of the bill had been sent to the brokers. My exterior was far from betokening wealth. Would not he to whom I should apply to change my bill ask my name? Would he not follow me?—keep watch of me? What, then, should I do? I resolved to conceal the bill for some time and act with consummate prudence and discretion.

I had been in the habit of visiting a merchant who lived in one of the streets at right angles with the Rue St. Denis. Chance had brought among these people, more or less commercial in their habits, some artists and literati, so that there was quite a mixed society. I resolved to go there the same evening, with a view of procuring some details on the mode of changing money.

It was yet daylight. I had determined not to stop to read the handbills. It was in vain, for a yellow paper entered a corner of my eye and made me turn my head. "Lost." I trembled

from head to foot, and read the handbill feverishly. It offered a reward of fifteen francs for the recovery of a lost parrot. Further on, a similar announcement struck my eye. This time, the subject was a greyhound. The emotion had not been the less disagreeable. I resolved not to turn my head again.

But here a voice which I could not silence made itself heard in my brain and said :

"What is the difference between what you meditate and theft? In algebraic style, to find and not to restore is equal to stealing. To find does not constitute a right any more than to take. If I had to make a distinction between you and a robber, it would certainly not be to your advantage. The robber uses, on occasion, cunning, address, boldness; he knows that he risks his liberty—sometimes his life; but you, you appropriate to yourself the property of others basely, without risk and without peril, having not even to fear the injury of a suspicion."

I replied, timidly :

"This woman is rich and avaricious; she has ten times more than enough for her subsistence. I have every reason to believe that she has not come honestly by this money—that she has stolen a part of it. Would it not be the height of absurdity for me to assume a disinterestedness so useless to her, so prejudicial to me, an unfortunate man, who knows not even how he is to subsist another day?"

"Pitiable reasoning! Theft is theft, whether it be committed on the poor or on the rich. Then, evil does not excuse evil. If this woman has been a thief, it is no reason you should be such. Restore the bill, or you will be all your life a miserable shadow of yourself, and never outlive your own contempt—more to be feared a thousand times than that of others."

By this time, I had reached my place of destination. I spoke just now of coincidences, and the stupefaction in which they always plunged me. I am about to state a new one which seemed to me miraculous. I had come with the intention of bringing on the carpet the subject of the changing of bills. There was present a gentleman, a cousin of the lady of the house, who was called Ernest. Until now, I had scarcely noticed the name. Suddenly this name, connected with an observation which he made on the head-dress of his cousin, caused me a singular sensation. This was the reason why: In the pocket-book, it will be remembered, was found among other things a hair dresser's bill; I had hastily glanced over it. It was the receipt for some hair valued at fifteen francs, furnished by a M. Ernest, artist in hair, Rue St. Denis.

The figure, the hair, the manners, the language of the Ernest present, convinced me immediately that he was a hair-dresser. He must live not far distant. Evidently, I was in company with the signer of the bill of M^{lle} Turpin. This discovery gave me a sudden shock. I was for a few minutes completely bewildered. I thought how fortunate it was that I had not yet alluded to the bank-bill, for I did not know what the consequences might have been. With all the circumspection possible and with icy calmness, I said to M. Ernest:

"Do you know M^{lle} Turpin?"

"I do," said he to me; "she purchases hair of me."

"Who is this lady?"

"Apparently, she is a sort of dealer in old lace; but in reality she is a usurer who lends money at a high rate. Her housekeeper, for she has no servant, has related to me the most marvellous stories respecting her avarice. She certainly does not consume the twentieth part of her income. No one knows what she does with her money."

In my conversation with M. Ernest, I made an ample provision of arguments calculated to make me resolve to keep the bill; and I needed them, for the voice of which I have spoken had not failed to leave an impression on my mind.

"This old wretch," said I to myself, as I returned home, "has at least twenty thousand francs a year which she has gained by illicit means. She scarcely spends two thousand. Conched on a barren heap of gold, she leaves her old relative Louise in the extremity of poverty, and pursues with humiliating threats a woman perhaps young, beautiful and good, whose servant she has formerly been. And I would commit the folly of restoring to her a bill which she would board up with others, in some corner, when this sum would be of so much use to me!"

But the voice re-commenced the protest, and cried vehemently:

"So many subtle and insidious reasons! Take care what you do. You are about to dig a ditch in which to bury yourself alive. Crime leads to crime. You are contemplating a moral suicide. You are about to take the first step down the ladder which leads to disgrace and ruin. There is still time for repentance."

I was importunate and unmoved. I attempted to strengthen myself. I promised that I would limit myself to this one fault—that I would in future live as an honest man. The voice was inexorable:

"Suppose you should have energy or resolution enough to limit yourself to this crime, and

should become hereafter a model of probity. The remembrance of your crime would poison your whole life. The purer and holier you became, the more odious and hateful would your act seem, and the more would you suffer from it. A good life has exigencies as imperious as an evil life."

What I suffered, I know no picture which could give an idea. I should rather never have found the bill. Since it had been in my hands, through how many doubts, anxieties and cruel sensations had I not passed! Before, I had been in some degree resigned to my poverty. It was doubtless in order that I might understand and feel it better, that I had revived a moment to joy—that I had recovered the desire to live. I was overwhelmed with sorrow. What was to be done? My troubled conscience suggested to me a number of expedients. I dwelt particularly on that of keeping the bill with the formal intention of restoring it at some time in the future, both principal and interest. Objections pitilessly presented themselves to the subtlety of this snare. What did I know of the future? Might I not be perpetually unable to restore this sum? I was therefore giving the care of my honor to chance. In reality, was it possible to commit a more dishonest act? Besides, in the meantime, the old woman might die. I should then be obliged to inquire the names and dwellings of her heirs. Now, to assume such a responsibility, to expose myself to such anxiety, to compromise my repose for so little—was it anything less than madness?

I also thought of sending the thousand francs to old Louise, addressing the note for three hundred francs to Madame Laure de G., and burning the rest. But had I the right to do so? I was not commissioned to exercise retributive justice. Could I ever know whether the result would correspond with my anticipations? Then, she only who owned the bill had a right to dispose of it. Why should I meddle? I imagined a man who should take bills from the chest of a banker to distribute to the poor.

I passed a horrible night. On rising, I was in frightful humor, and my mind was full of indecision. I looked with a sad air towards the pocket book I knew not what course to take. O, how guilty was even this indecision! By what tortures did I not expiate it! I was by this time convinced that it would compromise my tranquillity forever to keep the bill, but I could not yet summon courage to restore it. I wished to wait and see if my scruples were not chimerical. To relieve my brain of the turbulent ideas which had fatigued it for two days

past, I read the papers. I hoped thus to divert my attention. The first article which chanced to meet my eye was this :

"Yesterday afternoon, Francois, a hackney-coachman, found in his carriage a pocket-book containing valuable papers. He immediately carried it to the police office !"

What a lesson ! I threw aside the paper angrily. I took another ; but I was truly unfortunate. Chance seemed to persecute me. I did all I could not to read this other article, but vainly ; the characters would attract my eyes in spite of myself :

"A brave workman, whose name we hasten to publish, Joseph Pidoux, living at Rue Bourg l'Abbe, No. 6, found, Wednesday evening, on returning home, a pocket-book, which besides insignificant papers, contained two bank bills—one of a hundred and the other of two hundred francs. The next morning, Pidoux went to report it to the loser. This act is the more praiseworthy, that Pidoux has a numerous family, and that he is at present out of work. Facts of this kind are not so rare that we need to be surprised at them. But we are glad to have them to record, were it only as a reply to the calumnies which are often uttered against our honest and laborious working population."

"But I have read a hundred such facts in the papers !" said I to myself. And I remembered a fact which had been related to me a week before concerning a poor young girl who, like myself, had found at midnight on the sidewalk a pocket-book containing a thousand francs, which she had unhesitatingly restored to the owner, refusing even the reward which had been offered. All these examples distracted my mind and inspired me with a profound contempt for myself. I should not have waited a second longer. I should have risen, taken the pocket-book, and hastened to return it. I resolved to wait until the morrow. Decidedly I was a wretch.

I paid by cruel nightmares this last effort of my vicious inclinations. But I had had enough of them. I put the pocket-book in my pocket, after having made a memorandum of the papers it contained and copied the two letters, for I wished to punish myself by one day confessing publicly my guilt, and I went to the Passage Verdeau, where I easily found M^{lle} Turpin. This old woman examined me suspiciously. I told her why I came. She seized the pocket-book and opened it with feverish vivacity. Once certain that nothing had been subtracted from it, she looked at me insolently and said : "You have been a long time in bringing it to me."

The reproach fell so heavily, that I blushed to the white of my eyes. My confusion and my embarrassed countenance induced her to believe

that I expected the reward she had promised in handbills.

"Ho !" granted she "fifty francs for the trouble of stooping !"

I recovered myself immediately. I turned my back upon the old woman and went out without even taking leave of her.

We recoil before an act of probity, for fear of suffering, almost as we hesitate to have a tooth extracted ; but, in both cases, as soon as the thing is done, we feel a profound—an ineffable satisfaction. This was my case. On leaving, notwithstanding a remnant of bitter sadness, I felt more at ease and praised myself for my act. I dare affirm that there was but little merit in it. Of what use had been my reason, my intelligence, the education which had been given me, the books I had read ? The clearest result of this intellectual development had been to reduce me to a problematic honesty, incontestably below that of a hackney-coachman and a poor girl.

At least, I ought to congratulate myself on this adventure, since, dating from that day, I was radically cured of that deplorable affection, common to so many unfortunates, which consists in a passionate desire to find something. What I endured during three days of possession, more than sufficed to ensure my virtue in the future.

A CHARACTER.

"Old Bumblebee" gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day as he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the same old coddler in the same barn. In one of his abstractions he shingled over his spare hatchet ; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane as being economical and not likely to be broken ! Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands, about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.—*Newburyport Herald*.

PRECAUTION AGAINST POISON.—In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician. To prevent rat poison being made bad use of, or taken by mistake, the arsenic is mixed with tallow and lamp black, which makes a compound that no human being could partake of.

TO E. ANNIE.

BY E. G. VAN PELT.

I think of thee when morn's first light
Breaks o'er the earth and sea;
When sunset's crimson dies at night,
My thoughts are all for thee.

My thoughts are thine mid toil and strife,
And all life's pleasures free,
Are thine, forever thine; my heart
Throbs only, love, for thee.

My thoughts are thine from morn till night,
Wherever I may be;
And should I never see thee more,
I'll always think of thee.

Now if this love prove mutual love,
It would be wrong to sever;
For love like mine, both true and kind,
Can never perish—never!

VASCO DE GAMA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

AT the close of the fifteenth century, Genoa, once queen of the Indian commerce, was fast losing her supremacy, owing to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the Southern Ocean, and the transfer of trade by them to the cities on the coast of the North Sea. Thus Diaz, the discoverer of the southern point of Africa, was held up to the execration of the Genoese, and when Malabar was taken possession of, none but those who have experienced that hatred, most intense when kindled by avarice, can imagine the curses showered on the illustrious name of Vasco de Gama. Most virulent and yet most silent of the Genoese in abuse, was the rich, old merchant, Marino di Vinci, who, pulling down a close, black velvet cap over his silver-gray locks, would concentrate a whole tornado of rough-rolled *r's* into one word, and stalk angrily off; but that one word was an oration. Yet a populace seldom look at the specifics, and while macaroni was plenty, this people thought nothing of the future, and felt but little the decline of their national grandeur.

The dwelling of the old merchant was built up on the very wharves; ware-house after ware-house (and some of them now closed and empty, so that every time he passed them he gnashed his teeth,) extended along, ending in a solid, stone erection, whose roots were washed by the bay, and whose narrow windows were frequently wet with the spray. Behind and on each side, the constant habbhab of commerce blithely clashed, but before it lay only the bay, with boundless waters flecked with white sails, and one long

point of land running out cool and green into the sea.

Here, nourished from her childhood with no effluence of affection, for he had not loved her mother, had grown up into girlhood and beauty, his only child, Leonora. Her mother was from the hated northern climes—could he love too fondly the child whose loveliness combined the excellencies of both races, whose golden tresses and fair, lustrous skin of the North showed no less splendid than the dark, radiant eyes and haughty features of the South?

The Signor Marino di Vinci had that day completed a negotiation (through the agency of a foreigner to be sure, but, as he confessed, well-bred and noble,) which had enriched him many a scudi. His heart being warmed into a not unusual liberality, he pressed the stranger to receive his hospitality during his stay in Genoa. And thus with his guest he entered the light and lofty apartment looking out on the sea, where sat his daughter, and not thinking to present him, having indeed only imperfectly heard his name, he passed out for a moment.

A year before, Leonora had spent with an aunt in Spain, and it could hardly be supposed that a young girl should be so indifferent, as she had appeared, to all the lusters who waved their perfumed love-locks under her lattice, unless one more successful had forestalled them. Be that as it may, she kept her own counsel, and if she treasured one form, one glance in secret, or trembled when her father rolled his *r's* over one name, no one perceived it, and she was still, for all that the world, save one, knew, as free as air.

Now, as the stranger entered, Leonora glanced up a moment and then glanced down, but in the two different glances volumes might be interpreted. The stranger had risen from his seat and approached her broidery frame; gently placing his hand before her work, he drew her head back, and kissed the smooth, white forehead.

"And then, Leonora!" he said, in Portuguese.

She sprang up, returned his kiss with a quick fervor, and then, glowing all over with joy and shame, as quickly turned away.

"No more, Leonora?"

But she held up her needle threateningly and resumed her seat; the stranger had just time to follow her example when the door opened and the old merchant again entered.

"Ah, I see, signor," said he, "that you and my daughter have already made recognition," and he plunged at once into a lively conversation with the handsome stranger, which the height of this part of the building above the adjacent noises made easy and pleasant, till luncheon.

entered. Doing the honors of her father's table with a graceful ease, Leonora listened enchanted to the wonderful tales of travel that poured from the guest's lips, as skilfully elicited by the polite and interested Signor di Vinci. There was nothing egotistical in the recital of these adventures; indeed, all the stranger told was clothed with so great modesty and quiet dignity, as to leave the impression that the half was not heard.

"Let me offer you this candied fruit, signor," said the merchant; "poor stuff, to have eaten the fruits of all climes just plucked from the bough, but invaluable here. See what a golden light is in the purple syrup! Think you the ambrosia was of more delicious perfume?"

"Not to be named with it!" answered the stranger, as seriously as his host. "It is besides peculiarly pleasant to me, as being the first produce of Asia that ever passed my lips."

"How so, may I ask?" pressed di Vinci.

"Ah, on an endless voyage, doubling the cape for the first time, on that day most sacred in the annals of Portugal, when taking possession of Malabar—"

"Malabar!" cried the merchant, his eyes sparkling over his angrily contracted face; "Portugal? You were then with that accursed Vasco de Gama?"

"Signor," said the stranger, rising and leaning one hand on his chair, "I am Vasco de Gama."

The amazement of the old man filled the room with a protracted silence. At last, without looking up, he breathed a deep sigh.

"And I have broken bread with you!" he said, between his teeth.

"And whom has it injured?"

"Me! Me and my people! Your expeditions have torn life by the bleeding roots from Genoa."

"It is in my power to restore what I took."

The old man looked keenly and craftily up.

"Ha!" said he, "such great things were never offered without reason. Not without an object did you put that barter in my hands this morning. I was a fool to believe in a disinterested man, and he of all others, a Portuguese. I see now! My pretty half-breed there has not lived a twelve-month on the Spanish frontier for naught. So we did not *finish* the bargain this morning. I must now perform my share. Well, signor, you want my daughter?"

If Vasco de Gama could have quailed, it would have been beneath the scorching glances of the merchant, but only drawing himself to his full height, he returned:

"I do. Will you give her to me?"

The old man laughed.

"Will you build up Genoa?"

"It were impossible."

"Ignoble boaster! Not a moment since you said you could restore her life."

"I said I could restore what I took. The argosies whose prows I turned northward I can turn again to the gulf of Genoa; but who will receive their costly bales of Arabian spices, Indian stuffs, Asian jewels? Who will load them with fresh merchandize, who steer them out of the dangerous Straits, who sell their freights left behind? You, Signor di Vinci, and some half-score others! But where are the thousands who made the grass-grown Rialto a swarming mart? Signor! my hulls would rot in your harbors. I could, I repeat, bring back what I took away, but what nature first took away—never! Your Genoese are rotting in idleness, blistering their souls out on hot pavements; they have neither energy, learning, skill nor strength; far rather begging or stealing than earning. Signor, people, not circumstances, make a place what it is. The trade left your ports because your people were so miserable. Hardy northern air and bracing industry came out to meet it, sailing into Antwerp and sister cities. I, as a Southerner, should have been glad to retain it in the Mediterranean, even despite the dangers of the Straits."

The old man's rage quivered in him till the table, on which he leaned, shook.

"Well, Signor Vasco de Gama," he replied, with a calm voice, nevertheless, "you shall not have my daughter! Now go your ways, sirrah! If in Genoa an hour from now, you shall swing higher than Haman!"

"My craft is at your walls, signor," returned his guest, "and it will not sail till the evening wind rises, some seven or eight hours hence. Be assured I shall not leave Genoa till then, or till I choose!" And kissing the hand of Leonora before her enraged father's eyes, he bowed himself out of the room.

Long they sat there, father and daughter, in the stately dining-hall; he with his head bowed in his hands. A servant entered with a dish of plums, whence Leonora adroitly drew a strip of written paper, from her lover.

A long, long time they sat there confronting each other, till the sunset reddened and darkened, and twilight began. The song of the stirring sailors without became audible—the rising wind rustling round the corners of the stone masonry, like a fine lady flirting her silks—the ordering tones of the officers—the weighing of the anchors below. The tall masts raked across the narrow windows; the vessel stood out to sea. And all this time despair was setting on Leonora's heart.

"You may go now!" said the father, without looking up, and with a slow, careless grace, though his heart was beating like a bird's. Leonora obeyed. It did not require a moment to hurry a change of garments into a package with her jewels, nor to run lightly down several narrow staircases, till, silently opening a great door, she stood on a stone platform that led down to the water, where two arms, tenderly enfolding, lifted her into a little boat; and still that old man sat by his table, moody and motionless. Suddenly a great shout rose from the harbor; he rose and went to the window. Even if the twilight had not sufficed, the great, yellow moon, rolling up opposite, shed sufficient light to illuminate the white mantle of his daughter, standing upon the deck of *El Aguila*, beside Vasco de Gama.

"Bound for Palermo," muttered the old man. "If I gallop day and night along the shore, I shall reach there first! Moreover, now I will make that journey across the desert to Damascus, concerning which I have so long thought, and taking her with me, she will be well out of his way."

No sooner said than done, and clattering over the stony road with the energy of youth, midnight found him many miles upon his journey. Days passed; the wind had not been the most prosperous in the world, and the trip was longer than usual, though not too long for the happy lovers with their prim duenna; thus, when the stately galleon rode up the harbor of Palermo, and a request was sent for a priest to await them at the church of Santa Croce, a strong body of soldiery suddenly surrounded the shore, as the lovers landed, and saying, "I am your priest, young man, and I forbid the bans!" old Marino di Vinci appeared, and bore off his daughter.

Vasco de Gama had already received orders to crowd all sail for Lisbon, thence to lead the fleet once more on its perilous way around the cape, there to storm the city of Goa, on the Malabar coast, which was once more in the hands of the insurgents. Thus it was equally impossible for him to stay, as to proceed. Moreover, the affair had spread, and among a romantic population, nothing was wanted to make him a hero, and so he retreated to *El Aguila*, but with the first shade of evening again stood on the shore. He had tasked his ingenuity to the utmost in order to discover the probable hiding-place of di Vinci, and now flattered himself with visions of success. Never in his life had he failed, and it would have been late to begin in that branch now, and before the next hour chimed, the priest of Santa Croce had performed the nuptial rites for them. A face surrounded with locks of gray hair peered in at

the open church door one moment too late, the benediction had just been pronounced, and clinging fondly to one another, Vasco de Gama and his wife sought the galleon, and conducting her below he went on deck to superintend the sailing of the ship. A boat containing two persons put off from the shore, unseen, towards the ship; when it returned it held three.

Meantime a strong, fresh breeze had sprung up, accompanied with frequent squalls. The navigation was difficult, and unable to trust affairs to another, as they drove along with closed hatches, and feeling his treasure to be safe, Vasco de Gama did not go below again till long after sunrise, when the weather had cleared itself and they were met by two or three ships of his squadron. The place was empty. Leonora was not to be seen; neither drowned, nor dead, nor hidden, de Gama knew; her father had obtained possession of her, *how* he could not tell, unless the merchant were Satan himself; but do what the old man could, he could not help this; Leonora di Vinci was his wife! Return was impossible, with all the spies of his gathering fleet in sight; and trusting in that Providence which never fails those who *firmly* trust, Vasco de Gama sailed out of the Straits to Lisbon, and then down the southern seas.

A fortnight had passed; the polacca that carried the old merchant to Palermo was floating down the Nile from Cairo to Alexandria, and a small caravan was winding its pathless way across the desert, on its third day's route, while conducting di Vinci and his daughter to Damascus. The low growls of those greatly maligned animals the camels, as under the intensest heat they toiled along beneath their burdens, mingled with the sharp cries of the Arab drivers, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the desert. White, bleaching bones strewed here and there on the dazzling sand, the burning sky and distant purple mirages were the only sights that caught the sad eye of Leonora, as she swung along on the interminable, dizzy, torrid route, each step of which bore her further away from the magnet of her life. Now and then the polite voice of her father addressed her with mocking tenderness, and now and then, weary with grief, a moment's sleep refreshed her aching heart. Evening came at last, the parching air lost its fierce burning power, the sands grew cooler to the camels' feet, a gentle wind fanned the temples of the travellers. The tents were pitched around, the Arabs dispersed, and the evening meal prepared. Slowly night darkened over the firmament, and all the stars came out shining whitely upon the small, shifting sand-hills be-

neath. Slipping from beneath her tent, Leonora stole softly forth and wandered round at no great distance. The stillness enchanted her, as step by step she increased the space between herself and the caravan, watching the unknown stars of a southern hemisphere, now going back in her thoughts to the primeval times when all men dwelt in tents, and now wondering whither de Gama bent his conquering sail. At last, tired of this as of everything else, she turned; the tents were nowhere to be seen. Everything had vanished like a dream, and new sandhills with their fantastic phantasmagoria, white, deceptive and supernatural in the moonlight, shut her in, and excluded the little yellow flame of the fire over which she had left the foreheads of the dark Bedouins shining. There was no point by which to direct her course; she could tell neither north nor south; to advance either way might be equally dangerous. She called aloud; her voice fell dead and echoless in the silence; they would think it some jackall howling over a dead beast. She called again; better her father's caravan, hateful as it was, than this. Lost in the desert. Dreadful fate! They could not be at a great distance, but as well be in that new, western world.

At last, fixing a point in a large, red star before her, she climbed one of the little sandhills and gazed in that direction—all was vacant,—level expanses of desert and scattered groupings of mounds. Turning, she sought an opposite hill, taking care that this time the star should be behind her—all as before; in the other two directions, now, the star at the left on one, at the right on the other. Hope kindled in her bosom, she could not doubt of success, and ran forward gaily. Suddenly a low, half whistle struck her listening ear, the blow of a hoof almost smothered in sand, and leaping between the hills, a small, sinewy horse sprang down, whose Arab rider spurred him close beside her, and all in a flash, had placed his hands on her waist, swung her into the saddle, with a soft-toned Arabic exclamation, and was dashing through the desert again while holding her in a close grasp. At last, in answer to all her angry and vehement expostulations and entreaties, as she wrung her hands believing he could not understand her:

"Patience, lady, I implore," said he, in excellent Italian. "Cries are as unavailing as threats. Can you see me in the starlight? Confess that I am young and comely, that I am strong and brave. For what did I sail up the Nile with the white lily of Genoa? for what track her course three days—but to win her? Be silent! Sheikh Hassan has a right to the fairest bride that lives!"

"You do not wish," said Leonora, thinking the gentlest course the best, "to make another man's wife, yours? Besides it is not lawful."

"Law?" he quoted. "What is law to me who am freer than air? And thou art no one's wife?"

"You are mistaken. I was married almost three weeks since at Palermo."

"Who is your husband?"

"Vasco de Gama."

"Are you jesting?"

"I am speaking the truth."

The Arab was silent. Still they rushed across the desert. At last, "It will make no difference," he said, lightly, "you are mine now."

"You do not dare," began Leonora.

"Ah, if you put it on my daring, lady—I dare anything."

"My husband will reward you for me nobly."

"Am I like other Arab chiefs, to be bought and sold? Thy husband is bound for Goa now by this time, I think?"

"How do you know?"

"Do you suppose I do not mark the course of my greatest enemy?"

"Enemy?" said she, looking up wonderingly.

"Ay, enemy! Truly I count him so, who, displacing our camels with his white-winged ships, turns the burdens that once they bore, into other routes, and robs our people of their heritage and occupation! And if not that indeed, is he not mine enemy who possesses what I covet? You, lady?"

"If you wish for my love, you woo in an odd way."

"The deserts are full of Arab women pining for love of me; it were singular could I not gain the love of one simple girl from Genoa."

"You cannot," answered Leonora, with a calm smile of confident hope.

An hour passed and no more words were spoken on either side during that time, till at last the silence was broken by Sheikh Hassan.

"Listen, lady. Goa is thousands of weary, desert miles away from us; thousands of weary, salt sea miles away from de Gama. We shall be there first by many days. Yet I will take thee there and await him. If he takes the city, I battling on the walls, thou art his; if he fails, mine! Such as thou art, are worth fighting for! And till then be no man's wife. I give thee freedom, which thou didst not have when I found thee!" And true to his plighted word the Arab placed her in a family of women and continued with them their ceaseless wanderings, slowly and slower approaching the south pole, till six months were over, then crossing the Himalah,

they entered the regions of *Brahma*, and sailing down the *Ganges*, they skirted the coast and at last stood before *Goa*, whose bastions abutted far into the sea, and whose frowning walls rose a hundred feet above them. One word of the *Sheikh Hassan*, who seemed equally omnipotent over the whole continent, opened the gates, and a lofty tower upon the wall cool and pleasant received her. Frequently the *Sheikh Hassan* moved below in the city, as she saw from her broad, open balconies, frequently she heard his voice as he walked upon the wall, frequently his face flashed beside her while he murmured quick, low, impassioned words and was as instantly gone again. Dusky, mute *Hindoo* slaves attended her, aromatic flowers overflowed her vases, costliest viands loaded her table, most delicate tissues were provided for her apparel, but all the crafty Arab's arts were in vain; her heart still turned to her heroic, Christian lover, and went back to those days when sitting in the cool shade of Spanish orange groves, he had first pressed his lips red and glowing upon hers, while his sun-browned face, more noble in its manliness, more perfect in its beauty than this Arab's, bore the earnest impress of sincerity. Had she no constancy to prove? her love had no need of proving it, for never an instant was he, sitting now that weary pilgrimage over dangerous waters, distant from her thoughts. Perhaps the whirlwinds had wrecked him; the great deeps swallowed him up,—if he should never come?

But watching late and early, one midnight she saw a mast pass like a finger across the great disk of the late-rising moon, followed by another, till her heart told her it was the fleet at last; and with earliest dawn it formed into great lines of battle and floated stately and slowly up the gulf. And now began one of the greatest and most wonderful actions on record, when a fleet at the end of a weary voyage, in an untried climate, on an almost unknown shore, scantily fed, carrying more than half their force sick and exhausted, with no reinforcements to fall back upon, dared to attack a strong city in the open day, for death or victory. Why tell the details of that short and terrible struggle, when every day in these times, which should be so far removed from primitive barbarity, brings us similar recountals? Why tell of the fiery egress, bloody ingress, "shocks of doing and undoing?" *Vasco de Gama* never failed, and *Goa* fell. Repelling the swarming boats of the attacking natives, like a cloud of gnats, he entered the conquered city, constraining the insurgents at the point of the sword, and re-establishing the dominion of Portugal. Doing his work thoroughly, a week's time

saw peace restored and every work in the city explored, save the tower where *Sheikh Hassan* had given *Leonora* a safe home. At length, examination came to that in its turn, and one day *Vasco de Gama* walked rapidly along the wall and entered the tower. Almost at the same moment *Sheikh Hassan*, holding a web of gossamer in his hand, appeared beside her, where she sat wondering what had become of her sailor, and forgetting he was ignorant of her whereabouts.

"*Sheikh Hassan* keeps his word!" said he, surveying her with his piercing eyes. "Thou goest to thy lover, but choose, lady, which that lover shall be—I or he?"

"Can you doubt? My husband is *Vasco de Gama*!"

He stood a moment, while his face was half sad and half passionate.

"Maiden! if those lips are henceforth," murmured he, "always for others, one instant they must be for me!" And before she could speak, bending forward he pressed his burning lips on hers, threw the veil over her head, took her hand and led her down. *Vasco*, walking swiftly in advance of his followers, astonished at such secret luxury, had entered alone the wide, lofty hall, where the wind, whenever any stirred, had full sweep from west to east, just as *Sheikh Hassan* with his veiled companion entered opposite.

"*Hassan*!" cried *de Gama*. "Have I tracked thee fruitlessly across vast wildernesses, to find thee here?"

"Thou art a brave man, *de Gama*!" returned the Arab, "and thy trail is seldom at fault, yet with all thy skill, I have that here of which thou hast never dreamed!" And lifting off the veil, *Leonora* stood confessed.

"*Leonora*! *Leonora*!"

"*Vasco*!"

And with his wife held fast in his arms, *de Gama* extended his hand to the Arab. But half-turning and bowing his head to the ground, the Arab, leaving the happy lovers, slid away to the wilderness of his native deserts.

A THOUGHT FOR BOYS.

A gentleman recently entered an establishment where he knew they wanted an apprentice, and said:

"I've got a boy for you, sir."

"Glad of it; who is he?" asked the man of the large establishment.

The gentleman told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"Don't want him," said the foreman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? what?"

"I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth," replied the foreman. "I don't want smokers."—*Oliver Branch*.

SOLILOQUY OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

And must I die in early youth?

While life looks bright and fair to me?
To perish far from childhood's scenes,
Alone upon a gallews-tree?
And was it then for this I left

The comforts of my happy home,
And parted from those friends beloved,
For whose dear sakes I wished to roam?

My mother, in thy calm dark eye
How many bitter tears would swell,
Couldst thou but know the fate to-night,
Of one whom thou hast loved so well;
To me thou breath'st in childhood's days,
Of hopes that death could not destroy;
Those teachings, mother, now shall be
The comforts of your dying boy.

My sister, in this trying hour
My memory swift will fly to thee;
Perchance within thy rustic bower
Thy prayers arise to Heaven for me;
But ere to-morrow's autumn sun
Shall gild the sparkling western wave,
His fading light shall fall upon
Thy brother's lone, dishonored grave.

But there is one, my heart will shrink
From bidding thee, beloved, farewell;
Too well I know what bitter pangs
Within that gentle heart will dwell.
The brilliant dream of fame and love,
For me, alas, must now be o'er;
My life's short path would brighter be,
Could I but clasp that form once more.

It may not be—I now must bid
To friends, to hope, to love adieu;
For death comes on with sweeping wing,
And shuts the future from my view.
Ambition's hopes must now be crushed,
Within my heart they cannot dwell;
My thoughts are of long-cherished friends—
Once more a long and last farewell.

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

BY E. LINTON WEATHERS.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flood lapping the sea-weed on the shore. Two persons were walking beneath the old trees in the garden, one was a young man in whom was exhibited somewhat of the mien of a sailor, though scarce twenty summers had broadened his shoulders, and though a foreign sun had browned his cheek, yet he was "full of lusty life." Upon his arm leaned a lovely, laughing creature, just bursting into glorious womanhood; her eye sparkled with the fires of wit and mischief; she seemed one who

could laugh at every disappointment, and by whom to be beloved was bliss. Silver-toned words were dropping from her rosy lips. She gaily reproved him of the broad shoulders at her side.

"Do you sail so soon then? How naughty, Rupert. I shall be getting jealous of Mistress Ocean. You have scarcely arrived, and now you are anxious to go. Mayhap some pretty one of the luxuriant South calls you from your cold maiden of the North. Ha! methinks that brown cheek waxes a little brighter at the accusation. O, you naughty, naughty boy! Remain a few days longer and attend our picnic. I shall be alone without my manly Rupert. Come, say you will."

"Were it possible, Clara, I would, but I must sail. I should have been away three days ago, but for those superstitious fellows who have got an idea that the vessel is haunted. And now they will not sail without I stay to-night in the fore-castle and unravel the mystery for them. If I succeed in shaming them, we are to sail to-morrow. The whole village is astir with their foolish stories."

"You don't believe in ghosts, then?"

"Nor does Clara, I presume."

"I believe in *ghosts*, the evil spirits which haunt the vessel of Rupert Lyons and in—"

"Good night, Clara." And Rupert walked towards the wharf.

The scene was on the banks of one of those quiet little harbors, where merchants sometimes grow silently rich, away from the noise and smoke of the crowded city. It was in Prince Edward's Island, a good many years ago, when commerce was an infant there. I was a young man then, and had charge of a small brig sailing to the South. We had just completed taking in a cargo for New Orleans, and intended trading among the West India Islands until spring should unlock the harbors of my fatherland, which winter always fastened with strong bars of ice. My employer was the principal merchant of the place, and lived near the wharf. We were distantly related by marriage, but a near tie of friendship bound us closer than blood. Perhaps that tie was Clara's, perhaps it was; at any rate I had always lived with him previous to going to sea, and now, when in port, spent all my leisure hours at their pleasant home; there was Rupert's room still, and Rupert's slippers, and his writing-desk, and his rifle, and his dog.

I was passionately fond of the sea, and being scarce out of my teens, the scene of my ambition was to make shorter stays and quicker voyages than any other vessel; and now that I had a

share in the business, private interest supplied to ambition what it might be losing of youthful enthusiasm. Upon the whole I am afraid I was but a sorry lover, and my coldness and neglect were sufficient incentives to awaken the witty sarcasms of the pretty Clara, which were always joined by the jovial laugh of old Mr. Sea.

According to the statements of the crew, the brig had been haunted for several nights previous to the completing of her load, by nocturnal visits; and these still continued to be kept up. One had seen a small, whitish figure jump from the wharf, hop quickly across the deck and leap into the water; another had seen two figures passing quickly around the shed on the wharf and all had heard loud reports at midnight, as of the explosion of a gun upon the deck. The combination of these strange events had so terrified the superstitious sailors, that many of them refused to sail until I should convince them by other means than words that they were laboring under a delusion. And now, when three days were gone, and their lively imaginations were enlarging everything tenfold, I determined to watch one night and weigh anchor on the morrow; and for that purpose, on the evening alluded to, after taking a hasty leave of Clara, I proceeded in the direction of the vessel. The long wharf was deserted by all the craft, and not a spar arose above the wharf save those of our little brig which lay moored at the further end. Two small schooners had just moved into the channel, and were awaiting a more favorable wind. The night was growing rather dark, but disturbed only by soft zephyrs which sighed softly in the rigging. Having arrived at the outer block, and before going on board I made a review of the place. Near the bow of the vessel and opening in the other direction, was a shed or storehouse, erected on the wharf, for convenience in loading and unloading. Entering and casting a searching glance around the interior, I satisfied myself that no one was there concealed. Barrels and boxes were piled against its walls. In this corner was heaped a lot of large turnips, in that were arranged oars, and spare yards, and oyster-tongs, and in the centre were several heavy anchors and two or three superannuated, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a feverish state of excitement.

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the fore-castle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two

of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea-chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise, as of something falling on deck, brought me to my feet, and immediately a rolling sound was heard followed by a sudden plash as of something falling overboard; this was repeated thrice at intervals of about a minute, each time, however, increasing in loudness, when all was hushed. Taking advantage of the pause, I directed my two men upon no account to make a disturbance, unless I called, and went on deck.

After searching everywhere, and putting my ear down to listen, until completely tired out, I wrapped myself up in a foresail and awaited incurious anxiety. Remaining half an hour without any signs of a repetition, I again went below and prepared to sleep. I had barely time to get comfortably stretched, when, as I had just begun to doze, a noise, louder, heavier and more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companions trembling to my side; but, unlike the former, it did not extend beyond the deck, no rumbling over head, no splash of water was heard, it ended as if something had been crushed to atoms where it fell; then followed the same gentle, lulling sound of the water upon the vessel's prow, the same gentle breeze was heard moaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the fore-castle was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my superstitious attendants.

I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen. On arriving at the opening in front I looked cautiously in, and what was my surprise to see a figure approach from the further corner, with something held in what appeared to be an outstretched arm. It moved slowly and guardedly towards the spot where I stood concealed by a large box. Quick as lightning the truth flashed across my mind. I closely scrutinized the object. It was held by a *small, gloved hand*, which was now near my face, and *lo, it was a huge turnip!* The figure placed itself in an attitude as if to throw it with more than ordinary strength, when I stepped forward and there fell into my arms the form of Clara Sea. Another *slight report* might have been heard, and the ghost would trouble us no more. I waited till the day of the picnic, and the one following—and another, and another—until the old man began to go oftener than usual on the wharf, and then sailed out of port, perhaps not so enthusiastic a sailor, but a more devoted lover. Clara's artifice, if it did not frighten us into giving up the voyage, hastened a marriage ceremony!

IMPROMPTU.

CONSOLATION TO A SUNBURNT BEAUTY.

BY FRANK FERRIS.

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?
The god of the lyre stoops admiringly down,
From the wine of thy cheek his own bloom to replenish—
Repay ye the kiss of a god with a frown?

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish—
Precariously raised 'neath a straw-plaited shade?
Of all things in Cupidom slightly coquetish,
Is a straw-plaited gipse on sparkling-eyed maid!

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?
What though in his warmth be thy crimson embrown?
The sun-god the font of thy life shall replenish:
Then, beauty, meet thou not his kiss with a frown.

THE DUELLO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It was a lovely, warm and yellow afternoon of the pleasant Indian summer season, that the subject of the present memoir, with love in his heart, and his best coat on his back, stood before the mirror in his room at the hotel, giving the finishing touches to his toilet, preparatory to a call upon that ever-so-much-too-pretty-to-be-described young lady, Miss Mary Jones. And as he stood gazing complacently at the fascinating image reflected in the glass, giving divers and sundry twitches to his dickey, and pokes of the fingers to his carefully arranged locks, while he practised a killing smile, and pictured to himself with a decidedly pleasant sensation how pretty little Mary's heart must bound and flutter when approached by such a noble specimen of humanity, he was startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Come in," he ejaculated, rather sharply; for he was none too well pleased at being interrupted in his pleasant occupations; "come in."

The immediate and very natural effect of this peremptory summons was the opening of the door and the entrance of a tall, stout-built gentleman in riding boots and spurs, and with a profusion of bushy, yellow whiskers—or rather mane—which imparted to his glowing countenance that safe and winning expression which characterizes a first class Nubian lion of the male sex. This pleasant apparition having deliberately closed the doors behind him, advanced into the room, and placing his hat and gloves upon the table, drew himself up to his full height, with the interrogatory:

"Mr. Jinx, I believe?"

"I have the honor to bear that name, sir," I replied, motioning him to be seated.

"I thank you—no, sir," he returned, with a magnificent wave of the hand and a military "stem!" of the most appalling dimensions, at the same time drawing a letter from his pocket and extending it towards me. "I have the honor to be the bearer of a communication from my honorable friend, Bellerophon Smithers, Esq."

"Bellerophon Smithers!" I exclaimed, with a start, and the least little bit of a tremor in my voice; "Bellerophon Smithers!"

"Bellerophon Smithers."

"O—ah—yes—exactly; that is to say—precisely," I muttered, taking the letter and turning my back upon him, that he might not observe my confusion.

Removing the envelope from the missive, I enjoyed the ecstatic pleasure of reading the following delightful production:

"MR. A. JINX, SIR:—Immediately upon receiving this message from the hands of my friend, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, you will inform him when, within the period of twenty-four hours, and at what place, within a circuit of five miles, you will meet me for the purpose of giving me that satisfaction every gentleman has a right to demand.

"Sir, let there be no cowardly apology or evasion—I shall admit of neither. In case your answer is not immediate and to the purpose, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you with a cowhide; after administering which, you will be fitted with that garment which gentlemen of this vicinity consider the proper dress of a coward, to wit—tar and feathers; a dress, by the way, which, in my opinion, will not be altogether new to you.

"BELLEROPHON SMITHERS.

"P. S.—I have further to inform you that there will be no occasion for you to call in the interim upon Miss Mary Jones, to whom both your attentions and yourself are as disgusting as you are contemptible in the eyes of everybody else. B. S."

"So," I exclaimed, turning towards Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with all the ferocity of manner I could assume at short notice; "so Mr. Smithers expects me to fight him, does he?"

"I incline to the opinion that my friend intends to compel you to fight him," returned the captain, pompously.

"Compel me to fight him!" I roared, in a voice of such tremendous power that the word "compel" ought of right to be here printed in that species of type which is used in announcing the name of a theatrical star on a placard. "Compel me, sir—rrr! I'd have you to know that it is I who will compel him. Yes, sir, I'd have you to know that I'm absolutely thirsting for that snub-nosed puppy's blood! But I beg

your pardon, sir," I continued, seeing that the captain was evidently impressed by my somewhat overwhelming style of conversation; "I am naturally somewhat excitable. I had, sir," I continued, "I had resolved never to fight another duel since that unfortunate affair, of which you may have heard, when I killed poor Jack Williams and his eight brothers, one after another, in as many duels. I will own, sir, that I tried to avoid a quarrel with the poor fellows, but as they would persist in challenging me, why, there was nothing for it but to make short work of them; not that I cared so much about themselves personally—it was more on account of their widowed mother, who became deranged from their loss, and, in her insanity, murdered her sixteen grandchildren; and being taken to the insane asylum, set fire to the building, by which three hundred and thirty-five of the inmates perished. I grant you that it is beneath the dignity of a man of honor to dwell upon such trifles; but, sir, if I have a weakness, it is tender-heartedness, and this little circumstance so affected me that I made up my mind not to fight again. But in this particular case, as your friend is so desirous of fighting me, I will accommodate him and give him the satisfaction of being slaughtered at his earliest convenience."

The captain bowed with a deferential air. "My dear sir," he said, "allow me to offer you my hand. I am agreeably disappointed in you. I had been led to suppose that you were, what is called, 'a man of peace;' in short, a—a—I beg pardon, but, in point of fact—a coward. But I begin to perceive that I have been misled, and that you are an honorable gentleman, who will not refuse to meet your man upon any occasion."

"Sir, I thank you," I replied, imitating his magnificent wave of the hand and overpowering "ahem;" "sir, I thank you, and I trust you will speedily be convinced that I am a man who will 'distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side,' and make no hesitation in destroying any presumptuous individual who may see fit to dispute me. Please mention to your friend that, since he is so desirous of the honor, I will do him the favor of making a very homely, snub-nosed, yellow-headed corpse of him in just eight minutes and a half from his appearance on the ground."

The valiant captain bowed graciously. "If you will have the kindness to refer me to your friend, it will perhaps be as well to settle all the preliminaries at once."

"My friend? O—ah—yes; my friend. Well, I think I shall request Mr. Tompkins to act for me in this matter; but as he has gone to drive,

and will not return for some hours, and as he is somewhat of a novice in this sort of business, suppose you and I settle the preliminaries between ourselves; it will be just as well, and there will then be no chance for a misunderstanding."

"Such an arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory both to my principal and myself. Suppose, then, we fix the time at sunrise, to-morrow?"

"Capital!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "By despatching the business at such an early hour, I shall have all the rest of the day to attend to other and more important matters."

The captain gave me a queer look out of the corner of his eyes. "For the place, I think we had better decide upon the spot usually selected for meetings of this kind in this vicinity—the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow. You are acquainted with the locality, I presume?"

"O yes, perfectly. I shall be at the Blasted Cypress at the appointed time."

"As you are the challenged party, the choice of weapons remains with you, of course."

"O, bother the weapons!" I exclaimed, with a careless yawn. "It's a matter of the most supreme indifference to me what tools are used. I flatter myself there are few satisfaction instruments with which I am unacquainted."

"Still, as it is customary for the challenged party to decide, perhaps it would have a better look if you were to make a choice."

"O, nonsense! Who cares for appearances in such an insignificant, every-day affair as this? As I have so much the advantage of my opponent in coolness, nerve and courage, I will forego my right to choose. Whatever the weapon may be matters little to me. I have had experience, sir, in everything; from bowie knives at a hundred miles to sixty-four pounders across a handkerchief."

"Well, sir," rejoined the captain, "as you are so generous as to insist that my friend shall have the choice, suppose we avoid the two extremes, which you have mentioned, and splitting the difference, call it pistols!"

"Say pistols, then—though you couldn't have made a worse choice for your friend, for just now I am in splendid practice, and can decapitate a fly without touching his body at fifty paces. Call it pistols, then."

"All being arranged to our mutual satisfaction," replied the captain, moving toward the door, "I will take my leave, as my friend is doubtless impatient to learn the result of our interview. Good morning, Mr. Jinx."

"Good morning, sir." And he closed the door behind him as he retired.

"But, I say, captain—Captain Fitz Battle-axe!" I exclaimed, rushing after him, and singing out down the stairway: "please represent to your friend that it will be unnecessary for him to order breakfast, or anything of that sort, to come off after our meeting, as it will only be a useless expense and give his administrators the trouble of setting the bill. By the way, captain, you must breakfast with me when it's over. And now I think of it, captain, a surgeon will also be unnecessary, as I don't like half way work, and never miss the heart. Good morning to you."

"Good morning, Mr. Jinx."

And his heavy boots tramped down the stairs and out of the house; whereupon I returned to my room, bolted the door, and throwing myself into a chair, reviewed the events of the preceding two or three weeks, while the perspiration bathed my forehead and ran down upon my cheeks, and off from the end of my nose.

"Good heavens!" I mentally exclaimed, after a few minutes of unenviable self-communion. "If I haven't got myself into a fix then I can only say I must be wholly and altogether unacquainted with the proper definition of the word 'fix.' Here am I, a quiet, inoffensive gentleman, who, in company with a friend, has come down here to this out-of-the-way place to rusticate for a few weeks. Almost the first day of my arrival, I am introduced to Miss Mary Jones, a young lady, as pretty as a pink, as proud as a peacock, and rather coquettish—to say nothing about her fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I forthwith began to play the agreeable to the young lady, and with such success as to render furious this great yellow-headed monster of a Smithers, who has also been playing the agreeable for some time. Smithers tries to drive me from the field, and fails; I try to drive Smithers from the field, and also fail. The young lady whom we both adore—to say nothing of her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—will decide in favor of neither, but keeps both in tow like two sculpins on a double-hooked line. At length Smithers becomes enraged at some decided preference shown to myself, and that he may remove such an insurmountable obstacle from his path, sends this great hulking ogre of a fellow, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with a face like a lion, and a figure like the king of the Visigoths, with a challenge! I put on the courageous and terrific, trying to bluff the great hulking fellow off; great hulking fellow wout be bluffed off, but, on the contrary, rather seems to admire my spirit! Not knowing what else to do, I keep up the false pretence until it is all arranged for

us to meet in mortal combat to-morrow morning at sunrise, at the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow. I'm blasted if I know where the place is, or ever want to!"

Here I was compelled to pause in my soliloquy to give a shudder; the name of "Dead Man's Hollow" was so suggestive that a succession of cold shivers kept chasing each other down my back and into my boots for several minutes. Recovering, I proceeded with the summing up:

"Now, then, the question arises, what the deuce am I to do? Yea, verily, that is a question—what am I to do? This monster of a Smithers is a regular fire-eater, a dead shot, who has the reputation of being able to 'ring the bell' nine times out of ten; gad, he'll ring my bell for me if he ever gets a pop at my figure,—while on my part, I never fired a pistol above half a dozen times in my life, and if my memory serves, I didn't hit anything either one of those half dozen times. At this moment I am persuaded that I should not be able to hit the gable end of a barn at four paces, much less the figure of a bloodthirsty wretch, who at the same moment would be pointing the muzzle of a pistol right down my throat. But this is nothing to the case; I am merely reviewing the difficulties without suggesting a remedy. I can't fight him—that's clear; it would be nothing more nor less than suicide to think of such a thing. Not that I am afraid—far from it! I flatter myself I have an abundance of the description of courage that is needed for a man to face the enemies of his country in the field of battle, where he has thousands to keep him company, and the rat-tat, tattling drum, and the squeal, squeal, squealing fife, to lead him

"To his gory bed or to victory!"

But it is a very different sort of thing to go out at daybreak, on foot and alone, in cool blood and on an empty stomach, to be shot down like a woodchuck in a corner. The question now comes up again—what am I to do? Now, Jinx," I exclaimed, aloud, getting up and pacing my chamber floor; "now, Jinx, my good fellow, what do you propose to do to get out of this scrape? You might run, certainly, but then you would leave a most dismal reputation behind, and worse than all, pretty Mary Jones would forever after hold you in the most unattractive contempt, whereby your heart would be most fearfully lacerated—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars; no, you can't run, that's sure. But hold! a glorious idea presents itself. You will write an anonymous letter to the authorities, informing them of the contemplated duel, and the place and time

where it is to come off. Magnificent thought! You can by that means vindicate your reputation for courage, and at the same time come off without any bodily harm. Yet stop; how are you to get the letter to the authorities? It won't do to send Tompkins, for you wouldn't like to let him know you objected to the fight. Ah! I have it. At night, when all is still and no one to observe, you will yourself take the note to the house of the principal justice, ring the bell until the house is alarmed, tuck the letter under the door and make off in safety. Hurrah! three cheers for our side! What a fine thing it is to be quick-witted, to be sure! Who but a Jinx or a Bonaparte would ever have thought of such an exquisite stratagem?" And I danced about the room like a good-natured maniac, until the increasing darkness warned me that it was quite time for me to write the proposed note so as to have it in readiness at a moment's notice. With much painstaking and many trials, I succeeded at length in so disguising my hand that I felt assured no expert in the world would be able to identify it. Having sealed and directed it to the proposed dispenser of justice, I placed the safety-ensuring document in my breeches pocket, and for the first time since the advent of Captain Fitz Battleaxe, drew a long and fearless breath. These arrangements had scarcely been completed, and the door unbolted, before the well-known squeak of Tompkins's boots was heard in the passage, and the next instant he burst into the room with his countenance radiant with happiness, and his coat covered with dust.

"My golly, Jinx!" he exclaimed, in an extremely animated tone; "my golly, old fellow, you dunno what you've lost by not going with us this afternoon. Such gals! such horses! such everything! O my, I never had such a time in my life, never!" And he pitched his whip into a corner and himself on the sofa. "But I say, old horse, what have you been driving at? Been to see Mary Jones, eh? Have a good time, eh? You sly dog, tell us all about it."

"O, no-o-o," I drawled, in a careless tone. "I didn't stay at home to have a good time. I had a little business affair on my hands, as you will perceive." And I tossed Smithers's challenge towards him.

It was really curious to mark the different shades of feeling that manifested themselves on his expressive countenance as he perused the blood-thirsty document; first surprise, then fear, and finally blank and utter dismay!

"Great heavens, Jinx!" he at length broke forth, in a tremulous tone; "it's going to raise

the very old what's-name with your prospects here, to be compelled to refuse this challenge."

"Refuse the challenge!" I sneered between the puffs of my cigar; "such an absurd idea never entered my mind."

"Hey!—what? You don't mean to say—no, it can't be! You know you never did."

"I just do mean to say it though. We are to meet with pistols to-morrow morning at sunrise, at the place known as the Blasted Cypress, in Dead Man's Hollow"—Tompkins shivered,— "and what's more, my lad, you are to be my second."

"Good lord!" he groaned, placing his hands upon his knees and gazing with a horrified expression into my face, while the perspiration gathered upon his brow, "you don't mean to tell me that I have got to go out and see you m-m-murdered? He'll be sure to hit you the first shot. How could you think of accepting his challenge?"

"Nonsense, Tompkins!" I exclaimed, with an affectation of carelessness. "What a touse you make about such an ordinary affair! If he had not challenged me, I should have had to challenge him. I shall shoot him in the morning, as he deserves, and shall then have the field all to myself. It's very simple, you see, and very necessary; so now go to-bed like a good fellow, so as to be on hand to wake me in the morning, for I may oversleep myself, and I wouldn't fail of meeting him on any account."

Poor Tompkins was completely thunderstruck. Having been accustomed to rely altogether upon me, and be governed by my advice, it never occurred to him to try to dissuade me from my purpose. In accordance with my wish, he lit his candle and stole silently and dejectedly towards the door.

"Good night, Jinx," he faltered, as he stood fumbling with the latch. "If you should want anything in the night, you'll call me—won't you?"

"Yes, yes—go ahead," I replied, somewhat impatiently; for I was anxious to get him out of the way that I might have an opportunity to slip out of the house, unobserved, with the note.

Slowly and reluctantly closing the door behind him, he walked with a hesitating step along the passage leading to his apartment, but almost immediately returned, and opening the door, stood shading the light with his hand as he peered into the room.

"I say, Jinx, did you call me?" he asked, in a tremulous tone.

"No."

"O!"

"Is there anything else, Tompkins?" I asked, as he stood twiddling the latch in a hesitating, uncertain sort of way.

"No; only—you wouldn't like to have me sit up with you to-night nor nothing, would you?"

"No, no; of course not. I want to get a good night's rest, so as to be on hand in the morning. So now to please me go right straight along to-bed, or you'll look so sleepy that I shall be ashamed to take you along with me to-morrow. Now do go, there's a good fellow."

"Well, then, good night, if you insist upon it," he said, pressing my hand, while the towns gathered in the honest fellow's eyes.

"Good night," I replied, returning the pressure, and fairly pushing him into the passage and closing the door upon him.

I listened to his retreating footsteps along the entry, and waited to hear the squeaking of his rickety bed, as he turned in; but the regular tramp, tramp, tramp, as he paced back and forth across his chamber floor, soon convinced me that he had no intention of sleeping, whatever I might be disposed to do. This was excessively provoking, and I was just upon the point of going to him and compelling him by force of arms to go to sleep, when I heard him again coming towards my room. This time there was an evident purpose in his coming, for he deliberately closed the door behind him, and advancing into the room, set his candle down upon the table and himself on a chair, where he remained looking steadfastly and mournfully at me.

"Well, what the deuce do you want now, Tompkins?" I snarled.

"Why, the fact is, Jinx," he replied, twirling his thumbs and crossing and uncrossing his legs uneasily; "the fact is, I have been thinking about this business of yours and have hit upon a plan to fix it all right. This brute of a Smithers, you know, is what they call a dead shot, while you are a little out of practice—that is, you haven't been doing anything of the kind lately. Now the plan I thought of was this: You know I am a first rate shot—you know that, don't you? A splendid shot! Never miss my mark with a pistol!" (Tompkins might well say that, for to my certain knowledge he never fired a pistol in his life, and didn't know a percussion cap from a side of sole leather). "Well, what I was thinking was, that you might be taken unexpectedly sick; a sudden attack of—of—say a sudden attack of the dropsy, or the whooping cough, or something dreadful; and not liking to disappoint Smithers, you would let your second take up your quarrel. Wouldn't it

be a great joke, when Smithers found that instead of meeting a person out of practice, like yourself, he had got to fight a dead shot and a regular fire-eater like me?"

"Pooh, pooh, Tompkins, don't be a fool."

"I aint a fool, Jinx; I give you my word I aint; but you know it's very different with me from what it is with you. You have got friends, lots of friends, who would be inconsolable if you were to be—that is to say—if you were to be—sort of—of killed; while 'taint so with me. If there was any accident happen to me, why, there would be nobody to fret about it, don't you see; there isn't anybody cares much of anything for me I aint anybody without you; I'm only the tail to your kite; if you come down, I'm sure to be floored; while you might part with me and still be as good as new, don't you see? And then wouldn't it be fun to see how surprised our friend Smithers would be to find he'd got me to fight with; he, he, he!" And poor Tompkins made a dismal effort to appear jolly.

"Now, Tompkins, don't talk nonsense," I replied, coughing violently; for I had swallowed a piece of cigar, or something, that sort of choked me. "Your feelings do honor to your heart, I suppose, but we fighting men don't understand that sort of thing! We, warriors, delight in blood! I may say, we absolutely revel in slaughter! No, no—I wouldn't fail of meeting him on any consideration."

"No, Jinx, you mustn't think of doing such a thing!" he replied, with more firmness than I had supposed him capable of.

"Why, Tompkins, what a fool you are!" I returned, with a burst of confidence; for I saw there was no getting rid of him unless I let him into the secret. "To tell you the truth, my boy, I have no notion of shooting Smithers, or letting him shoot me. We shall meet on the ground, to be sure, but I've got a little plan of my own that will prevent any evil consequences. There, does that satisfy you? Now go to-bed, do, or you will prevent me from putting my plan in execution."

"By jingo, old fellow! I am a fool, as you say," he exclaimed, with animation. "I ought to have known you would fix things. By Jove! I'm the happiest fellow south of Mason & Dixon's line. Yes, I will go to-bed. Good night." And he scampered along the passage, whistling like a fife.

Having disposed of him, I managed with some little difficulty to get out of the house unobserved, and took my way towards the residence of the justice whom I intended to favor with my warning epistle. It was yet quite early

in the night, and as I drew near the office of the legal functionary, in whom I placed all my hopes, I had the satisfaction to observe through the open window that he was seated at his desk reading. With a skill acquired by the habit of pitching coppers when a boy, I succeeded in passing my note on to his desk, directly under his nose. He was naturally a good deal startled by this novel mode of delivery, and jumping from his chair, ran to the window, while I dogged behind a protecting clump of barberry bushes. Not being able to discover the bearer, he turned his attention to the letter, and having waited until he broke the seal and began perusing the contents, I started for the hotel, crawled up to my room, divested myself of a suit of clothes belonging to a credulous tailor, and jumping into bed, was soon fast asleep.

At the first glimmer of dawn on the following morning, I was awakened by a hand placed upon my shoulder, and the indistinct form of some person standing by my bedside.

"Eh?—hallo?—who's that?" I exclaimed, starting on end, more asleep than awake.

"It's me," responded a voice from the direction of the shadowy figure.

"Well, that's definite," I replied; "for I never knew but one person of that name in my life."

"Well, I'm that person," continued the voice, which I now clearly recognized as belonging to Tompkins. "It's time to be getting ready, without you've altered your mind about fighting Smithers."

"Altered my mind! Of course I haven't," I replied, fumbling around after my clothes.

"Are you sure you've fixed it all right, so there won't be any danger?"

"Yes. Don't be alarmed about that. But I say, I wish you'd strike a light; I shall never get ready this way; it's as dark as Egypt. I've got on my trowserloons hind part before! Yes, and upside down, too, I believe! And I say, Tompkins, as you are to be my second, I want you to put on a bold face and appear as blood-thirsty as possible—d'ye understand?"

"No fear of me; you'll have nothing to complain of on that score," he replied, as he scratched a match, and got a candle under way. "I'll be as bold as brass; nobody can be braver than me when there's no danger to be apprehended."

A few minutes sufficed to complete our arrangements, and together we started for the place of meeting.

"You say you know where the place is, don't you, Tompkins?—this 'Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow.'"

"Yes. I had it pointed out to me when we were driving yesterday. But it is a good mile and a half from here, and we'll have to hurry to get there by sunrise."

Unwilling to be the last on the ground, we struck into a sort of cow center, which speedily devoured the distance and brought us to the hollow of the dismal name. The other party had not yet arrived, and we spent a few minutes in examining the locality. You may be sure I looked about with no little anxiety, until I at length espied a number of men concealed in the bushes. The sight put me on my taps at once; I was a made man from that minute, and when Smithers, with his second, did make their appearance, I was strutting and prancing about as big as a dog with two tails, whistling in a lively way a beautiful air of my own composition, which, by the way, I intend shortly to publish under the title of "The Chicken's March to the Bough Dish."

Smithers and myself bowed grimly at each other as he advanced. I then introduced Tompkins to Fitz Battleaxe, whereupon they stopped aside, and having conferred together several minutes, again approached us with the announcement that, if agreeable to us, the fight would take place at twenty paces, each party firing at the word. Having signified our assent to this arrangement, Fitz Battleaxe paced off and marked the distance; then, after loading the pistols in Tompkins's presence, brought them both to me that I might have a selection. Choosing one with much apparent care, we were led to our stations; the seconds stepped aside, and Fitz Battleaxe was in the very act of counting "one, two, three—fire," when half a dozen men rushed from their places of concealment in the shrubbery, and in an instant we were disarmed and prisoners!

Smithers was perfectly frantic with rage and disappointment, struggling and fighting with his captors like a panther. Not to be any way behind in that sort of game, I raved and frothed at the mouth like a maniac; while Tompkins, scarcely knowing what steps he ought to pursue under such very peculiar circumstances, stood stock still and swore like a trooper for five minutes on a stretch, without ever once stopping to take breath, much to the surprise of Captain Fitz Battleaxe who gazed at him in amazement, doubtless very much astonished that a second should be so cut up at the interruption of an affair in which he might be supposed to have but a remote interest.

Under the escort of these half dozen guardians of the peace we were carried away into captivity,

conducted in triumph back to the village with a little million of boys at our tail, and placed in durance vile at the hotel—Tompkins and myself in one room, guarded by three constables, and Smithers and his second in another, similarly guarded—where we awaited the opening of the court, which was to be held for our especial benefit, for the purpose of imposing a fine in consequence of our gross violation of the laws of the State, and the peace and dignity thereof; and also to place us under good and sufficient bonds to keep the peace toward mankind generally and each other particularly, for the space of a given number of months.

Numerous versions of the story of the attempted duel and its unfortunate interruption were rapidly noised abroad through all the region round about, very naturally producing the most intense excitement, so much so, indeed, that by nine o'clock, A. M., the large hall over "the store," where the town justice was usually dispensed, was literally packed with a curious and eager multitude, a "handsome" proportion of which were ladies, among whom I had the satisfaction of observing Miss Mary Jones, the pretty cause of all this hubbub and commotion. She was looking unusually charming, even for her, with her wavy, silken, yellow hair, her dimpled chin and violet-colored eyes—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I caught her eye as we were marshalled into the hall. She knew well enough what had been the occasion of our going out "for to fight," the main, and she smiled so sweetly and approvingly upon me that for the moment I felt really sorry I had not allowed my opponent to pitch a small hunk of lead in among my vitals for her sake. But my rapture was somewhat qualified upon perceiving that she bestowed an equally fascinating glance upon my rival—these gals, confound 'em, can't be satisfied with taking a man's heart right out of his thorax, but unless they can render him of all flesh the most miserable with jealousy, they do not seem to consider their conquest half completed.

The entire assembly were evidently very much disposed in our favor; for after all, people do like spunk, however peaceable and law-abiding they may be themselves. The gentlemen crowded about us, and shook hands alternately with Smithers and myself, while the ladies showed their dear little white teeth at us whenever we looked towards them.

Presently three justices marched in and took their seats at the upper end of the hall, looking very grave and learned, and consequently very stupid. Several legal gentlemen were already

in attendance, one of whom was the prosecuting attorney, or whatever else he may be called. I may be giving him the wrong title, for I'm no lawyer myself, and do not pretend to much knowledge of law—that is to say, in criminal matters,—but if you take me on the way of transacting business in a debtor's court, I am there. Well, as I was saying, the prosecuting attorney opened the case by commenting somewhat at length upon the heinousness of the crime we had meditated, stating that he had been warned of the affair the day before, and wound up by asking permission to introduce a few witnesses.

At this stage of the proceedings, a very young legal gentleman got upon his legs, and in a grandiloquent period announced his intention of defending us; a proceeding on his part which brought Captain Fitz Battleaxe to his feet, with the mild remark:

"Look here, young man, just sit down or I'll knock you down; our case is ridiculous enough now without you making it more so."

"Why, I intended to defend you!" exclaimed the amazed disciple of—the old scratch.

"Yes, I know it," replied Fitz Battleaxe, sharply; "take the other side of the case and you may spout till doomsday if it pleases you."

The demolished counsel vanished, and the case proceeded.

"James Squealpig, take the stand," said the prosecuting attorney.

A little, short, chunky, foxy-looking fellow took the stand and was sworn.

"Now, Mr. Squealpig," said the counsel, "you came to me yesterday with the information that this meeting was to take place. I want you to state to the court how you discovered the fact."

"I didn't discover it at all; I was told."

"Very well; who told you?"

"The man that sent me to you."

"Well, who was that man?"

"He gave me a dollar not to tell, and I promised I wouldn't."

"Mr. Squealpig," said the counsel, severely, "remember you are under oath. If you do not answer more directly I shall move that you be fined for contempt. Who was that man, sir?"

"Well, then, if I must tell," replied the witness, doggedly, "it was—Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" simultaneously exclaimed almost every individual in the court room, "Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" reiterated the witness.

The excitement produced by this unexpected announcement was most intense. Fitz Battle-

axe sprang from the side of my unhappy rival, who, completely overwhelmed, was gazing attentively at the toes of his boots, and sat himself down in a friendly way by my side. The other gentlemen drew back with looks of contempt and began shaking hands with me anew; the ladies showed their teeth at me more than ever; and the look I got from pretty Mary Jones convinced me that her affections and her hand were mine from that hour—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. Poor Smithers looked as though there was nothing he desired more than for the ground to open and swallow him up—or down, whichever phrase may be proper,—and for the moment I scarcely knew whether most to pity his unfortunate predicament or despise the dastardly cowardice of his action!

Quiet having been restored, the counsel for the prosecution continued:

"But, your honor, the most singular portion of this remarkable affair has not yet been reached. I hold in my hand a communication received last night by a justice of this town, which I think, sir, you will agree with me in pronouncing a most remarkable document. It reads as follows:

"SIR,—You will doubtless be very much surprised at receiving an anonymous letter; but I feel it my duty as a citizen to acquaint you with the fact that, at sunrise, to-morrow morning, at a place known as 'the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow,' two gentlemen will meet in mortal combat; and I call upon you, sir, as a guardian of the public peace, to take measures to prevent any hostile encounter. Sir,—any attempt to ascertain the name of the writer of this communication will be in vain, as ample precautions have been taken against a discovery.

"Very respectfully, _____,

"Now, sir," continued the counsel, "your honor will perceive why I call it a remarkable document. It purports to be anonymous, but the writer, in the excitement of the moment, and overcome, doubtless, by the force of habit, so far forgot what he was doing, as to sign his name in full at the bottom of the page, where it now stands—'A Jinx, Pugwash.'"

"It is false!" I roared. "That is not my hand-writing, nor nothing like it."

"I grant that the hand is disguised," returned the counsel, "but I think we can prove it to be yours, nevertheless. Mr. Tompkins take the stand."

Tompkins confounded and amazed, moved toward the stand and was sworn.

"Mr. Tompkins, you are acquainted with the hand-writing of Mr. Jinx, are you not?"

"Yes'r."

"Just examine the hand-writing of this letter, and inform the court whether, in your opinion, it is that of Mr. Jinx or not?"

Tompkins gazed at the letter a moment, and then cast a bewildered and frightened glance towards me. I, of course, could not counsel him to commit perjury and so looked perseveringly the other way.

"You needn't look at him, sir," said the counsel, sharply. "Just give the court your opinion about the writing. Is it his, sir, or is it not? What do you say, sir?"

"Y-es," faltered Tompkins, "I should say it was—that is—rather—"

"Your honor," continued the prosecuting attorney, "as it is very evident neither of these gentlemen contemplated the slightest breach of the peace, I therefore move that they be discharged."

"The prisoners are discharged," replied his honor.

The indignation and contempt that had been bestowed upon my rival was as nothing to that which was showered upon my devoted head, as Smithers, Tompkins and myself sneaked out of the court. The gentlemen moved away from our path in disgust, the ladies turned their backs in scorn, and pretty Mary Jones swept by us with an air calculated to impress both Smithers and myself with the conviction that we had forever forfeited all claim to her hand or her heart—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

"I say, Tompkins," I said to my friend, as I sat in my room at the hotel, about one hour after the close of the "last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history," "have you got everything packed?"

"Yes, everything; both shirts, all four of the dickeys, your 'tother cravat and everything—without it may be your fine-tooth comb and thimble, which are, I suspect, in the breast-pocket of your coat."

"That's all right. And I say, Tompkins, I think a little change of scene and air would be of benefit to us, don't you?"

"My opinion exactly; and between you and I, Jinx, I think there is scarcely a place in the Union presenting greater inducements for an enterprising young man to emigrate from than this very town we are now in."

Had the reader been standing upon the platform in front of the railroad station, when the cars whirled out of town that afternoon, he would have seen two noses flattened against two panes of glass in two adjoining windows on the right hand side, at about the centre of the rear

car. Those two naves belonged to Tompkins and myself respectively.

Smithers left town by a private conveyance at about the same time. In regard to pretty Mary Jones, whose history I learned some time afterwards, it appears that Captain Fitz Battleaxe, immediately upon our departure, commenced paying his court to her in a very decided manner; in point of fact, laying regular and scientific siege to her; killing, wounding and maiming all who dared make any pretensions to her hand, until she was fairly compelled, by force of arms, as it were, to drop her maiden Jones and become Mrs. Captain Plantagenet Fitz Battleaxe, and the valiant captain is at this moment cheered by the smiles of a lovely and loving wife—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

My apology for not winding up with a moral, after the approved fashion, is that the story itself teaches absolutely nothing, without, indeed, its perusal may induce the young gentlemen of this country, upon receiving a challenge, either to say yes and fight without any nonsense, or to say no and plead principle; in either of which cases they will gain a reputation with some portion of the community. The story is not written in vain, however, for the young ladies will be pleased that pretty Mary Jones—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—escaped the cowardly Smithers and fell into the hands of a brave man; the old ladies will be pleased that there was no blood shed; I, myself, am pleased because I get an excellent price for this article; and now that we are all pleased and smiling, I will cry "whoa" at once, and hold my horses where I am, before anything happens to vex any of us.

A VORACIOUS PIKE.

We find it recorded in an English publication that, some time ago, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while fishing at Dalawinston Loch, having expended their stock of worms, etc., had recourse to the expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perch they had taken, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which this fish is known to take as readily as any other. One of the perch caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water that the hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its own eyes, and actually tore it out. In the struggle, the fish slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line to the waters. After a very short interval, on pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished in swallowing its own eye.—*Fish Stories.*

HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE IN A FAMILY.

Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

When inclined to give an angry answer, to "overcome evil with good."

If from sickness, pain or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

To watch the little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

In all little pleasures which may occur, to put yourself last.

To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

In conversation, not to exalt yourself, but to bring others forward.

To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.

Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.—*Life Illustrated.*

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited some time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed with this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; and, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.—*Lewes.*

EFFECTS OF EARLY EDUCATION.

Lady Raffles in her memoirs of her husband, Sir Stamford Raffles, mentions the singular fact that "two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendant, without being confined in cages; and it was rather curious to see the children, the bears, the tigers, a blue mountain bird, and a favorite cat, all playing together—the parrot's bill being the only object of awe to all the party."—*New York Mirror.*

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

The sun is marching to his rest,
In the crimsoned chambers of the west;
Gilded o'er with his glorious rays,
The hilltops now are all a-blaze;
While through the shaded valleys deep,
The lengthening shadows slowly creep.

This holy day of hushed repose,
Seems fitting time for summer's close;
All nature wears a look serene,
And skies of love bend o'er the scene;
While sacred thoughts with potent power,
Stir the soul in the Sabbath hour.

How short the days of summer's reign,
Since first her blossoms decked the plain;
We've only dwelt a few short hours,
Amid the perfume of her flowers;
Have seen her beauteous form awhile,
Only to meet her parting smile.

A withered crown on her dying brow,
Of earth she takes her farewell how;
E'en such is life—we meet to part,
And one by one our friends depart;
Bright hopes in darkness pass away,
As fades the light of this summer day.

A glory lingers on yonder hills,
And one bright hope my bosom fills,
Though flowers decay, and seasons roll,
There's life immortal for the soul;
And 'neath the beams of a Father's love,
Eternal summer reigns above.

THE NEIGHBORS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

MRS. BUTTS had just dropped in a few minutes to see how Mrs. Tubbs did. It was in the morning, and Mrs. Tubbs was still engaged about her work. So Mrs. Butts sat down just where she could find a place, and proceeded to make herself altogether at home.

"You're desprite busy, this mornin'," said she to her neighbor.

"O, no more'n common, 's I know of," answered Mrs. Tubbs. "But we can't exactly get a livin' and be idle too, you know."

"I don't calculate to be over and above idle, myself," said Mrs. Butts. "I generally carry my knittin'-work, when I go a visitin'. I guarantee to set as good an example as most folks. But I wanted to tell you about what my husband said."

Mrs. Tubbs looked up, looked down, and went on with her work again.

"What did he say?" said she.

"Well, you remember that last quarter of veal

he had o' Mr. Tubbs, to pay for the quarter Mr. Tubbs had o' him?"

"Yes, I guess I do seem to remember something about that. Why?"

"O, nothing. Only Mr. Butts said about that veal, that he guessed 'twas pretty near ready to die before it did! That was all."

Mrs. Tubbs stood erect.

"Did he mean to say anything against my husband's honesty, I'd like to know? Because, if he did—"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I can't pretend to tell what he meant. I shouldn't think he did, though. Yet I can't say. At any rate, that was what he said."

"And that's enough, I sh'd think! What more could he say? And a neighbor so, too! To accuse my husband of sellin' meat that died! It's a shame and an insult! I'll never put up with it in the world!"

Hot and out of breath in consequence of the protracted discussion that ensued, Mrs. Butts took herself off home, to put another stick under the pot and set it to boiling harder.

Of course, when her husband came in to dinner, the conversation with Mrs. Tubbs was detailed with wonderful precision, and more too. Mr. Butts got a good story out of it. He got exasperated over it. He declared he never would stand it, being a neighbor so; and thought it was a burning shame that people allowed themselves to slander their neighbors in this way.

"At any rate, I know one thing!" said he, in a threatening voice.

"What's that?" asked his wife.

"Tubbs never'll come off so well again, if his cattle get into my mowin'! I'll drive 'em straight to pound!"

"Do they ever get into your mowin'?" inquired his wife.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if I'd turned them critters out of my piece into his'n, as many as a dozen or twenty times this summer! I'll not do it any more."

"That's what I wouldn't, I'm sure, Mr. Butts. I wonder you never drove 'em to pound before!"

"Because I never wanted to make any difference with a neighbor," said he. "But you don't catch me hangin' back any longer, I tell you!"

Pretty soon afterwards, therefore, the pound-keeper stopped Mr. Tubbs on his way home.

"I've got three head o' your cattle shet up in the pound," said he.

"Three head o' my cattle!" exclaimed the astonished Tubbs. "Who drove 'em over?"

The pound-keeper laughed, and took advantage of the laugh to hesitate. The answer was fairly corkscrewed out of him :

"Wal, I s'pose Mr. Butts drove 'em."

And he laughed again.

Tubbs could hardly keep in his boots, he was so moved with indignation.

"Butts drive my cattle to pound!" said he, lowering his brows and setting his teeth. "I'll teach him a lesson yet! Mebbe some of his own critters 'll get out one of these days. Then we'll see how the account stands!"

He paid the usual pound tax with a great deal more of such grumbling as this, and drove off his three head of cattle. The old keeper couldn't help laughing, as he went away, and wondered in truth what would come of it.

"It's a thing I never knew Butts to do the like of before," muttered he, trudging along homewards. "What in the name of Satan has got into him lately? He hardly spoke to me, the last time he met me. Don't appear as he used to. But I'll fetch him yet. I never'll stand this, not the longest day I live! never!"

Only ten days or two weeks after that, Mr. Tubbs came into the house in a great glee.

"See here, wife," said he, chuckling to himself, "I've got old Butts's cattle shet up in my yard, and jest as quick as I can eat my dinner, I'm goin' to drive 'em off to pound. I can't very well spare the time, but I'm going to do it, for all that. He took my critters to pound, and to pound shall *his* go! There's no two ways about that. What's good for *me*, is good enough for *him*! See if there aint a squirm in this time!"

And before night, a couple of Mr. Butts's most staid and matronly old cows were ruminating by themselves on the changes and chances of this mortal life, within the ancient enclosure called the "pound." Just so long as they remained, the keeper would be at liberty to make use of the fruits of their udders. There they stood and looked at each other, and chewed their cuds, as innocent as children of the intentions of the one who caused their imprisonment.

When night came on, two of Mr. Butts's best cows were not to be found. They didn't come home from the pasture. He hunted and hunted everywhere—but no cows. He looked over the walls, in the woods, in the swamp, behind the old barn in the meadow, and in every other place where a cow might stow herself away—but nothing like two cows yet.

At last, after he had finally given them up for the night, a little boy came running down the road, who hurried up to him and told him where his stray cattle were.

"And Mr. Mulkey says," added the boy, "that if you don't come arter 'em pretty quick, he'll milk 'em himself!"

In less than fifteen minutes, Mr. Butts made a formal demand upon the pound-keeper for his cows. And when he had got them safely out, he turned and demanded to know who drove them there in the first place.

Mulkey laughed, just as he laughed before, and hesitated; and then he told Mr. Butts that his neighbor Tubbs was the author of the mischief.

"Tubbs drive my cows to pound!" said he to himself. "Then, by jingo, he shall pay back for it, jest as soon as I can make pay-day come round!"

And he started off home with his pair of cows, convinced that a game that two could play at, was not exactly the game for *his* money.

From this date, all intercourse between the families was suspended. There was a broad lake between them, which neither could pass over. At meeting on Sundays, or on any day through the week, it was all the same. Neither party seemed to be conscious that the other still remained in existence—with a single exception. For all this time Mr. Butts's son Sam had been paying his particular attentions to Mr. Tubbs's daughter Susan. Up to this point, Sam and Susan had been making out very well. But close upon this outbreak followed something of an estrangement between themselves.

Says Susan, one evening, to Sam :

"I don't exactly like the way your folks talk about ours—I don't. What is the meaning of it, I want to know?"

"I guess they don't say worse things than what your folks say about us," rejoined Sam, with the Butts blood flowing swift in his veins.

"Umph!" retorted Susan. "What did your father drive our cattle to pound for?"

"And what did your father drive *our* cattle to pound for, too? It's a pretty piece of business, I think!"

Beginning there, the two lovers got a good start. Then they went on at a rate that astonished even themselves. They twitted. Then they used satire. Then they threw mud at one another's names. Then they had an out-and-out spat about it. And at last, the quarrel was too far in to be got out of at all.

Sam said he was as good as anybody, and so were his folks. Susan declared that he'd always thought he was a little better, but he'd find now that he was mistaken. Sam thought there was no use in twitting, for *two* could perform at that. But Susan was not to be frightened, she

would have him to know, and so she went ahead.

He asked her about that veal that died! She flew like a cat with her back up. She never knew anything about any veal. At any rate, she guessed her father could raise as "likely veal" as his father could; and thereupon advised him to go home and eat some off of his own family bone.

This was too much. Sam got as mad as he could be, and then left. He wasn't seen in Tabbs's parlor again for a long while. Susan lived on "stuff," and people thought she grew fat on it. And so *that* match was broken off!

Things continued in this situation for a long time, till finally, as good or ill luck would have it, Mr. Butts happened to be riding homeward one afternoon in the stage-coach, all alone and unmolested, when who should get in, at a little town some dozen miles from home, but Mrs. Tubbs! This accident threw things into confusion straightway.

Mrs. Butts could not well avoid speaking to Mrs. Tubbs; neither could Mrs. Tubbs refuse, under any color of decency, to accost Mr. Butts. There they were, mortal enemies to each other, boxed and booked for a good twelve-mile together. Unless the road was unusually smooth, it would not be a strange matter to find that they jounced and bumped against one another. And in some way like that, perhaps, they might manage to pound off the sharp angles that now kept them at such a distance.

Mr. Butts spoke of the weather. It was rainy, and the coach had to be shut pretty closely. Mrs. Tubbs thought, as her companion did too, that it was rainy. Mr. Butts suggested that it might rain in upon her. Mrs. Tubbs thought it wouldn't, and changed her seat over to that of Mr. Butts. This was an admirable beginning, surely!

Well, from one thing to another they went on—not because they had any hope or wish of reconciliation, but because *they couldn't help talking*—till at last Mr. Butts came out with it, as plump and round as ever a man did in his life, and asked Mrs. Tubbs what was the occasion of all the trouble between the families!

Put to it in this way for a categorical answer, Mrs. Tubbs could not do less than hesitate. And when she did reply, it was the most unsatisfactory, shuffling, evasive sort of an answer that could be offered by any one. Perceiving the absolute weakness of the enemy, Mr. Butts began to think that his own cause might be just about as strong. As a consequence, he hastened first to make explanations, then concessions,

then apologies. That was enough. In such a case, as soon as one begins to withdraw his pretensions, the other hastens to be before him in the good work, if possible.

"Then it's all about nothing, after all," said Mr. Butts.

"Nothin' in the livin' world," said Mrs. Tubbs.

"And I'm dreadfully mortified to think I've been caught in such a scrape," said he.

"And I'm mad to think I've been such a fool!" said she.

"Then we'll make it all up again?"

"I'd be glad enough to."

"From beginning to end?"

"Yes, and forever and ever."

A silence of a few minutes.

"But *them*," asked Mrs. Tubbs, "I would like to know one thing of you first?"

"Well, Mrs. Tubbs—anything in the world."

"Did you say that my husband sent you a quarter of *dead* veal to pay for yours? Because that was what your wife told me, and that was what begun it. I never'd believe that Mr. Tubbs would do such a thing in this world. He aint small enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed out Mr. Butts. "And so it all sprung out of that quarter of veal, hey? Well, if that don't beat the Dutch taking Holland! Did I say that your husband sent me back *dead* veal? Why, yes, it's most likely I said so, for I didn't calculate *he was going to send me a quarter alive!* And I got up the joke just to see what my wife would say!"

There it was. It all grew out of his innocent disposition to see what his wife would have to say! Jefferson was elected President by means of a quarrel over a pig, down in Rhode Island; and here was a quarrel over a quarter of veal that might, but for this accidental stage-ride, have led to the dismemberment of the church, and possibly the demoralization of the town itself.

Sam and Susan rushed back into one another's arms, and in three months were the happiest groom and bride to be seen on the hither side of sundown. The very first family meal to which they sat down together was made up of vegetable and such dishes, with a piece of stuffed baked veal in the centre. Sam declares he will have a coat of arms, and that *a leg of veal* shall be found in the same—not couchant, nor rampant, but *pendant!*

Duty is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward.

O, HUSH THAT SONG!

BY MARTIN KERRILL.

O, hush that song, that gentle song;
 'Tis bringing to my heart
 The memories, as we glide along,
 That I fain would bid depart.
 For an joy stillness had gathered o'er
 My weary heart and brain;
 But those words have awaked that hidden love,
 In its anguish wild again.

O, hush that song, for the lips that-breathed
 Those words to my listening ear
 Are far away, and that cherished voice
 I shall never, never hear.
 I strove to forget in the busy world,
 And to hide my soul's deep pain;
 But memory with restless strength awakes—
 O, sing not that song again.

THE CHILD-ARTIST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THERE was a slow, timid knock at Mr. Hilton's back door, which after some little delay was opened by a girl who was busy in the kitchen preparing tea. She felt in no good humor at the interruption, and her feeling of ill-temper were not ameliorated, when she saw, standing on the door-step, a little, poorly-clad girl, from whose face, suffering and want had blotted out all that freshness and bloom, which always gives a certain charm to the features of childhood, even when they have no pretensions to beauty, or to delicacy of outline.

"I expected to find a beggar at the door, and aint disappointed," said Minda, the girl who opened the door. "What do you want?" she inquired, in a sharp, angry voice.

A quick blush passed over the child's face, and there was a deprecating look in the dark, mournful eyes, which were raised to Minda's.

"I thought that, perhaps, you would give me one of those fine peaches for my brother," said she, pointing to a tree which grew near the garden fence, and whose boughs were bending beneath their burden of luxurious fruit, now glowing in the light of the evening sunbeams.

"It is a mighty modest request for a beggar to make," said Minda. "If you want a piece of bread, I'll give it to you, but who ever thought of giving beautiful ripe peaches to such as you?"

"Winnie is sick, and has been begging of mother all day to buy him a peach, but she hasn't a penny in the world, so I told her that perhaps some one would give me one for him."

During this colloquy a child seven-years old,

her head covered with soft, brown curls, and her blue eyes unconsciously filling with tears, stood at the door, which opened into the kitchen, earnestly listening. When she heard what the little girl last said, she darted up stairs and entered the room, where her father, who had returned home half an hour earlier than usual, was reading the newspaper to her mother, while waiting for tea. She approached her mother softly, and whispered some request. Mrs. Hilton gave a smiling assent, and the child with a joyous bound had already nearly reached the door, when her father looked up from his paper and said:

"What is it, my daughter?"

"There is a little girl at the back door, who wants a peach for her sick brother, and Emily wishes to give her one," said Mrs. Hilton.

"May I?" said Emily, addressing her father.

"Yes, a dozen, if you please."

"Then I'll fill my little willow basket with them. It will hold full a dozen, I know it will. If I could only reach some of those large ones at the top of the tree, that look so ripe and mellow."

"I believe I must lend you a helping hand," said Mr. Hilton, laying aside his newspaper.

"O, I can hear Minda shutting the door now. She has turned her away. But never mind—I can overtake her."

The next moment Emily stood at the outer door of the kitchen. The little girl, with a drooping, sorrowful look, and tear-stains on her pale cheeks, was just closing the gate.

"Come back," said Emily, "and you shall have plenty of peaches for your sick brother, and for yourself, too. I have got leave to give you this basket heaped up full."

"Have you?" said the girl, in a quick, earnest voice, which was full of joyful surprise.

"Yes, and father is going to gather me some of the largest and ripest ones."

Mr. Hilton, at this moment, made his appearance, and placing a garden-chair beneath the tree, to enable him to reach the higher limbs, the little willow basket was not only soon filled, but plenty of them which had accidentally fallen, were lying among the grass. Emily, in the meantime, had selected some sprays of the bright green peach leaves, which she quickly arranged among the glowing fruit, heightening by contrast its rich, delicious hues, and making it appear more tempting.

"There," said Emily, handing her the basket, "I want you to carry it home just as it is now, because the peaches look so beautifully among the green leaves, it will make them taste better."

The look of sadness was now all gone from the little girl's eyes, and instead, they sparkled with

delight, as she placed the basket on her arm, dropped a courtesy and murmured her thanks.

"Mother loves to look at whatever is beautiful," said she, "and so does Winnie. He always smiles, when he sees the ray of golden sunshine stealing in at the top of the window. He drew a bird one day with a piece of charcoal, and he is going to draw another, as soon as he can get a piece of paper."

"Stop one minute, and take some peaches to eat by the way. Here's plenty of them," and Emily put as many into the little girl's hands, as they would hold.

"Wont you tell us your name, my little girl, before you leave us?" said Mr. Hilton, approaching her.

"Ella Selby, sir."

"And you have a brother who is sick?"

"Yes, sir, he has had a fever, and don't seem to get over it."

"How old is he?"

"He will be ten next month."

Mr. Hilton's next care was to ascertain where the girl lived, which he wrote down on a blank leaf of his pocket-book.

"There's something strangely familiar about that child's face," said Mr. Hilton, when he had returned to the room where his wife was.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"I can hardly tell, though if those large, dark eyes of hers had been in company with a pair of rosy cheeks, I should say that she resembled Catherine May, who used before I was married to live in the neighborhood of my old home."

"Was she ever married—this Catherine May you speak of?"

"I don't know. It is, now, many years since I lost sight of her. At any rate, I was much interested in the child who came to the door to beg a peach for her sick brother, and after tea, if you would like to accompany me, I thought we would call and see if the family cannot be put in a way to earn a better livelihood, than I should judge they were able to do at present."

Mrs. Hilton was in favor of the proposition, so, as soon as tea was over, and little Emily in the midst of pleasant thoughts about Ella and the peaches, and numerous plans of her own for the girl's future pleasure and comfort, had dropped asleep, they prepared themselves for a walk to Mrs. Selby's.

"This must be the house," said Mr. Hilton, stopping in front of one of those cheap tenements built for the express purpose to let to poor families.

All doubt on the subject was terminated, by seeing through the window, the curtain of which

was a little drawn aside, the basket of peaches on a small table, at one side of which sat a boy evidently employed in sketching it. He had a pale, thoughtful face, and earnest withal, which was now lit up with a glow of enthusiasm, as could be seen, from time to time, as he raised his head to look at the basket of fruit he was drawing. A woman sat near, sewing by the same candle that afforded light to the child-artist, but her face was turned from the window, so that Mr. Hilton was not quite certain that it was his old acquaintance, Catherine May. Ella stood just back of her brother's chair, her lips parted with a smile, as she silently watched his progress.

"I wish I were an artist," said Mr. Hilton, "and I would reproduce this scene on canvass. The quiet, graceful attitude of the mother, the beautiful and spiritual face of the boy, and Ella (who by the way, I believe, has a spark of the same fire in her bosom, which is already kindling in his), with her unconscious, though cordial and appreciative smile, would form a sweet home-picture, poor and humble as are the surroundings."

Mr. Hilton now rapped at the door, which was opened by Ella. She started a little at sight of him, but at once recovering her self-possession, invited him and Mrs. Hilton to enter. Mrs. Selby rose and went forward to meet her unexpected visitors. A glance showed Mr. Hilton that, as he had suspected, it was Catherine May, the friend and acquaintance of his earlier years. The recognition was mutual. Her history, since they last met, was quickly told. She married a young and promising artist, who by his talent and industry had already secured a competency, when, contrary to his better judgment, he was persuaded to invest his capital in Eastern lands. These looked very fair and tempting on paper, but when he came to trace out their boundaries on *terra firma*, they proved to have as little real existence, as the mirage of the desert. He was not discouraged, for there was one at his side, ever ready to speak words of cheer and encouragement; but ere by redoubled diligence, he had time even partially to recover from the false step he had taken, he was stricken by disease, which in a few days proved fatal.

It was, now, several years since his decease, and for the last three months, owing to the severe and protracted illness of Winnie, they had suffered much from want and privation.

"Winnie," said Mrs. Selby, "had employment as an errand boy, at the time he was taken sick, which obliged him to be out in the storm as well as the sunshine, while he was often obliged to carry such heavy packages, as to task his

strength too severely. He used, when his father was alive, to sit hours at his side, watching the figures on the canvass, momentarily glowing into more vivid life beneath the pencil. It was thus that the love of art was silently and imperceptibly implanted in his bosom."

It was even so. The bud was already glinting forth, destined, one day, to expand into the flower. As Ella had said, he loved everything which was beautiful, and the contemplation of a star, a flower, or even a golden sunbeam, which at a certain hour, peeped over a shed that stood opposite, and then stole in at the top of the window, afforded him exquisite delight.

The bird sketched with a bit of charcoal was produced, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton were surprised at the skill of hand, and the delicacy of touch which it exhibited.

A little brown bird which often hovered about the back door, had served him as a model, Mrs. Selby said, and it proved to be quite a faithful likeness of the original.

"You would like to be an artist then," said Mr. Hilton, turning to the boy, after listening to these few particulars, told him by Mrs. Selby.

"Yes, sir," was the quiet answer, but the sudden flush that overspread his countenance, and the lighting up of his eyes, showed how deeply the question moved him.

"Your wish shall be gratified," said Mr. Hilton. "As soon as you are strong enough, I will see that you are placed under an able master."

Fourteen years, with their burden of care and sorrow, brightened now and then by a few gleams of sunshine, have merged into the past.

"There, the light is better here—much better," said a young man, removing a picture that hung against the wall of a small, elegantly furnished apartment, and placing it so as to avoid the cross-lights, which came in from the two opposite windows. "Don't you think it is, Emily?" said he, addressing a lady who stood looking at the picture.

"Yes, much better," she replied; and as she stood with her head a little thrown back, the light of her violet eyes beaming from beneath their long, silky lashes, and the rich, brown curls falling back from her forehead, no one could have failed to remark the resemblance between her and the child of seven years old, represented in the picture, who stood beneath a peach tree, holding a little basket of wicker work, into which a fine-looking gentleman was dropping some of the fruit, gathered from the boughs over his head.

Another child whose appearance formed a striking contrast to hers, stood near the garden fence, the tears which still hung on her eye-lashes brightened with smiles.

"But what have you here, Edwin, so carefully covered?" said Emily.

"A companion for the picture we have been looking at. I made a rude sketch of it when I was only ten years old, which, in compliance with your father's request, I have recently transferred to canvass."

He removed the cloth which covered it, and revealed the home-picture, which Mr. and Mrs. Hilton had many years previously gazed upon through the half-curtained window of Mrs. Selby's humble domicile.

"I should know those large, earnest eyes, anywhere," said Emily, indicating a boy who was sitting at a table, sketching a basket of peaches. "But in every other respect you have altered, if I except that somewhat proud curve of the upper lip."

"I little thought," said he, "as I sat there with my piece of coarse paper and bit of charcoal, that hidden among the fruit I was copying, was a golden key which would open to me so bright a vista in the future. How sad would have been my destiny—how sad that of my mother and sister, if she who is now my wife, had not obeyed the warm impulses of her generous nature. Truly, the angel stirred the waters of the fountain at the right moment."

PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them in a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. "This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume required. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use.—*N. E. Farmer.*"

THE MARSEILLAISE.

"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." "The Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music, and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true. In a quiet, peaceful epoch, such a lyric could never have been composed; but amid the blaze of torches, and ruined palaces and prisons, it sounds like the circle of divinity, frantic with passionate love for our race.

OLD MERCHANT GOLD.

Gold, Red Gold, is a merchant old,
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold,
In every country and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world is his ledger page,
His invoices are of every age;
There breathes not a being, who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
When merry bells, mid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honor the rich man's bride;
Though he is not present she loves so well,
To speak a long and last farewell,
Is she not bargained for? Is she not sold
To that rare old merchant, pure Red Gold?

The miser, who steals at dead of night
To count, and gloat o'er his treasures bright,
Who, while others riot in joy or sleep,
Adds something more to his shining heap;
Whose priest, whose god, whose law divine
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine—
Is he not bargained for? Is he not sold
To the cunning merchant-trader, Gold?

The man whose principles are bought,
Who bribed, will yield up honest thought;
The godless parson, who buys his cure
For the sake of tithes, not the souls of the pure;
The statesman, who grasps at power and place;
The lawyer, who cheats with a smiling face—
Are they not bargained for? are they not sold
To the reckless merchant-trader Gold.

Feelings and friendship, love and truth,
Honor and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things,
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turn to raise the wind;
For all are bargained for, all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

THE UNKNOWN.

A TALE OF ITALIAN JEALOUSY.

BY S. HALL.

You must know that I was married, signor—it was to Bella, the beautiful daughter of Captain Angelo. Heaven! she was beautiful! I say heaven, because she reminds me of heaven. We, painters, never could express such beauty—unless it was Raphael. I feel her, even now, in the celestial morning, when it comes over the lake, offering me the incense of a purer atmosphere. Its very purity reproaches me, after toasting all night with my thoughts, and tearing my flesh till it bleeds. I thought, signor, I never could be jealous of Bella when we married. I swore never to be again, a thousand times, when recovered from my burning fits of jealousy.

The signor may begin to suspect I was not an amiable youth. He is mistaken. I was all softness of heart, and never did an unkind action. My fault was rashness; my father often warned me, lifting his finger, "Bartolo, beware of rash conduct!" The least suspicion of wrong was enough to kindle within me the fiercest fires of resentment.

Once during the first months of our marriage, I left Bella on a visit to the city. I knew that a man was hovering about the secluded neighborhood of the lake. Sometimes I had met him in a little fish boat, with his hat and coat off, rowing. He had long flowing locks of black hair, great liquid eyes, infinitely unhappy in their expression, and lips of power and sweetness. Sometimes I encountered him in the woods. Then he wore a half jaunty, half mourning, small embroidered cap, and a hunting-shirt with a fringe—the two together gave him quite an air of romance, a half brigandish aspect. He always bowed coldly—I, haughtily—when we met. Thus we made no acquaintance.

While from home that once during the honeymoon the image of the handsome unknown haunted me day and night. I trembled a hundred times an hour at the bare thought of him and Bella.

"How foolish!" said I, to myself, "to leave such a stranger in the neighborhood."

"How foolish," said my other self, "to feel any alarm about Bella; is she not true as Toledo steel?"

Returning, I stole around by a bridle path to the house. I looked this way and that and paused to listen, started at the crack of a twig or the flight of a bird, ran frantically towards an object stealing through the thicket—and which proved to be a peaceful peasant. I reached the cottage, and looked first through the window; Bella was sewing, but dressed as if expecting some one. "Ha!" hissed I, "it must be he that she expects."

I knocked at the door, instead of bounding in as I would have done but for jealousy. Bella told Lizette, the maid: "If it be any one besides Bartolo, remember I am not at home." Overjoyed at this, I dashed on and caught Bella to my heart.

"I knew you would not stay longer than a week," said she.

Pretty soon I went out to look at the cattle and fruit trees. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards before I caught sight of the unknown. He turned away. I, who a moment ago, was all re-assurance and joy, was again hurled down the pit of suspicion. I had sooner been in the

grave, with my own dust stuffed between my teeth.

Passion's first impulse was to follow the stranger and slay him; but my father's frequent charge of rashness fell upon me like a palsy. Sick, faint, terrified and agonized, I went on to gaze vacantly at the plum trees and to pat my Arab stallion—a gift from Captain Angelo just before he died. Bem rubbed his nose against my breast, as if he snuffed the pain and pain would console me with his brute affection. I began to love the horse. The stranger never again made his appearance at the lake.

When our child came into the world he had black hair, large, liquid, unhappy eyes. His countenance was noble; he looked a little like me; but more—ah! much more—like the handsome unknown. Was it fancy? I had ere this overcome my suspicions.

"The stranger," said my other self, "found himself an unintentional intruder on private grounds, and with true delicacy, withdrew as soon as he discovered it."

But when our little boy came into the world, I began to renew an early question: "Why did Bella tell Lizette to admit no one but me? Had not some one else been there before? She must have thought it unsafe for him that day."

More cruel thoughts time and Bella's devotion had put to death; but now they arose from the grave. I was fearfully unhappy. Everybody is unhappy. There is something to torture every heart. We all try to look happier than we are. I tried it no longer. Bella knew now I was a man-hater; her happiness was gone.

"I can but do my duty and die," she said, "since I no longer make you happy. Will you never tell me what it is?"

"What is what?"

"That which has changed you so; that which makes you so miserable."

As I had never had the least confirmation of my suspicions I did not dare to tell her; for I knew then she would despise me—and to be despised by Bella!

"No," said I, to myself, "I will wait until I can take revenge—on her—or somebody—on all the world."

I purchased a quick poison to give the child, but had not the badness of heart to administer it. Then I bought a different kind; one that would consume slowly. My soul revolted at the thought of revenge on an infant.

"Let it live to curse them," said I.

"Be ashamed," said my other self; "rise above your unjust suspicions, throw off the shackles of fear—be reasonable."

I sold the lake villa, and we moved into Parma. Madly I plunged into literature, until it ceased to have any charms. I had plucked the branches of every fruit, every flower, every leaf, and threw it from me; but I had gained a name and was a lion in society. Bella went little into company. She was prudent, while I was rash. My flirtations became the talk of the circles, the sport of idlers, the laugh of gigglers.

The cavaliers now began to approach my wife. I knew how scornfully she flashed back the least advance. In spite of me, my other self exclaimed, "Nothing can corrupt her." But one day I had just turned the corner nearest to my house, when I saw a man step quickly from my door. I saw not his face; it was turned the other way; but I knew the gait, the form; the *tout-ensemble* convinced me it was the unknown. I leaped forward after him. Bella was at the window as I passed. I gnashed my teeth at her. But this very act, the first cruelty I had shown her, my beloved, reproached me instantly. Besides, her pale face gleamed like a spear into my heart as the reproach of my father rose up with its warning fore-finger shaking at me, "Rash Bartolo, beware!" I hesitated, halted, turned into my own home.

"Who is he?" I demanded, sinking on the sofa.

To my astonishment, Bella replied:

"I cannot tell, Bartolo."

I jumped up furiously.

"Do you pretend you do not know that man?"

"I do not know him. Let go your fierce hold on my arm!"

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did he want?"

"I do not know."

"What did that man have to do in my own house?"

"I cannot tell you, Bartolo."

"You will pretend next, signora, that you did not see him at all," said I, with a sneer—a sneer ill fitting the features of a man of generosity; the husband, guide and protector of a wife and child.

"I did see him," said Bella, with a tender voice. "He did not speak, but he did do something which in honor I am not to reveal."

"Honor! ingrate!" I said in a tone so deep and harsh it must have troubled heaven, and set all the fiends below in a great glee, as I think now, when I think how I should have treated my Bella—the gift of God.

Bella came and sat by my aching side, so pale

and hushed that I wonder I had not wit enough to perceive that a change was weighing on her heart, that she had some honorable purpose to execute in the teeth of appearances, that she would rather die than live, but that keep her secret she must. Fool! I thought her emotion nought but the conviction of guilt. I felt that Bella had no right to do anything without me. I felt resentful, even when most calm; when out of humor, I could have killed her, as an adulteress. Still, her pale face and deep silence touched every generous chord of my nature. Signor, you observe what a fickle, purposeless man the changes of my keen sensibilities rendered me. During the half hour on that sofa I may be said to have died. Until then I had kept up some connection with life. After that, I walked in the grave—I sat in my winding-sheet—I felt the clods of the valley on my heart. Signor, he who addresses you is indeed no more.

At night, when our little boy lay on the white breast of his mother, and the two were asleep, and the moon came in with her lily lips and kissed them, they looked so unearthly that I was often troubled to see whether they were not both dead. The thought was father to the wish; but I dared not send Bella to the other world. She was so angelic I knew that she was some great power, some queen in the hierarch beyond the grave. And when I should go there, how could I ever bear to meet her? But the boy, the image of him who had slain my happiness and rifed my honor? I could let the boy die, and I swore his father should soon keep him company in the shades.

The child was full of life, and tossed restlessly through the night. He had a particular habit of flinging his head over the side of the bed, and shaking his little baby hand. The arm of Bella was all that held him from falling out. One night I contrived to remove her arm, gently and by slow degrees, so that she did not awake. As the boy began to slip from her, Bella felt it instinctively, and drew the child closer. But I inserted my left arm within hers, and the mother slept on satisfied. Then there was the noise of a fall. Bella started upright in the bed. A little guttural scream was all she caught; but she missed her babe.

"Bartolo!" she shrieked, reaching down from the bedside.

"What is it?" I inquired, with a yawn.

"The baby has fallen out of bed!"

I sprang out with alacrity; but she had already drawn the little holy innocent to her bosom. I lit the lamp—our child had broken his neck!

Bella fainted. Then, signor, she went into

the mad-house, where she died. In my own arms she breathed her last, and the world gave me great credit for devotion—for grief, to distraction—and said the loss was likely to affect my reason. And indeed, signor, I was at times so fiendish as to gloat over my crazy wife, paying the just reward of her own crimes.

The funeral came on. Among the mourners was the unknown. The obsequies no sooner ended, I saw him fling himself into a carriage and drive away furiously fast. I ordered my coachman to follow as if wrath or the evil one were at his heels. As the carriage jolted me over the stones, I clutched the seat, fixed my teeth, and felt like a savage lion about to spring on his prey.

"He shall not escape me now!" I growled.

His coach drew up in front of the ducal palace itself. The unknown alighted and hastened up stairs through the porch, between the guards, who presented arms; he disappeared; I rushed frantically after him. The sentinel seized me.

"What do you want?" demanded the officer of the guard.

"To learn who that man is—to send him after those whom he has murdered!"

"Who are you?"

"A bereaved father—a widowed husband—Bartolo!"

"You are an assassin."

"Take me before the duke."

I was thrown into a dungeon. Imprisoned, I was a prey to horrible suspicions. I looked upon all that had passed at the mad-house as a farce, gotten up to trick me. I could already see my wife removed from the tomb, awakened from the deep sleep in which they had cast her, to impose upon my senses, to counterfeit death, to give her to him. I could see her clasped in the arms of the unknown. Jealousy is more cruel than the grave, signor; it haunts the imagination and gnaws the heart, even after the grave has closed over the object of suspicion.

In less than half an hour the door was thrown open by the guards with a crash, and in walked the handsome stranger, dressed in a costly suit of mourning.

"Tormentor!" I said, shaking my chains; "not satisfied with driving me to crime and the verge of demoniac madness, you throw me into a dungeon, and then come to satiate your cruelty by the sight of your victim's passion and pain!"

The stranger shook his head with mournful deprecation, and was mute.

"Coward!" I gasped. "But free me from these chains, and let the sword decide which killed Bella—you or I!"

The stranger seemed greatly moved.

"Do you mock me with pretended grief for Bella?" I asked, in an altered but still angry tone—angry, for I was only bent on seeing mischief continually in that which proceeded from him.

The unknown seemed entirely unable to repress his emotions. Yet he uttered not a word to the last, but as he turned away gave me a look that plainly expressed some pity—or was it gratitude for nothing more than the softening of my voice? The door shut to, leaving me involved in deeper misery than ever.

"My persecutor is there," I said. "Some powerful nobleman, dwelling on terms of intimacy with the duke himself."

My despair grew black.

Almost instantly after his departure, the door re-opened, the guards came in, my chains were struck off and I was taken out of the cell.

"Am I free?" I asked.

"That would not be safe, nor right," sounded an unknown voice behind me.

They led the way through several corridors, and finally brought me to a narrow passage open to the sky between two walls. A door opened to the right, and I found myself in a large casemate. I looked out through an embrasure upon a little flower garden, situated in the demilune outwork, fronting my new quarters, which were in the curtain between two strong bastions. This fortified side of the palace was hidden from the citizens passing hourly by a high wall and still higher trees.

In one corner of the room stood a camp bedstead, silver mounted. There was also a secretary near the window, in which I found some paper, stamped with a cypher; a travelling library case, filled with political, military and new poetical works, completed my accommodations. I was in humor for none of them. I threw myself upon the bed, stared long at the ceiling, and then shut my eyes tightly, to look if possible upon my heart. The sight was revolting! Seized with frenzy, I leaped up and began to look for some instrument of self-destruction. There was nothing at hand. I observed a closet door.

"Perhaps," said I, "there may be something within."

The door was locked. In striving to pull it open I wrought myself into a fury, and with my foot dashed the door to pieces.

"No object here, after all.—Stay! on the top shelf I see a small painting."

Were I dying, I could stay to look at a picture. I took it down.

"What! the picture of Bella!"

What a variety of feelings shook my frame! The sight of her, the thought of him who had undoubtedly painted her—the unknown; this, too, was his chamber. Suicide fled from my heart like a shadow before the sun-rays of these piercing emotions. "I have something yet to live for."

When a desperate man makes up his mind to live, he becomes a calm and rational being. The great fever on my brain subsided. I performed my toilet, and stepped out of the embrasure, down a flight of stairs, crossed the fosse and walked up the ramp which led to the flower garden in the demilune. Here I conversed with my flowers—I say mine, because to look at a flower in the moment of its fullness of beauty, is to take possession as completely as if the actual owner were present and gave you *livery of seizin*. I plucked the brightest and most beautiful. Conscience! conscience! in every one of their faces I saw the eyes of my infant, or the white, crazed face of my wife! I looked up to the sky. Out of every fleecy cloud gazed down upon me those two reproachful, ghastly countenances. Such is the distortion of guilt, that even the gentlest and most beautiful things, signor, turn into shapes that frighten us.

Shuddering, I retreated to my casemate and threw myself upon my knees to implore the "All-Pitying, to plead with him the cause of jealousy, infatuation, madness, and to invoke the blessed virgin. Though both veiled their faces, I arose somewhat calmed, or stultified; took down some books and tried in a rambling manner to read. Here I fell into a dreamy void, out of which the guards startled me. Leaving my supper, they withdrew in silence.

And night came, with the glaring, horrid moon, which I vainly strove to curtain out from my embrasure. Seizing a pen, I began to dash off some lines of a merry call—sparkling, leaping, mad with humor. On pausing a moment, I glanced at the top of the page and saw I had begun it "The Pleasures of Murder." Starting from the secretary with a curse, I went to the window looking on the narrow passage. This was about eight feet wide. The opposite wall was much taller than that of my casemate. "Part of the palace wall proper," said I.

In the third story ran a suite of bedrooms, for there were the windows. In one of them gleamed a light. The idea of another human being in his bedroom filled me with interest.

"He, too, may be miserable," said I; "avoiding the companionship of man voluntarily."

As I gazed upward, the shadow of a figure

crossed the window. It came again. The man was pacing his apartment. Good! "Misery loves company." I felt a nearer fellow-feeling. He now paused at the window, and looked down at mine. "Is it? Yes, it is the unknown!"

O never, signor, saw I such a sorrowful visage. "Who knows whether cruelly and wrong would not often be glad to change fates with their victim?" thought I. And I began to pity, or at least despise my persecutor. I threw up towards him such glances of hatred and contempt that he quickly turned away.

Antonio, my brother, came with Lizette. Until now my heart was stony hard, standing alone in the desert of woe. The confiding grief, the pity and condolence of these two unsuspecting hearts was the rod which smote the rock. I wept with them—they little knew why."

"But for what am I confined?" I asked of Antonio.

"For—for—lunacy. The duke expresses much sorrow at your having been thrown into a dungeon, and declares you shall be kept and cared for beneath his own roof, until—"

Fools! all believed me mad.

"We have come to share your temporary captivity," continued Antonio.

"And to nurse you ourselves," said Lizette.

"I am not mad."

"So much the better," said Lizette.

"I need no nurses."

"But you want a companion," said Antonio. "I will remain with you."

It was not without much difficulty I persuaded them to go home again. I went to bed, resolving in mind some scheme by which I might reach the apartments of the unknown.

I fell into a nervous sleep. The moon came creeping, creeping towards my bed, with its white, wan fingers, to clutch me. It had gained the chair on which my clothes were lying, when the door opened, and a figure entered with a long bright stiletto in his hand. He glared savagely at me, and whetted his lips, as it were. He began to advance towards me. In the middle of the room he paused. Again he moved forward, still gaining my bedside, he stood over me, whetting his lips again, and raising the stiletto. I dragged the counterpane over my face, thinking, in his uncertain aim, he might miss my heart. Then, suddenly changing my mind, I threw the counterpane up towards his face and jumped with my whole force upon him.

Signor, I found myself standing in the middle of the room, its sole occupant. Was it all a dream? I looked at the chair on which lay my clothes, the moon had not advanced a finger's

breadth. O, the rapidity of conscience-troubled dreams!

After long tossing in wretchedness, I again fell asleep—or was I still awake?—when another figure rose, as if from the floor, and the unknown stood boldly before me. What had I just exclaimed the moment before? "Bartolo! the baby is falling out of bed!" The unknown must have heard this. Now he is convinced of my guilt. Now or never I must strangle him!

But, signor, much as we hate, much as we ache for revenge, the conscience within makes us fearfully weak in the presence of him who knows we have wronged him. I lay panting, passionless, trembling, nerveless with remorseful agony. His face was pale as the crucified One, and if possible, more sorrowful. He seemed in the light of the ghastly moon to be transfigured into the angel of woe. I covered my mouth with my hand. After regarding me awhile with such a penetrating gaze that I felt myself rent apart and read to the inmost soul, my visitor turned mutely away, vouchsafing me no sign, save a shake of the head, which meant too plainly, "Yes, he is guilty—not mad." And the word "guilty, guilty, guilty!" rang through the rest of the night. It took a palpable form; I could even see it rolling along the arched ceiling, down the sidewalk, into my ear, till it gripped my heart.

Next morning I waited only to be cast again into the dungeon. But with the morrow came the court surgeon. His attendants were men of strength, and evidently anticipated a good struggle, for, besides their vials and globules, they brought ropes and a straight jacket. But I talked so rationally with the physician that he dismissed them. We talked the news of court and country, and feelingly deplored the failure of the late attempt of Italy to regain her freedom.

"And now," said he, rising to depart, "I shall hasten to the duke, and in a few days, at most, I hope to meet you in your own house."

"Doctor," said I, "what little bird is that on your head?"

The doctor looked blank. Then—I suppose to humor his patient—he said:

"Nothing here."

"O, sir, you are deceived. Believe me, it is a little monster."

Now he laughed with feigned heartiness. I had gone far enough to escape the straight jacket, and yet to remain where I was, at least till I could settle accounts with my unknown foe.

The question was to *get at*, and not go from, the palace; to leave my own room and reach the chamber of Bella's lover—no further. My

door could not be forced, my window was heavily barred with iron, but the walls and wainscot bore the traces of antiquity. I surmised that at one time there may have been some secret communication with the adjoining rooms. I therefore began to sound every part of the casemate; the walls, the wainscot, the floor, presented to the touch no hidden spring.

"Perhaps I have been too fast with the court surgeon," was my thought. But I had not yet examined the closet. I opened the door, trembling to see again the face of Bella. The picture was gone! The unknown! had he taken it last night? Then that vision was not all a dream. He must have gone to the closet ere I awoke and saw him.

"He is—he is aware of my guilt! Not a day to be lost. Another hour may find me in the dungeon accused of murder—self-convicted!"

The closet stood in a little niche or arched recess. There must be, thought I, another casemate beyond. I pressed my hand against the back of the closet; my fingers touched it at every point. At last, to my joy, I heard the click of a spring. I pressed harder; beheld a zigzag crack in the wall! My heart thumped violently. To tell the truth, I had worked with little hope of success, and was scarcely prepared for it.

"Shall I proceed? Shall another crime blot out the first?"

My answer was a kick against the plastering, which strewed it over the floor. There was an ancient panel. I soon made a hole large enough to admit my body through the plastering covering the panel beyond, and stood in the next casemate. It was strewn with rubbish, old arms and armor. Good! I selected a valuable sword.

The door was locked like my own, but the window was not barred. At any moment I could be out in the passage between the ramparts and the palace. This was even more than I had dared to hope, when, hesitation banished, I stood in the closet with the stern resolution to break my way through stone partition walls to the presence of my enemy. I returned to my chamber to wait only for the dark covering of night.

Night came. I shuddered and began to cover my eyes with my hands to shut out the twilight shadows and the terrible ghosts that at once beleaguered me. How I could have spent another night there I do not know. I fancied, signor, cold mailed hands were upon me, creeping up my loins towards my heart. I saw faces on the ceiling, and cried out, "Away! away!" I

heard a noise—something fell from the bed. I dared not look underneath, lest to behold there my infant, with its neck broken, its dead tongue and dead eyes lolling at me, and worst of all, its little hand shake as it used to shake.

Yet here I waited in a cold sweat till there should be a light in the unknown's chamber. At last—for it seemed an age—the light appeared. I darted through my closet, stumbled over some rusty armor, which gashed my leg, and caused me to leave a trail of blood, vaulted through the window and found myself in the passage. I saw at one end the door at which I had entered from the palace the day before. On I stole in the shade of the high wall; but the door was locked. Back I flew to the other end. Here was a little postern gate, barred on the side towards me. Removing the bars, I pursued my way in the dark, through a subterranean gallery. On the right as I groped, I touched a door.

"This," whispered I, "must lead to some mine under the demilune."

Not hesitating, I passed by without trying the door, and soon came to steps, at the top of which was another door.

"Here am I now," said I, taking breath, under the centre of the palace. "Doubtless it will lead me, if I choose to go, to the private apartments of the duke; certainly to any other part of the building."

I put my ear to the keyhole—not a sound. I felt a sort of exhilaration at being here, and paused to enjoy it still further.

"By this door," said I, "a tyrant might escape from the hands of his incensed people; or, conveying powder through the galleries that probably lead to mines in every direction, he might blow up thousands at once. And who would scruple to do that for his revenge?" I laughed and began to feel a new sympathy for tyrants.

Then it flashed across my mind that none but the duke himself can keep the key of this important door; it must lock, too, on the other side. I hastened to try the lock. Fury! the fates are against me! I must now retreat through the dark as far as the side door I had left. The moment I turned my face that way there rose before me all the ghosts of the casemate, backed by a legion of others, grinning, one over the shoulder of another—above them all, the phantom hand! I closed my eyes and shut my teeth fiercely, resolved not to be victimized by such delusions. But there are some delusions more vivid than the most appalling realities. In spite of myself, my knees shook and refused to go; my teeth chattered.

"Fool!" I gasped, sinking on the cold steps, "what a desperate man to beard the unknown!"

It refreshes one to call himself hard names. I soon gained strength to use my sword point as a lock-pick, and at length succeeded in turning back the rusty bolt. Quick as thoughts I slipped through the door and shut it on all the goblins. But being close to the wall I set out to explore the palace. Lights soon appeared, people were coming. I clutched the wall frantically. Fortunately a door gave way and let me into a bed chamber. The footsteps died out, and I ventured forth. The hall terminated at the foot of a wide, winding stairway; that mounted, a short passage brought me to other stairs; then a corridor, at the far end of which was a window, through which the moon came streaming. Going to this window, I looked out to see which way it faced with reference to the ramparts. Yes, I am on the same floor with the unknown! This suite of rooms overlook my casemate; that one where the line of light lies on the sill is his room. Shall I burst in, or have the politeness to knock? I knocked. No answer. I knocked louder; still no answer. I thrust open the door—the unknown stood before me, with flashing eyes, and a pistol levelled at my breast. Aside from danger, his leonine, kingly aspect would have overawed a man of nerve. Involuntarily I dropped the point of my sword, demanding, in a surly tone:

"Who are you?"

"The best friend of your late wife."

"A He!" I yelled, raising my sword.

He fired ere I could make a step. A quick numbness in my sword-arm caused the weapon to drop, and my antagonist planted his foot upon it. He took another pistol from the table as coolly as you would lift a glass of wine. Said he:

"I had resolved to have no further speech or intercourse with living man. Where most I sought people's good I have met with most misunderstanding, abuse and treachery. I gave my own state its freedom, and called on the rest of Italy to rise. All Italy betrayed me. I failed, and renounced power voluntarily, seeking only to linger out my term of life in the soothing company of Nature. Chance led me to your lake. I avoided, sir, both you and your wife. I have never spoken to her, although she is my daughter—"

"You are insane," I interrupted. "Everybody knows that Bella was the daughter of Captain Angelo."

"Who was an officer in my household; who, at my request, adopted the child—he having

none. My marriage was a secret. Reasons of state compelled me to divorce; and even that was kept secret."

"A likely story, sir!" laughed I, scornfully. "And who are you?"

"Charles Albert, ex-king of the Piedmontese," he replied, in a cold, grave manner.

The likeness to the ex-king's picture was irresistible. I dropped upon my knees. He raised me at once, pardoned my assault, looked after the wound, used his influence with the duke, to whom I confessed my crimes, and sent me forth into the world a free though sorrowful man.

What fortune the ex-king had saved he wished to bestow on his grandchild, my boy; but despising the gratitude of man, he sought to do this without making himself known. Admitted to Bella and the child, he placed upon his breast the star of nobility and a deed of his estate—with such demonstrations of the imperious necessity of secrecy, that without saying a word himself he gained his wish; but O, at what expense, signor!

The prior of Lake Villa ceased his story. I felt that there was for him at least one consolation: should the Great Dispenser look benignantly on the use he has made of the fortune left his child, a cloud of those whose sufferings he has relieved on earth will rise up in heaven to marshal him into the presence of those he had so deeply loved and wronged.

REMARKABLE PIECE OF MECHANISM.

Rev. John E. Edwards, of Richmond, now in Geneva, Switzerland, visited a jeweller in the city, and says: He set out on the counter a box, mounted with massive gold, on the top of which there was a large enameled tulip, apparently just bursting into full bloom. He touched a little spring, and suddenly the flower expanded into full bloom, and right in the heart of it there sprang up a sweet little bird, of golden plumage, which began to flutter its tiny wings, and sing as I have thought nothing but a real bird of flesh and bones could do; so cheerful, so bird-like; opening its little beak at every note, and really singing a bird song, such as is sometimes heard singing out in the dewy coope at early morn. The price of this box was one thousand dollars!

FRAILTY.

As I grow older, said Goethe, I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces, I always suspect. He knows too much of crime to denounce a fellow creature unheard, a knowledge which can only be obtained by criminality itself. The hypocrite always strives to divert attention from his own wickedness by denouncing, unsparingly, that of others. He thinks he shall seem "good in act ratio as he makes others seem bad."

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MONTROSE ELDRIDGE.

I am lonely, I am lonely,
Although many friends are round;
I am lonely, I am lonely,
For thou art not with them found.

As a flower deprived of sunlight,
Droop I, when afar from thee;
As a bird, with wounded pinion,
With thee yearns my heart to be.

Ever with thee; I am pining,
In the beauty-haunted night;
When the holy stars are shining,
For thy dark eyes' gentle light.

Come to me, O come and cheer me,
With thy spirit stirring tone;
But, alas, thou canst not hear me,
I am lonely, all alone!

BLIND BEATRICE:

— OR, —

THE HISTORY OF A SONATA.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

WHEN, by favor of fortune, I formed acquaintance with Beethoven, he was in the epoch of his career between seedtime and harvest. His compositions had been given to the world, some of those which singly will stand as everlasting monuments to his genius; but the world takes its own time for acknowledging benefactions; and he waited, while hope deferred sometimes made the heart sick.

The great man was then very poor. Instead of dwelling, as he did later, proprietor of a chateau on Rhine Street of his native city, he rented an attic over a humble little refreshment stall near Romans' Place. He had, however, his piano, pen, paper and ink, and, notwithstanding his privations, saw many an hour of happiness.

It was in one of his deplorably contrasting moods that I found him one winter evening, sitting at a window in the moonlight, his face concealed in his hands, without fire or candle, his frame quaking with cold. Such was the state of his wardrobe, that he proscribed himself the promenade by day; I had called for the purpose of taking him out, and to make him sup with me afterward.

I soothed his sighs, solicited his company, and exhorted him to cast off his sadness. He went with me, but continued gloomy and despairing, and refused every encouragement.

"I hate all the world," said he, with vehemence.

"I hate myself. Nobody comprehends, nobody cares for me. I have genius, and am treated like an idiot. I have a heart, and no object to love. Would to Heaven, all was over, and forever! Would I was lying tranquilly at the bottom of the river yonder! There are moments when I have difficulty in resisting the temptation to throw myself there," and he pointed to the great Rhine, with its icy waves scintillating in the moonlight.

I made no reply. It was useless to discuss with Beethoven, so he was allowed free course in his paroxysm. He checked himself only when we re-entered the town, and then fell into morose silence.

We were traversing a dark, narrow street near Coblenz gate. Suddenly he halted.

"Hist!" said he, "what sound is that?"

Lending an ear, I heard faintly the strains of an old harpsichord issuing from some house at no great distance. It was a plaintive melody in three time, and, in spite of the ingratitude of the instrument, its execution gave to it a sublime tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes.

"It is my symphony in F," said he. "That is the house. Listen. How well it is played!"

The dwelling was small and plain. A light shone through the blinds of the window before which, when we reached the place, we stood rapt listeners. The music continued, and every note was rendered with the same fidelity and the same expression. In the midst of the finale there was a sudden cessation. A moment's silence ensued, then we heard a stifled sigh, with a female voice saying:

"I cannot go on—I can go no further, to-night, Friedrich."

"Why, Beatrice?"

"I do not know why, except it is because the symphony is so beautiful that I feel entirely incapable of playing it worthily. O, what would I not give to be at Cologne this evening! There is a concert at the *Kaufhaus*, and they will give every variety of choice music."

"Ah, dear sister," returned Friedrich, sighing, "it is necessary to be rich in order to procure such pleasures. Of what use are regrets, where there is no remedy? We hardly can pay our rent. Why think of those things which are above our reach?"

"You are right, brother, yet in playing I am seized with a longing to hear for once in my life good music well executed. But it is useless."

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of these last words. Beethoven turned to me.

"Let us enter," he said, excitedly.

"Enter? How? For what purpose?" I exclaimed.

"I will play for her," he responded with enthusiasm. "She has sentiment, genius, intelligence. I will play for her, and she will appreciate me."

Before I could restrain him, his hand was upon the door. It needed but the raising of the latch to open it. I followed along an unlighted corridor, to where a door on the right was standing ajar. He pushed it and we found ourselves in a chamber poor and bare, with a little stove at one end, and a few common articles of furniture neatly arranged.

A pale young man sat at a table employed in making a shoe. Near him, leaning in melancholy air upon the instrument she had been playing, was a young girl over whose symmetrical figure fell a profusion of rich blond curls. Both were neatly though very plainly apparelled. Both started to their feet at our unceremonious entrance.

"Pardon me," spoke my companion, considerably embarrassed, "pardon me, but—I heard music and was tempted within. I am a musician."

The sister blushed; the brother took a stern, almost haughty aspect.

"You were wishing to hear," continued Beethoven—"that is, you would like—in short, shall I play you something?"

The incident was so odd and so abrupt, and the manner of the person who had spoken so pleasantly eccentric, that the ice was broken at once; all smiled involuntarily.

"I thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our instrument is bad, and besides we have no music."

"No music?" repeated my friend, "how then does the young lady—"

He interrupted himself and colored, for she of whom he was speaking had just turned toward him, and in the sad eyes half veiled by their long lashes he recognized that she was blind.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered he, "but I had not observed before. You play, then, from memory?"

"Entirely."

"And where did you hear this music, since you attend no concert?"

"I heard it from a lady who was our neighbor when we lived at Brühl two years ago. In summer evenings her window was always open, and I used to walk before the house to hear."

"And you have never heard music elsewhere?"

"Never—except that of the streets."

She seemed intimidated as Beethoven added not a word, but the latter calmly seated himself at the harpsichord and commenced playing. He had no sooner sounded the first notes, than I divined what was to follow, and how sublime he would be that evening. I was not mistaken. Never, never during the years I knew him intimately, did I hear him play as he played for the blind girl and her brother; never with such energy, such passionate tenderness, such infinite gradations of melody and of modulation. He was doubly inspired; and from the instant his fingers began passing over the instrument, its tones seemed to soften and become equalized, as though it were awed and charmed into order and subjection before his superlative genius.

We sat, with panting breath, listening to him. The brother and sister were transfixed with delightful astonishment, and like persons entranced. The former had put away his work; the latter, her head a little advanced, almost touched the end of the harpsichord; her hands pressed to her heart, as if she dreaded lest its beating should trouble those accents of so magic sweetness. It seemed that we were all subjects of a strange dream, and our only fear was of waking from its bliss too soon.

Suddenly the flame of the only candle vacillated, the wick, consumed to the end, fell and was extinguished. The musician ceased. I opened the shutters to admit the rays of the moon. The apartment was nearly as light as before, while upon the instrument and its player the illumination fell more clearly.

But the occurrence seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head was inclining upon his breast, his hands rested on his knees; he appeared plunged in profound meditation, and thus remained for some time.

At last the young shoemaker rose up, and approaching him, said in a low and respectful voice:

"Wonderful man, who are you?"

Beethoven raised his head and looked at him with an abstracted air, as if he did not comprehend his words. The other repeated them. The composer smiled as only he knew how to smile, with a gentleness and regal benevolence.

"Listen," said he, and he played the first measures of the symphony which had attracted him to the house.

A cry of joy escaped the lips of the youthful listeners. They recognized him, and exclaiming, "You are Beethoven!" covered his hands with kisses and tears.

He rose to depart, but our supplications restrained him.



"Play for us one more piece—only one more."

He returned to the instrument. The moon-rays entered brightly at the uncurtained window and illuminated his severe and massive brow.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," he said, with a sportive air.

He contemplated a few moments the heavens sown with stars, then his fingers sought the keys again, and he commenced in a low, pensive, but most exquisite strain; the harmony coming out of the instrument softly and evenly as the light of the moon is nightly shed upon the earth. This delicious overture was followed by a sprightly, fantastic *morceau*, that seemed fitting for a fairy dance upon the greensward. Then came a rapid *agitata finale*, a movement palpitating, tremulous, precipitant, describing flight and incertitude, a vague, instinctive terror which bore us on shivering wings, and left us at its close silent and amazed.

"Good evening," said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair and moving toward the door.

"You will come again," entreated the brother and sister at the same time.

He paused and regarded the blind girl with compassion, even tenderness.

"Yes, yes," responded he, precipitately. "I will come again, and will give the young lady lessons. Good evening—I will come again soon."

They followed us to the door in silence more eloquent than words, and remained standing on the sill till they could no longer see or hear us.

"Let us hasten to my room," said Beethoven to me in the street; "let us hasten, in order that I may note this sonata before I forget it."

We entered, and he remained writing long after daybreak. Such is the history of the *Sonata to the Moonlight*, which is so much admired.

What of blind Beatrice? Beethoven fulfilled his promise to become her instructor; her improvement was even beyond what could have been anticipated. In a short time she received a few pupils, and when it became known that her talent had been guided by the great master—whose star was now risen never to set—applications counted ten-fold more than could in any wise be entertained.

I must ever remember the expression of childish joy and unutterable thankfulness with which Beatrice welcomed her noble friend, when one fair morning of the following spring, we once more entered her home together. Coming up to him, she put into his hands, without his suspecting her intention, some gold coins, the first meed of her efforts as instructress.

Beethoven glanced at the money and returned it with gentle force, clasping the white fingers over it and retaining the folded hand in his own. How holy a look was that which gleamed from his features! it was the balm of all beautiful emotions. I know that Beatrice's spirit eyes beheld, and that her soul was sweetly laved.

"Do not—you will not refuse it," pleaded Friedrich, advancing to us with a half-made shoe in one hand; "you, who have made us so rich in happiness. Shortly we may be able to reward you further."

"Say no more—I do, and shall decline such reward now and always," replied Beethoven, decisively, though I was at a loss to know how the eloquence of the two could but prevail.

"Friedrich, be you your sister's steward, since gains embarrass her; and in proportion as these increase, procure yourselves the comforts of life. Take Beatrice to a congenial home, and allow Beatrice's brother some hours of relaxation from labor each day." He paused, and turning slowly to me, added—"You could tell how it is, I who am under obligation to them."

I comprehended, and having moved the group to seats, rehearsed minutely the incidents of the earlier part of the evening on which had commenced in this very chamber the acquaintance, which since, on both sides, was ripened into deep and abiding friendship. I did not spare my friend, being desirous of presenting to his sober vision a portrait of himself in his unnatural moods, such as would bring into disfavor their indulgence. Yet, afraid of the effect of my boldness, my eyes turned to his face in questioning glances as I proceeded. When all was told, he looked round upon us thoughtful and half-amused, and addressing Beatrice, said:

"My dear girl, you have just heard what was my appearance in those dark passages of my life, but no one, not even I, can express what were my feelings. It is you who with silver cords lifted me as from out a pit into which I had fallen; when I cease to distinguish between midnight and meridian in the soul, I may grudge the free gifts I have bestowed on you."

BARKING OF DOGS.

The Australian dog never barks; indeed, Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," states that "dogs in a state of nature never bark—they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man.

MRS. STANHOPE'S GUEST.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

A GRAY cottage, rambling, and standing large on the ground, embowered with immemorial elms and covered with a wonderful honeysuckle, made picturesque by an ancient well-sweep and by the hill—almost a mountain—rising behind; a small garden gorgeous as a prism with spring flowers, among whose treasures rolled two rosy children, guarded by a grim griffin of a nurse; a long lawn sloping down to the village street, and the river running on the other side, with pretty Mrs. Stanhope standing at the garden gate, made as charming a sunset picture beneath a mellow May sky, as could anywhere be found in this dear old Massachusetts.

Mrs. Stanhope herself, not too tall nor plump, with delicate features, fair face, the softest gray eyes in the world, and a quantity of dark hair which, after curving low down on her cheek, was hidden behind a widow's lace cap, was not by any means a disagreeable object to look upon—so, perhaps, thought the stranger riding through the street below, as he glanced up at her and glanced again—so certainly thought that venerable Coelebs the doctor, who was as broad as he was long, and who had so frequently made a serious case of a scratch for the children, that he might look at the mother—so, it is safe to declare, the unmarried rector thought, when he always looked at her listening face on Sundays, before pronouncing his text.

Widow though she was, she scarcely looked like an inconsolable one; but then she had lost her husband four years ago, when little Nell was a year and Kate two years old. She had never, if the truth must be told, loved him in the least, but married him, at the age of eighteen, because her mother, with her dying breath, forced the promise from her; and he married her, because he was determined not to be overcome by a woman—although not at all attached to her. He was about ten years her senior, fine-looking, comfortably wealthy, extremely proud, never apparently taking any means to win her love, and much from home. One day, with his usual attention to little whims, he made his will, in which he left all his funds to her; the next day, he left in the cars for New York. The train in which he departed met with a terrible disaster, and his lifeless remains, so mangled as only to be identified on supposition by the garments, was taken from the wreck and buried in the family vault. Mrs. Stanhope, who though inexpressibly shocked was equally relieved, sold

the city house at once and removed to that part of the country where we now find her.

"Come, Peg," said she, turning from the gate and addressing the dragon who guarded the children, as she saw the doctor in the street below, who looked amazingly as if he were meditating an invasion of the cottage, in company with a stranger, "I think we'll go in—the dew is falling!"

"Yes'm," retorted the grim Peg, "and ye better done it afore ye see the bolus a comin'." And catching the struggling cherubs up, one under each arm, she stalked into the house after the smiling Mrs. Stanhope.

The children were saying their little prayers at mama's knee, previous to a second irruption of the Goths in the person of Miss Peg, when with a short, premonitory knock, the doctor waddled in, but stopped at the door, backing up against the gentleman behind and causing considerable confusion in the hall, as he beheld the lady's occupation. A few moments more, the children vanished, and the doctor entered, bringing with him the stranger she had noticed in the street and introducing him as Mr. Henry, an English gentleman, who brought very good recommendations—very good recommendations, indeed. Gracefully welcoming them in a manner which left it extremely to be doubted if she loved or hated the doctor, Mrs. Stanhope made them at home, and addressing a few commonplace remarks to Mr. Henry, left the doctor to open the subject-matter of his call.

"Well, Mrs. Helen," said the latter, "it's rather a queer business, and so I told the gentleman. But you see the tavern is full of folks for three weeks to come, and cannot accommodate another one. Now this gentleman's affairs necessitate his staying here two months, and noticing this cottage and liking its looks, he has requested me to apply *here* for him. No unusual thing, you know, in a country village—no kind of danger—refers to the bishop and a score of D.D.s; and besides, it will be a pretty little speculation," added he, in a lower tone. "Put on what price you like, and he'll have to toe the mark. Take him myself, if my housekeeper, Peg's sister, would hear to it. What say, Mrs. Helen?"

Mrs. Helen's lip curled just the least bit, as she answered: "It is not my custom—I do not wish to be intruded on—I had rather not!"

The stranger, meantime, sat nonchalantly taking note of the exquisite appointments of the room, which, by the way, had all been substituted, since Mr. Stanhope's death, in place of the ponderous stateliness of *his* regime; now,

with perfect *sang froid*, rising, he bowed and said: "Pardon my intrusion. I regret that it was necessary, and regret, as much, that my dream of New England hospitality (of which I have heard so much) is broken. Good evening."

"No, no!" said she. "I beg your pardon. Do not let me break your dream. Your proceeding is unusual—more unusual to me, perhaps, from my perfect retirement, than to others. But allow me to extend you that hospitality, sir; pray do not refuse it. I am quite ashamed; but though I do not care for a customer, I am at liberty to receive a guest, and offer you a New England welcome, though a late one."

But the stranger did not seem at all inclined to be solicited nor prevailed upon, till Dr. Brown took the case in hand, assuring him that since he must finish his business, there was no other resort for him—every place in town was full, and of course no woman would take in a perfect stranger without hesitation, and sending for his trunks, bade him make himself easy for three weeks, till the tavern was empty, and good night.

Installed in the best chamber—whose one-trellised window was just green with the curling woodbine, and the simplicity of whose black walnut and white marble furniture was only relieved by vases of flowers and a painting of the hostess when she must have been in the first blush of girlhood, but infinitely less lovely than now—the stranger suffered the fragrant smoke of his cigar to curl out across the garden, while he sat in a reverie at the window till aroused by the entrance of his servant, who slept in an adjoining closet. But pretty Mrs. Stanhope sat below in a flutter of trepidation at so unwonted an occurrence, lamenting the loss of her seclusion and the breaking up of her little feminine routine, and the next moment blaming herself for so inhospitable a spirit.

"Well, mum," said Peg, "some ud call it seeking hostility, and some larking round. For my part, all I hope is, he wont run off with the teaspoons and the yellor Carry marble vases."

"He doesn't look like that," said the mistress.

"P'r'aps not. Howsever, I wouldn't trust to 'pearances, and I shall just slip the bolt outside his door at night!"

"No, no, Peg—on no account!"

"Well, mum, just's you say!"

But Peg, an old and privileged servant, did slip the bolt, occasioning some wonder next morning, a blushing explanation from the hostess, a hearty laugh from the guest and an accession of ease on both sides. "Though I'm sure," thought Mrs. Stanhope, "it wasn't necessary, as far as he is concerned, for I never saw such a

free and easy person in my life. I believe if I had denied him altogether, he'd have brought that horse into the drawing-room itself, and stayed whether or no!"

But Mr. Henry was absent the most of that and the two following days, so that she experienced little interruption in her pursuits, and did not at all regret the innovation. On the fourth day, Dr. Brown made his appearance, with considerable panting, and at last finding a resting-place for his mighty mass of flesh, he deposited his hat on the floor between his feet, wiped his red face with a yellow handkerchief, which he then threw with considerable dexterity into the hat, buried his elbow in his knee and said: "Good morning, Mrs. Helen. How do you get on?"

"O, very pleasantly indeed, doctor."

"No great interference—eh?"

"Not much. Who is he?"

"You know as well as I do. An Englishman, I guess—said he'd recently left the water. Dark enough for a nigger!"

This last remark was almost true, for the very dark, Spanish brown of his complexion would have caused a suspicion of a wash from the decoction of walnut bark, if the black moustache and long sweep of very black hair over a low, broad forehead, had not qualified the skin. The eyebrows, too, remarkably thick and black, overhung large black eyes; but in the face of so much blackness, he had white teeth, a pleasant smile, fine figure and agreeable manners.

"Something about his voice strikes me disagreeably," remarked Mrs. Stanhope, "but it's no matter—it wont be for long."

"I don't know, Mrs. Helen," replied the doctor, "but what it will be a good thing, for when he is gone, you'll miss masculine society and be all ready for another occupant, and I don't know but what I might ask you then to take me in. I think you'd do it."

"What! what! what!" cried she, turning upon him like a shrew.

"Bless my heart! what a savage little female! Can't she tell when a man's in joke?"

"I am not accustomed to be joked with thus. However," laughing, "it is as well you weren't in earnest!"

"What would you have done, if I had been?"

"Called in the other physician, young Dr. Lancet," was the reply, as little Kate ran in with a gash on her forehead, and setting up a monopoly in roaring, Dr. Brown's pocket-book immediately produced a piece of sticking plaster which the doctor applied with a great degree of nicety and some waste of time; and Miss Katy

appeared with an enchanting jelly patty, the fat, amatory doctor took his leave.

At dinner, Mr. Henry inquired with considerable interest into the cause of Katy's accident, and when, afterwards, as he sat in the drawing-room, one elbow on the window, his handkerchief on the knee whose foot rested free and easily on another chair, he continued watching the children somewhat gloomily, Mrs. Stanhope became quite uneasy to know if he intended kidnapping her treasures, or strangling them. Catching her eye, he smiled and said: "Do not fear. I shall not play the part of Saturn, madam."

Coloring and laughing, as she saw how ridiculous her surmises were, she replied: "I am afraid you have put yourself into very foolish company—" and stopped half way.

"A fool's paradise then!" he laconically answered, while ransacking his pockets, he produced two magnetic harlequins, which, after an unrivalled series of gymnastics, got legs, arms, fingers, toes and noses so delightfully agglomerated that it became a day's work for the young ladies to disentangle them. "Well, Mrs. Stanhope," as he still perceived her regarding him attentively, "am I a fiend?"

"Not Saturn and hardly Satan!" she returned.

"Ah, for such a poor quibble you must be punished by a worse one," he answered, glancing at Dr. Brown, who was just entering, plump and rubicund as ever. "I see you are infatuated."

"Rather *he* is," she merrily replied.

The doctor had come up to see Kate's hurt, which mighty wound having been dressed only a few hours since, it was fair to conclude was not in a state of mortification. He furthermore informed Mrs. Helen that he had concluded to marry Peg, his housekeeper's sister, if only to spite his housekeeper; but both Mrs. Stanhope and Mr. Henry thought Peg's acquiescence doubtful, and then Dr. Brown indignantly turning to the lady, avowed that all the town were talking about her having this stranger here, and she had better send him off. Thanking him to attend to his own affairs, Mrs. Helen asked if she should send for Peg and the rector, and have the ceremony performed at once.

"No," he said, looking at Mr. Henry, "he'd wait and have two birds killed at one stone."

Mrs. Stanhope didn't see why he wanted to kill either of the birds—she should think he had practice enough upon human beings; and Mr. Henry quoted the old line about "winging Cupid's dart with feathers." The conversation was somewhat enlarged by the entrance of a superb greyhound, which led the doctor to lament his own.

"I can't have any more butcher's sausages," said he, "since I lost that dog; it would be cannibalism. So, Mrs. Helen Stanhope, one of my errands here was to ask your recipe for home-made ones. That dog—I used to have a peculiar whistle for him, which he always minded and which I never employed for another purpose. Two or three days after his disappearance, I was passing a market-stall and by the merest accident gave this whistle. Judge of my emotions when a whole string of sausages rushed out and ran after me pell-mell!"

Somewhat disgusted, Mrs. Stanhope hastened, with all the gravity imaginable, to hand the doctor her recipe and wish him good afternoon, that she might dress herself for a drive along the river banks with Mr. Henry. Thus the days passed pleasantly enough till the three weeks elapsed and the hotel became empty, when the stranger insisted, notwithstanding her kind entreaties, upon leaving her roof. He had informed her of his pursuit of archaeological information, an occupation in which she herself could afford him much valuable assistance. He was, moreover, as she discovered, a gentleman of refinement, extensive travel, superior education, and as she judged, of considerable property. On the day he was to leave, he rode over to the next village, and returning in the evening, led his horse up the hill to meet Mrs. Stanhope at the gate and offer her his thanks for her past hospitality. As he stood there in his negligent, easy manner, on the other side, Mrs. Stanhope suffered him to finish his acknowledgments, and then said: "But the landlord came up this afternoon and requested me to furnish you a home for the remainder of your stay, because a new invoice of guests wanted all the room he had—and that is not much in a country inn—if you would be so obliging. I don't see but what you'll have to succumb to destiny."

"I don't see," said he, "but that I shall."

"Then it is quite settled!" she asked.

"I do not wish to intrude longer on you. I must have been a great displacer of time-honored landmarks already, and have created, I fear, unwelcome disturbance."

"Not in the least. You have been a very agreeable guest. Three weeks have slipped away imperceptibly, and you have opened a new field of delightful study for me. I shall be only too happy to have you accommodate the landlord!" Her dignified manner half melted; her lovely countenance attested her sincerity, and warmly shaking her proffered hand, Mr. Henry gave the reins to his servant and entered with her the cheerful tea-room.

"O, mama," whispered little Nell "is Mr. Henry going to stay?"

Her mother nodded.

"O, I am so glad!" said Kate, not at all inaudibly; "for Peg said if he didn't, you'd mope yourself to death, like that robin in the pear-tree that lost its mate—"

A sudden spoonful of sugar filled and stopped Kate's mouth, and after putting butter on the strawberries and pouring tea into the cream-pot, Mrs. Stanhope glanced confusedly up and met Mr. Henry's eye fixed rather steadily upon her. Coloring up to her forehead, she waited a moment, and then could but lean back in her chair and laugh, while Mr. Henry, taking the infection, joined her merrily enough.

"I am afraid Peg judges without her premises," said Mr. Henry.

"Peg was afraid, that first day, that you would steal the teaspoons!" added Mrs. Helen, with another laugh.

"And I was equally afraid Peg would do me some greater mischief!"

"And what was that?" But her guest was suddenly silent and grave, and she turned to other subjects.

One day, when the weeks had slid into the months and the raging heat of July was at its height, Mrs. Stanhope took a book and, with Peg and the children, went up the hill into the grove behind the house. Mr. Henry had gone out hunting at sunrise and was not yet returned. The servants were scattered, the greyhound, with his red tongue hanging out of his mouth, lay panting in the doorway, and, except when he shook himself with a snarl, everything was still in the heat of the sultry noon. They had sat about an hour in the comparatively cool shade—Peg at her sewing, the children tumbling round a few rods distant, and Mrs. Stanhope deeply engrossed with her book, when the former started to her feet, screaming: "O Lod, mum! the chillen! the dog! he is mad!"

Mrs. Stanhope threw down her book and started up. The hound, with foaming jaws and bleeding eyes, was tearing forward directly in the path of the children. A more dreadful sight could not have been conjured up. She lost her presence of mind entirely, and rushed blindly forward to her children.

"Stop—all of you! where you are!" shouted a stentorian voice on the brow of the hill.

Instinctively she obeyed. A flash, followed by a heavy crash through the sultry air, a bullet whizzed by them, and leaping from the ground with a sharp shriek, the hound fell again with his brains scattered round him, and bounding

down the hill, Mr. Henry received in his arm the fainting form of the mother so suddenly relieved from such terror, and bore her into the cottage, while Peg followed with the crying and clinging children at a slower pace. When she revived, Mrs. Stanhope found herself alone with Mr. Henry, who was laving her forehead alternately with cologne and kisses, although she was quite unconscious of the latter application. Too weak to utter a word, she could only press his hands and thank him with speaking eyes, ere both the rescued juveniles, followed by Peg in a vastly more gracious spirit than ever before, entered.

"God bless ye, sir!" said she, saluting him with her hard, horny hand. "I beg your pardon about the spoons. It's naught but good's come to us with ye, sir! and it's no use resisting God's will any longer!" With which closing remark Peg meant it to be understood that she withdrew her opposition, and which, as her mistresses was not at all aware of it and there did not seem to be much to oppose, was very considerable indeed!

While they were all in this tale-telling posture, a step smothered itself in the door-mat, and Miss Patty Rogers entered among them unheard—a maiden lady, who was no exception to the genus among which she was classed. Mr. Henry, with his hunting-cap and his game flung on the floor, was still bending earnestly over Mrs. Stanhope, who with one hand covering her eyes, yet suffered him to retain the other. Peg's attitude, and the distressed children, all added to Miss Patty's amazement, and stealing out again very quietly, she began forthwith a round of visits, relating the extraordinary doings at Mrs. Stanhope's, and her own assertion that she "had always said no good would come of that woman's keeping herself so high and dry above all others—with all the parsons and doctors raving over her." Having made herself very happy, she next day called again on Mrs. Stanhope, hoping to glean a few ears from the abundant harvest of yesterday. Finding her alone, Miss Patty bade her good morning with considerableunction.

"Wish you joy, my dear. When is it to be?"

Mrs. Stanhope looked a little puzzled.

"When is *what* to be?" asked she.

"The wedding."

"Wedding? where?"

"Why *here*, to be sure, you innocent Abigail."

"There is to be no wedding."

"No! Then I must say it is highly improper, besides defrauding your friends of a party."

"I really don't know what you are talking about, Miss Patty!"

"Ham—presume not. Well, he is a very good age—should judge just about as old as poor, dear Mr. Stanhope would have been if he hadn't died—a little younger, perhaps!"

Never having seen Mr. Stanhope in his lifetime, this token of affectionate adjectives from Miss Patty was especially affecting. Mrs. Stanhope smiled, and said nothing. After looking out of the window a few moments, Miss Rogers resumed:

"Very good looking, too, Mr. Henry is—would be better, to be sure, if he hadn't such enormous eyebrows, and wasn't so dark, and sheared off those taglocks over his lips. But there's no accounting for tastes!"

"Do you want to see him, Miss Patty?" asked Mrs. Helen, with a pardonable affectation of simplicity.

"Good gracious! no indeed! You don't think I'm going to go to fainting in his arms? Philandering round after young men indeed! How pale you are! Bless me—it's almost dinner time! Brother Jonathan always dines at twelve, and I haven't minced the fish yet! Good morning."

Left alone, Mrs. Helen, in her thoughts, took up the same thread, broken by Miss Patty's visit, which had led her to a slight but partial revelation of the state of her feelings. She knew herself to be interested in her guest, and to feel for him a warm friendship, now augmented by the fact that he was the deliverer of her children from a dreadful death, and had manifested an equal degree of friendship for herself. Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the individual in question, with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear Mrs. Helen"—he had long since adopted Dr. Brown's mode of address—"I find I must leave you!"

She laid down her sewing-work and turned very pale, while vainly endeavoring to speak.

"My residence wish you," continued he, "has been made only too delightful by your kind attentions, and I can but thank you a thousand times for your hospitality before I go. I must leave very soon—but pray do not let me interrupt!" as Peg, with a budget of matters requiring her attendance, entered.

Her eyes followed him wistfully and in silence as he stepped out upon the verandah, and then, waving Peg away, she sought her own room. Mr. Henry dined alone that day, and considerably later, Peg, who began to discover the state of things, commenced a loud outcry against tobacco smoke.

"Can't stir—always a man round in the house!" Sniff—sniff. "Hum—smoke again!

Smoke here—there—everywhere—'up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber!' all through the dining-room and the drawing-room—even in my missis—poor missis"—with a sigh—"drawers and boxes! and as for the best chamber, it smells like a smoke-house! Couldn't get the small pax if we tried! Shouldn't wonder if that *vally* of his took to't desperate. Cigars! cigars! Can't unfold a towel without you feel's if the universal earth was smoke. It's in the coffee and in the homelyettes, and even in the garden! Can't smell a flower there for it! Declare, don't remember how a rose smells—what's that song missis sings? train—trill—trail of the serpent is over them all! There he comes—so innocent! Going out into the garden in the dusk, with that red spark, stealing round just as simple, mebbe, as if he didn't know missis was settin' in the arbor! I hope she aint crying, that's all!" And Peg went on with her soliloquy, and Mr. Henry with his sauntering.

Mrs. Stanhope was not exactly in the arbor, but sitting on a bank at the foot of a high trellis covered with climbing white roses, and watching the fading orange of the sky, while she became gradually conscious of a train of light blue smoke over the shrubs, and a delicious Indian flavor stealing in and mingling with the roses. She would have escaped, only he would certainly see her, and not wishing to meet him, retained her seat, trusting to chance. She had discovered more of those feelings—which no properly behaved young woman is supposed to be at all acquainted with, till very suddenly, and after a proposal—since Miss Patty left. When he said he must go, the deadly chill that fell upon her, as she felt she should never see him again, hurt her worse than the fact of his speedy departure, for she saw that she loved, and with customary modesty, could not believe her passion returned. A foot crashed in the gravel behind her simultaneously with a crackling of the rose branches, and looking up, she saw Mr. Henry standing a little behind, on one side.

"Ah!" she said, pleasantly, as he showed her a broken spray of the beautiful roses; "are those for Miss Patty?"

"No," he returned, quite soberly, "they are for my wife."

"Your wife!" Although sitting, she leaned her other hand upon the ground for a pillar of support, lest she should fall entirely. Dreadful blow—his wife! She waited several minutes before speaking. "You never told me," at last she faintly murmured. "You have a wife then?"

"A wife who loves me tenderly, as I believe—as I dare to hope!"

Worse and worse. But from her slight acquaintance, could she have expected any more? Something in his voice struck her as on that first time, familiar and disagreeable, even while—she must confess it—even while she loved him. O wretched little Kate and Nell to have such a mother! By-and-by it passed away, and thought with it. She sat like one stunned. She could not tell how long it had been, when he stooped slowly, and with a hand resting lightly on her head, kissed her forehead. Recollection flashed back. This was insult! She would have sprung up, but strength failed her. He raised her tenderly, added to the insult by gathering her in his arms, pressing her to his heart, kissing both brow and lips again and again, and finally expounded the accumulated impertinences by murmuring:

"Helen, will you be her—that blessing—that wife—who has had as yet only a mythical existence? Helen?"

Where were her pride and high resolve? Far from resenting this effrontery, she only remained where she was—her face, if it could have been seen, radiant with smiles, and whispering a few sentences in much the same incoherent way.

"At last—at last—" he said; but further speech was hindered by Peg's voice, shrill and dissonant, breaking in upon their joy with:

"Ma'am! missis! Missis Stannup, here be Dr. Brown to see you to onces, ma'am!" And leaving her lover, Mrs. Helen fled into the house and pausing a moment, took off her widow's cap and wove the beautiful roses into her hair.

Dr. Brown had been pacing up and down, fidgetting unaccountably and growing warmer every moment. A furious daw-bug that insisted upon banging against his nose, and which, just captured, was enchaining his attention as Mrs. Helen entered, was flung loose again, while the doctor took a chair, sat down on his hat, got up again and took the hat and bent it carefully into shape. The daw-bug made another dash at his illuminated countenance.

"Go'long, you beast!" said the doctor, indignantly. "Beg pardon, ma'am! meant the bug!" And he took another seat, crushing this time the little can-bottles of the portable pharmacy he carried in his pocket. "The short and the long of it is, madam," he at length enunciated, "that you mustn't do it."

"Mustn't do it? what?" said the happy Helen.

"Why, going and marrying this feller. Because—because, my dear—I want to break it gently—he's got another wife!"

"Well."

"I don't know as to that. He told some one in the village—told Miss Patty Rogers, that he'd bring and introduce her at some time."

"Well."

"And besides, my dear Mrs. Stanhope, you know in that great disaster on the railroad, few years ago, they could identify Mr. Stanhope only by his clothes, and there was a little discrepancy in them which we didn't think of at the time, but which is quite glaring now—quite glaring, upon my word! Why, bless me, there wasn't a cent in the man's pocket, and I practised in the city then, and knew for a dead certainty that Stanhope had drawn several thousands from the bank that morning, and had been selling funds, and not those set by in the will for you, my dear! all the week. And now where did that money go to? Clearly with Mr. Stanhope; and it's not him at all in the vault there, but one Henry Stanley, as well as I can find out. And your husband and you not being much attached, he took the opportunity of clearing out, it seems, and leaving you free to marry again. Now don't go to thinking that I've made myself too busy. You've behaved very well, my dear, but Mr. Stanhope is alive, and has been in Boston lately, and means to come here—been seen there by responsible witnesses, and you'd better ship this feller as soon as you've the mind to!"

"Thank you, doctor. Good night."

"I vow," concluded the doctor, as he walked home, "I can't tell whether she knew it all before or not. Mighty cool, any way! afraid she did. It was a pill to swallow, but then I gave her a comfort after it. And she and Stanhope hated each other, or nearly so, just because they were wanted to love. Hope I haven't been making a fool of myself. Well, she can't marry this smooth Mr. Henry now, that's one comfort."

The doctor's steps had died away, and still she stood there, mute and statue-like, in the centre of the room. Minutes might have been ages—breath itself seemed to leave her—the heart ceased to beat—suddenly the blood spun back and flushed her face to purple—her limbs failed beneath her—she sunk to the floor, half aproned on one hand. Wild and distracted, with one long tress of her dark hair streaming loosely, she looked like a Macnab exhausted with prophetic ravings. Peg's decided step became audible in the distance; she entered without a word, and taking her mistress, bore her to her own room and left her on her own bed, muttering: "Well, all things come right in love, they say, and s'pose this'll."

A few moments only Helen lay there, when rising, she began to think of her next step.

"A wife already! O, I might have known it, fool—fool that I have been! But Stanhope alive! O heaven! I cannot believe it. Why—why am I thus tormented? Why was all my youth rolled in unhappiness, that now my first joy must be destroyed? I have only ~~one~~ duty clearly before me—to fly! Take Nell and Kate and leave him everything else! He will not want us, and I never will live with him! As for the other—O, can I leave him? can I relinquish that love? Help me, great Father! I must not stop to wish or ask or love; I must act!"

Strength returned to her with the impulse; she hastily slipped a purse into her pocket for present uses, tied on her bonnet and run down stairs. She was determined not to meet Mr. Henry again, and would hasten on her last few duties. While crossing the drawing-room in haste, he confronted her.

"Whither away?" he asked, smiling and laying his hand on her shoulder.

Indignation prompted her to throw off the touch, passion to fly to his arms once more; both together formed, as is the case in the resolution of forces, a direction contrary to either. She stood perfectly still, unable to move. He removed her bonnet.

"If you were going out, my love—did I ever call you so before?—let me go for you!" he said, adding: "I had something to tell you when you left me. How is this? You are deathly pale, and your eyes are large and fixed! Helen, are you ill? the children—anything?"

The ghastliness went away—a sickly, scornful smile flitted across her mouth, as she answered: "Something to tell me? I have heard it!"

He started. "It is that, then, that alters your manner! You cannot cease to cherish hatred!" he cried; "then are my hopes ruined!"

"Can you ask it—who have another wife?"

"Is that all? Come, now, that is too melodramatic! Did Dr. Brown come up here to tell you that?" and he laughed. "My darling, you are the only wife I ever had or hope to have, and I presume you hardly consider yourself by that title yet."

A look of relief passed over her face. "I believe you—thank Heaven! But that is not all." She stopped, unable to proceed. At last the words came: "Stanhope is alive!"

He laughed—in dreadful mockery, it seemed to her—and led her to a pier-glass. Taking a vial from his vest, he wet his handkerchief with the contents, and passed it quickly, once or twice, quite over his face and throat. Several shades of dark brown were instantly removed, and a pale, clear, olive skin was visible. A pair

of scissors clipped away mustachios and imperial, and detaching a pair of large, false eyebrows, he turned a face totally different and far handsomer upon her wondering gaze. A moment of silence, while he looked fixedly at her, was broken by him.

"It was the only way. I meant to win your love, and did. Has it changed back to the old dislike, Helen?"

"I shall insist upon a second growth of the mustachios, Mr. Stanhope!" said she, laughing:

"Well, have I any wife but you?"

"No."

"And I am your husband and you love that husband?"

"Yes;" and she was again folded in his arms.

"Peg!" cried Mrs. Helen by-and-by.

Peg shortly appeared.

"Do you remember Mr. Stanhope?"

Peg glanced at the quondam Mr. Henry.

"Dear sakes!" quoth she; "but bless us! you've made my missis happier nor ever I could have believed of you, Mr. Stanhope. I thought something how 'twas, that day you shot the dog and saved the chillen, sir; and says I, I'll bide my time!"

"Do you know, Helen," said he, laughing, "I never feel as though these children belong to me, but to some first husband?"

"They do belong to a very different man from you, indeed," returned she, fondly.

"What a brute I have—" But his wife's little hand, over his mouth, prevented his finishing, and so he revenged himself by kissing it.

"If there," suddenly cried Peg, "if there aint the doctor and Miss Patty coming up the yard in the moonlight, with locked arms! And it's just ringing nine! Rediklus!" And she ushered in the guests, who had probably come with offers of assistance and sympathy.

While the doctor stood in bewilderment first at Mr. Stanhope, and then at Mrs. Helen's smiles where he had expected to see fits—"Let me introduce you, Dr. Brown and Miss Patty," said Mrs. Stanhope, roguishly, "to your late friend and rival, Mr. Henry—to my 'poor, dear' husband, Mr. Stanhope! Your information was quite correct, Dr. Brown."

The visit of the worthy couple did not occupy a much longer extent of time; but trusting to Mrs. Stanhope's friendly silence in the matter of his showing himself so egregious a simpleton, I have since heard, that in order to secure Miss Patty's, Dr. Brown married her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Helen to her husband, when alone with him again, "you have made me far happier than ever Mr. Henry could!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* we close the fourth volume of the work, and our next number will be Number One, Volume Fifth, bearing date January, 1857. We are gratified to acknowledge the remarkable and constant increase of the circulation of this favorite monthly. Let those whose subscription expires with this year be so kind as to renew at once, that we may print a large enough edition to supply all demands. It will be remembered that we bind the volume of the magazine in neat illuminated covers, strong and uniform in style, at a charge of only *thirty-eight cents* each. Recollect, this is the cheapest magazine in the world!

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A certain member of the society of "Friends" fitted out one of his ships from New Bedford on a short trading voyage, expecting a return in a few months; but the captain was absent over four years, rendered no account, remitted no money, and, on the other hand, kept drawing on the merchant. After all hope was gone, he brought his ship into New Bedford in a shattered condition, and the "Friend" mildly remonstrated with him. "Take your old craft," interrupted the speaker; "she aint good for nothing—she'll neither wear nor stay." "Friend," said the other, mildly, "for the *wearing*, thee seems to have worn her out theeself; and for the *staying*, I thought thee would *never* come back."

"NOT WORTH A BUTTON."—This is the opinion that most married women have of their husbands. The proof is to be found in the invariable absence of buttons on their shirt-collars.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.—A Frenchman's theory of life is summed up in the motto of Sardanapalus—"Eat, drink and love—the rest is not worth a phillip."

VOCALISM.—A common fault of public singers is that their words are almost always unintelligible.

A NATIONAL AIR.

The other day we heard a swarthy proprietor of a hand-organ grinding out "*Partant Pour la Syrie* (It was Danois the Young and Brave)," in front of our office. It is execrable stuff when well played, but when extorted from a rickety, hoarse, wheezy, phthisicky organ, perfectly unendurable. Yet this wretched twang, because it was composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, is now the national air of France, and dinged into the ear of the Parisians in place of that glorious battle-hymn, the *Marseillaise*, which Lamartine called the "fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the sense and soul of the people the intoxication of battle." In the Crimean war, the French moved forward to attack the Malakoff under the influence of this organ-grinder's ditty. They were repulsed, and then demanded the *Marseillaise*. General Bosquet could not refuse them, and the music struck up the dearly-loved hymn. The result is a matter of history.

"Says Gortschakoff:
It's time to be off,
They're singing the *Marseillaise*."

Rushing forward under Bosquet and McMahon, the Zouaves, voltigeurs and soldiers of the line stormed the stronghold of the enemy. So much for having a splendid national air to play. Queen Hortense's sing-song may do very well for an attack on a hen-roost, but the "fire-water" of the *Marseillaise* alone can carry men victorious through fire and steel.

CONSETS.—These articles of feminine wear, which are displayed in the shop-windows of our modistes so ostentatiously, are said to have been invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a torture for his wife. His intention was to take away her breath and keep her from talking. The punishment became so popular that the ladies adopted it in self-defence.

PORTICAL.—A young "Shanghai," who has just submitted to the razor for the first time, perpetrates the following:

"Uneasy as the head that wears a crown
Feels the young chin, when shorn of its first down."

JUST SO.—Handsome girls are seldom hair-ones—the homely ones have the tin.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Many weary, weary years have passed since a very respectable old Spanish gentleman, by the name of Ponce de Leon, set sail for the New World in pursuit of a fountain, the water of which possessed the property of restoring to the drinker his lost youth and of preserving it forever, which wonderful fountain was said to exist somewhere in Florida. We have no record of the personal habits of this Spanish adventurer, but are very much afraid that he had been a fast boy in his youth, forgetting the golden maxim of the ancients—*Sera adeoque inexhausta juvenitus* (late, and, therefore, inexhaustible youth)—which meaneth that boys should eschew cigars and cobblers in their tender years, if they wish to attain a vigorous old age. We are afraid that even in his youth-regretting age, our old friend Ponce was in the habit of indulging in tobacco, a custom for which, among other things, the world is indebted to Christopher Columbus. Poor old de Leon! He found not what he sought. The fountain of youth seemed but a myth—a mirage of the brain.

The fountain of youth! We laugh at the credulous old Spaniard, and make merry over his disappointment; but are not we as foolish and as credulous as he? Look at our enormous consumption of quack medicines! Look at the splendid fortunes amassed! the splendid warehouses built by the concoctors and venders of remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to! These people find millions of customers—millions of seekers after the fountain of youth, treading in the footsteps of old Ponce de Leon.

And yet the fountain of youth is not altogether a myth. It is not a fable, but lies within the reach of all who are willing to see it in good faith. The golden keys to this treasure are regularity, sobriety, exercise, temperance in all things, love of family, of kindred, of neighbors, or of our kind. No drops of the fountain of youth ever foamed in the Rhenish goblet; the ruddy glow of the Circean cup never borrowed its blushes from the water of life. Its bright crystals sparkle on the cold rock when day "stands jocund on the misty mountain-tops," and gleam in the petals of flowers opening to the sun, and on the satin grass that fringes the cold rivulets that steal like shining serpents through the umbrage into daylight. The slug-gard never saw their flashing brilliance or tasted their delicious flavor. The fountain of youth!—its aroma is inhaled by the ruddy mountaineer as he scales the summit in pursuit of the bounding quarry; it sparkles in the eyes of the bold mariner, as his bark leaps beneath him like an

Arab steed; it is known to the husbandman, who turns the furrow on the hillside at the dawn of day. The roving Gitana, who smooths her raven locks in the mirror of the spring, beholds in that woodland glass the "*fontaine de jouvence*," sung by the Spanish troubadour, sought by the Spanish cavalier.

Yet of the teeming millions of the earth, how many, alas! ignore its existence! How many, with a glimpse of the truth, will not submit to the toil and self-denial by which those priceless waters must be won!—for gold cannot buy them, and they are not to be bartered for diamonds. Nature is no huckster.

Look at that hale and ruddy old man, whose form is erect and whose footstep is firm, though the snows of fourscore winters rest upon his head. Those snows, like the white crest of Mount Washington, are but the wreaths that grace the type of strength and endurance. He has discovered the fountain of youth. And that slighter figure—beautiful in age, even as Ninon de l'Enclos,—she, too, has quaffed of the perennial spring. Poor Ponce de Leon travelled a thousand leagues in search of the well-spring that bubbles at every man's door. Within our own resources lies the power of prolonging youth and health.

JOHN BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The author of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" solaced his prison hours by playing on the flute, and the instrument he used is now in possession of Mr. Howels, a tailor, in Gainsborough, England. It is said to have been manufactured by Bunyan out of the leg of one of the stools in his cell.

ONLY ONE SPUR.—Butler, in his "Hudibras," said a great many witty and some useful things; his amusing discovery that if one side of a horse be spurred the other will keep up of its own accord, certainly evinces a knowledge of the habits of that animal, and may with propriety be applied to many other sorts of things upon which we may undertake to drive through the world.

PUNNING.—There are some punsters who ought to be debarred the "benefit of clergy." We regret to say that the perpetrator of the following is at large: Why is Memphis larger than Cincinnati? Because, Since a gnat-eye is small, Memphis must, of course, be larger.

LEARNED.—A cockney philologist says the letter *w* enters into the composition of women in every relation of life—as virgin, wife, widow and wixen.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

Halleck tells us somewhere that the first touches of a piano at a private party—

—“Like signal notes in battle,
Are tones that bid each tongue's artillery rattle.”

It is very discouraging to young ladies—who have been entreated, implored, and urged to “favor the company” with a dash at the keys and an outpouring of vocal melody, after she had made the usual apologies and refusals, told how she couldn't play without her notes, and had a dreadful cold, etc., and then yielded gracefully and been led to the instrument,—to find that she is rewarded for her consent and her exertions by general inattention, and that acts, which would be deemed ill-bred in the presence of a paid singer, are indulged in, without remorse, by very gentlemanly and very lady-like persons behind the back of the voluntary performer. If it was generally, as it is sometimes, the practice for the performer to face the company, something like courtesy might be induced. It is very true that when the sonata or the song is ended, all who *haven't* heard the music are very properly enchanted, and there is no lack of such exclamations as “sweet!” “delicious!” “enchanting!” “beautiful!” etc.; but how hollow are such praises under the circumstances!

Very discouraging, we repeat, is all this to the young gentleman who is stating, in distinct musical terms, that his heart is in the highlands, chasing the wild deer and following the roe; or the young lady, who relates her zoological experience in the way of raising gazelles, of whom she never had one to glad her with his bright black eye, but when it came to recognize her and to become attached to her, it was sure to be attacked by the gazelle-ail, and expire, involving a ruinous loss, pecuniary and sentimental! How can a young gentleman persuade himself that a brigand is “on yonder rock reclining,” if he hears, beside the gossip of the day, the price of silks and satins, and the hoop question fervently discussed by chattering tongues? “Oft in the still night” sounds incongruously when there is no such thing as stillness in the room. We do not wonder that now and then a vocalist requests to be furnished with “an Arab steed,” that he may escape from the turmoil which his efforts to please are sure to provoke. But let Signora Screech-alina of the Italian opera be prevailed on to attend a *soiree*, and to rend the air with her alto notes, then, in the pauses of the vocalization, you may hear a pin drop. This is a serious evil, and calls for reform.

WELL NAMED.—The Parisians call hoop skirts zephyrs—they are rather airy.

A SINGER IN TROUBLE.

Amodio, the singer, is the most rotund, the most jovial, and the most companionable of Italians. Of course so good-natured an individual is the butt of a good deal of floating wag-gery in his circle. Last year he left Newport, leaving a little debt of about seventy-five cents unliquidated. The past summer he alighted at the same place from the steamboat, and proceeded toward the Fillmore House, careless and gay, and joking with his companions, all unconscious of any impending evil. Suddenly there emerged from the shadow of the old store-house two dark-browed men. One of these folded his arms and looked scowlingly on with a melo-dramatic aspect, while the other tapped him on the shoulder and said, sternly: “Signor Amodio, you are my prisoner.” “Prisoner!—*vat* for?” said the astonished Italian. “For debt.” “O, I have forgotten him! For seventy-five *saints*, is it not? I will pay.” And he palmed out his wallet. “Tell him to put up his money,” said the melo-dramatic partner in this scene; “and away with him—to the dungeon! Load him with the heaviest chains—and let outraged justice vindicate her claims.” It is needless to say that the joke was not carried much farther, that the officer and his employer were confederates, that the signor was released, and joined heartily in the laugh created at the hotel when the adventure was related. When the Signor Amodio left Newport for New York he took care to leave no “seventy five *saint*” creditor behind him.

ERRORS OF TYPE.—Some of these “mistakes which will happen in the best regulated” establishments are quite amusing. The title of a once popular song, “While all in tears we went on shore,” was set up “Whale oil in tierces went on shore;” slightly altering the meaning of the author.

THE RULING PASSION.—A punster at the point of death declined eating a piece of pullet, which he was advised to do, for fear it might *lay* on his stomach: sacrificing grammar for the sake of punning at that awful moment.

AN EXPEDIENT.—A dashing and fashionable widow up town says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

POLYGLOT PAPER.—A Russian newspaper has just been started in London which is printed in alternate columns of English, French, Spanish and German.

THE CARNIVAL OF LIFE.

To see the carnival at Paris or at Rome used to be one of the principal temptations of us Yankees to an ocean voyage. The idea of an entire city masquerading it for days, hundreds of thousands of people in disguise, was singularly attractive. There is no longer a magic charm in the carnival—the chilling weight of government influence has pressed the life out of it. The gayety is forced—its laughs are strident and harsh—its Punchinellos are mere walking gentlemen, and their few and far-between squeaks are dismal in the extreme.

But what if this little interlude be out of joint? "Play out the play, ye villains!" It is but the failure of a scene or two. We have our frolic yet, for "all the world's a stage," and time is but one long carnival. At Paris and at Rome, people are never less disguised than when they wear the mask. The moment that black diad eclipses the face, the heart leaps right up to the surface like a fish springing upward on a cloudy day. The concealed love that, like "the worm in the bud, preyed on the damask cheek," finds its expression. The stealthy lover of the grape shines forth the bold Bacchanal. Hatred hisses his defiance through the rigid lips of the papier mache, and Folly frantically shakes her bells in defiance of the "rod of the wise man." The solemn asses that sit in high places and shake their heads till the gaping crowd believes there is something in them, now bray forth streams of unadulterated "Balaam." Talk of disguises!—the carnival is a revelation of character—the mask is shifted from the heart to the face only.

But it is the world, my masters, that is full of life-long maskers. Go into the street any day, and you will find it crowded with masqueraders. Look at that important personage, strutting to the parade ground—all gold lace, and plume, and spur, and sword, and sabre-tasche—a Mars in port and tread. He is the veriest poltroon breathing—a mere carpet-knight. The thunder of a battery of shotted guns would blanch his cheek to the hue of a sick girl's. Yes, and that shy, modest man who shuffles along the wall, and is too timid to raise his eyes from the sidewalk, is really carved out of solid pluck, and would march upon a park of hostile artillery without so much as winking. And that man—the idol of the hour—whose lips incessantly invoke blessings on the "dear people," whom he only lives to serve—that pure, immaculate patriot and lover of his country, despises the people in his heart and uses them only as stepping-stones to power. In that meek, apostolic man, with reverent locks, behold one in whom age has

not quenched the volcanic fires of passion—a subtle, selfish, dangerous enemy of society. But there is Benevolence personified. That bald head and open countenance, and guileless blue eye, speak the heart and hand "open as the day to one thing, charity." Verdant friend! that expansive countenance belongs to the meanest, most miserly heart in existence. He, too, is a masquerader. O, Lavater! thou were a great man in the estimation of thy disciples; but we, who walk amidst the carnival of life, taught by bitter experience, know that thou wert only a gigantic humbug, and that the human face divine is in too many cases a mask, and not a revelation.

CHINESE WIT.

We have often had occasion to admire the wit and humor of the Celestials. Their proverbs and maxims are equal in wisdom to those of any nation. When the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe." A coward, who boasts of his courage, they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not, to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

ECSTATIC.—An editor down South has been puffing up his well water. He says: "O, such water! Cooler than the breath of spring, clearer than crystal, pure as woman's heart, and sparkling as champagne." He descends, however, from the highfalutin to the prosaic, when he remarks—"It is excellent to boil potatoes in."

GREAT MEN.—Of four representative great men of the earth—Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon,—the first died of intoxication, the second committed suicide, the third fell by the assassin's dagger, and the last expired in exile. How unstable are human power and glory!

EXPENSIVE CHURCH.—St. Peters, at Rome, the most magnificent temple of worship ever reared by human hands, covers six acres of ground, cost \$56,000,000 and now costs annually, for repairs and superintendence, \$40,000!

YOUNG TO THE LAST.—The way to look youthful to the last of life is to cherish a kind, unenvious heart. It is a sure enemy of frowns and wrinkles.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE.

The bronze statue of the great, good and wise old man, who conferred undying glory on his native city, is now a "fixed fact." In the heart of this busy metropolis, in a thoroughfare trodden, early and late, by the feet of daily thousands, stands the venerable old man, almost reciprocating—to use Mr. Winthrop's idea—the greetings of his countrymen. The grand procession that went up like a vast wave to the inauguration has ebbed away, and the echoes of its thunders have died on the ear, but have left us this material fact—this art-embodiment of an immortal spirit. The cities of Europe have their patron saints—we have now our guardian genius. Art is never better employed than when translating into the language of common use the glorious traditions of national glory. Without these effigies of great men, there would be something mythic in the popular idea of them. Of Franklin, indeed, we have, perhaps, a more vivid conception than of any other man of America's heroic age, with the single exception of Washington. But we have to remember and to provide for our successors. As the gulf of time broadens between the past and the present, we have to fix the features of the former imperishably, and to cultivate by every adventitious aid the memory of all of it that is worth preservation. The presence of Franklin in imperishable bronze will lead thousands to study his life and works, who would otherwise cherish only a vague respect for his name. And no man's life and works can be studied with more profit—particularly at the present day—than those of the illustrious printer, philosopher, sage, statesman and patriot. His calm, consummate reason will rebuke the mad, brilliant, bewildering theories of modern metaphysical and political theorists; vapory transcendentalisms will vanish like mist when exposed to the bright sun-rays of his clear intellect. The crazy rage for gambling speculations will meet with a calm rebuke in his sound social maxims and proverbial expressions. The son of toil will lift his head higher as he walks in the presence of the man of all others who dignified labor in his own person, and taught the artizan his power and resources. We hail the inauguration of the Franklin statue as an event of immense importance.

NEW YORK.—The number of voters in the Empire State, according to a statement in the census department, is 651,821.

A-BRIDGING IT.—A new bridge, half a mile long, is to be built over the Potomac, at Washington, by the United States government.

THE RULING PASSION.

The death-hour often, though not always, elicits from the parting spirit some manifestation of the ruling passion that swayed it in its earthly career. The dying botanist babbles of strange flowers; the expiring seaman whispers of his "home on the ocean wave;" the flattered beauty of dress and worldly vanities.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;—And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

On his couch in the lonely island of his exile, the spirit of Napoleon flew back to those "combats of giants," in which he won fame and empire, and the "head of the army" were the last words on his lips. His devoted Josephine died thinking of her love. "Elba! Napoleon!" were her last words. An old schoolmaster died conjugating a Greek verb. A sailing master in the navy gave up the ghost, exclaiming: "They're reaving that rope through the block the wrong way" "Remorse!" was the last utterance of John Randolph. "Have I acted well my part?" said the dying Roman emperor. His friends replied in the affirmative. "Then," said he, "*valet et plaudite*—farewell and applaud!" And with this thought of his glory, his eyes closed, as the curtain falls on the completed drama.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Any person desiring to receive a sample copy of our illustrated journal can do so, free of charge, by sending us a line by mail. *Ballou's Pictorial* is finding its way into every family circle from Maine to California, delighting all with its numerous and graphic engravings, and deeply interesting with its original tales, sketches and varied reading matter, contributed by the best male and female writers in America.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT CLOSE OF 1857.—At the close of 1857, the total population of the United States, upon the supposition that its average ratio of increase has been maintained, or nearly so, may be computed to be, in round numbers, about 30,000,000.

THE OPERA.—No opera troupe can be said to be sure of success that has not a live countess in its ranks, and Vestrali has secured one for her Mexican company, the Countess Tasca Tacani.

MARK HIM.—The man that hates music and children's laughter is invariably an old bachelor, and, if rich, a miser.

GOLD.—The total export of gold from California foots up rising \$30,000,000 for the past seven months.

LONGEVITY.

We know not whether statistics are more accurately reported than formerly, but it certainly strikes us that people are getting to live longer latterly than they used to. Have they got into a habit of not dying till very late in life? Instances of persons living to the age of one hundred are so common now-a-days that they scarcely excite remark as they are reported in the newspapers. Doubtless the prevalence of temperate habits has something to do with it. A person who leads a sober and regular life has of course a better chance to attain a good old age than one who lives in the opposite manner. But regular habits will not ensure longevity. In spite of irregularities, men have attained a very advanced age. The Westminster Review says:

"Longevity is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated; like talent, it may be perverted; but it exists independent of all cultivation, and no cultivation will create it. Some men have a talent for long life. M. Charles Lejoncourt published in 1842 his *Galerie des Centenaires*, in which may be read a curious list of examples proving the hereditary nature of longevity. In one page we have a day laborer dying at the age of 108, his father lived to 104, his grandfather to 108, and his daughter, then living, had reached 80. In another we have a saddler, whose grandfather died at 112, his father at 113, and himself at 115; this man, aged 113, was asked by Louis XIV. what he had done to so prolong life. His answer was: 'Sire, since I was fifty I have acted upon two principles; I have shut my heart and opened my wine cellar.' M. Lejoncourt also mentions a woman, then living, aged 150, whose father died at 124, and whose uncle at 113. But the most surprising of the cases cited by Lucas is that of Jean Golembiewski, a Pole, who, in 1846, was still living, aged 102, having been eighty years a common soldier, in thirty five campaigns under Napoleon, and having even survived the terrible Russian campaign, in spite of five wounds and a soldier's recklessness of life. His father died aged 121, and his grandfather 130."

DINNER.—This meal is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens in to eat it, that is to say, any time from 12 M. to 4 or 5 P. M. This pleasant fact is known to all housekeepers. Husbands are always grumbling about want of punctuality.

SHAKSPERIAN.—The lady in Shakespeare who "never told her love," kept quiet, it is conjectured, because her lover had found it out, and there was no occasion to waste words about it.

ECONOMY.—Spending half a dollar for cigars and cobblers, and refusing to take a newspaper, because "you can't afford it."

RAILROADS.

The railroad, with us—though you cannot go a mile in any direction without encountering one—is still a daily marvel. We cannot contemplate a train of cars in motion, drawn at almost lightning speed by a ponderous engine, without admiration of the manifestation of power and skill that it presents. Those wonderful inventions, the steam locomotive and the iron railway, are realizations—as Dr. Holmes suggested—of the fables of the Eastern story-tellers, in whose narratives palaces are peopled and transported from place to place at the bidding of a magician. There are 25,242 miles of railroad in this country, enough to encircle, in a continuous line, the entire globe. This is more than one half the length of railroad in the world, the total number of miles being estimated at 43,017. In 1828 there were only three miles of the "iron way" in the whole country. If this is not a proof of progress, we should like to see a stronger evidence produced. The iron horse is the great apostle of civilization in the nineteenth century. And, by the way, we read, the other day, of a marriage being celebrated in the cars. What next?

NAPOLÉON THE GREAT.—Lamartine says of this wonderful human problem: "The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battlefield,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire."

BINDING THE MAGAZINE.—We are now ready to bind up the past volume of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* in our neat, uniform style, with illuminated gilt covers, at a charge of only thirty-eight cents each. Bring in, or send in, the numbers to our office, and they will be returned in the form of a handsome book for the centre-table in one week.

A GLORIOUS BERTH.—It is stated that the Health officer of New York, R. H. Thompson, received for the three summer months this year, directly and indirectly, fees to the amount of \$100,000.

CLIMBING.—A Mr. Stewart and friends lately went up to the top of Mount Ararat; but strange to say, they didn't find *any rat* there.

Foreign Miscellany.

It costs about \$100,000 per annum to keep the London parks in order.

In some parts of France the young girls become *haïresses* by selling their curls.

The cashier of the Northern Railroad of France lately absconded, a defaulter to the amount of 1,000,000 francs.

Henry B. Squires, the American vocalist, has been winning new laurels in Naples. He will shortly return to America.

The London Statistical Journal says the national debts of Europe amount to nearly two thousand millions sterling.

The Belgian government has offered a reward of 10,000 francs for the discovery of a non-alimentary substance to be substituted for starch.

The Russians have commenced to manufacture rails for their railroads, and they are said to be superior to the English, although somewhat dearer.

Cholera is disappearing from Madeira; 5000 persons had fallen victims in a population of 16,000. At Funchal the deaths are now no more than five or six daily.

A new lecturer, after the style of John Wilson, has sprung up in England; he has created quite a *furor* in Birmingham, by singing the *Jacobite* and other melodies of Scotland.

The banks of England and France have completed an arrangement by which the former draws gold from the latter as long as it may seem safe to do so.

The decimal system of weights has just been adopted throughout the whole of the Prussian monarchy, as it had before been in the German Association, and in several States of the south of Germany.

The American ship *Ocean Home* and the *Cherubim* came in collision, recently, off Lizard. The former sunk in twenty minutes, taking down seventy-five passengers. She was from Rotterdam, bound to N. York, with immigrants.

The London Open Air Mission have two hundred and fifty services out of doors each Sabbath. The preachers are now gaining admittance to the "common lodging houses," and meet with great encouragement among the poor.

A French surgeon maintains that far-sighted or near-sighted persons may acquire the perfect power of vision by mere practice. He asserts this as the result of his own experience, and condemns the use of spectacles as injurious.

The London Times, in speaking of the degeneracy of the pulpit, closes thus: "We ask for no polished periods, but simply for burning thoughts, couched in simple and homely phrase, such as those which, in other days, drew man from earth to heaven."

The restoration of peace has given a new impetus to the extension of railways in all parts of Europe. Not only is Russia projecting a grand cordon of railways, but France, Germany and Austria are likewise aiming at railway extensions scarcely second to the numerous projects devised by British capital.

An American inventor has patented an intensely brilliant electric light in England.

The "absorption" of the Indian kingdom of Oude by England is a wholesale robbery.

The late coronation of the emperor of Russia was the most splendid pageant of modern days.

The old punishment of the stocks has been revived in England.

The Emperor Napoleon's pocket money is \$2000 a day.

It is found that 536 persons die yearly of poison in Great Britain.

A new British convict settlement is to be established in North Australia.

It is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full understanding in religious matters with the Pope.

It is reported that France wishes to purchase from Denmark a strip of the coast of Iceland for fishing stations.

The London Post, government organ, recommends the Hudson Bay territory as a seat of convict establishments.

The Sultan has now organized a fine orchestra in his harem, composed entirely of female performers.

The London News says: "In Italy, neither God nor man can longer tolerate the iniquities of the crowned oath-breakers of Naples."

A new work, from the pen of Thackeray, who is now on the continent recruiting, is expected to commence, in serial form, about the 1st inst.

The number of sheep in the British Islands is estimated at 35,000,000, worth \$250,000,000! producing 157,000,000 pounds of wool, worth \$50,000,000, annually.

The *Presse*, of Brussels, states that Mlle. Johanna Wagner, the celebrated singer, has been married to M. Jochmann, the son of a millionaire, of Tilait.

It is said that the Sultan is to be made a knight of the garter. Perhaps this will be Lord Palmerston's way to insure his conversion to the Christian religion.

The population of Paris, according to the census of 1851, amounted to 1,053,262 fixed residents. It is now 1,178,262. The increase has, therefore, been 150,000; but it has been more considerable in the suburbs.

A remedy has been at last found for the olditum—the disease which has done such extensive damage to the grapes in Europe the last few years. The remedy is sulphur, lightly distributed over the diseased plants.

The eldest son of the Prince de Canino has presented the Emperor Napoleon with a most valuable work; it is the only existing copy of the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece, having the arms of all the knights of the time of King Joseph, who brought it from Spain.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BANK NOTES.—An artist of Paris, M. Agnado, has succeeded in deceiving the most expert clerks in the Bank of France with photographic copies of bank notes. It was found to be impossible to tell the copied from the original one thousand franc note.

Record of the Times.

Over three millions of hats are sold in the city of New York every year.

During the late Eastern war, 205 Russian vessels were captured or destroyed by the British.

There are about fifty-five thousand houses in the city of New York.

Nothing so heightens a woman's beauty as modestly blended colors.

There are annually 25,000 strangers visiting New York in the business season.

Stricide, it is well said, is always the crime of a coward.

Over sixty thousand barrels of lager beer will be manufactured this year in Milwaukee alone.

We learn from the Albany Argus that Thomas W. Olcott, Esq., has given \$10,000 to the Dudley Observatory.

During the five months ending with May, one hundred tons of gold were shipped from Australia to London and Liverpool.

An hotel has just been erected in St. Paul, Minnesota, which, with its furniture, cost \$150,000. It is called the "Fuller House."

The Macon Messenger mentions the discovery of a valuable mineral spring in the county of Sumpter, Georgia, ten miles from Americus.

Stalks of sugar cane, ten or twelve feet in height, have been growing in the neighborhood of Winona, Minnesota, the present season.

The New York Herald asserts that from thirty to forty children are stolen every year in that city, and are never heard of more.

The first mention made of tarring and feathering is where Richard Cœur de Lion ordered it as a punishment for robbery when he was about to commence his second crusade.

A colored man, named Toney, recently died in Savannah, Georgia. He was the oldest fireman in the city. His funeral was the largest ever seen there.

Mr. Whittaker has recovered \$3446 93 damages from the Boston and Maine Railroad for a broken thigh, by collision, some years ago, at a crossing.

The recent discovery in iron, by which it is claimed that pig iron can be converted into steel or malleable iron by burning up its own carbon, is pronounced to be the greatest discovery of the age.

In a case of sudden death, recently, in Warren county, Miss., a coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict was, that "the deceased died by the will of God, or some other disease unknown to the jury."

The Presbyterians of this country have 2300 ministers and 3100 churches, and nearly 250,000 communicants. For various church uses, they raise, annually, two and a quarter millions of dollars.

The Wesleyan Conference has renewed its prohibition of dancing and card-playing in the families of members of the body, on the ground that these practices are "not in harmony with religion."

The Philadelphia School of Design for women is in successful operation.

The silk crop of France is heavily deficient in quantity this year.

Kindness done with a will is a fortune left you by a friend.

They have had an earthquake at Memphis—or else an "ager shake."

Shatz says: "he wastes his time who teaches fishes to swim."

Bronze, the material of the Franklin statue, will last for ages.

The American missionaries have translated "Pilgrim's Progress" into modern Greek.

They hung a man lately at Brunswick, N. Y., and hired the gallows for the occasion.

The Dudley Observatory, Albany, will furnish astronomical time to New York city.

One of the best French painters—Cæsar Ducornet—was born without arms.

There is little pure coined silver in Peru; it contains much copper alloy.

Goodness is almost a vice when it degenerates into weakness.

The shucks of the ears of Indian corn are said to make good hats.

Maurice Strakosch has bought a splendid house in 22d Street, New York.

Lord Palmerston has an ecclesiastical patronage worth \$75,000 a year.

The annual expenses of the United States government are \$53,875,000.

Some \$200,000 have already been contributed for the establishment in the South of a Theological Seminary for the Baptist denomination.

A clergyman in a neighboring city recently remarked that certain "events happened simultaneously, one after another, in a regular chain."

The old original charter, which was deposited in the trunk of the Charter Oak, has been inclosed in a frame of wood of the tree which preserved it one hundred and sixty-nine years ago.

"What a strange thing it is," remarked a Frenchman, after making the tour of the United States, "that you should have two hundred different religions and only one gravity!"

Molehills are curiously formed by an outer arch, impervious to rain, and an internal platform, with drains and covered ways, on which the pair and their young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and can bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

In Washhotah Valley, Utah, there are ten boiling springs, which are great natural curiosities. They are situated on the banks of a stream and pour out their waters seething hot, with a great noise. The waters hiss and dash over jagged rocks, and jets of steam, hot enough to scald the hand, is also forced out.

The tobacco plant is being extensively cultivated in Connecticut, and may be one of the causes for the high price of onions. Within a year or two some of the best onion lands of that State, worth from two to three hundred dollars an acre, have been turned to tobacco, and very profitably to the owners.

Merry Making.

What isle do maids steer for? Isle of Man.

Where should gardeners go? Botany Bay.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistols.

An artist need never starve if he is fond of *canvases backs*.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to *blow*.

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

An intelligent lady used to say that "carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will still want to conquer you.

A punster at the point of death being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying, he feared it might "lay on his stomach."

An eminent artist is about getting up "a panorama of a lawsuit." It opens with the year one and closes with doomsday.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house, has gone West and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

"That, sir, is the Spirit of the Press," said Mrs. Bigelow, as she handed a glass of cider to her neighbor, Mr. Brown.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a life-pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, "Yours till death."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," *ate* "eight," and *to* "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *poughteighcaux*.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied: "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

When Æsculapius applauded Philip, king of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied, "that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A musician gave as a reason for leaving an orchestra, that he never was at rest among such discordant performers; the violinists were always getting into *scrapes*, and the trumpeters and drummers constantly coming to *blows*.

A fashionably dressed lady of the present day, about to enter her carriage: Impudent Boy—"I say, Bill, come and see the conjuring; here's this here gal agoin' to squeeze herself into that ere room!"

Peter Cunningham was once telling before Douglas Jerrold of a strange dish he had just dined on. "Such a dish! Nobody could guess it." He of course provoked the query, "What was it?" "Calves' tails," said Peter. "Extremes meet," exclaimed Jerrold.

Why is an actor like a chimney? Because his worth depends upon the way he draws.

Crossing sweepers' brooms last double the time, since ladies' dresses have been so long.

A venerable old man says: "Let the slandered take comfort—it's only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

They are particular in Schenectady. A boy was arrested on Monday for spitting into the canal.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.

A southern editor thinks his children are cherubim and seraphim, for, he says, "they continually do cry."

All a man has to do in these days to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind and wear his hat wrong side out.

It is decidedly provoking to have a fly light on your nose just as the daguerreotypist pulls out his watch and says "Now."

What's the difference between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid? The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foal domestic.

There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch & Cluck. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghaeis.

A modern writer thus defines honor: "Standing fire well, and shooting a friend whom you love, in order to gain the praise of those whom you despise."

A gentleman once observing a mouse in the musical profession doing life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

We direct the attention of those Benedicts who have very loquacious wives, to the following notice posted in a wholesale ham store, Pine Street—"Tongues cured here."

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making such an improvement in the manufacture of Britannia metal goods that, as is said, he is obliged to warrant them not silver.

In a Dutch translation of Addison's *Cato*, the words, "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered, "Just so—you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

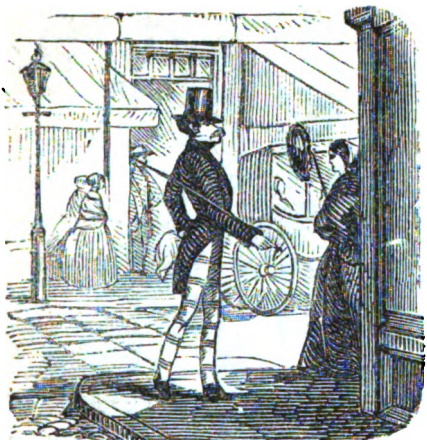
A German paper announces that Miss Wagner is an exalted echo of the undeveloped inner stone of our musical taste, which, if not educated, at least has not been vitiated.

We know a gentleman so extremely refined that he is obliged to leave the room if, when he is dining with a person who has red hair, there happen to be carrots on the table!

"Pompey, why is a journey round the world like a cat's tail?" "Well, I doesn't adactly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases." "Well, den I spose I'll have to tell you—because it am fur to the end ob it!"

"So, here I am, between two tailors," said a beau at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are new beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

The Mishaps of Mr. Primbuck.



Mr. Primbuck goes into Washington Street.



Turning a corner, an accident causes much sensation.



Bows to a lady, and almost doubled the opposite way.



Porter demands an apology, which Primbuck declines.



Runs missed by two carelessness in crossing to meet a lady



Remains in a tailor and gets re-revived:

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



Finds his money is at home, and just escapes "fits."



Meets Miss Tinbank, makes his best bow and his worst face.



Steps into a by-street, and is charged by a mud-rocket.



Runs for home and Coochituate.



How hat jammed into pi by a porter.



Looks at himself, and is really chagrined.





3 2000 000 491 490